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AND AFTER 25 SEP 1925



A MONTHLY REVIEW

FOUNDED BY JAMES KNOWLES

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THE
NINETEENTH
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No. DLXXV—JANUARY 1925

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF TENNYSON—I

THAT greatest of modern educationists, Miss Charlotte Mason, had a firm belief, built up on many years of close observation and personal contact with all classes of children from infancy upwards, that you could hardly begin too early with putting a child in the way of observing and using its brains.

Wordsworth returns, in his autobiographical poem *The Prelude*, the most grateful thanks to his mother for letting him, to a considerable extent, go his own way before he was out of the nursery. I can never cease thanking both my parents for treating me in like manner as a person, and one who, unaided, could take an interest in what went on around him. Thus it came to pass quite naturally that when Alfred Tennyson in December 1850 stayed in our house, the vicarage, at Shiplake, half a year after his marriage, I trotted down the kitchen garden walk one morning

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between the finish of our nursery breakfast and the beginning of that downstairs, and asked questions of him, and, most gratifying to the childish mind, was talked to as if I was a companion and not a little ignorant child. He picked the leaves of the sage, rubbed his teeth with them, and said: 'That is the best thing in the world to take away the stain of tobacco,' for he was a great smoker, and I was turned out of my little bedroom when he visited us so that he might have a place to write and smoke in at pleasure, for my mother would not allow him to smoke in her best bedroom. Many years later he told me how he began to smoke. 'Jackson, the saddler at Louth, once gave me one of his strong cigars when I was a boy of twelve, and I smoked it all and flung the stump into a horse-pond, and was none the worse for it, so I was bound to be a smoker.'

It was in the previous year that I first made acquaintance, at Shiplake, with Emily Sellwood, my mother's cousin, for my mother had been an orphan brought up for a time with the three little Sellwood girls, her cousins, exactly as one of themselves, so that Emily, though not a Quaker, used to sign herself 'thy loving sister.'

On June 13, 1850, just twenty years after their first meeting in the Fairy Wood at Somersby, Emily and Alfred were married by my father, assisted by the Rev. Greville Phillimore. Few people were present, and the relatives walked over from the vicarage, which was only separated from the churchyard by a lane. They were the bride's father and her brother-in-law, Mr. C. Weld, and the bridegroom's sister Cecilia and her husband, Professor Lushington, and my mother, and, as bridesmaids, my eldest sister, Mary, and our first cousin Jennie Elmhirst. I followed them as a page, a bit of syringa in my buttonhole, and the nurse, carrying my younger sister Margaret, brought up the rear. That sweet-smelling buttonhole is the one thing I remember of this notable function. To-day the bridesmaid cousin and I are the sole survivors of those present in the church that day.

In February of the next year Alfred was again at Shiplake, and as I entered the room where he and my father were sitting he greeted me with—

And oh! far worse than all beside,
He whipped his Mary till she cried.

'What is that?' I said. 'You'll know to-morrow.' This puzzled me, for I had forgotten that to-morrow was my birthday. But my father and the poet had been into Reading and bought me for a birthday present that delightful book *The English Struwwelpeter*, for, in spite of its abominable name, what a never-failing fount of pleasure it has been, and, indeed, still is, to me,

and no doubt to hundreds of others! At that time I think it gave Tennyson as much pleasure as it did me.

This is the same with Ed. Lear's *Nonsense Book* and R. L. Stevenson's *Verses for Children*. They are an amusement alike to child and parent, but verses written down to what the writer considers to be a child's level are of little value to any age.

I have some very characteristic letters of Mary Tennyson, a very handsome woman and the most remarkable of Alfred's sisters.

We have heard of a lady who, like her, was, or affected to be, a misanthropist, and whom a friend described as 'not a misogynist, my dear, but, I suppose, an anthropogynist.' Mary affected to be such a one, and, after leaving Lincolnshire, wrote to her friend and neighbour at Somersby Rectory: 'O my beloved darling, what creatures men are! My brothers are the exception to this general rule,' and in a subsequent letter to the same lady: 'Since I have had some talk with Mrs. Henry' (also a Somersby neighbour) 'I find it is her opinion, *from experience*, that all men, with very few exceptions, are given to very shifty ways, not half so good and upright as women.'

At the time of his wedding, over which he had given a great deal of trouble to my mother by his inability to make up his mind, so that the marriage licence was dated May 15, though the wedding did not take place till June 13, she had endless trouble to get not only the cake and the bride's wedding dress ready, but also his own essential wedding garments.

This fact is disclosed in his brief note to my mother: 'Dear Kate,—It is settled for the 13th, so the shirts may be gone on with.' His sister Mary at the same time writes: 'Alfred maintains silence about his engagement, which I think is not fair towards his family, especially as the Rawnsleys know it.' Indeed, her despondency is quite amusing: 'Poor thing, I daresay he is miserable enough at times, thinking of what he is about to do'; and her announcement to her friends reads like the news of a funeral: 'Well, all is over. Alfred was married to Emily Sellwood last Friday—*Friday, and raining*, about which I feel very superstitious. . . . I hope they will be happy, but I feel very doubtful about it.' But finding that it was not on a Friday and not raining, her spirits rise, and she 'has no doubt of her making him a good wife, as she is very fond of him,' as, indeed, they all were. Frederick lived abroad and married in Italy, and the mother and sisters looked to Charles, and still more to Alfred, for everything. Mary says: 'If ever there was a sweet, delightful character, it is that dear Charlie'; and in another letter: 'Alfred is universally beloved. We look upon him as the stay of the

family. It is to him we go when there is anything to be done.' And his wedding did not alter this.

They both wrote grateful letters on the day after the wedding, Emily thanking for 'kindnesses innumerable,' while Alfred's whole letter was just—

MY DEAR KATE,—You managed it all very well yesterday. Many thanks.

Ever yours,
A. T.

Dubbie's fees must be come at as he best can manage. The clerk and the shirts are owing.

On his revisiting Shiplake in December he added two stanzas to the four which he wrote on the wedding day, and which are in the Memoir. After the end of stanza 2, 'You have given me such a wife,' he continues thus:

Have I found in one so near
Aught but sweetness aye prevailing?
Or through more than half a year
Half the fraction of a failing?
Therefore bless you, Drummond dear.

Good she is and pure and just,
Being conquered by her sweetness
I shall come, through her, I trust,
Into fuller-orbed completeness,
Though but made of erring dust.

My father had the invaluable habit of reading to us children in the evenings both prose and poetry; and thus we heard most of Dickens, and also the beautiful songs of *The Princess* before they were published, and the *Ode on the Death of the Great Duke*, which Tennyson himself read to us at Shiplake. Matthew Arnold's *Merman* Tennyson also read to us aloud at Shiplake, and I heard him say as he finished it: 'I should like to have written that.'

The sound of a line of poetry (for poetry, to be fully understood, should be read aloud) was very much to him; and he certainly was unmatched in his use of vowels and in the melody of his verse. In speaking of Browning, he once said to me: 'I don't think that poetry should be *all thought*: there should be some melody'; and he carried his objection to a jingle so far that when, after publishing his first four *Idylls of the King*, he learnt that 'Enid' was properly pronounced 'Ennid,' he changed his line beginning 'Had wedded Enid' to 'Had married Enid'; the jingle of 'wedded Ennid' was to his ear quite impossible. He instanced to me as fine-sounding lines and some of his best (and he made them all the finer by his magnificent way of rolling them out) the lines about the burial of Elaine:

The maiden buried, not as one unknown
Nor meanly, but with gorgeous obsequies
And mass and rolling music like a queen.

Many years later, walking with my wife over the heather on Blackdown, just outside Aldworth, he sat down on the edge of a deep cart track and recited in his magnificent voice:

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
And fill it in a silver tassie,
That I may drink before I go
A service to my bonnie lassie.
The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are ranked ready,
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes thick and bloody.

He repeated the last two lines, rolling them out with delighted admiration, and said: 'I would have given anything to have written that.' A line that he thought one of his best was—

The mellow ouzel fluted in the elm.

The richness of the bird's note is expressed by the 'u' sound in two consecutive words, and the 'el' in two other words gives a liquid tone which makes the line perfect. 'And yet,' he said, 'nine-tenths of the English readers would have been just as well pleased if I had written:

The merry blackbird sang among the trees.

Besides the well-known 'moan of doves in immemorial elms and murmuring of innumerable bees,' another of his best lines he thought to be that which describes the sound of the bells in the poem *Far, Far Away*:

The mellow lin-lan-lone of evening bells.

He told my sister that the most beautiful and touching lines he knew were in the anonymous poem *Forsaken*:

O waly waly up the bank,
And waly waly down the brae,
And waly waly yon burn-side,
Where I and my love went to gae

ending with—

And O! if my young babe were born
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I myself were dead and gone,
And the green grass growing over me!

But to return to Elaine. Elaine's brother could not conceal his admiration for what he called 'the great Lancelot,' but Lancelot answers him:

The metre is very happy, but not a common one, and I once asked Tennyson if he had taken it from Drayton's *Agincourt*. He said: 'No, when I wrote it I had not seen Drayton's poem, but *The Times* account had "Someone had blundered," and the line kept running in my head, and I kept saying it over and over till it shaped itself into the burden of the poem,' where it was repeated at least twice. Knowing that, it is hard to understand how he allowed himself to be persuaded to omit the expression from the poem altogether when it first came out in book form in the *Maud* volume; but Ruskin, remonstrating and telling him that it was the key to the whole thing, got him to put it back.

Another instance of his getting wrong advice, though he did not this time take it, he told me about when we were talking of his Lincolnshire dialect poems. He said that, as it was twenty-seven years since he had left Lincolnshire, he felt that he had probably got some mistakes in his first *Northern Farmer*, so he sent the MS. to a friend who lived near Brigg, and he altered it all into the dialect spoken in that northern part of the county. He felt sure that was not the dialect of East or Mid-Lincolnshire, and sent it to my father, who put it all back as he had written it. After that the dialect poems were always sent to one of our family before they were given to the public, but the first *Northern Farmer* has still in it several traces of the wrong dialect in the use of 'o,' as in 'hoight' and 'squire' and 'doy,' in place of 'a,' which the poet himself explains in his note to the *Northern Cobbler* to be the proper vowel sound. He loved Lincolnshire, and the sight of a Lincolnshire face was always a delight to him. Knowing this, I once asked: 'Why did you call it the *Northern* instead of the *Lincolnshire Farmer*?' and he said: 'You see, I was modest: I had been so long out of the county that I did not feel sure my memory would serve me'; but really he was right all through. How careful he was to be perfectly accurate may be shown by the following: Once at Farringford he asked me how they pronounced 'turnips' about Spilsby; he had been told 'turmut's.' I said, 'No, "tonnops"'; and some months later, going to see him again at Farringford, when I had forgotten all about the 'tonnops,' his first words to me were 'You were right about that word.' He also said: 'I think you are right, too, about "greät," not "graät," for I see it is sometimes spelt "greet."' This is an instance of his perfect accuracy, for to many the distinction between 'greät' and 'graät' is hardly perceptible. His poems were always printed and kept by him for some time before he published them, and many a new unpublished poem has he read to me, as to others, under the strictest promise of secrecy, in his study, upstairs, or in the garden, both at Farringford and Aldworth. Those were indeed delightful readings. *Owd Roa*, one

of his last dialect poems, he read to my wife and myself, and subsequently he made me read it aloud to him, and encouraged me to make suggestions on certain words, all of which when it came out I saw he had adopted. The line he made most of, speaking it with a kind of awe in his voice, is in the *Globe Edition* printed in italics:

But 'e coom'd thurf the fire wi my bairn i' 'is mouth to the winder there.

He liked particularly to find that the hearer appreciated the humour of a line, and he looked up for it. His eye fairly twinkled as he read the lines—

When 'e cooms to be deäð

I thinks as I'd like fur to hev soom soört of a sarvice reäd,

and mouthed out with splendid emphasis:

If I beän't noäwaäys—not now-a-daäys—good for nowt,

Yet I beän't such a nowt of all nowts as 'ull hallus do as 'es bid.

I once read *The Spinster's Sweet-arts* at a penny reading at Freshwater in the proper Lincolnshire dialect, and next morning the poet greeted me with 'You gave me a bad night.' 'How?' I said. 'Two of the maids sleep over my room, and they were laughing half the night over *The Spinster's Sweet-arts*.' I saw by his humorous smile that I was easily forgiven. The story itself is full of humour, and was, he told me, entirely spun out of his own brain, 'though the critics say I have no imagination.' His son had suggested, when he was seeking a subject for a new Lincolnshire poem, that he should make an old woman talking to her cats.

She names her cats after her four suitors, and talks to them sometimes as cats and sometimes as if they were the men themselves, mixing them up in the same sentence, or even in the same line, for instance—

Naäy, let ma stroäk tha down till I maäkes tha es smooth es silk,
But if I 'ed married tha, Robby, thou'd not 'a' beän worth thy milk;
Thou'd niver 'a' cotch'd ony mice, but 'a' left me the work to do,
And 'a' taäen to the bottle beside, so as all that I 'ears be true;

and again—

Hed I married the Tommies—O Lord,
To love an' obaäy the Tommies! I couldn't 'a' stuck by my word,
An' noän o' my four sweet-arts 'ud 'a' let me 'a' hed my oän waäy,
So I likes 'em best wi' taäils when they 'even't a word to saäy.

WILLINGHAM FRANKLIN RAWNSLEY.

(To be continued.)

PROGRESS

PROGRESS is one of those comfortable sounds which are beloved of after-dinner speakers, and which lull the minds of those who hear them by the soothing vagueness of their connotation. Somehow and somewhither we are progressing. Few, except the professional pessimists, would be so bold as to deny this statement. Let us examine the meaning of this familiar word and the extent and direction of our progress.

The word is, of course, derived from the Latin *progređior*, and means a going forward, an advance. We are supposed to have made progress since the time of the Flood, since the time of Julius Cæsar, since the beginning of the last century. The goal towards which this progress is being made is not always precisely defined, but it is generally understood to be a greater perfection of some kind than has previously been attained. Progress, therefore, implies the gradual approach to some ideal, not expressly stated, but supposed to be good and worthy of attainment.

Another form in which this theory is sometimes stated is that we are evolving. By some more or less mechanical process the human race is, century by century, supposed to become more perfect, and just as the man is held by some to have 'descended' from the ape, so will the superman be brought forth by the man. This theory, as generally stated, is quite untenable. In the first place, there is no historical evidence that mankind to-day differs very much in essentials from mankind six thousand years ago. Great men have arisen and overtopped their fellows in various fields of genius, but collective humanity still follows primitive pursuits such as war-making and gain-getting.

Secondly, this theory, pushed to its logical conclusion, would imply determinism. In a humanity which evolved to perfection by purely mechanical processes there would be no place for free-will: man could not choose but become superman; whereas it is painfully obvious that in many cases he is free to become, and does become, *infra-man*.

Moreover, the analogy from Nature is not a true one. The evolution of Nature is finished and perfect. Since the beginning of history only minor changes have occurred in the species, and

these mainly artificial, that is due to the activities of man. The horse and sheep of to-day are in all essentials the horse and sheep of earliest Babylon. If Nature were still evolving there would be, in a period of eight thousand years, at least some indications of changes in the species. But there are none.

Finally, there is too great a gap between the highest animal and the lowest human being to assume that the one could ever have produced the other. Man has various principles which the animal has not, principles, such as reason, which enable him to control the animal kingdom; therefore to assume that the lower could have produced the higher, the lesser the greater, is unphilosophical. Evolution, as generally taught, is but half a truth; and when its principle is applied to human progress it becomes a dangerous delusion.

It will be useful to consider the various human activities one by one and to compare the degree of our present-day attainment in them with that of the past. By so doing we shall be able in some measure to ascertain the amount of real progress which has been made.

To examine first of all the province of religion. It could hardly be maintained that we are as yet living in a great religious epoch. The war, as was natural, produced a certain amount of religious revival, but at present religion is not a vital and universally accepted part of national life. Any great religion which is truly loved and entered into by its devotees infallibly produces visible results. Its beauty will be expressed in the creations of those who are inspired by it; it will bring into being a great art, a great poetry, a great architecture. Where are the signs of any such in the world to-day? There are many epochs in the history of the world in which religion has entered far more deeply into the lives of men than is now the case. We have only to look back to the priest-kings of Egypt to find a people whose religion was the most important thing in their national life. Their beautiful rituals, their architecture, their sculpture, all these sprang inevitably from the concentration of their minds upon God.

In Greece, too, men worshipped with their whole nature. Phidias wrought his masterpieces not upon the Government buildings of Athens, but upon her temples. Greek tragedy itself had a religious origin, and the gods were real and near to men. Our own country under the Druids was probably more religious than now, while in the Dark Ages those who built the great cathedrals, though few in number, were at any rate on fire with zeal. Whatever the cause, we cannot be said to have progressed in religion.

Religious progress must be in one direction towards a more exalted idea of God and in another towards a practical application

of the principles of religion to life. In both directions we have lagged far behind the ancients. The elaborate theogonies of Egypt and Greece were glorifications, not diminutions, of the idea of God. They were not polytheistic systems, as is generally thought, for in both religions there is the one central Deity who is God of all the gods—in Egypt, Amen; in Greece, *το εἷν*, the One. The various deities are aspects of the one Supreme; they enlarge man's conceptions of Him and bring His attributes within reach of the human mind. By the uneducated and unthinking they may have been worshipped as separate divinities, but to the initiated all the gods were God.

As for applying the principles of religion to life, the existence of movements in favour of Disestablishment is evidence enough that religious and political activities are no longer considered compatible.

To turn next to the domain of philosophy. Not even the most ardent modernist could maintain that we have progressed philosophically since the time of Plato. We have, in fact, gone back so far since his time that now we cannot even understand him properly. Except for those who have been Platonists or followers of Platonists, it might be said that philosophers have progressively deteriorated since his day.

The true aim of philosophy is to explain existence, to give the reasons for all things and to relate the conclusions of science to the first principles underlying them. Religion, philosophy and science must go hand in hand, for each presents the same truth in a different way. Religion gives a practical rule of life in conformity with the order of the universe, science describes the actual processes of the workings of that order, while philosophy sets forth the abstract principles which underlie the order itself.

When, in any age, there is disagreement and strife between the devotees of each, it is a sure sign that the presentation of one or all of them is defective.

Modern philosophy has lost touch with religion, and in its dallings with science has forgotten its own first principles. One has only to glance cursorily at the philosophic errors of the last hundred years or so to realise how far it has descended from the heights upon which Plato lived. Many of its conclusions are so patently false that it is difficult to understand how any sane human being could seriously maintain them.

Consider, for instance, Descartes, who doubted the existence of everything except his own mind, or the Occasionalists, who held that there is really no interaction between body and soul, only the appearance of it. Consider Locke, who believed that there are no innate ideas, in spite of the fact that Plato had proved long ago in the 'Meno' that there are, or Berkeley, who thought that

the very being of things perceived lies in their being perceived. Then there is Hume, who could think of nothing which was entitled, as existing on its own account, to be called substance, except human perception. Last come Schopenhauer, with his view that existence is essentially evil and that the object of life is to shake off the tyranny of the will to live, and Nietzsche, whose so-called superman is nothing more than a super-animal.

Any of these might be taken as examples of the power of the human mind to confuse the presentation of truth and to lose itself in materialism. Though each system contains some grain of truth, they are, as philosophies, partitive and unsatisfying, so much so that the effect of their promulgation has been to hold mankind back more effectually than religious dogmatism. To compare these purblind thinkers with the master-minds of Greece is to realise how far we have receded from the summits which were once attained.

It is materialistic philosophy which is largely responsible for the present chaotic state of the world. The systems of government, of commerce, and of education under which we now suffer are but the natural result of the thought of the last century. Religious fanatics may torture the body, but blind philosophy can, and does, distort the mind.

Education is the department which next must be examined in our search for progress. It is true that at the present day the proportion of the inhabitants of the world who undergo a process of so-called education is larger than has been the case previously. How much good this education will ultimately do them is another matter. The original true meaning of the word 'education' is a leading out, a process of bringing into actuality something which is already latent in the individual to be educated. This principle of education is one which we have almost forgotten, for the aim of most education is not to lead out, but to press in, to 'cram,' as we aptly term it. The surface mind is filled to its utmost capacity with a collection of often valueless facts, thus making it increasingly difficult for the powers of the inner mind to be actualised. The products of modern education are hurled forth into the world of affairs, uncertain as to their true place in life or as to the means whereby they may discover it, with a confusion of warring theories concerning every conceivable aspect of life ringing in their ears, but with no method of finding out for themselves the truth of any.

They may know the principal exports of the English cities or the number of tons of tea produced annually in Ceylon, but as for dealing with actual life they are less well equipped than the Greek shepherd who had learnt all he knew from his parents and the hills among which he lived. He, at any rate, was able to take

his place in the general scheme without failing in his duty, whereas the products of modern education are not.

Let us examine now the art of healing, taking this in its widest sense and including in it those sociological institutions which aim at the healing of nations as well as the activities of the regular medical profession. Great strides, it will be said, have been made in this direction at any rate. Let us consider them. Our medical schools are certainly more conscientious and sanitary than they were fifty years ago; but there are still many diseases which defeat all their skill. If a mechanical civilisation has brought an advance in clinical methods, it has also produced a multitude of new diseases. Though it may not be generally accepted, it is nevertheless true that the healers of to-day have still much to learn from their predecessors in Greece and Egypt. Nor is it likely that the art of medicine will fundamentally improve so long as its professors persist in considering the physical body as the most important, if not the only, principle of man. The physical body in itself is the part of man which is least real; it is the precipitation and result of all his other natures. Therefore the attempt to heal it and preserve it in health without first ascertaining the state of health of other principles, or even making any inquiry into the nature of these, is foredoomed to failure. So long as doctors prescribe only for the objective and physical without taking into consideration the workings of the subjective and spiritual part of man, so long will their cures be mere alleviations, having no permanent effect.

The same principle may be applied to sociological healing. There are many movements in the world which aim at the righting of some particular wrong. All these do a certain amount of good, just as the physic of the doctor produces a temporary improvement; but since they do not ascertain the true cause of the evil which they are fighting, they cannot permanently eradicate it, with the result that, although an improvement may be effected in the particular instance, the evil is almost certain to reappear in a new form. In this, as in most other departments of human activity, the tendency of the last hundred years has been to concentrate mainly on the outer without due consideration of the inner. If the objective and outer is real, the subjective and inner, which produces it, must necessarily be more real, and therefore until both aspects of any organism, whether an individual man or a nation, are taken into account, no lasting and permanent cure can be effected.

The expressive arts must next be dealt with, those of music, painting and poetry. It will be necessary, in order to form a fair judgment, to put aside for the moment all other considerations except that of beauty. A poem may be religious or philosophical,

but in endeavouring to ascertain the progress made in the poetic art as such we must for the time leave these aspects out of account and consider it solely from the standpoint of the art of poetry. This is not merely to judge it from the point of view of technique, for although technique enters largely into the art of expression, it is not the final criterion. This is something difficult to describe, but something which involves the power of any work of art to move the soul through the emotions, a result that technique in itself could never be certain to effect. It is that quality of harmony and rhythm which unlocks the heart and uplifts the desires.

Are then the poets, artists, and musicians of to-day more sublime and uplifting than those of ancient times? Have we surpassed Homer and Virgil? Can we compete even with Horace on his own ground?

Truditur dies die

Novæ que pergunt interire lunæ.

Have our expressive arts progressed beyond this? Does our music surpass that of Palestrina or our sculpture eclipse that of the unknown carvers of ancient Egypt?

And so we arrive at the last and greatest stronghold of modern progress, the domain of scientific discovery and applied invention. Here, at any rate, it will be said, we have nothing to fear from the ancients. Reflect upon our bridges, our railways, our transport, our chemical foods, our artificial rubber, our motor-cars, our underground tunnels, our aeroplanes, which it is hoped will shortly be able to carry bombs of many tons weight; observe our guns whose range is thirty miles, our battleships and submarines; remark our factories, where the possibilities of error and also of interest on the part of the individual are all but eliminated by machinery. When aeroplanes attain a speed of two hundred miles an hour, when bombs can be made to lay waste a whole countryside, surely the conquest of Nature is all but effected.

What, when all is said, are all these things but toys, playthings, good or bad, according to the use which is made of them. The discovery of new ways of utilising the resources of Nature is admirable as far as it goes, but in itself it is of trivial importance compared with the manner in which such knowledge is applied. It is the ultimate purpose of the universe and of man that is of the only real moment, and in so far as scientific discoveries do not help to unfold this, or in so far as they are applied in a manner which does not help to fulfil it, they are not progressive, but the reverse.

A great material civilisation is just as likely to hinder as to help the true progress of man, for when it is not accompanied by progress in spiritual unfoldment it will assume a false importance;

it will be valued for its own sake instead of as a means to an end, and inevitably degenerate into luxury and materialism.

Moreover, with all our skill, we have not yet equalled in purely mechanical perfections the builders of the Pyramid.

To quote from Marsham Adams' *House of the Hidden Places*—

What architect of the present day would undertake to erect a building, more than four hundred feet high, full of chambers of the most elaborate description, which should never need repair for five thousand years? What other nation not only discovered the transcendental relation between radius and circumference—the foundation of all curvilinear measurement—but utilised it as a principle of architectural construction? What other building is oriented with such perfect accuracy that, if Mr. Flinders Petrie be correct, the minute displacement wrought in the course of ages represents (and consequently measures) the secular variation due to a recondite cosmical force?

The above considerations are put forward, not in any spirit of pessimism, but because at the present time so much is talked and written about progress that it is well to compare calmly and dispassionately the past and the present, and decide after a full examination of the available facts how many of the changes which the last hundred years have brought are really worthy to be dignified by this name. We are far too prone to patronise the ancients without any due cause, and this spirit of self-satisfaction, so freely indulged in to-day, is the most effectual bar to real progress that we could devise.

We must conclude, therefore, in the light of the foregoing, that there is no department of human life in which the attainments of the present day have not been completely eclipsed in some period of the past. At first this might seem to imply that the world was going backward, but although we may not be equal in any one art or science to our predecessors, it could be maintained with some truth that the general level of awareness or of interest in life is higher to-day than it has often been in the past. This is not to say that we are necessarily any better in the absolute sense than were the Greeks or the Egyptians, but that, taking mankind in general, the educated and the uneducated, there is a greater degree of awakening, a more ardent inquiry into the cause of existence, and a more intense desire to take part intelligently in the general scheme. Mankind may be divided into two great classes, the awakened and the unawakened, and at the present day there are many indications that the former class is increasing.

For any real progress to be made awakening is necessary, and thus we are brought to the question, What is progress, and what sort of an awakening does it require?

The doctrine of evolution, as generally propounded, is, as has been said, inadequate to explain the progressive unfoldment of

natural species, for it implies that the lower forms produce the higher ones; still less can it be applied satisfactorily to the ascent of man. In order that any thing or creature may be formed in matter there must be somewhere a type or pattern which the actual existing thing copies and expresses. No artist could produce a picture by merely putting together paints, canvas and brushes; he must first have in his mind the idea or pattern which he desires to express. The maker of a table must first have in his mind a subjective idea of what a table should be; this is individualised into a mental image of a particular table and becomes in time the actual table formed by his hands. The usual explanations of the unfoldment of species—natural selection, heredity and environment—are not sufficient to explain the phenomena of Nature. The conditions to which two individual sparrows are subjected are never precisely similar, and if there were no underlying forms and ideas to which all sparrows are moulded there would be no guarantee of continuity. Natural selection and the rest are efficient causes; if they are regarded as being solely responsible no account is taken of a formal cause. That which is generally termed evolution is, therefore, the progressive unfoldment on the plane of the objective of the ideas and types which subsist on the plane of the subjective. When this process is looked at from below only results are visible; hence a true conclusion as to its nature cannot be arrived at.

This same unfoldment is going on in man, but with a difference. Animals cannot control their evolution; they cannot hasten or retard it; they must obey their instincts and conform to the great law of which they are a part. But man has the power consciously to retard or accelerate the process of his unfoldment, to hasten the expression of the ideas, ideals and types which are latent within him, or to turn his back to them and live merely in his sense nature. Thus to reason from the progressive evolution of more highly developed types of animals to a corresponding inevitable progress on the part of humanity would be false, since the principle of free-will might at any time counteract or prevent this evolution. In a time like the present, when ideas of inevitable and mechanical progress are prevalent, this point is especially worth insisting upon. Systems of thought which make the ultimate perfection of man rest on purely evolutionary processes outside his own control definitely hold back the human race, for they make individual effort useless and imply that man is nothing more than the helpless plaything of forces exterior to himself.

Man's progress is in his own hands. He has latent within him the principles of all powers and perfections, but for these to be made actual necessitates a conscious effort on his part. The whole history of the race proves this. The progress of mankind is the

progress of individuals, of the geniuses in religion, philosophy, science and art, who have won by their own efforts that consciousness of truth which has made the attainment of it more easy for all their fellows. It is by these great ones that mankind is uplifted and led nearer to its goal, not by any mechanical process of evolution. Having themselves awakened, having, as Plato says, enkindled within them the light of the Divine ideas, they help to enkindle that light in others, and by so doing lift up the whole world towards its ultimate perfection. This light is in all men, but not until they awake and turn from dreams and playthings can it become active and shine out in their lives. On the one hand there is the mass of mankind living a more or less animal life, concerned with looking after their personal comfort, with supporting themselves and adding to their possessions, or with increasing their reputation; on the other there are the great geniuses, who, having beheld the beauties of the ideal world which is the real, care no more for anything except to make the actual world its true reflection.

Since, therefore, progress is the expression by individuals and by the race of the ideas or ideals already latent within, we are now better able to judge how far the present epoch, chaotic enough in its outward appearance at the moment, seems likely to lead to a better state of things. The ideals and perfections towards which mankind is moving are many, but they may be grouped under three main heads: those of the Good, the True and the Beautiful. Each human being pursues perpetually these three ideals, whether he is conscious of the fact or not. We all seek good, our own good at any rate, though that good may not be the good of others. So likewise with truth and beauty. No man seeks that which to him is false or ugly. So long as men seek partitive goodness, truth and beauty, there will be strife, division and suffering; but when at length they set their eyes upon the ideal itself and realise that it is within their power to reach it, not in some far-distant time, in some remote heaven, but here upon earth and in ordinary human life, then will all these unrealities vanish.

If all progress is the unfoldment of some perfection already latent within man, this process entails a progressive realisation of the nature of this perfection.

This is a kind of awakening, a gradual lifting up of the object of pursuit from the material to the mental, from the mental to the spiritual, plane. The first effect of such an awakening is to produce chaos: the good which is at first pursued is not the good itself, but a partitive and personal good. And so the chaos of the world of to-day is not a cause for pessimism, but for rejoicing, for it is an infallible sign that the great awakening has begun. The throes of birth are upon the world, for the old order is changing.

The darkness which is around us is the darkness of the very early morning, and from it will be born a day more beautiful than any that has yet been.

It is idle for the pessimist to moan of the wrath to come: Goodness, Truth and Beauty must inevitably prevail, for they are the foundations upon which both man and the universe are built. Some time and somewhere that ideal perfection of manhood which has existed in the world of the real from all eternity will blossom out in man. And it rests with himself whether the time be a long or short one.

Even now there are many signs that a new age is beginning. There is abroad a spirit of questioning, of dissatisfaction with established systems and institutions, of determination to arrive at truth. The very existence of all kinds of new sects and teachings, almost all purporting to have a panacea for every ill, is but another evidence of this dissatisfaction with things as they are. Man is indeed awakening, and though the first hundred years or so may have the appearance of a reversion to savagery, this period of chaos is but the necessary breaking down which must precede any new structure. Once mankind in general begins to be puzzled about the causes of existence, to inquire into the purpose of life and the best means of fulfilling that purpose, the era of progress will have begun, for men will find the answer written large upon the face of the universe; they will behold it in the writings and in the lives of the great ones of the past. The light of truth has always been in the world, and those who have truly sought have found it there since the beginning of time. The first essential of progress is knowledge, for in order to lift himself up to his ideal man must know something of his own true nature and the nature of the universe and of God. In order to gain knowledge, man must desire truth, and when humanity in general is filled with this desire, truth will be made manifest upon earth, for it is written, 'Ask, and it shall be given unto you.'

G. H. BONNER.

A PLEA FOR THE INDIAN MUSLIM

WE live in an age which prides itself upon its consideration for minority communities. The question of minorities is a burning one in India, where the administrator is confronted with a collection of heterogeneous races and creeds. Among these latter, Hinduism predominates. The population of the British provinces was 247 millions at the last Census. (The total population, including that of Indian States, was found to be 319 millions.) Out of these 247 millions, 163 millions are Hindus and nearly 60 millions are Muslims, while Buddhists, Sikhs, Parsis and others make up the remainder. Thus Hindus largely predominate, though the fact must not be overlooked that their numbers are swelled by the inclusion of a certain number of untouchables and animists.

It is common to find Hindus and Muslims living peaceably side by side in the same village. But there is a deep-seated antagonism between the votaries of these two religions. The antagonism is often, at least to appearances, dormant. But it is ever there, smouldering and ready to break forth, when fanned by provocation, into red flames of riot and massacre. It is bred in the foundations of the two faiths. The rigidity of Islam views with horror the varied forms and versatility of Hinduism; its monotheism recoils from a wide Pantheon where the worshipper may select the object of his adoration; its Puritanic strain condemns the use of images, and of Tantric ceremonies; its congregational services are far removed from the more personal exercises of the Hindu and dictate a totally different style of religious architecture. The Muslim classes himself with the Christian as 'a child of the Book.' The Hindu ranges through nature, idealises the sensuous form, and weaves the strands of the material into a glowing fabric on the loom of imagination. His reverence for the cow is revolted by the sacrifices which characterise certain Muhammadan festivals. Even in death the faiths are divided. I have seen a Muslim grow sick with loathing at a distant sight of the funeral pyres on the Benares *ghats*. The antagonism is bred in history also. There are pride and fear on both sides; and pride and fear bring their inevitable conse-

quences. The Muslim looks back upon the conquest of Delhi by Muhammad Ghori, the domination exercised through three centuries by the so-called Pathan dynasties, and above all, the glories and the organising gifts of the Great Moghuls. The Hindu conjures up the vision of an ancient India, peacefully swayed by kings akin to gods, immune from famine and disease, unscourged by the foreign aggressor. He ponders on the early epics or on the ballads of the Rajputs with their tale of valour and tragedy. He erects Shivaji into a national hero and remembers the kingdoms which arose on the ruins of the Moghul Empire. The Muslim fears the preponderating influence and numbers of the Hindus and foresees the possible depression of his own community. The Hindu views with misgiving the continuance in his own land of the remnants of a conquering race and of a creed which, if no longer girt with the sword of intolerance, is alien to his own beliefs and claims too many votaries to be overlooked. There are yet other grounds of antagonism. A Government largely composed of foreigners, unbiassed towards either cause, attempts to compose the differences and has not faltered in its task of welding the races of India into a single whole. The opponents of that Government call upon Hindu and Muslim to sink their differences and embrace before moving together upon the common foe. But success has not yet crowned the efforts on either side. The Moplah war and the riots at Multan are among the more recent of the deplorable incidents which show how wide is the breach.

The element of fear is more pronounced upon the Muhammadan side. For the weakness of the Muslim community, as contrasted with the Hindu, is not merely numerical; the community is handicapped in other respects also. The Government has attempted, not without searching of its own heart and opposition from certain quarters, to safeguard the position of the Muslim community. It is easy to denounce such safeguards. A common objection is that differentiation tends to keep alive religious animosity and constitutes a policy of *divide et impera*. This is an argument which will appeal neither to the Muslim nor to the impartial administrator who has dealt at first hand with these difficulties. There are other arguments—mutually destructive perhaps, but suitable for use on different occasions and in varying contexts. It may be said that, if the importance of the minority is to be calculated by the counting of noses, the minority is large enough to take care of itself; or that if brains and not noses are to form the criterion, then its influence is not deserving of special consideration. It may be argued that the community is particularly loyal to the British connection, and that accordingly the conferment of privileges is merely an unfair device for strengthening the hands of Government; or that the Muslim owes allegiance

to other authorities, is imbued with pan-Islamic ideals, and has in recent years wavered from his traditional attitude towards the powers that be, and that therefore he has forfeited any claim to favours.

These last points require some elaboration if a proper appreciation of the situation is to be formed. It is true that the proportion of the Muhammadan population which resorts to places of education is as great as the corresponding proportion of all other sections of the population taken together. But if the figures for high school and collegiate education are examined, it is found that the proportion of Muslim pupils to the Muslim population is only half the proportion represented by pupils of other communities taken together. Moreover, even in elementary education, the position of the Muslims is less satisfactory than might appear on a hasty inspection of the figures. For large numbers of them are receiving instruction in 'private institutions,' which follow no recognised curriculum, such as Koran schools and the like. The fact is that, in the case of the Muslim lad, the education of the mosque must precede that of the *madrassa*. Anyone who has been accustomed to move through Indian villages, or whose work has taken him into the bazaars of the cities, is made emphatically sensible of this fact. By the side of the sunlit street there stands a mosque. Either within it or under some shelter erected before it there squats a little crowd of children, their heads adorned with the turban or the *tarboosh*. A solemn-faced priest is instructing them in the Koran—that is to say, he is teaching the children to repeat by rote the verses which it is deemed that a Muslim must retain in his memory if he is to fight the battle of life safeguarded by the shield of faith. The verses are taught in the original Arabic; and the children do not know Arabic. Nor do the Muslim schoolboy's troubles cease when, already older than his class-fellows of other creeds, he enters the regular school and commences his secular education. Sometimes he has to learn through the medium of a vernacular other than Urdu, and at the same time to study Urdu as a second language in order that he may qualify for Muslim society. Maybe he is constrained eventually to learn Arabic, possibly also Persian. Thus his energies may find themselves dissipated among a multiplicity of tongues at the very time when, if he is to make his mark, he should be concentrating them upon the initial difficulties of English. Nor is this all. Until comparatively recent years the conservative among the Muslims actually discouraged Western learning. I can remember how, in certain parts of India, more progressive minds had difficulty in persuading their co-religionists that the sending of their sons to an English school was not equivalent to sending them along the road to perdition. That prejudice is dead. But

it has left much leeway to be made up. As for the girls, while some of the Hindu races have never adopted the seclusion of women and others are emancipating themselves from it, the Muslim, with few exceptions, retains the purda-system which he introduced into India. Tradition is strong. Its maintenance cannot lightly be condemned. But it has its disadvantages as well as its virtues.

It is largely due to these causes that the Muslim has not retained in India the position which his past achievements would appear to justify. He does not supply his due quota to the services, to the local bodies, to the councils, to the classes who count. He is surrounded by a nimble-witted population which is not hampered by similar trammels. He is often outstripped in the race of life. His numbers bulk large among the agriculturists, among the followers of the humbler handicrafts. He is less often found in the learned professions.

There is also the question of politics. It was only natural, in view of his educational backwardness, that the Muslim should stand aloof from the current of political thought and that his voice should be heard but faintly or not at all. Then there arose a mighty man among the community, who saw the depressed state of his brethren and saw also visions of their uplifting. Sir Syed Ahmed Khan preached two great doctrines—educational advancement and acquiescence in the existing order of government. He perceived that the Indian Muslim's earthly salvation was bound up with the removal of the stigma of ignorance and with retention of the British connection. He founded the Anglo-Muhammadan College at Aligarh, which has now blossomed into a University. When the National Congress was established in 1885 he dissuaded the Muslims from joining it. His doctrines were long revered. His community was launched on a slow but steady career of upward progress.

So things continued, till there came a period of trials and divided aims. The Russo-Japanese war and other factors wrought strange changes in the East. Asia was swept by gusts of new emotion and awoke to racial and nationalistic consciousness. The Muhammadan was peculiarly susceptible to these forces. For, while he is the subject of the temporal power established in the land where he happens to reside, he is spiritually a citizen of a far vaster state and acknowledges the religious head of a great community of nations. And that religious head was likewise the temporal sovereign of the one important Islamic power which still retained its independence. The new spirit which was flooding over the Orient influenced the Indian Muslim in two ways. On the one hand, he realised that he belonged not only to India but also to Islam, and that any aggression on the remaining

independent stronghold of Islam was an aggression also on himself. On the other hand, he saw around him an increased political activity which threatened to check his all-too-slow progress and even to imperil the position to which he had already laboriously attained. Therefore it was that in 1906 the Muslims were moved to present an address to the Viceroy, in which they reiterated the policy of Sir Syed Ahmed Khan, namely, the amelioration of their status under the ægis of British rule, and emphasised their desire that there should be no departure from that excellent and time-honoured tradition, but at the same time had to express their fear that recent events had stirred up feelings, especially among the younger generation, which might in certain circumstances and under certain contingencies easily pass beyond the control of temperate counsel and sober guidance. They asked for enhanced educational facilities, for a reasonable measure of communal representation through separate electorates, and for a just proportion of Government appointments. Therefore, too, it was that in the same year they deemed it necessary to found the Muslim League. This was a political organisation, corresponding in a manner to the National Congress—though with far different aims—and safeguarding Muhammadan interests.

But the strain upon Muhammadan loyalty, brought about by events within, and still more by those outside India, was becoming almost intolerable. It was not the fault of the Indian Muslim that the Muhammadan peoples as a whole were convulsed by the Balkan wars. It was not his fault that the partition of Bengal was annulled. It was not his fault that Turkey entered the Great War on the side of the Central Powers. But these and other things had their effect upon him. The idea was engendered that the Christian nations of Europe were banded together for the destruction of Islam. Faith in 'settled facts' and British constancy was undermined. The Muslim found himself arrayed against the spiritual head of Islam, who was also sovereign of a belligerent power. It is little wonder that the Muslim League swerved from the 'excellent and time-honoured tradition' of Sir Syed Ahmed, that prayers were offered in mosques for the success of the Khalifa's arms, that mischievous agitators found a fruitful field, that the non-co-operation movement gathered strength from a so-called Khilafat agitation.

The wonder rather is that the effect of all these happenings upon the mass of the Muslim population was one of stupefaction and horror rather than of anger and revolt; that the heart of the community remained steady; that Muhammadan troops did signal service in various theatres of the war.

The Muslims of India have passed through a time of sore trial. The majority remained steadfast in their traditional attitude.

But the retention of this attitude was often accompanied by genuine anguish of mind and searchings of the heart. Those who succumbed to the agitators suffered in other ways. Some were persuaded to join the *Hijrat* movement and abandon a country whose ruling power was alleged to have made war upon the Holy places. Many of these found early graves far from their ancestral fields; others returned to find those fields in the possession of persons who had urged them to the rash act and to whom, in their enthusiasm, they had sold their earthly belongings for 'a song.' The student class were adjured to desert the recognised institutions and to join short-lived 'national schools.' Those who did so suffered a serious check in their careers. One can picture the shade of Sir Syed Ahmed weeping over these events.

The crisis is over. Perhaps the disasters just rehearsed played their part in bringing it to a close. But the main cause is undoubtedly the agreement arrived at in the Treaty of Lausanne. There have also been contributory causes, such as the attitude adopted by General Harrington at Constantinople, which have combined to dispel the unfavourable impression previously created by declarations of policy as regards Greek aims in Asia Minor or by the insidious suggestions of the ill-disposed. There is another cause. The action of the Angora Government towards the Khalifa has utterly changed the colour of the Khilafat movement. It has become purely religious and is no longer tinged by politics. The Indian Muslim has passed through a long reach of rocks and shoals and troubled waters. His vessel has weathered the dangers and is once more moving in a quieter and normal channel.

What of the future? For the moment the vessel is safe. But it has suffered a severe buffeting. Its timbers are strained; its sails are torn. The mariner is somewhat disconcerted and unnerved. Above all, he sees before him the commencement of a mighty expanse of untried waters, shrouded in the mists of uncertainty and fraught with he knows not what new dangers. For the method whereby India's affairs had been administered has undergone transformation. The traditional Government, on which the Muslim had learned to lean, has surrendered a great portion of its powers. There are new councils, new electorates, new authorities. There is talk of democratic ideals. There are vague prognostications of the departure of the British power, of the passing of the bureaucratic machinery into the hands of Indian administrators, of the upspringing of an oligarchic, perhaps of a theocratic, form of government. All this is very bewildering; and the Muslim is not in the best shape to withstand the impact of novel forces. How will the Muslim stand when the foreign and impartial element in the Government undergoes gradual

reduction, when the ascendancy of the majority among the population makes itself more and more felt, when the destinies of minorities come to be determined by powers possibly out of sympathy with his aspirations?

It is well that at this juncture the Muslim League, which had fallen into abeyance, has been resuscitated. From the account which has recently been made public in this country by Dr. Zia-uddin Ahmed, of the Aligarh Muslim University, it may be gathered that the League is now busied with the aims for which it was originally constituted. The Muslim is naturally actuated by two motives. As an Indian he desires to see progress made under the reforms in the direction of a larger measure of autonomy. As a member of a minority community he is anxious that his interests should be safeguarded, that new forms of government should not neglect the promises made to him by Lord Minto and Lord Morley, that the position which he has, not without struggles, attained should not be lost, and that he should not be thrust back into inferiority. The League has accordingly defined its attitude as follows. It declares that the Mussalmans of India are ready to co-operate with every section of the Indian community and with the British Government in any constitutional advance. But this readiness on their part is conditional on certain stipulations. Firstly, the means to be employed in this advance must not be revolutionary. The process must be one of evolution. Secondly, they will support no form of constitution which does not offer adequate safeguards of their interests. Among these safeguards they specify the inclusion in the legislatures and in all elected bodies of a fixed number of seats ear-marked for Muslims (with the proviso that a majority community should not be reduced to the position of a minority or an equal community); that the number so fixed should be adequate for effective representation; that election to these seats should be by a separate electorate; that the proportion of Muslims in all Services and departments should be fixed; that special facilities should be provided in education; that religious liberty should be guaranteed; and that no resolution affecting the interests of any community should be passed if three-quarters of the members of that community vote against it.

There are those who will shake their heads over such a programme. They will allow (under protest) a certain amount of Muslim representation, but will hold up their hands in horror at the idea of special electorates. They will commend educational facilities, but will declare that appointment to the public Services must be contingent on educational advancement. They will point out that religious liberty is already guaranteed by legislation, but that the subordination of general to communal interests

is undemocratic. An attitude such as this overlooks certain facts. Special representation without special electorates is apt to result in the selection of candidates altogether unacceptable to the community concerned. Unless the Muslim has a reasonable voice in the administration, his educational needs are only too likely to be neglected. It is easy to wound a section of the population by measures which appear harmless or even beneficial, and which yet strike at the vitals of its very existence. Moreover, most of these things have, in one form or another, been promised to the Muhammadans, and, though in theory some of the claims may appear questionable, the administrator experienced in Indian affairs cannot deny their practical importance.

The Muslim deserves well of India. Not all that he has brought to her is good. But his rule introduced into the country an ordered system of administration whose framework persisted through the succeeding days of confusion and from which the British *raj* has largely borrowed. He has been a staunch supporter of the British connection. If the present century has seen some deviation from his traditional policy, the causes of estrangement were acute, and the fact that the deviation was not greater is itself the best proof of his sanity and moderation. He fought for the Allied cause even against the Defender of his Faith. He has suffered grievous things; but he has remained loyal at heart, and has now found a voice to proclaim his loyalty. And not only his loyalty. He proclaims also to his Indian fellow-subjects that he is willing to extend to them the hand of co-operation in working out the common destiny. He only asks that the way of progress should not prove to him the way of destruction. Notwithstanding old antipathies on either side, notwithstanding the doctrinaire arguments of politicians, this proclamation will surely appeal to the great host of Hindus who desire an end to strife and are genuinely anxious for the future unity and welfare of India. The Muslim minority ranged on the side of constitutional reform at once removes an obvious menace to advance and ensures moderation in the speed of progress. Unity within her borders is an essential pre-requisite to India's attainment of autonomy. It is not too much to ask that the majority make concessions for the furtherance of that pre-requisite, or that the paramount power, which is the trustee for the welfare of many millions of Muslims, exert its influence to secure their interests.

HENRY SHARP.

A LATIN UNION

HIS late Majesty King Edward VII., when he founded the Entente Cordiale, appeared to have transcended even the historic '*Il n'y a plus de Pyrénées*' of King Louis XIV. The Channel was abolished; French and English were to live henceforward in amity, if not in formal alliance; the age-long hatreds were '*censées non avenues*.' His Majesty was miserably served, but he achieved much during his short reign. Nothing less than the wand of that royal magician could have achieved so many and great things.

During the awful years 1914-1918 many of us onlookers were accustomed to reflect: 'At least the war completes the work of King Edward. A holier compact than another is now being sealed with blood and iron; we have done for ever with bickerings.' We were sadly in need of consoling thoughts; but prophecy is idle work, and in the year of grace 1924 here is England snapping and snarling at France, as if there had been no King Edward and no World War. The sentiment is dead and the German propaganda is doing its work famously.

The tone recently adopted by our Foreign Office is comical. It varied from underbred impertinence to the kindness of an indulgent headmaster towards an erring pupil 'whose people he knows at home.' Why should France continue to endure this kind of thing? 'Because there is no alternative course,' is the natural answer. Upon reflection, it is submitted, an alternative course is actually open. It is one not only more dignified (it could hardly be more undignified), but more profitable.

It is to take the lead of Latin civilisation which, without France, is doomed.

Germany at the present moment is far stronger than ten years ago. The German population is at least twice that of France. Her prosperous condition is matter of common knowledge, and the resources of Russia are at her command. Whatever those resources may be, they were once on the side of France, and are now on the side of Germany.

The last war was a great victory for Germany. It took the world in arms to put her down; and the world in arms was so

mauled, or so frightened, that it did not dare to push the victory home. Such is the German point of view. The last war took time; the next war will be a walk-over, *i.e.*, if France fights alone, just as the last war would have been a walk-over if it had not been (humanly speaking) for England and Belgium. At present England is throwing all her weight into the scale on the side of Germany and Russia. Not that she counts for much, with her Constitution in ruins and the Empire in its agony; still whatever harm she can do to France she is doing gleefully.

It will be for France alone, then, to resist the next Teuton onslaught—'vain hope and courage vain'—alone; but the Latin Union, led by France, might well make Germany, cautious as daring, reflect that discretion is sometimes the better part of valour, and that it would be easier and more profitable to develop eastward.

The 'Union' would mean that of France, Italy, Spain and Belgium, comprising a population of about ninety million souls. This is enough to give any assailant pause, if it be well knit together; disunited, it is the old story of the bundle of sticks.

The inspiration would be Roman, naturally. Equally naturally, the driving force would be French. Difficulties are made to be overcome; on the threshold we encounter the first and really the only 'difficulty': *religion*.

All these Latin countries are religious, and three out of four are officially religious, and all of the same religion: the Roman. Exception is sometimes taken to this word. The authority of the Primate of Spain (the Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo) and of the Papal Legate *a latere* to the Court of Madrid may perhaps suffice for those who can make no pretension to exact knowledge on the subject; it is also convenient for the purpose of these few notes.¹

France is officially anti-religious, in daily practice quite sincerely devout and obedient to the Holy See. This is, in passing, an excellent and melancholy illustration of the divorce between the 'will of the people'—that eternal will-o'-the-wisp—and the 'government of the people' under Tyrant Demos.

Under a monarchy there were resources open to the sufferers. Firstly, patience. In the course of Nature even the worst tyrant's reign must have an ending. Then there were the dread resources of revolt and even assassination. A consort might be gained, perhaps a Minister, a favourite, or a confessor. But Tyrant Demos never dies; nothing can shake his grip; his unhappy victim can only bleat and bleed.

If we English are less the serfs of Demos than the French, it

¹ See *At the Court of His Catholic Majesty*, pp. 81, 222 (Collier. Chicago: A. C. Maclure & Co., 1912).

is only because we still enjoy the priceless blessing of monarchical government. This we shall continue to enjoy, under the providence of God, precisely so long as we continue to deserve it. Otherwise there is little to choose between France and England.

It is forty years or more since the war-cry of the 'advanced' parties in France became anti-Clerical. Whatever profit there may have been in 'anti-Clericalism' must have been exhausted long ago. Profit apart, there remains the pleasure of causing pain. This is more widely spread than we are accustomed to acknowledge. How to extricate France from the imbroglio is a problem which only the adroitest minds can tackle with any hope of success. The only point for us outsiders to note is that a Latin union can hardly avoid being a religious as well as a political union. The political lead must needs be taken by France. We have, therefore, to inquire whether the Holy See is likely to preconise any kind of union except one based on religion. We may easily anticipate the haughty reply: 'France has no need of the support of the Holy See.' Has she not? And are the rulers of France prepared to dislocate the world because a single step is, for the moment, repugnant to them?

Before considering these points let us note once more that it is essentially the politicians' job; and diplomacy could with ease find phrases to save the faces of the politicians; 'a conditional measure desirable in the interests of neighbourly and interested countries, and for the furthering of peace and friendly relations,' which, being interpreted, means stopping the persecution. The powerless 'people' would be humbly grateful—for once—to their masters.

In Italy, as all the world knows, there has long been a divided allegiance. Of recent years the relations between the Quirinal and the Vatican have been less troubled. These happier relations would be prejudiced if the civil power entered into close alliance with a State resolute to treat the Vatican roughly. In fact, here, as everywhere within the Latin Union, it is not so much what any given member would like to do as what it cannot avoid doing.

Italians then are acquiescent, to put their religious sentiments at the lowest figure. Atheism is, more or less, bad form; the Chiesa Valdese counts for little, and the Holy See has no rival in their affections.

In Spain the situation is even less complicated. Dissertations are unnecessary. France and Spain are almost summoned to be friends by the conditions of their existence, political and geographical. Religion alone keeps them apart. In days gone by religion formed a natural bond of union between the countries of the most Catholic and most Christian kings. Religion to-day is the only consideration that keeps them asunder. The anti-

religious attitude of French politicians is distressing enough to pious Italians; but it is positively infuriating to the Spaniards. We cannot avoid noting, once more, how little it is asking the Republic to concede, how much the Republic has to gain in return. It is a good bargain, in fact.

We all know all about Belgium.

We all remember also in days gone by the words 'Germany must have a powerful fleet in order to protect her overseas trade,' which was plausible enough to affect the ignorant. Even so to-day we hear that 'we must set Germany on her legs in order that we may do trade with her.'

There ought to be trade enough among ninety millions of souls to keep everybody busy for the next century. (Incidentally it is presumed that the Union would be fiscal as well as religious and political. It is hard to discover what else could be anticipated as the outcome of that tragic farce, the Treaty of Versailles.)

We ought to reconsider the expression 'dislocate the world.' 'European world' would be more immediately correct. It is true that with the collapse of the British Empire the Old World would relapse into chaos, and the position of most of our Dominions would be anxious indeed for some generations to come. But the New World would not be menaced.

In the desperate piquet which France has to play with Germany France won the first game—the war—but only by a little. France lost heavily in the second game—the peace; in fact, she was repiqued. When it comes to '*la belle*,' France is done for unless she is dealt better cards; to drop metaphor, unless she can find a union powerful enough to give Germany pause. Otherwise Latin civilisation is doomed, and Europe is Teutonised.

Germany will have handsomely earned her victory; she has faith.

America remains a problem. We all felt safe when she entered the war. Much as she must enjoy the spectacle of hated England dwindling and dwindling, we felt confident that the old love of France had not waned. 'Auld lang syne' and 'the sister Republic' were trusty phrases; to say nothing of the *eighty million pounds sterling* expended by Louis XVI. to secure the independence of the revolted colonies. We were all deceived. America made no difference between France and the rest of us; she wiped her boots on all countries impartially, saving only Germany. So it is hopeless to speculate on her attitude face to face with a Latin union. We can do nothing, except pray for her neutrality.

W. F. LORD.

Postscript.—Much has changed: but the above notes may stand. The question is whether intimate relations between France

and England are now desirable, or even possible? The severance need not amount to a divorce; only to an amicable separation. We do not understand each other; and our destinies are different. England is called upon to secure the King's peace over one-quarter of the world: her European interests are ancillary. Precisely the contrary is the case with France. Her very existence depends on her predominance in Europe; to which proud position she is summoned by her history and her geographical position. Her overseas interests are relatively unimportant. Over all hovers the spirit of the Vatican; called upon (and not for the first time) to save civilisation: a lofty destiny, even for the Holy See.

W. F. L.

THREE LETTERS OF THOMAS CAMPBELL

ONE hundred years ago next month, a letter from the poet Thomas Campbell to *The Times* started the movement which resulted in one of the most important educational developments—the foundation of the University of London, to be followed in due course by that of the other so-called 'modern' Universities. This centenary gives special interest to three letters of Campbell containing particular reference to Henry, Lord Brougham, Jeremy Bentham and others closely associated with the poet in the early and difficult days of that new venture. As far as I know, two of these letters are unpublished, while part of the first is printed in Beattie's *Life and Letters of Thomas Campbell*, vol. iii., pp. 221, 222.

The first letter is dated October 13, 1836, and is addressed to 'Mrs. Ireland, Mr. Ireland, Silk Mercer, South Bridge, Edinburgh.' It is now in my possession, and is as follows:

CLARENCE CLUB, WATERLOO PLACE, LONDON,
13 Octr. 1836.

MY DEAR MRS. IRELAND,

I send you the enclosed letter which I received yesterday from Lord Brougham because I know it will please you from containing honourable mention of one who is dear to you.

The joy of my heart at my meeting with so many unchanged friends in Scotland has not yet subsided. I need not say that among the choicest of those friends I reckon yourself & yours. How exquisitely went off your petits soupers.

You will understand Brougham's letter better when I explain to you that during my three days sojourn with him we quarrelled about the pronunciation of words. He said Lunnon—I said London & told him he pronounced no better than John Moody in the Comedy. I reproached him also with pronouncing *haunted* hawnted & ask'd him why it should not rhyme to enchanted. The matter is a trifle—but I have a full conviction of being in the right.

Give my best regards to your husband & believe me

My dear Mrs. Ireland

Your affectionate friend

THOS. CAMPBELL.

Alexander Ireland, the son of Mrs. Ireland, to whom this letter was addressed, is said to have stated that Campbell in early life proposed to that lady.

The second letter, dated April 18, 1838, is more interesting and important. It belongs to Mr. Albert L. Cotton, of Ripley, who has kindly consented to its publication. It will be noticed that Campbell has omitted several words.

61, LINCOLNS INN FIELDS,
18th April, 1838.

DEAR SIR,

I am extremely obliged to you for your friendliness in transmitting me the good news about the prospect of my pension being continued—both in your Note with which I was honoured this morning and also in a former.

I am author a Volume of poems which is now considerably bulky and has been gradually increasing for many years. It is needless for me to mention my anonymous contributions—to several periodicals and to one respectable Encyclopaedia—because they were anonymous, not that I should be ashamed to avow them. I wrote for and was editor of the *New Monthly Magazine* during eleven years. I took that periodical out of tory hands and made it the vehicle of liberal principles. The articles to which I put my name were a long series of Lectures on Sacred and Classical Literature and a series of Letters on the History of Antient Art and Literature addressed to the Students of Glasgow during the time of my Rectorship in that University. I published also in the *New Monthly M.* one or two letters containing the first sketch and proposal of the London University. Lord Brougham may say what he pleases about his claims to the origination of that project, but it was really mine. I was at any time the written testimony of Francis Place late of Charing Cross that I had consultations with him about the scheme a year before Brougham ever stirred in it.

In 1834 I published *The Life of Mrs. Siddons* which I had promised to write at her own request before her death.

Two years later I published *Letters from the South* in two vols.

I received at one time intimation that I was to be elected a Member of a Society in Paris which I think is called The Royal Scientific and Literary Society, but the intimation arrived some 12 years ago when I was in deep domestic distress, I lost the letter and left it unanswered. You may guess that I not very ambitious about such honours, when I tell you that I have since been in Paris and made no enquiries on the

I am too a certainty however a Member of the Royal Academy of Rouen.

I have the honour to be

With sincere respect

Sir

Your obliged and faithful Servt.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

The Right Honble T. Spring Rice.

In this letter Campbell makes a very clear and positive statement of his own claim to be the originator of the plan to found a University in London. He refers in his letter to the *New Monthly Magazine*. As early as 1825 Campbell had published (vol. xiii., pp. 404-419) an article on 'Suggestions respecting the Plan of an University in London,' and (vol. xiv., pp. 1-11) an article on 'Suggestions respecting Plan of a College in London'; while on August 1, 1825, he published (vol. xv., p. 373) the 'Prospectus of the University of London.' In September 1825 Campbell paid a visit to Berlin, with the object of gaining ideas and information likely to be of service to him in this undertaking. Campbell's well-known letter to Brougham, published in *The Times* on February 9, 1825, is generally and rightly regarded as the initiation of the project. Brougham was a man of much greater ability and driving force than his friend the poet, and it seems doubtful whether Campbell would have carried his great idea into execution without Brougham's aid. Lord Campbell, Brougham's biographer, refers to the same question, and to Thomas Campbell's views on it:

"Brougham had the reputation of being the founder of London University College, open to all religions, although Thomas Campbell, author of the *Pleasures of Hope*, complained to me (and I believe justly) that the ostensible founder had stolen the plan from him—the poet—concluding his narrative by exclaiming, 'Greatest, brightest, meanest of mankind!'

Further interesting light on Brougham's claims to be the originator of the University scheme is thrown by his correspondence with Lord Grey contained in his autobiography. (*The Life and Times of Henry Lord Brougham*, written by himself, 1871.) In vol. iii. there is a letter to Lord Grey, dated October 4, 1828, a few days after the building in Gower Street, now University College, London, had opened its doors:

Though nothing is or ought to be very interesting at present but Ireland, I am sure that you will be happy to hear how successful the opening of the University has been. All the accounts I have (and they are daily, and from very opposite kinds of men, as Auckland, Lushington, Leonard Horner, Loch, etc.) agree in this, that the delight of all who have been admitted was perfect: 700 or 800 were allowed to attend the opening

lectures (including the students) and the rooms and halls were thrown open to them. The first two lectures, Bell's and Dr. Condley's, have had the greatest success, and the entry of students at starting exceeds (the medical men say) anything before known in London, at the opening of a course—namely 54. The professors and all concerned are therefore in the highest spirits, and we may consider the *medical* school as fairly launched. The *general* department will be much benefited by this success; but still I reckon on it being far less speedily in vogue, especially the Greek, Latin and other elementary courses. However, all will, I am confident, be right in the end.

Parenthetically it is interesting to remember that one of the most distinguished men among those of whom Brougham speaks as having entered the new University was Robert Browning, who joined the 'general department,' and read Latin, Greek, German and Italian, and travelled to the college from his home in Southampton Street, Camberwell. Rumour has it that Browning discontinued his attendance at lectures in German because the lectures in that subject were delivered at too early an hour in the morning. The journey from Camberwell to Gower Street was a more formidable undertaking in 1828 than now.

Lord Grey replied to Brougham's letter on October 7, and said:

I have received with the greatest pleasure your confirmation of the account I had previously read in the newspapers of the successful opening of the London University. It must afford the truest satisfaction to everybody who thinks, as I do, of the public benefit likely to arise from such an institution. But to you it must be peculiarly gratifying, for you have been the creator of this establishment, and your name will be for ever united with the improvements which may spring not only from this, but from the rival college [King's College in London] which would never have existed but for the success of your exertions.

As far as I have observed, Brougham makes no allusion to Campbell's share in the undertaking in anything which he writes in this autobiography about the foundation of the University. He does not even mention him as a colleague. A more recent writer, Mr. J. B. Atlay (*The Victorian Chancellors*, p. 278), sums up more fairly thus:

With Thomas Campbell the poet rests the honour of the original idea, and the first public suggestion was contained in a letter from him to Brougham. But it required powers of a very different order to bring so revolutionary a project into accomplishment. Brougham's energy and pertinacity overcame all obstacles, and he succeeded in obtaining for his bantling the patronage of such Whig magnates as Lord Grey and Lord Lansdowne.

The part which both men played in the foundation is held in honour in the University of London and in University College. In the Flaxman Gallery at University College a large painting by Professor Tonks representing the first founders includes portraits

of both Campbell and Brougham, while their names are inscribed around the dome. A portrait of Campbell has recently been added to the collection of portraits in the council room of University College.

The third Campbell letter, which is in my possession, is undated, and is addressed to F. Freeling, Esq., afterwards Sir Francis Freeling, postal reformer and book collector. It is a long letter, and I quote below the more interesting paragraphs, which refer to other people, who were associated with Campbell and Brougham in the University movement:

I have engaged to stop a month to lecture at the Royal Institution of Birmingham—I know not if this business of Lecturing be the most honourable in the world. Perhaps an itinerant Lecturer conveys no great idea of respectability, but it is a very pleasant employment. . . .

I have the pleasure of daily seeing my venerable friend Roscoe—He is bringing out a book on the subject of Public Punishments which he has read to me in MS. & which will give you a higher idea of him when you read it than anything he has written. He has taken up a subject which Romilly left unfinished, it appears to me on clearer grounds than Romilly ever surveyed. It is the work of a philanthropist & I cannot express my satisfaction at the prospect of his refuting many false ideas which the false philanthropists or the extravagant men who disgrace the cause, Jeremy Bentham, Basil Montague & others, have promulgated.

The letter must have been written in 1819, when Campbell was lecturing at Liverpool and Birmingham. The friend to whom he refers was William Roscoe, the historian, and the book mentioned is evidently *Observations on Penal Jurisprudence*, which appeared in 1819. Sir Samuel Romilly, the distinguished lawyer, had died in the previous year (1818). Most interesting is Campbell's rather disparaging allusion to Jeremy Bentham, with whom he was to be so closely linked a few years afterwards in the foundation of the University of London. Basil Montague, a very prolific writer, had in 1809 founded the Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge upon the Punishment of Death; and it is clear from this letter that Campbell was not in sympathy with Montague's propaganda.

These three letters all belong to the later period of Campbell's career, when his poetic inspiration had to a large extent waned. His best work as a poet, indeed, his best literary work in general, was finished before 1820, when he accepted the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*. As early as 1799 his reputation as a poet had been fairly established by the publication of the *Pleasures*

of *Hope*, and he had rapidly risen to popularity and fame thereby. The years from 1799 to 1819 were the years of his greatest activity, and anything of his poetic work which is to stand the test of time was produced then. From that date his mind seems to have turned largely to other interests. Campbell himself regarded the undoubted success of his scheme for the foundation of a University in London as 'the only important event in his life's little history.' It might fairly be asserted that the greatest contribution which Campbell made to the life of his country was his initiative in the foundation of the University of London. He wrote some poems which have won and will always retain their place in English literature, but few would claim for them a place in the first rank. One thing is certain: that if ever there was a fashion for Thomas Campbell's poems, that fashion has long ago ceased, and is unlikely to be revived. In the far-sightedness of his educational vision, however, he was much ahead of his contemporaries. It is not only the University of London which was the outcome of his vision; that University was the forerunner first of King's College, London, and later of all the so-called 'modern' Universities and University colleges which came into existence in Great Britain, and, indeed, throughout the British Empire, during the nineteenth century. It would be hard to mention any single educational suggestion or proposal which has had such a far-reaching effect on the life of the nation as the proposal of Campbell in 1825 for a University which should maintain complete impartiality among the various religious confessions, and which should be open to all, irrespective of their religious or political associations. The seed sown by Campbell in 1825 has grown rapidly, and we can see from the perspective of a century how it has developed, not merely into a tree, but into a veritable forest.

WALTER SETON.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HORACE

FROM casual allusions to Horace in the literature of the day he would seem to be generally regarded as a scribbler of erotic verses who lived for nothing but revelry and feasting—a reckless Bohemian with a touch of the epicurean; in short, an out-and-out profligate. Horace, who gave us the deathless lines 'Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori,' 'Integer vitæ scelerisque purus,' and 'Justum et tenacem propositi virum'—Horace, who could rise to the highest heights of religion, patriotism and virtue, who scorned all that was sordid, vulgar and ignoble, whose contempt for the fickle mob was hardly to be exceeded by that of Shakespeare—Horace to come down to posterity bracketed with a Lovelace as a puffed and reckless libertine! Was this what was meant by this poet of poets when he said: 'Non omnis moriar'? Even a superficial acquaintance with his exquisite lyrics, whose charm in their Latin original is incapable of being reproduced in any other tongue, is sufficient to dispel this illusion, and throw a very different light on the living, breathing Roman Horace.

Consider his religion. He is filled with veneration and love for the gods. Jove is always absolutely supreme. A movement of his eyebrow is sufficient to order the courses of the universe. He directs the lives of the gods in heaven and of men on earth; he is constantly alluded to as the father and guardian of all mankind—'Gentis humanæ pater atque custos.' He rules the lands and the seas, and regulates the seasons. He is infinitely greater than any of his own children can ever be; he has no equal or any next to him in majesty. 'Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum.' He is incapable of injustice, but he metes out terrible retribution upon evil-doers. For the iniquity of her civil wars he punished Rome with fearful tempests and floods; and his thunderbolts crashed into the sacred temples. Yet Horace is confident that Jove will send down one of the gods to expiate the crime. 'Cui dabit partes scelus expiandi Jupiter?' Jove is offended if people neglect to pray to him—'saepe Diespiter neglectus.' The soldier who returns safe from the wars is expected to offer him a feast—'obligatam redde Jovi dapem.' If the valley of the Galæsus enjoys the richest pasture, possesses the finest vineyards and bees,

is blest with mild winters and genial springs, if the whole countryside laughs and is glad, all these advantages are set down to the favour of Jove. A just, kindly, merciful god is the Jove whom Horace worships, not a passionate, revengeful or capricious deity. Horace not infrequently soared to the heights of the Hebrew psalmist who sang that 'like as a father pitieth his own children, even so is the Lord merciful unto them that fear Him.' Can this be the Horace of popular tradition?

Horace is devoted to Mercury, who conferred upon men the lyre and the gift of music—who by his sweet melodies reclaimed our ancestors from savagery, and trained them to manliness by instituting athletic contests. Horace gives us one of his lively touches of humour when he describes Apollo scolding Mercury, then a little boy, for stealing his cattle. Before Apollo has concluded his lecture he finds that the mischievous urchin has stolen his quiver full of arrows, and he is helpless. The angry god, sorely against his will, is compelled to laugh. 'Puerum minaci voce dum terret viduus pharetra risit Apollo.' We are reminded of the ἀσβεστος γέλως, the unquenchable laughter, that seized the gods in the *Iliad*. But Mercury has to exercise functions which are not altogether grateful. It is his task to lead to their abode amongst the shades the spirits of men when they die. There he keeps order amongst the souls of the dead. In his touching ode to Virgil on the death of Quintilius, Horace laments that Mercury is obdurate to prayer. Whom he intends to take he will take—'Non lenis precibus fata recludere.' Apart from this dread office Mercury is the benefactor of men. Horace cannot pay a higher compliment to the youthful Augustus Cæsar than to suggest that he is Mercury come down to earth in human form to restore the fallen fortunes of Rome, and avenge the death of Julius Cæsar—'Filius Maïæ patiens vocari Cæsaris ultor.' Mercury is the favourite of all the gods of heaven and of the nether regions. 'Superis deorum gratus et imis.'

Apollo is the giver of all good things spiritual and temporal. What boon, asks Horace, should the votary demand who pours out the hallowed wine on Apollo's altar? Horace will not ask for flocks and herds, rich harvests of grain or Indian gold and ivory, or choice Falernian wine. He desires none of these things. His prayer is that Apollo may grant him a contented mind, health to enjoy the frugal blessings that satisfy his needs, an honoured age, and Apollo's lyre to soothe and cheer him after nightfall. Apollo is feared for his unerring arrows; but Horace prefers to sing of him in his more tender mood when he sets aside his bow and takes up his lyre. 'Cithara tacentem suscitât musam neque semper arcum tendit Apollo.' If earnest prayers are offered to Apollo he will drive away the horrors of war and plague from Italy, and

banish them to Persia and distant Britain! 'In Persas atque Britannos vestra motus aget prece.'

All the gods and goddesses of Horace's Pantheon are prompt to punish evil-doers, especially for the crimes of impiety and sacrilege. It should not have been excessively irksome to abstain from these offences. The worship of the kindly-hearted gods was something bright and joyful. The people held processions, and danced and sang before the temples which they decorated with flowers, placing offerings of milk, honey and cakes within the shrines. At times it was deemed necessary to sacrifice a goat or a lamb to one of the deities. Faunus was particularly fond of such little attentions. Horace gives us a captivating picture in his *Solvitur acris hiems* of Venus leading the dances by the light of the moon—'choros ducit Venus imminente luna'—while the beautiful Graces circle round hand in hand with the wood-nymphs, and their feet as they move in time make music on the grass. But Horace admits with a sigh that he himself has neglected his religious duties. 'Parcus deorum cultor et infrequens.' His prayers and offerings were scanty and infrequent. Thinking himself too clever, he erred and strayed from the right way. 'Insanientis dum sapientiæ consultus erro.' But now he says that he will set his sails again and take the course that once he followed. The tone is exactly that of the lines in our English hymn:

And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile.

Of continued existence after the grave Horace entertains no doubt whatever. But, except for a very few favoured souls, the prospect is not quite a happy one. Horace continually harps on the endless banishment (*æternum exsilium*) in store for all of us sooner or later. He describes the existence of the shades in their gloomy abode. Those who have lived upright lives are in better, but not quite enviable, positions than those who have in any way broken the Divine law. Sappho sits among them and sings melancholy refrains; and they press on each other to get near Alcæus, when he stirs them with his thrilling songs of battle and warfare.

Horace is intensely patriotic. He is depressed and cast down at the degeneracy and decadence of his age, its luxury and vice. Gone was the bold peasantry of ancient days who had fought Pyrrhus and Hannibal. Our fathers, he tells us, had sunk; we had fallen lower, and our children would be baser still. 'Nos nequiores mox daturos progeniem vitiosiore.' He is almost in despair for his country. He dedicates a singularly pathetic ode to the ship of state. 'O Navis, referent in mare te novi fluctus! O quid agis?' New waves will drive thee out to sea. What doest

thou? Thou art drifting without oars, thy sails are in ribands, the yards groan; the gods are wearied by vain prayers. Horace is never tired of raising his voice in protest against the shortcomings of his contemporaries. He sings in inspired verse of the glorious heroes of the days of old, Cato, Regulus and Paullus, with unkempt Camillus and Fabricius, who did such mighty deeds for Rome, and were content to live in humble cottages—'Sæva paupertas et avitus apto cum lare fundus.' Horace urges in burning phrases the necessity for returning to the hard life of the good old school. Our sons, he insists, should gladly endure hardship and be brought up in strict military discipline, spending their lives beneath the open sky. 'Angustam amice pauperiem pati robustus acri militia puer condiscat.' Then when they come to manhood and are made knights they will be the terror of our Parthian foes. It is in this magnificent poem that comes the immortal 'Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.' Horace goes on to describe 'Virtus'—courage, manliness, virtue, how can we find one word to contain all that 'Virtus' comprehends? 'Virtus repulsæ nescia sordidæ intaminatis fulget honoribus.' Virtue knows not a disgraceful defeat; she shines with unsullied honour; she does not accept or resign high office merely in accordance with the passing whim of the people. True Virtue, if she finds one way to heaven closed to brave and honourable men, will open another way for them. Integrity is by Horace almost made into a god. A man who is the soul of honour—'Integer vitæ scelerisque purus'—needs no other weapon wherewith to fight his battles. Of Quintilius, the friend of Virgil, Horace says, When shall Piety and Integrity, sister of Justice, and incorruptible Truth, ever look upon his like again? His contempt for effeminacy is constantly shown. In his scathing onslaught on Paris Horace tells him that the prowess inspired by Venus is of no effect when it comes to fighting; all in vain he combs and dresses his flowing locks, and plays the unwarlike lyre with the women, and dallies in gilded chambers. He will flee from Diomedes and Ajax as a hind flees from a wolf in spite of his vain-glorious boastings to Helen—'non hoc pollicitus tuæ.'

Horace's lofty ideals did not in the least stand in the way of his *joie de vivre*. Life to him was full of happiness. But excess was repugnant to him. His philosophy may be defined as enjoyment with moderation. He liked his Falernian wine as much as anyone did, but only in sufficient quantity to throw a pleasing glow upon things in general, and to promote a spirit of conviviality. Who, he asks of his friend Varus, after a cup or two of generous wine, will talk about unpleasant things like war and poverty? No, Bacchus and Venus will be the subjects of conversation. If some fool should desire to drink too much, let him think of the hateful

orgies of the Lapithæ and the Centaurs. Horace will partake of no more than Bacchus himself freely permits. 'Non ego te, candidè Bassareu, invitum quatiām.' Let the uncivilised Thracians, he says to his boon companions, quarrel over their cups if they like; but put no shame on Bacchus when we dine. 'Verecundumque Bacchum sanguineis prohibete rixis.' With this reservation Horace could appreciate all the delights that life could offer him. Enjoy to-day, he says, and fret not about the morrow—'quid sit futurum cras fuge quærere.' Count as a gain every day that chance allots you; spurn not love's young dream and dance until your hair turns grey. He reproves Leuconœ, who is always wanting to have her fortune told, and endeavouring to pry into the future. 'Carpe diem,' he says, 'quam minimum credula postero' (snatch the fleeting day counting as little as possible on its successors). On rare occasions Horace could let himself go. It is all very well, he says, to play the fool, provided that it is at the proper time and place. 'Dulce est desipere in loco.' He unexpectedly meets an old fellow-soldier named Pompey and welcomes him effusively. He insists that they must revel together, for he admits that on recovering a long lost-friend he is apt to go off his head with joy—'recepto dulce mihi furere est amico.'

Riches had no attraction for Horace. Court favourite as he was, *persona grata* with the leading men of the time, sought after by society, he was happier in the quiet, peaceful enjoyments of his little farm amongst the Sabine mountains than in great cities. He disliked the *fumum et opem strepitumque Romæ* (the smoke and wealth and noise of Rome). He advocates the golden mean in life—*auream mediocritatem*. He elucidates his philosophy at some length in his ode to Licinius. He should always exercise prudence and moderation, not pressing more sail than his vessel can carry. While not steering too far out to sea, he should avoid being caught on a dangerous lee shore. The tallest trees are blown down by the wind; the loftiest towers are struck by lightning. He urges Licinius to display unfailing courage in adversity. 'Rebus angustis animosus atque fortis appare.' A well-disciplined mind can be hopeful when the sky is overcast, for Jove will in due course dispel the clouds which he piles up. Money cannot drive away the tumults that swell in the mind, he tells another of his friends. Happy he whose table decoration consists of the silver salt-cellar handed down from his ancestors. Black care sits behind the horseman, and on the prow of the trireme, and flies around the stateliest mansions. There is no gold or carven ivory in his house, Horace tells us elsewhere; no noble ladies spin purple garments for his use. But, he proudly boasts, he possesses genius and wit and integrity; and rich men are only too glad to crave admittance at his humble door. He is perfectly happy and con-

tent, so why should he plague either gods or men for anything further? 'Nihil supra deos lacesso nec potentem amicum largiora flagito.' He sees wealthy men suffering pain, and cursed with sleepless nights. Their carven Phrygian marbles, their choice Falernian wine, their purple and fine linen, cannot afford them relief; so why should he build an imposing house in the latest style, and exchange his happy Sabine valley for troublesome riches, *divitias operosiores*? Should there arise griefs and misfortunes which it is impossible, nay wrong, to try to avoid, *corrivere nefas*, they may be endured more easily if a feeling of resignation is cultivated, *levius fit patientia*.

For the purse-proud rich man Horace feels contempt and disgust. Again and again he pours forth upon such people the vials of his wrath, anger, displeasure and trouble. As he died in the year 8 B.C., he can never have heard the saying in the Gospels, 'Thou fool this night shall thy soul be required of thee.' But this is the warning that he constantly reiterates. Sometimes he commences quite mildly, gradually rising to the trumpet tones of a Hebrew prophet. To the wealthy Dellius he begins by advising him to keep his temper when things go wrong—'*æquam memento rebus in arduis servare mentem*'; and not to lose his head when fortune is smiling. But his riches will avail him nothing. Some of these days he will be dead; he will have to leave his beautiful forests, his stately mansions on the banks of the Tiber, and all the money that he has piled up, to be squandered by his heir. Postumus receives the same message, with the addition that he will have to leave his loving wife; and of all the trees that he has reared with such assiduous care only one, the cypress, will follow him to the grave. Another man, whom he does not name, he bitterly upbraids for his selfishness and rapacity. He removes his neighbour's landmark, he breaks down the hedges of his tenants, and drives them out to starve, the unfortunate husband and wife carrying away with them their gods and their miserable children. This Dives may build palaces of marble hewn from the quarry for his special use; but the one house that is certain to hold him is the house of death. The earth gapes as widely for the rich man's sons as for the beggar. '*Æqua tellus pauperi recluditur regumque pueris*.' It would be hard, nay impossible, for a rich man to enter into Horace's kingdom, the delights of his Sabine farm, his humble fare, his literary joys, his friendships, his music, and his escape from the common herd.

Mihi parva rura et
Spiritus Graiæ tenuem Camenæ
Parca non mendax dedit et malignum
Spernere vulgus.

Literary reputation was the goal of Horace's ambition, and he undoubtedly attained his heart's desire. '*Exegi monumentum*

ære perennius,' he says of his poetry. He will not altogether die; his fame will grow greater still with posterity. But it was not only the hope of fame that inspired his efforts. His whole heart and soul were immersed in his work. He lived with the poetic Muse. Other men have all sorts of tastes and desires, he writes to Mæcenas in his opening ode. One is crazy about chariot races, another will do anything to gain the support of the crowd in politics, others are keen about riches, good living, life in camp, warfare, hunting, and so on; but what he yearns for is the wreath that adorns the poet's brow, what he loves is the shaded groves where the Muses and the Nymphs congregate, where he can hear Euterpe's flute and Polyhymnia's lyre. These tastes separate him from the common herd. If Mæcenas will but include his name amongst the lyric poets his head will strike the sky—'*sublimi feriam sidera vertice*.' Later on he tells us that he has become the priest of the Muses. He hates the soulless rabble and keeps them at a distance from him—'*odi profanum vulgus et arceo*'; and he will sing to youths and maidens such songs as they never heard before. His work is a joy and a delight to him; it constitutes a labour of love.

Did the ancients appreciate scenery as we do? It is generally supposed that they did not. But from many passages in Horace we can hardly doubt that he, at all events, was an exception to this rule. Surely it is with a feeling of joy that he points to Soracte all a gleam in the snow that has fallen on it in the night. He sings of Latona, who loved the rivers and the groves, and the woods that peeped out from the slopes of snow-clad Algidus. He pictures to us the pleasant shade of the silver poplar and the giant pine-tree at whose feet murmurs a bubbling brook; or Anio leaping from the hill, the woods of Tibur and the orchards irrigated with delightful streams, the sweet valley of Ustica and its rocky slopes.

With the fair sex we gather that Horace had from time to time various tender passages; but his affections seem never to have been seriously engaged. Some of his odes to ladies of his acquaintance are anything but complimentary. He rebukes Pyrrha for her fickleness and her deceptions, Leuconœ for dealing with sorcery and the black arts, Barine for her unblushing lies, and Lydia, in the well-known *Lydia*—'*dic, per omnes te deos oro*'—for entangling the sturdy athlete Sybaris with her wiles and turning him into an effeminate milksop. He tells us that his heart is inflamed by the beauty of Glycera; but his tone is light and trivial. He delights in the laughter and the prattle of Lalage the chatterbox. In the pretty duologue between Horace and Lydia, who had taken a liking to one another long ago but had parted, he suggests that they might return to their old terms; but he does not seem very anxious to do so. It is Lydia who joyfully welcomes the pro-

position. 'Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.' She would gladly live and die with him. Horace is capable of the same feelings, but in an impersonal way. At the end of his ode to another Lydia he sings of the rapture of love unruffled by any misunderstanding which ends only with death, 'nec suprema citius solvet amor die.' To his patron Mœcenas Horace writes in glowing terms of the charms and virtues of his gracious lady Licymnia, her beautiful voice and her sparkling eyes. She joins the dance and adds fresh grace to it; she loves songs and merriment; and her heart ever beats as one with that of Mœcenas, who would not surrender a single lock of her hair for all the gold of Arabia. In his *O matre pulchra, filia pulchrior*, Horace writes a very charming apology to a lady. He had sent her some verses which for some reason or other offended her, and she would not speak to Horace again. Let her burn the wretched verses, he entreats, or throw them into the sea if only she will renew her friendship. May I venture on a rendering of the last verse?

Now I want to cancel
The horrid things I wrote,
Write you something nicer
In this little note.
Make it up with me, dear,
Let ill feeling end;
I recant my rudeness,
Be once more my friend.

Can we picture to ourselves the real, living, breathing Horace? The writer of the most truly poetical lyrics that the world has ever known, which embody the highest thoughts in the most delicate and felicitous phrases, full of tender emotional feeling for his gods, burning with patriotism and love of his country, thrilled with enthusiastic reverence for integrity and virtue, flaming with contempt for everything that jarred on his sense of right and wrong, Horace, courted and admired by noble lords and ladies, but who was always glad to retire from the brilliant society of Rome to his beloved farm in the Sabine hills, where he grew his corn and his olives, and looked forward to the visits of his intimate friends—Horace, who enjoyed every day of his life, but was careful not to turn enjoyment into excess—should we not be more than glad to meet this delightful and admirable man?

E. C. Cox.

IN A HAMPSHIRE VILLAGE

I SHALL always bless the day when my footsteps were guided to Hampshire to a small village in the chalk country, where the glories of woodland, sedgy trout stream, and chalky down are united in one symmetrical whole of about three miles square in extent. It is a place still unspoilt by motors or millionaires, and though the village has lately fallen upon evil times owing to the eccentricities of a local landowner, it has not lost its character or its living touch with the generations of agricultural men who have lived and worked there since the days when the great British entrenchment was built, that still stands a wonder for all to see.

I have often thought it a curious fact about the counties of England that each one of them is possessed of such unmistakable characteristics that it should be possible for a man to be blindfolded and carried away into any county which he knew, and name it correctly as soon as he could use his eyes, even though he might never have seen that particular spot before. No one has got to the bottom of this mystery. It is impossible, for instance, to say precisely why the Wiltshire downs are so obviously different from the Sussex downs, or why the Berkshire copses on one side of Basingstoke are unmistakable for the Hampshire copses on the other. The very colour of the soil and the look of the trees seem different, and although Nature cannot be influenced by county boundaries, this difference often becomes apparent immediately the border line is crossed.

In most counties too there is usually to be found one district which seems to be the concentrated essence of all that county's characteristics, the county's living, physiological heart, and this is so of the Hampshire village of which I am speaking. In the centre of the village stands the public-house, appropriately enough, for it is one of the oldest traditions of English rural life that the village inn is the centre of village opinion. It is kept by a sturdy Hampshire yeoman, born and bred in the county, a man of personality, whose common sense and shrewd, native wit have won respect from the gentry and rustics alike. His is a type becoming all too rare, combining dogged independence with the queer tolerance and good humour that have characterised English

agriculturists for centuries in their none too happy history. I think of him as a square man—square and sturdy in his appearance, square in his outlook on the world and in his dealings with his fellow men. He told me once that he sometimes hated to serve a farm labourer with beer, for he knew that in these days it was purchased at the sacrifice of necessities at home. But he is no sentimentalist, for upon the temperance reformers and lemonade and cocoa cranks he empties the full vials of his scorn. 'Let 'em come and do a full day's work in the fields,' he said, 'behind a team of horses with the March wind blowing the March dust. Then, in the evening, if they're still alive, send 'em up here and ask 'em what they feel like—tea, lemonade or beer. If they were honest, which they wouldn't be, they'd tell you beer. It's all right for a man sitting in an office to take tea for his drink, but the agricultural man needs his beer. It's food as well as drink to 'n. It gives 'n satisfaction, about the only satisfaction he gets.'

Present conditions bear out the truth of the remark, for the village public-house has always been more to the villager than a mere place for drinking. It represents the social side of his existence, where pleasant company and congenial conversation can be enjoyed of an evening. Here he finds recreation after the toil of the day, warmth, and cheerful companionship. Now a prohibitive price and a starvation wage have put beer out of his reach most evenings of the week, but even for sociability's sake he scorns going there to drink mineral waters, and prefers, in the winter, his cramped, ill-lit cottage to the cold comfort of lemonade or ginger pop. Neither in past or present times has drunkenness been a common failing amongst the rural population, compared with the drinking amongst other classes of the community at similar periods. For one thing, agricultural wages have always been so low that sustained drinking has never been practicable, and also the hard life in the fields enables the agriculturist to drink far more than others, whose tasks are less healthy and arduous, without suffering any harm. There was a man in this village, 'Old George' by name, who could drink thirty glasses of beer in an evening and be none the worse. He used to sleep in the barns of the farms where he worked, and was passionately fond of flowers. Beer had no effect upon him. 'Old George' is still living and is now in the union, from which the moralists will doubtless draw their lesson. On the other hand, he is in perfect health and remarkably happy, and on the one day a month when he is allowed out on his own he walks over to the village and talks and laughs over old times, as hearty as ever, though he must be over eighty years of age.

But times have changed for the village public-house. Tied to a brewery, it has to sell whatever vile decoction is supplied, and

the business of the publican is simply to sell beer. Save for Friday and Saturday night, the public-house is almost empty now, and there is no hum of conversation, no foaming tankards or roaring choruses. Music and song are not encouraged in these enlightened days. The temperance reformers have done their best to dissociate any thought of joy or good cheer from the business of drinking, and it is their confessed intention to make the public-house as unattractive as possible by suppressing music, 'ring and peg,' 'shove ha'penny,' and other harmless diversions of village life. In north Hampshire last year the police superintendent went round the public-houses before Christmas and forbade any singing, and in many other districts any outward expression of joy in living, any attempt to sing an impromptu song or join in a chorus, is characterised as 'rowdiness' by the super-genteel. It is the old Puritan idea that everything that gives pleasure must be wrong. The hair-raising cacophonies of earnest hymn singers, or of local (and distinctly amateur) choral societies, are encouraged because of their alleged moral value to the perpetrators, but spontaneous outbursts of a more cheerful type are plainly the work of the devil, who, in the vivid imagination of some, is ever at hand, as busy as a pickpocket in a crowd.

Less than forty years ago it used to be no uncommon thing for a man with a fiddle or a concertina to wander into the village public-house of an evening and, in return for a few pence thrown into his hat, play for the village lads and lasses to dance. A pleasant evening of spontaneous gaiety would be spent under the kindly auspices of the landlord. But brewery companies and temperance reformers have united in their efforts to make the village inn a house of shame, where only the sordid business of beer drinking takes place. It is true that they are inspired by opposite motives, the one to increase the sale of intoxicants, the other to reduce it, but the net result is that the village public-house is still patronised by those who can afford it, and its position has been degraded on account of the moral suggestion that it is no fit place for women, and that it exists solely for drinking beer, a habit of which all should be ashamed. One finds the reflection of this idea amongst all classes. The puritanical blight has infected the villagers themselves, so that heads are shaken behind windows when a man is seen making his way up the street for a humble pint, and the stigma of 'going to the pub.' descends on him, although the very people who shake their heads may sometimes be guilty of the same offence. In the same way, the well-to-do will express their pious concern for a village man whom they see spending some of his few weekly shillings on 'going to the pub.,' and then cheerfully sit down to a dinner garnished with cocktails, champagne and old brandy.

It is not surprising that some foreigners have found the English incomprehensible and have been moved to refer to us as a nation of hypocrites.

It is undoubtedly true that village social life has been made much more attractive since the war. Women's institutes and girls' and men's clubs have done invaluable service in providing all kinds of amusement and developing individuality through village theatricals, village concerts and village choral societies. Social life on the land is no longer a dreary round of toil, with the public-house as the only alternative to going to bed at eight to be ready for the next day's work. Reading-rooms have made some attempt to offer a little mental pabulum, assisted by the facility for buying a glass of beer, for the village dweller. On the other hand, the men complain that there is not the 'free and easiness' that the public-house offers to be found in the reading-room, and so often it carries the hateful suggestion of being 'improving.' Moreover, the reading-room usually consists of one compartment, in which are agglomerated readers, talkers, billiards and card players and village lads of not the most restful age or subdued spirits. It is not, as a rule, a place where a man would choose to go if he were feeling tired or wanted to be quiet. At the same time it contrives to discourage the attendance of many feeling in light-hearted and independent mood. It is patronised because the beer is cheap and often better than in the brewery-controlled public-house, and because there is no obligation to go on drinking if a man is going to stay there—all excellent points—but the reading-room has not taken on the irresponsible happiness and sense of freedom that the old-time public-house possessed.

The agricultural man is by nature extremely independent and resents any sort of interference; it is one of our national characteristics, and so it is not surprising that he objects very strongly when he is told: 'Here you may dance and sing; there you may drink. This house for beer; that house, on specified occasions, for music; and, as a special favour, and under adequate supervision, you may have a room where you may play games, read a newspaper, and have alcoholic refreshment not exceeding two mugs.' If the same restrictions were laid on the recreations of the more favoured classes they would be called tyranny, although for these, with the better conditions of environment and greater opportunity for drinking alcohol, there is less excuse than for the class for whom the public-house is the chief medium of social intercourse.

It is in the village public-house that mental development takes place. Here questions of politics, agriculture, and affairs of the day are discussed and village opinion formed. There may be lectures given at the institute and in the village hall, and

sermons preached from the pulpit, but it is in the bar parlour that lectures, sermons and all topical questions are discussed and individuals discover for themselves through debate and argument what their opinions really are. From being listeners they become protagonists, and thus develop out of their own roots. Nowhere else is village opinion really found, for it is only in the public-house that these things are talked of freely and fearlessly, and so it is that the village public-house is something more than a beer-drinking establishment, and is therefore a factor worthy to be considered for taking a prominent place in a constructive scheme of village educational development.

The first necessary step would seem to be to release tied-houses from the brewing companies. Their gradual absorption has led more than anything to the view that they are merely places for drinking, with lowered repute as a consequence. At the same time, the quality of the liquor has deteriorated by the virtual monopoly, resulting not only in less satisfaction to the consumer, but often in definite harm from the inferior beer that is supplied. It is a fact that in many houses that are not tied the beer is both cheaper and better, which is also found to be the case with the reading-rooms, where there is no permanent contract with any one brewery. Moreover, the tied-house does not offer the same invitation to sociability, for it is simply a 'commercial proposition,' having no use for the man who will sit and talk for an evening and consume no more than a pint. The tied-house is simply a shop, and is therefore bereft of much of the old sense of freedom and friendliness. It is true that in the old days it was customary to drink a glass 'for the good of the house,' but this was rather an incidental compliment than the chief factor in the public-house's existence.

If the houses were freed the next step would be to run them on a system that would not encourage an avaricious proprietor to take the place of the brewing companies, and thus only exchange one evil for another. In this, the system known as 'the Gothenberg experiment,' in many ways excellent, would prove a valuable guide. Under this arrangement the public-house is run under a manager, paid a fixed salary plus the profit on the sale of food, tobacco, and all teetotal beverages, the idea being to make the pushing of the sale of alcohol immaterial to him. Any profit on alcohol, after paying fixed charges, interest limited to 5 per cent., reserve fund and sinking fund, is devoted to some useful object in the village not chargeable to the rates, such as lamps, repairs to the village hall, improving the water supply, etc. But, unfortunately, many of the upholders of this system have started from the premise that all beer drinking is fundamentally wrong, that the more it is discouraged the better, and so, in many

instances, they have introduced it with a veto on all music, games, and recreations, fearing that they may thus make the public-house too attractive. Therefore, it is again prevented from taking its natural place in village social life, and there is a feeling of restricted freedom that works against the natural expression of pleasure in living and friendly intercourse. It does not seem to be understood that the village public-house is primarily for the village man, and that he is the final arbiter of its tone, which can only be raised by increasing his self-respect and self-education. Experience shows that this is best done by pointing an ideal, but by giving him liberty to follow it. Repression results either in encouragement deliberately to flout it, or in driving him elsewhere where there are no restrictions, but also no ideals. This is not to say that the public-house is to be open to him to get drunk in as much and as often as he likes, but that it is his to amuse himself in as he wishes within the bounds of reason and common decency.

The desire for music, games, and amusements is fairly universal, and surely innocent enough, and if it is sin to enjoy them to the accompaniment of modest alcoholic refreshment, most of us are guilty. If his natural instinct for such things is thwarted, there is grave danger that they will turn inwards to less healthy channels, and harmless amusement will be transmuted into secret vice. To the ordinary village man the drinking of beer is a blameless act, and by constantly suggesting to him, directly and indirectly, that it is an evil and undesirable habit, the effect in the end must be demoralising and degrading. Human nature being what it is, there is a fatal fascination that always accompanies anything that is designated as 'wicked.'

Let there be impromptu music, then, if the patrons of the village inn feel the need of it, also 'peg and ring,' 'shove ha'penny,' dart competitions, and any other harmless recreation that men who work eight and ten hours a day in all weathers may desire. The farm labourer's life is not so full of joy that he can afford to give up the only two things approaching luxuries that he has—the village public-house and a few ounces of tobacco a week, both of these already taxed so prohibitively that they are almost out of his reach. The public-house must be made clean, airy and attractive, so that the suggested stigma on it may be removed. It is either right or wrong that it should exist. If we decide it is wrong, it should be abolished, but so long as we agree to its existence, only a bad purpose is served by drinking behind closed windows and in squalid surroundings, as if trying to hush up some clandestine sin. The best way to raise the status of the public-house is by regarding it as a clean, healthy institution that meets a need of the community, and a place to which a man may go with

his wife and feel he is doing no more wrong than the city clerk who goes to a tea-shop.

In the warm weather a man should be able to sit in the garden with his wife and engage in friendly converse with his neighbours over a glass of ale or anything else, while there seems no reason why he should not be able to play a game of bowls or skittles on the lawn if he feels inclined. Nothing could be more demoralising than the present suggestion of secrecy and wrongdoing, and the worst stricture on what the public-house has been reduced to is that in most villages a man nowadays is not in the habit of taking his wife there. The presence of womenfolk should surely be a refining influence, and by making it customary for men to go there with their wives, one of the best incentives would be given to make it a place of good reputation.

Most of the village inns are fairly roomy, and the best arrangement would seem to be for three rooms to be set aside for patrons.

(1) The bar parlour, for the men only.

(2) A room for cards, newspapers and magazines, where noise and talking are not encouraged.

(3) A common room for men and women.

With the landlord paid a fixed salary as manager and given the profit on everything except alcoholic drinks, and surplus profits devoted to schemes of general utility to the village, the public-house becomes virtually a village co-operative concern, in which the influence and character of the landlord play a most important part. It is obvious, therefore, that the village should have a voice in choosing him, and this might be done by any prospective landlord having to be passed by a committee of, say, the vicar, the squire, a leading tenant farmer and two representatives of the labourer class. This should ensure a suitable man being chosen. He should be held responsible for good conduct in his house, and, in cases of drunkenness, severely penalised if it could be proved that he was the last person to serve the man who was drunk.

The object in view would be to supply a need which the villages feel and no other institution quite fulfils, to promote freedom of speech and social intercourse, recreation and enjoyment of life, without encouraging the sale of alcohol or indecent rowdiness. The village man needs encouragement to express himself, and it is hypocritical heresy to assume that what he would express will necessarily be unpleasant. In spite of all the ancient tales of beer drinking in villages, the rural population has always been the most robust and healthy in the community, just as the village man, on the whole, has always been the most decent-living. But if there is one thing for which he has a supreme and wholesome dislike, it is for being 'managed' or 'improved,' and it calls up all the old Adam in him. At the same time, however, he is not

a man of great education, and knows it, and will therefore at times be easily impressed by the words of others who he thinks are more learned than he is. The result has been that although he has steadfastly refused to be turned away from the public-house, he has come to look on it as a not very moral institution, from which he cannot, or will not, keep away. It is difficult to imagine anything worse for his character.

Of all these things the landlord and I talked in the parlour of the little inn set down in this Hampshire village. Darkness fell, and we talked far into the evening, while he told me many tales of the village, the public-house, and their past glories. He saw me to the door at last, and I looked out on the quiet stillness that falls early in such places. Ghosts must be very happy in a country village, for there is so little to disturb them, and they are always so near in the memory of the living. Commercialism and brewery companies seem extraordinarily out of place in such a setting—almost as distantly connected with village life as the activities of well-meaning temperance reformers who have lived all their lives in towns. But that, I suppose, is why they are temperance reformers.

L. F. EASTERBROOK.

A DAY IN MY GARDEN

No one who has not had that happy experience can ever picture the delights of a garden in the glorious setting of Vancouver Island. The deep, deep blue of the sea, the distant range of Olympic mountains capped with snow, all the depth of colour lent by pines, by hemlock and spruce, seem only to enhance the vividness and depth of colour of our gardens.

It is almost hopeless to give people accustomed to dull, leaden skies any idea of the glistening beauty of Vancouver Island.

It is difficult to determine at what time of the day a garden is at its best—perhaps the very early morning, for everything tends then to beautify, the flowers fresh and sweet with heavy dews, the rising sun flooding the heavens with a sea of gold, tinging the mountains with a deep pink. Mount Baker, that wonderful sugar-loaf-shaped mountain in Washington State, rising proudly above its fellows, gradually takes on a cloak of crimson which spreads to the Olympic range.

Everywhere the mists are golden, pink or mauve; the forests shrouded in these mists have a mysterious beauty that holds one spellbound. This, then, is the setting of my garden. It is far too lovely to remain happily within four walls, and out in the garden the air, keen and fresh at first as it blows across from the snow-capped mountains, is filled with delicious scent of flowers.

The garden, as gardens go, is not large, nor is it at all out of the ordinary, but it is a perfect riot of colour and of scent.

Whether it is some quality in the climate, or whether it is the rich soil, dark, almost black, I cannot say, but, whatever the reason, the flowers are intense in colour and yield most profusely, in some cases the green leaves quite hidden by the blossom.

When we bought the bungalow it had, for some time past, evidently been the dumping ground for tins and rubbish of the whole neighbourhood, and my heart sank as I ruefully surveyed it and wondered how we should cope with it and its tins and rubbish. Fortunately for me, the friend who was living with me is a descendant of 'John Evelyn,' and, I am sure, has inherited his gardening proclivities. She saw at once the possibilities, and set vigorously to work, cleared the tins away, dug up dozens, requisitioned a man

with a barrow to cart them away, and before long the poor little dumping ground was reduced to order and ready for its seeds and bulbs. This was in October; the following spring and summer the garden was gay enough to gladden anyone's heart, and a source of bewilderment and at first derision to the menfolk of the neighbourhood. They would lounge up on a Sunday and lean smoking on our fence, and in audible tones demand caustically of each other, 'what them women think they're a-doin' of,' and they would expectorate meditatively into the unfortunate garden (to our huge annoyance), but we persevered, and ere long, as they realised how the garden was shaping, our scoffers (and, I believe, tin-dumpers) hied them home to their own neglected gardens and started vigorously, with more zeal than wisdom, to see if they could outshine us. One man got in three loads of manure (at \$5 a load), and his garden did not need one; another man bought up hundreds of plants and seedlings, spent a small fortune on them and put them in so close together, you could not get a fork in between; and yet another man, in a sudden fit of neighbourliness, invaded our garden and commenced pruning everything in sight, till a wrathful 'John Evelyn' saw him and ejected him without ceremony from the garden. But to return to our flowers. The pansies alone attracted people from all parts to see and admire them. We had carpeted our rose garden with pansies in huge patches of purple, wine-red, mauve, yellow and white. Their growth is wonderful—the blossoms measure from 3 to 3½ inches across, and the stems 7 and 8 inches in length, thick and sturdy; but oh the work that they entail! Day by day the dead blossoms have to be picked off, and one must do it in exactly the right way, and keep them well soaked, for they are always thirsty and resent any shortage of water; but they repay one over and over again. We have kept them in blossom ten months of the year. We put them also in the window-boxes, purple and wine-red, a fine show and much appreciated by the humming-birds.

My delphiniums are a joy to me: they look lovely in the sunlight, a long row of every shade of blue, standing in big clumps like proud sentinels headed by a big bush of anchusa; behind them all one catches beautiful views of distant snow mountains and Mount Baker, no longer pink, but glistening white, as if in bridal attire. In front of them we have planted many coloured foxgloves: one kind in particular I like, a beautiful salmon-pink; and we made a border of deep purple lobelia, which looks like a broad purple ribbon. To the left there is a delightful corner, 6 feet across, in which we have planted Shirley poppies, and at the back of them cornflower. Evidently there is keen rivalry between them all, for they have grown taller and taller—cornflower trying to eclipse poppies—till they are about 3 to 4 feet high and cover the

whole deep bed, but it is quite charming, the cornflower, dark blue, light blue, red and white, and every variety of Shirley poppy, intermixed. We were just able to squeeze in a border of Mrs. Sinkins, ageratum and mauve violas.

Under one window of the house flourish the Canterbury bells, purple, mauve, pink and white, and we have also put in July lilies. The Canterbury bells need much attention, like pansies, the daily nipping off of withered flowers. Under another window there is a huge clump of red penstemmon, a red of astonishing richness, accompanied by a small army of gladiola.

Flame-coloured antirrhinums and dark blue larkspur fill one corner, and godetia, clarkia, stocks, and many-coloured sweet-williams make a very cheery little happy family.

My violets are a dream. I have always wanted to grow them, but was under the impression that violets were very fussy and particular as to where and how they lived; so *we* fussed and put patches of them in every aspect and every position. They have all done uncommonly well in size, in scent, and in colour; but, strange to say, after all our fussing, the ones that were the sweetest, largest and altogether the finest were those dropped by accident at the foot of the dustbin, in a very bleak corner.

The rose garden, with its carpet of pansies, is exquisite. We have many old favourites, such as Hugh Dickson, General McArthur, Caroline Testout, Rayon d'Or, Madame Chatenay, Karl Druschki, Irish Elegance, Gloire de Dijon, June Bridal Rose, General Jacqueminot, Ulrich Brunner, Mr. Mawley, H. A. Richardson, La France, and many others. I believe in former days gardeners let the dead blossoms remain on the tree, but 'John Evelyn' is very emphatic on the subject, and strenuously removes every dead blossom. Certainly our roses have responded well.

I never cared for zinnias till one happy day I came upon a long border of them at the Country Club, and there and then I determined to have a long border at any cost. We procured the seeds and put them in boxes, but alas! as soon as they appeared we realised we must have a frame for them; so a happy thought struck one of us, and we went to visit a nurseryman and talked zinnias to him. He remained cold and unconvinced for a considerable time, but at last he became inspired to acquire zinnias for himself, but said he could not get any seed in town; *then* we produced our trump card and told him we had several boxes of seedlings, which we would share with him if he would put them in his greenhouse, all of which came to pass, but for some reason his did not prosper, and ours were a most delightful sight, with a background of hollyhocks and in the front antirrhinums.

A rather shabby plot of grass we have turned into a birds' garden. 'John Evelyn' being a carpenter as well as a gardener,

erected a rustic stand, about 4 feet high, and placed a large, shallow earthenware pan on it, which we keep filled with water. We trained periwinkle all up the stand and finally planted many foxgloves all round it. It is the prettiest sight to see swarms of birds bathing and sitting all round the rim, watching their friends bathe and waiting impatiently for their turn, or sitting in rows on the fence squabbling. Of course, cats were a nuisance, but we hit on a quite nice little expedient. We kept a revolving spray at the foot of the stand, and every cat seemed to want to smell it and examine it. As soon as it had its nose well over the spray we turned the tap on, and then, to use an Americanism, 'you couldn't see his heels for dust.'

The birds have become so tame and enjoy the bath so much that if by an oversight the bath, through much vigorous bathing, becomes empty, they will come to our windows and scream at us, till, for sheer peace's sake, we have to go out and fill it up. It always has to be filled at least twice a day. One specially amusing little fellow—a wild canary—follows us about as we hose the garden, darting in and out of the spray screaming with delight.

I have never seen humming-birds use the bath. They are very shy, easily frightened, though they will sometimes come and hover round one if one keeps very still. Sweet-peas are their special joy, and I do not know which are the more dainty and pretty, sweet peas or tiny birds with their iridescent heads and breasts. Certainly the sweet-peas are very lovely, and we were fortunate in getting patches of Wedgewood, Thomas Stevenson, Nora Unwin, Fair Lady, Giant Attraction, Gladys, Jack Cornwall, and Mascot Scarlet.

Beyond the sweet-peas I have placed the columbines, a brave show. The long-spurred white ones are very fine, also the yellow chrysantha and the glandulosa. A patch of lupins, purple, yellow and pink, fills up the bed, and one purple lupin has sixty spikes.

The small boys of the neighbourhood are rather a trial. Presumably having heard their elders scoff at our struggles with the 'dumping ground,' they considered it necessary to annoy us. Then one day an inspiration (not happy) came to us. I was, through a long illness, obliged to lie all day by the open window. Being anxious to make a collection of wild flowers for painting, we pressed the small boys into our service, and asked them to bring me every kind of wild flower (we vainly hoped to keep them happy and busy and away from our garden in the holidays). Then our troubles began. All day long hordes of infants rolled up carrying hot little bunches of flowers in their hot little fists, I am afraid the reason being that as a reward I kept supplies of apples and candies always beside me, and what boy can resist either apples or candy? However, we became absolutely snowed

under with flowers; every jar, every vase, basin, jampot, was used to hold these flowers; and we looked like a Harvest Thanksgiving. In vain we implored them to desist; they would have none of it. Then another brain-wave came to me, and I cut off all supplies of apples and candy; automatically the stream of infants ceased. Just one baby of five tried valiantly to keep in touch with the supplies, and he would wander in with flowers (not wild) suspiciously familiar; then I watched the gentleman a few hours later come deliberately into our garden, cull a very precious and treasured Reckitt's blue campanula, and march up with innocent and cherubic face to our door and hand me, most unblushingly, my own flower. I remarked severely he must not do it again: it was very naughty. He looked surprised and pained—then a beaming smile, and should he bring me some more?

Our wild flower garden is a source of great interest and pleasure, for the wild flowers on the island are lovely. In the spring one could imagine that large quantities of paint had been poured generously on the ground, all colours and in most unexpected places. So far I have only managed to collect a few for a wild garden, such as the beautiful dogtooth violet, wild hyacinth—quite different from the English variety—yellow violet, double celandine, lady slipper orchid, wild cyclamen, blue grass, trillium, orange lily and a few others. The dogtooth violet, or lily, is a lovely star-like flower, with long, tapering white petals tinged with pink underneath, very yellow stamens, and a long, serpentine-like stem merging from green to pink or mauve. The leaves are curious, long, bright glossy-green, the first year quite plain, the second year faint white zigzag markings; the third year the markings are dark brown. They are difficult to transplant, but it can be done by digging deep and wide and taking up plenty of soil.

As we have had wonderful success with our flowers, so have we also had with our vegetables and fruit. When we first started in October it looked all hopeless, but the following year, on April 1, we had our first dish of peas and potatoes. And we had peas up to the middle of October, beautiful peas, huge pods looking like green wax. Then we grew broad beans, scarlet runners, carrots, onions, spinach, green corn, marrows, cucumbers, potatoes and tomatoes. The tomatoes were a triumph. We managed to get twelve sickly-looking young plants. Everyone predicted failure and sorrow; as they grew bigger and more healthy everyone came with much advice as to what we ought to do, and if we did not do it, nothing but failure and sorrow faced us. As everyone had a different method, we pursued our own peaceful course, and everyone came and shook pessimistic heads over us. The result of following our own ideas was 175 lbs. of

tomatoes from twelve plants, and we nearly killed ourselves bottling what we did not consume.

The same thing happened with our marrows. We planted a threepenny packet of seed, and after placing the young seedlings in the ground quite flat, we let them wander as they chose and did not interfere with them. We got so many marrows, we did not know what to do with them. We cut them very young, about 4 inches long. They are delicious baked with butter, pepper and salt. A few we allowed to grow big for winter use.

One of the drawbacks to a garden in the country is that one generally grows far more than one needs, and as other people also grow their own vegetables, they are not at all grateful for a present of a basket of peas, beans, or tomatoes, or all three. We kept an account of what the garden produced that first year in fruit and vegetables, and it yielded 40*l.* worth at market prices.

We gather our vegetables much earlier than most people, such as peas, beans, beets, marrows and carrots; and speaking of carrots reminds me of a nice old man who, hearing when I was ill that I was fond of very young carrots, proceeded, out of gratitude to 'John Evelyn' for her goodness to his boy when he was ill—for, by the way, she is a nurse as well as carpenter and gardener—to shower bunches of carrots on us till we really got to hate them, almost as embarrassing as the babies' wild flowers.

I have never seen the milk flow out of lettuces as it does out of ours. One has to be careful not to let it stain one's clothes, and the smell fills the whole house.

My impression is that if one is really fond of flowers and of gardening the flowers know and respond. As an instance of this, when I first bought the bungalow I was very depressed over the state of the garden, so we went to a big nurseryman, a man who had a big staff of men to go out and do up gardens. He came and looked at our garden and was most discouraging. However, he said he would send a man to dig it well up to start with. The man came, and after watching him for a whole day we came to the conclusion that to employ him longer would spell ruin, so we dismissed him and did the work ourselves.

Our nurseryman was very hurt, so to appease him we bought some of his hyacinth bulbs and potted them. Next spring he rode over to see how the garden was doing, in the hope evidently that we would have to climb down and go to him for help. Having surveyed our domain and having had reluctant praise dragged out of him, 'John Evelyn' (rather maliciously) invited him to come in and see our hyacinths. He had evidently forgotten that we had bought them from him. His amazement was great, almost ludicrous, for here were the hyacinths three heads to a bulb, each head measuring 12 inches round. He asked where we had got

them from, and on learning he had sold them to us wanted to take them and exhibit them.

It seems to me that there is a difference in the one person who grows only for gain and the other person who grows the flowers and loves them like children.

As the day draws to a close and the sun, sinking in the west, floods the Pacific with liquid gold and scarlet, casting a warm red glow over my dear garden, I look around me, and the beautiful flowers, that at sunrise seemed so vivid and so striking, seem now in this evening light to be even more beautiful and deeper; and so, with happy, contented mind and peace in my heart, I enter my little bungalow, and with Mr. Pepys I say: 'And so to bed!'

MAUD BOND.

THE MAMMALIAN FAUNA OF AFRICA

I HAVE felt impelled for some time past to treat of the mammalian fauna of Africa, its origins and relationships to other continents, its diversity and its decay, the last being almost entirely due to the unrelaxing pursuit and attacks of man, and more especially man of the white sub-species. I have given the subject close attention ever since my stay in Tunis in 1880 and my subsequent visits to Angola, the Congo, East Africa, West Africa, Nigeria, South and Central Africa, and Morocco. I have never been in Madagascar, but I have lived for some time on the opposite African coast, and through the kindness of French naturalists I have been kept closely in touch with the wonderful discoveries made in that island during the last twenty-four years.

Indeed, this subject as a whole has received enormous extensions of knowledge during the last twenty-four years. Yet it is curiously plain to one who gives close attention to zoological research how ill it is understood even by professional biologists who have made a considerable study of the world's fauna, and are assumed to have become acquainted with zoological theories based on recent research; so perhaps a plain statement with reference to positive discoveries rather than mere unsubstantiated theories may be useful to all manner of readers of this Review, even though they be not specialists in biology or in the survey of the living creatures of the present day. It must be obvious to all who stop to think of the rate of destruction in Africa, owing to the spread of white civilisation and the absolute thirst for slaughter which affects the Northern white man's mind, that in another twenty-four years the mammalian fauna of Africa may be reduced to very little, even though museums may be tolerably well supplied with specimens of the best.

I do not wish to fatigue the reader with elaborate personal details. He can ascertain my exact age by looking me up in the usual works of reference. He will see from these, if he cares to inquire, that I am still not a very aged man, and that I was only twenty-one when I spent eight months in Tunis in 1880, and yet that I saw in this portion of North Africa, and in Algeria alongside, the remains of a once magnificent fauna which did much

more than merely exist to connect Cis-Saharan Africa with the rest of the Dark Continent, south of the vast desert. At this period—forty-four years ago—the lion was still to be found, even in some abundance, on the western border of Tunisia and in Algeria, probably also in the interior of Morocco. Fine, large leopards were abundant; they possibly still exist. The chita was by no means uncommon in Southern Tunisia. The striped hyæna was abundant, and there was even a wandering legend that the spotted hyæna still lingered in the oases of Tripoli. The Addax antelope still frequented the southern parts of Tunis and Algeria. I saw it in Southern Tunis as late as the year 1897. The northern hartebeest was still found there, and the large types of gazelle now existing in Senegal, Northern Nigeria and Somaliland were to be met with in Southern Morocco and Algeria. These bore a suggestive resemblance to the springbok of South Africa, which for an unknown length of time has never been met with north of the Zambezi. There were also two or more species of large octodont rodents, whose nearest relations are found in South America. Interesting black-and-white, skunk-like weasels, closely resembling the South African species of the same genus, were—perhaps still are—found in Algeria.

I could continue to enumerate other mammalian species in North Africa persisting down to forty years ago but now extirpated by the spread of 'civilisation,' though still existing in Somaliland and South Africa.

Until the very commencement of this century we still lived in utter ignorance as to the great part played by Africa as a creative continent throughout the Tertiary epoch, or, if not always creative, the region towards which many remarkable groups of vertebrates wandered in course of time from Europe and Asia and found a refuge in which to expand and grow. In some cases our recent discoveries have almost led us to believe that the actual mammalian class may have originated in Africa from the mammal-like reptiles whose remains are so abundantly found in South African strata. At any rate, many remarkable mammalian families and genera having come into existence in North Africa and Egypt wandered north and north-east round the Mediterranean, achieved a greater perfection of development in Asia and Europe, and were then driven back to the Dark Continent to expand and grow to still more perfected development.

This was markedly the case from 100,000 years ago down to the period, two or three hundred years since, when firearms were made more practically useful. During this recent period in the history of man—say from 100,000 B.C. to A.D. 1800—the various peoples of Europe, the men of the white race, were exterminating all the big or remarkable beasts of Europe and

Western Asia for food, for their heads, horns and tusks, or for self-defence and for the protection of their children, their flocks and herds or their crops. Many of these beasts they had driven southwards, in prehistoric times, into Africa by the land bridges which down to quite a late period—some think not more than 20,000 years ago or even less—connected Europe with Africa over the Straits of Gibraltar and the broad Tunisian-Sicilian isthmus. But the main feeder of Africa, so to speak, was Syria, and perhaps also Mesopotamia, across a strip of Northern Arabia which had not then become sterilised by desert. Egypt surpasses any other portion of the Dark Continent which has yet been searched by human intelligence for records of its past fauna. In the comparatively narrow region of the Nile Valley, within Egypt as it is defined politically, there seem to have arisen during the first half of the Tertiary epoch, some three or four million years ago, the whales—once long-headed, porpoise-like types dwelling in the Nile and its attendant lakes and marshes, which possessed incisors, canines and molar teeth, ordinary nostrils, and four limbs. Then there were the Sirenidae, ancestors of the manatis, dugongs, etc., primitive ungulates living only on a vegetable diet, with suggestive resemblances to the earliest ancestors of the elephants; there were large hyraxes, a group first made known to us by the little coney of Syria, a creature we now find abundantly in all tropical Africa, and frequenting, in the Eocene, Asia Minor and Greece. The actual elephant order originated in Lower Egypt. The most remote ancestor of the elephant type yet discovered—the *mœritherium*—was first discovered west of the Nile delta in 1904, and shortly afterwards the equally interesting *palæomastodon*, in which a still nearer approach is made to the huge, tusked elephants. In this Lower Nile region seem similarly to have come into existence the hippopotami, the swine, and several very strange, aberrant, monstrous forms of ungulate mammals, such as the *arsinothorium*, which is well illustrated in the Cromwell Road British Museum.

The second wonderland to Egypt is South Africa, between the Zambezi, Middle Angola, and the Cape of Good Hope. This amazing fauna, and its still more remarkable fossil types, began to be seen and to be revealed in the rocks a hundred, fifty, twenty, years ago. The most remarkable aspect in the vertebrate fauna of this region, as well as in many types of its flora, is the resemblance and relationship both alike bear to the fauna and flora of North-East and of North Africa, the intervening region of Moçambique, Nyasaland, Northern Zambezia, and Northern Angola completely breaking the relationship, especially in mammalian forms, between North-East and South Africa. The break between the two—since these mammals, birds, reptiles and

plants cannot have been transferred from North-East Africa to the trans-Zambezian regions by aeroplane or balloon—can only have been of recent date, though what caused it—whether it was only man, the hunter—we do not know.

The third region of growth and development, scarcely less wonderful than Egypt or South Africa, is Mauritania, the northern prolongation of Africa—Morocco, Algeria, Tunis and Tripoli. This region received an overflow of birds and mammals from Europe and West Asia just prior to or well within the human era: the creatures which fled southwards from Spain, France, Italy, the Balkan Peninsula, Greece, and Asia Minor before the lowered temperature of the Ice Ages, or later as the result of the attacks of European hunters in Spain and Italy.

The fourth region of interest, more for its immediate past than for its attenuated present, is Madagascar. Madagascar is a vast nucleus of a former land belt, which in the Secondaries and perhaps early Tertiaries stretched from India to South-East Africa, gradually breaking down till in the present period it has only left above the sea surface the Komoro Islands, Madagascar, Mauritius, Réunion, the Amirante Islands, the Chagos, Maldivé and Lacadive Islands, which last bring us up to the coast of Southern India. Curiously enough, Madagascar, though it lies off the east coast of Africa, not only suggests to us that it still retains a very ancient type of African fauna, but bears further a remarkable resemblance in its mammals, a few of its birds and some of its reptiles to South America. There are also links with Southern India and Malaysia, stretching away eastwards almost as far as Fiji. But the South American resemblances can only be explained by assuming that Madagascar, cut off from East Africa by a narrow strait of sea in the Miocene period, shows that it then possessed lemurs that were almost, if not quite, ancestral to the South American monkeys; and the ancestors of these last must have ranged westwards over Africa and passed across the great isthmus which undoubtedly connected West Africa with Brazil down to the middle of the Miocene. This similarly would account for the continued existence in Madagascar of boa snakes, which survive in South America, though they have become extinct on the African continent, having given way no doubt to the pythons which they generated. When Madagascar's connection with the African mainland was fully developed, Africa itself possessed a much poorer fauna than in the later Tertiaries. The mammals of Eastern Africa then seem to have been restricted to small carnivores and insectivores, to lemurs and a primitive type of monkey, ancestral to both the tropical American and the Old World monkeys of to-day. The Asiatic fruit-bat, a few civet-like carnivores, an indeterminate cat-dog-civet-like type, the fossa,

in addition to the insectivores and the lemurs, were the principal Malagasy mammals which continued their evolution through the Tertiary ages down to a few hundred years ago independent of any later African admixture. The lemurs developed large types, walking upright on their hind legs, as big as or bigger than a man. One of such types—*Megaladapis*—became even semi-aquatic in frequenting the sea-shore, and lingered in existence almost to the time of the human invasion and occupation of the island, which may have begun two thousand to three thousand years ago.

The fifth region to be enumerated is Abyssinia, which in an attenuated form (due to increasing drought and the recent attacks of European sportsmen) includes the adjacent Somaliland, Galaland, and the Northern Rift Valley as far south as Lake Baringo. The fauna of Abyssinia (region No. 5) is very rich, and differs chiefly from that of Equatorial Africa in retaining a few mammalian types not found elsewhere—a genus of baboons (*Theropithecus*), a wild goat of European or Asiatic type, two or three antelopes, tragelaphs, a wild dog of Asiatic affinities, and several rodents. In its southern portion it possesses the remarkable otocyon, a small dog with very large ears and four molar teeth in each jaw. This strangely primitive form it shares with South Africa, with which district, indeed, it has many affinities not found in East Africa.

The Sudanese region (No. 8) and that of the Chad, Northern Nigeria and the Senegal basin resembles Abyssinia, Equatorial Africa and East Africa in its mammals, except that it has lost or does not now possess a few remarkable creatures, such as the chimpanzi and gorilla, the chevrotain—a remarkable little ruminant with long upper canine teeth, a link in a way between the swine and the deer—the golden cat, etc., and numerous birds and reptiles which exist in the Northern Congo forest. One special peculiarity—one might almost say 'glory,' except that too much emphasis may only urge English and American sportsmen to its complete destruction—of the Sudanese-Nigerian region is the giant eland, one of the most magnificent beasts left living, with a coloration in the male hide which is almost black, white, and yellow-red. This is found to-day in two limited and widely separated districts: the Bahr-al-Ghazal, west of the main Nile, and Portuguese Guinea, between Sierra Leone and the Gambia basin.

Regions Nos. 6 and 6A are Equatorial Africa, north of the Congo, and forested West Africa. The belt extends from the Victoria Nyanza westward right across Equatorial Africa to Portuguese Guinea and the verge of the Gambia mouth. But this region has left vestiges of its peculiar forms in Equatorial East Africa and in Southern Abyssinia. Some of its wealth, however,

stops in its westward distribution at the Cameroons, and does not cross the Niger. The eastern half of this district follows the northern and western course of the main Congo River, but does not cross it to the west or the south. Its most valuable creatures from the point of view of their intense interest to zoologists are the gorilla, found in patches of forest land at high and low levels on the Uganda-Congo State frontiers, in the North Congo forests, in the Cameroons and the Gaboon; the okapi; the forest hog; the potamogale, or aquatic insectivore (the size of a small otter); and the extreme form of small red buffalo with backward-directed horns. These mammals have never been found west of the Cameroons. On the other hand, the extremely handsome Bongo tragelaph, the golden cat, the chimpanzi, the red river hog, the brush-tailed porcupine, and the Potto lemur range right through Equatorial Africa from Uganda to the mouth of the Gambia. The one peculiar mammal (in addition to several species of insectivorous bats related to New Guinea forms) which without doubt is monopolised by the West African division of this narrow belt is the pigmy hippopotamus of Liberia. This creature was of very ancient introduction into Trans-Saharan Africa, and must have wandered thither in the Miocene period from Egypt or North Africa at a time when the Sahara desert was well watered and rich in vegetation.

The seventh in the list of faunal regions is East Africa, a region of slightly uncertain boundaries, but extending more or less between the Abyssinia-Somaliland borderland on the north, the Victoria Nyanza and Tanganyika on the west, the Nyasa-Tanganyika plateau, and the course of the Rufiji River on the south. This is a region remarkably rich in antelopine forms. Its lions, particularly in the female, retain in adult age darker vestiges of the original rosettes. Here the antelopes swarm and proliferate (or did till the big game hunters began to exterminate them forty-five years ago) to a degree only excelled by South Africa 100 years back in time. Here this antelopine group developed more species and genera than in any other part of Africa, and here the fauna, as well as that of Southern Abyssinia, had its nearest affinities with *South Africa* rather than with Nyasaland or Equatorial forested Africa. East Africa, moreover, together with Moçambique, developed a remarkable group of insectivorous beasts, the elephant shrews, creatures sometimes almost as large as a cat, which have developed the nose into a short proboscis. These creatures have a distant affinity with the remarkable tupaia of the Malay Archipelago. They extend their range in Africa as far as Algeria on the north-west and Cape Colony on the south-west. But they are more frequently met with in East Africa.

No. 9 is the Moçambique-Nyasaland-North Zambezia region, bounded on the south by the Zambezi from its source to its mouth and west of the Zambezi by an uncertain line to the Atlantic shore, south of the Kwanza basin. On the north its limits are uncertain. It includes the mountains and plateaux of Katanga and the southern fringe of the Congo watershed, the south end of Lake Tanganyika, the eastern edge of the Nyasa-Tanganyika plateau (which is very abrupt), and a line from the northern watershed of Lake Nyasa to the course of the Rufiji River. No. 9 is distinguished at the present time beyond all other divisions of Africa by giving us in Northern Rhodesia the skull and part of the limb bones of an extinct species of man, *Homo rhodesiensis*. This former inhabitant of Northern Rhodesia may have lived as recently as a few thousand years ago. He was quite unlike the negro, much more akin to the aborigines of Australia, and to the Neanderthal species of Central and Southern Europe. This region between the course of the Zambezi and the watershed of the Congo and the Rufiji has no giraffe, no springbok or gazelle, no rhinoceros,¹ no ostrich or secretary bird; and quite a number of the other mammals and birds common to the Sudan, East and South Africa, are also missing. Why this region, extending to the sea-coast of Moçambique, should be such an explicit barrier in distribution at the present day between East and South Africa, it is impossible to say, but so it is.

Finally, there is region No. 10, the even more impoverished Congo basin, west and south of the main Congo, and north of the southern limits of the River Kwanza basin in Angola. This is the poorest part of Africa for mammals. There are no anthropoid apes; most of the antelopes, the giraffe and okapi, the eland and the kudu, the rhinoceros, lion, chita and hunting dog (*Lycaon*), are missing.

The elephant group, as I have pointed out, was first evolved in Egypt, in the Lower Nile Valley. Here the *moeritherium*, the *palæomastodon* and the *dinotherium* first came into existence. Then this group of ungulates seems to have departed northwards, to attain more gigantic size and a huger development of tusks in Europe, Asia, North and South America. The modern type of African elephant was evolved in Europe, and entered North Africa and Egypt at quite a late period. It penetrated the whole

¹ The absence of the rhinoceros from Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia, though apparently a fact at the present time, is not as conclusively proved in Moçambique. I myself purchased from native hunters to the east of the Shire River in 1889-94 specimens of rhinoceros horns which I attributed not only to the pointed-lipped, but also to the square-lipped, rhinoceros. Livingstone in 1852 saw the 'white' (square-lipped) rhinoceros to the west of the Upper Zambezi, and Selous shot it in the same region.

of the continent from the Mediterranean shores to the Cape of Good Hope.

The distribution of the horses over Africa is curious and not easily explained. We begin on the north-east with Grévy's and Grant's zebras, and with the Nubian and Somali wild asses. These stretched prehistorically to an ever-narrowing apex in Egypt east of the Nile. Still further back in time, though possibly within the human period, there was a creature like a zebra in Algeria. Southwards and eastwards, east of the Nile, down to Uganda, there is an extension of the range of Grant's zebra, which further south is found west as well as east of Tanganyika, and in Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia. As the range of this species extends southwards and eastwards it fuses into other forms of broad-striped zebra, more or less known as 'Burchell's.'

The true zebra, perfectly striped down to its hoofs, appears firstly in Southern Angola when our survey begins in the north. It appears in different varieties in the high mountains of Damara-land and Cape Colony. Burchell's zebra once inhabited all South Africa, from the southern borders of the Congo basin down to Cape Colony and Natal. As this species proceeds southwards it tends to lose the black stripes on the legs, and develops in between them what is called a 'shadow stripe, especially on the hind limbs, till at last it becomes in the southernmost part of Africa what was known as the quagga, in which form distinct dark stripes alternating with fawn colour only remain on the head, neck and back. No zebra, or any form of wild ass, has as yet been recorded from any region west of the Nile, either in the Sahara desert, Nigeria, or in westernmost Africa, and these equines are similarly absent from the Congo basin. What has limited their range in this direction is as yet an unexplained mystery. They apparently existed once in Algeria in rather a small form.

The wild ass of Somaliland, though closely resembling the Nubian wild ass, east of the Nile region, has distinct zebra-like markings on the fore limbs, and fore limbs only, similar to the stripes on the fore limbs in some wild and domestic breeds of horse. The fossil bones of a large equine type have been discovered in Cape Colony and styled 'a large horse'; but it is more probable that the creature was a big zebra, perhaps allied to the Grévy's zebra of East Africa. So far no remains whatever have been discovered in Africa between Algeria and the Cape showing that any true horse ever existed there un-introduced by man. The true horses seem to have been limited in their natural range to Europe, Asia, and North America.

The range of the rhinoceros group in Africa has been nearly as peculiar as that of the horses. Fossil remains of rhinoceroses of extinct species are found here and there in East and South

Africa. A form of square-lipped rhinoceros akin to the white (which still lingers to-day in North-east Equatorial and in South Africa) existed within the human period in Algeria, and was depicted by man on the rock surfaces. Like its congeners, it had entered Africa from Southern Europe, and must have gradually wandered south-east and south into the Bahr-al-Ghazal, Uganda, and Trans-Zambezi Africa.

The okapi, a distant relation of the giraffe, was probably evolved in Asia Minor or Syria. It passed southward up the Nile Valley to Equatorial Africa, and in this forest region it may have penetrated westwards till it reached the hinterland of the Cameroons, where one or two wandering legends of the seventeenth century may have recorded its existence as the fabled unicorn. But at the present time it has never been seen south of the Congo, or further west than the Aruwimi River. Its gigantic relation, the giraffe, is found at the present day over a far more extended range. It once inhabited North Africa. There, and in what is now the Libyan and Sahara desert, it was pictured by man on the rock surfaces. It is found even at the present day, outside the coast forests, in westernmost Africa and in the basin of the Benue River, and the only other portion of Africa that it distinctly avoids is the vast Congo forest and Northern Angola. It seems also to be absent from Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland.

The common hippopotamus, a little smaller than the gigantic species that once penetrated as far north as Yorkshire in the interglacial periods, has reached almost every portion of the African continent. Its remains positively encumber the dry river valleys of the Sahara desert. It was recorded in the Nile mouths on the Egyptian sea-coast as late as the seventeenth century. Two or even three kinds of smaller hippopotami were developed in Madagascar. Their ancestral type must have waded and swum across from East Africa along the slowly decaying land bridge by way of the Komoro archipelago. Other pigmy forms of hippopotamus were found in prehistoric days in the then much larger Maltese archipelago and in Cyprus. The hippopotamus type seems to have originally developed in the Nile delta, or on the coast of Syria, and thence to have spread through India eastwards as far as Java, and northwards, not only to Yorkshire, but, it is thought, also to Eastern Ireland. It never penetrated to North America, as we have recently discovered other Eurasiatic mammals have done. The pigmy hippopotamus of Liberia is a most interesting survival. It is a distinct genus from the bulky hippopotamus of Europe and Africa, and is evidently a very early established type of the family which was generated in Miocene Egypt.

The main facts or probabilities impressed on a natural history student in surveying the history of the mammalian fauna of Africa are four in number :

1. The early separation of Morocco and Algeria from Western Nigeria by an arm of the sea or an immense expanse of shallow water.

2. That Egypt has been the main door of entry to the African continent for its mammalian fauna.

3. That there remains a curious gap in distribution (perhaps only of recent origin) between East and South Africa. This occurs in Northern Zambezia-Nyasaland-Mozambique.

In this intervening gap between the basin of the Rufiji River on the north and the whole course of the Zambezi River on the south, many striking genera and species of mammals are missing which are characteristic of East and of South Africa. There are no giraffes, no true gazelles or oryx antelopes, no rhinoceroses, no ostriches, no secretary birds, no otocyon foxes, no black-backed jackals; and many other beasts and birds characteristic of both South and East Africa are missing—an altogether unaccountable fact.

4. That during the Secondaries and up to the middle of the Miocene Tertiaries there must have subsisted a broad land belt connecting West Africa with Brazil and Guiana. This land belt—remains of which are evident in the sea-bottom—is necessary to explain the remarkable similarity between the ancient fauna of Africa and Madagascar and that of Eastern South America. The affinities are not only present in the mammalia, but in the birds, reptiles, fresh water fish, crustacea and insects, and to a certain extent in the botany. There is no evidence of the presence of these originally African types north of Southern Texas, and in most cases the African affinities stop at the northern and western frontiers of Brazil. The nearest relations of the African vertebrate fauna of the present day lie with Southern Asia.

H. H. JOHNSTON.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE MIDI

IMPERCEPTIBLY yet surely we are losing the art of travelling leisurely. In place of sauntering through a country unconscious of time and careless of direction, we hurry to reach the appointed end of a journey. Of the many English men and women who flit through Marseilles in the course of the year, few break off to visit the more unfrequented districts in the neighbourhood. To these travellers the Paris-Marseilles railway is no more than a corridor of passage, Provence and Gascony, two of the fairest provinces of France, no more than empty names. Humbler people follow the example. As midsummer approaches wealthy corporations struggle for the patronage of holiday-makers, tempting them by alluring suggestions of foreign travel into new experiences. But the programmes do not always promise adventure; their victims are deposited at some Mediterranean port after a brief sea voyage and then presented with a through ticket home by rail. They would gain in health and mind were they to retain their liberty on landing.

To tour in perfect comfort no doubt a motor car is desirable. Yet he who, for economy's sake, decides to travel by train, has not always the worst of the exchange. From the windows of his compartment he can see almost as much of the countryside as he desires, and from his fellow-passengers he may learn, if the fancy seizes him, something of their lives and thoughts. Above all, he need not curtail his luggage. At the cost of a few francs he can carry with him almost an entire wardrobe. Thus he is spared miserable anxiety about his supply of linen, and his wife about that of her hats. And when conditions require the extravagance, he can always hire a private car, or if still intent upon strict economy may book seats in a public charabanc. But if he chooses the second alternative, let him be prepared for exciting moments. The driver may believe that a special Providence watches over his own safety, but the passengers behind feel no such certainty about their own. It is difficult to place complete confidence in a driver who ignores alike notices of concealed turnings and instructions to reduce speed. There is, in fact, a spice of adventure about a drive in a public touring car in France.

Leaving Marseilles one evening, we travelled to Arles. If Arles cannot boast, like Avignon, of having sheltered popes, she may claim to have entertained Roman emperors. To-day the town is fallen from her ancient high estate, and the great no longer extend to Arles their patronage. Unfrequented streets and shuttered windows tell a story of decay. Over the Place du Forum—name suggestive of crowds and tumult—silence now reigns unbroken save for the clatter of a hotel omnibus over the cobbled roadway. In Arles the dreamer may find a congenial resting-place: '*Oblitusque suorum obliviscendus in illis.*'

But the more energetic visitor also can find attractions. The ruined theatre, Roman in design and in construction, is one of them. Happily destruction has stayed its hand, so that sufficient of the building remains to suggest how graceful must have been the whole. Time has injured neither the massive benches and the solid foundations of the auditorium nor the outline of the stage, though of the slender columns which guard the latter only two are standing. For centuries Arlésien audiences filled this theatre; but of the plays which moved them to tears and laughter no record, alas! exists. The neighbouring amphitheatre has escaped more lightly, and throughout the summer months bull-fights are held within its classic walls. Local interest in the contests seems declining, and report declares that the participants have lost their cunning. They do not kill the bull as cleanly as before. The ancient church of St. Trophinus, built upon the ruins of the *Prætorium*, and its cloisters, half Gothic and half Norman, are worth inspection. In St. Trophinus, as indeed throughout Catholic France, the devout record on tablets fixed to the walls their gratitude to God for some special act of benevolence. Thus everywhere the eye falls upon familiar words of thanksgiving for protection afforded during the Great War. The tablets give no names, but initials partially disclose the identity of the donors.

Strangely enough, the people of Arles appear to set less store upon traces of Roman occupation than upon the museum bequeathed to the town by Mistral, poet-singer of Provence. Mistral strove to preserve not only the art, but also the language, of his province, and strangers visiting the museum must guess at the sense of the explanatory notices suspended over exhibits. Happily the dialect is not difficult to understand. No one, for example, can mistake the meaning of '*Regardas ben e touques ren,*' an admonition which hangs in every room. One phase of post-war administration is common now to all State and municipal museums and institutions: their doorkeepers and guards are men mutilated or incapacitated by the agency of war from following other occupation. As far as lies within her power,

France is determined that the victims of the battlefield shall not have to beg for bread.

From Arles I passed to Nîmes, a prosperous town of boulevards and other amenities of modern civilisation. Here also Imperial Rome has bequeathed legacies of her occupation. *Les Arènes*, a superb amphitheatre, *La Maison Carrée*, a temple in almost perfect preservation, and *La Chapelle de Diane*, an exquisite little shrine, mark her affection for the town. Shops and *cafés* approaching too closely to the two first impair their imposing proportions, but the chapel has a setting of wood and hill worthy of its patron goddess. From Nîmes one may visit comfortably the Pont du Gard, fragment of a gigantic aqueduct, Aigues Mortes, a battlemented town where St. Louis embarked for the Holy Land, Beziers, Tarascon, and many other places of historical association. The people of Tarascon speak proudly of the castle which dominates the town. But the stranger is less interested. Absorbed in anxiety to discover whether Tartarin and his companions still live, he cannot waste time upon mediæval fortresses, and it is hard to believe that these romantic figures, sportsmen in heart if not in deed, existed only in the imagination of their creator.

From Tarascon to Montpellier the railway runs through a smiling countryside. North and south, as far as the eye can reach, are vine fields. Their cultivation is not for the indolent or the ignorant; it is a laborious and scientific occupation. Throughout the world Nature wars against the agriculturist, and nowhere more fiercely than in this region. No sooner is one insect pest exterminated than a second takes its place. But no trial discomfits the farmer of the Midi. He ploughs deep, he does not overcrop, and he sprinkles scrupulously each tender plant with an antidote. The clumsy disinfecting apparatus slung across the shoulders is a heavy burden, and explains how the labourer, when he joins the army, makes light of his equipment. There are other interesting points about agriculture in Provence. Oxen only are harnessed to the plough. Not indeed until well west of Montpellier, when vine cultivation gives place to mixed farming, does the horse replace the ox. Here and there also the waterwheel is seen at work, a legacy of Saracenic invaders.

Carcassonne consists of two separate towns situated on opposite banks of the River Aude: La Cité and La Ville Basse. La Cité has known many masters. Romans, Visigoths and Saracens in turn have occupied it, until finally St. Louis seized the fortress for France. So solidly built are the walls that they would withstand an infantry attack to-day. The trace is circular, an outer line of ramparts protecting a formidable *enceinte*. Scattered along the walls are fifty-two towers, armed with galleries and other

defences of the type which found favour with mediæval military engineers. So little effect has the passage of centuries produced upon the fortifications that traces of the builders are easily distinguishable. In the heart of the *enceinte* rises the cathedral of St. Nazaire, a fine conception of early ecclesiastical architecture and remarkable for a Gothic nave and a Norman transept. Louis did not allow his saintship to interfere with military considerations. Having possessed himself of the fortress, he required the inhabitants to evacuate La Cité. During the Great War the civilian mind became accustomed to harsh orders of this type; in the Middle Ages such instances were rarer. One wonders how the good people of Carcassonne accepted their dispossession. If some resented it, others must have thankfully departed from a place where existence was always uncomfortable and often perilous. Few men and women would voluntarily select a fortress as their home. In any case the *expulsés* from La Cité set to work with a will to make a new town. To prove that misfortune had not robbed them of their trust in God, they built two handsome churches. Their descendants have inherited the same spirit, as a striking memorial to the memory of the fallen in the war, 1914-18, shows. In Southern France artistic tributes to the victims of the battlefield are not very frequent. Usually the production of a local sculptor, only the grandeur of the theme saves them from exciting ridicule. Simplicity is rarely achieved, and allegorical designs are so burdened with detail that they give little clue to the tragedy which they are intended to recall. The plain cross of stone in our own villages seems more dignified testimony to the sacrifice of manhood. Nor is it possible to speak highly of all inscriptions at the base of the memorials. They rarely rise above the commonplace, and there seems also something careless in the omission of the ranks and units of the fallen.

Toulouse was not always the tranquil and pleasure-loving town she has become to-day. Blest, or cursed, with a large student population, she flung herself hotly into the religious struggles of the Middle Ages. But first and foremost Toulouse was a centre of learning, and neither Papist nor Protestant fervour could arrest for long her thirst for knowledge. In the teaching of law her professors were unrivalled; in architecture, as the noble churches of St. Sernin and Notre Dame la Daurade bear witness, her builders were pre-eminent. To-day that passion is slaked, and the people of Toulouse court pleasure rather than study. The many restaurants and *cafés*, crowded at all hours of the day and night, leave little doubt upon that point. Living is both cheap and good, though as much perhaps may be said of most towns in the Midi. Hotels and inns, even in unfrequented districts, provide very fair accommodation. For the general improvement

in the standard of comfort visitors must thank the Automobile Touring Club of France. This body preaches the sound doctrine that cleanliness comes next to godliness. In the lavatories of all hotels is pinned a request that the user shall leave the place as he would desire to find it. Thus one old reproach levelled against the French by the Anglo-Saxon race has been removed. Everywhere a foreigner will find provincial cooking tolerable, beds comfortable and service willing and good.

With the depreciated franc an Englishman can tour cheaply in France; and notwithstanding a recent increase in the cost of living and the imposition of fresh State and municipal taxes upon foreigners,¹ he still holds the advantage. And he will continue to do so until the population recognises the financial danger overhanging France. For the moment it is difficult to name another European country which appears on the surface to be more thriving and more prosperous. There is no unemployment, no labour trouble, and no destitution. Throughout my stay I did not meet a genuine tramp, nor was I once asked for alms. Men, women and children are well clothed and look well fed. Altogether Southern France presents every appearance of great prosperity.

As the stranger approaches the Pyrenees Lourdes becomes an irresistible magnet. So powerful is the attraction that few have the patience or inclination to linger in its neighbourhood. Certainly there is no romance of modern times to equal that of Lourdes, no story which affects the imagination more than the revelation of Bernadette Soubirous, a simple peasant girl. Her version is best told by the artless inscription engraved on the rock of the miraculous grotto:

L'an de grâce 1858 dans le creux du rocher où on voit la statue la Sainte Vierge apparait à Bernadette dix-huit fois. La Sainte Vierge dit à l'enfant le 18 Février: 'Voulez-vous me faire le grâce de venir pendant quinze jours? Je ne promets pas de vous rendre heureuse dans ce monde, mais dans l'autre. Je désire qu'il vienne du monde.' La Vierge dit pendant la quinzaine: 'Vous prierez pour les pêcheurs; vous baiserez la terre pour les pêcheurs—pénitence, pénitence, pénitence. Allez dire aux prêtres de faire bâtir ici une chapelle. Je veux qu'on vienne en procession. Allez boire à la fontaine et vous y laver. Allez manger de cette herbe qui est là.' Le 25 Mars la Vierge dit: 'Je suis immaculée Conception.'

Bernadette never tasted the joy of joining the worshippers at the grotto. Within a few weeks of her vision she entered a religious foundation, where she died twenty years later. Few at first believed in her story; the child's parents and the local clergy openly doubted its truth. But as the news of the revelation spread people flocked to visit the shrine, and emperors and princes followed in their train. Later the Bishop of Tarbes held an exhaustive

¹ At Pau I paid between the two as much as 17 per cent. on my hotel bill.

inquiry into the facts. His conclusions were favourable to Bernadette. In a pastoral he submitted that the faithful were justified in believing that Mary, mother of God, had appeared on a number of occasions to the girl, and that the apparition possessed the character of truth. That judgment the Holy Father confirmed.

I went to Lourdes an idle sightseer; I came away impressed and thoughtful, victim of the mysterious exaltation which haunts the company of pilgrims. The experience is common enough. Of those who go merely to look, the majority succumb unresistingly to the atmosphere of sanctity pervading the place, an atmosphere unspoiled by the booths which flank the entrance to the sacred enclosure or by advertisements proclaiming the blood relationship of the traders with Bernadette. And, apart from sanctity, few can escape the influence which the beauty of Lourdes exercises upon the mind. Art here has perfected the work of Nature. As the visitor passes through the entrance gate he sees at his feet a spacious parallelogram lined on three sides by a concourse of pilgrims, and terminated on the fourth by a noble flight of steps leading to the Church of the Rosary. Above towers the great Basilica, a richly ornamented structure crowned by a lofty spire nestling against a background of mountain and forest. Under the lee of the Basilica is the miraculous grotto, adorned on one side of the cleft by a statue of the Virgin and on the other by a number of crutches and trusses left by pilgrims cured of their infirmities. Hard by are the taps from which the faithful draw the blessed water to drink and wash.

Briefly this is what the three-quarters of a million pilgrims who visit Lourdes each year see; what they feel is less easy to define. All men are not made for pilgrimage. Of the many who dream of joining one only the courageous few undertake the toilsome experience. As at Mecca and at Benares, so at Lourdes, the pilgrims follow a formal programme of worship. In their movements the hand of the practised stage manager is noticeable, and the patient crowd is shepherded from one stage to another. Nothing is left to chance, nothing to the initiative of the individual. Pilgrimages of 10,000 souls are no uncommon spectacle; yet there is no confusion, no jostling, and no irreverence. A single thought inspires all hearts—the glory of the Virgin Mary. The Holy Church leaves no stone unturned to stamp lasting memories of Lourdes upon the imagination of the faithful. Skilled preachers, hour after hour, address fresh congregations assembled in front of the grotto, while at fixed times the pilgrims gather together and in procession march round the entire enclosure. How many prayers of penitence within the short space of a day are not raised to God at Lourdes!

Through the throng of worshippers are borne on stretchers pitiful wrecks of humanity, men, women and children of all ages

and of all classes, stricken with obscure maladies, and abandoned by medical science as incurable. Sustained by the conviction that the Lady of the Grotto will intervene with God on their behalf, they endure the tedium and pain of a long railway journey. They bear their suffering with fortitude, inspired by the news that one of their number has been miraculously restored to health. Such cures do actually take place. Hardly a day passes that report is not made of one pilgrim casting away his crutches, or of another arising from his couch. If anyone questions the truth of these reports, the neat tablets in the churches of the Rosary and the Basilica which solemnly tell of recoveries of health should remove his doubt. The sincerity of the brief records is convincing.

Lourdes has no monopoly of pilgrimage in the Pyrenees. Within a few miles to the west is Montaut Betharram, once a favoured resort of the devout. Overshadowed now by its neighbour, Betharram has lost its former reputation, and strangers visit the picturesque village usually only to make acquaintance with a curious grotto. But an excursion into its depths hardly repays the fatigue of the undertaking. There is little mystery or interest about this grotto, or about the river which traverses it, and the walker welcomes a ray of light which betokens the end of an exhausting journey through the bowels of a mountain.

West of Toulouse Imperial Rome has left little trace of her rule, and Pau, compared with Arles or Nîmes, is a town of mushroom growth whose proper history begins only with the Middle Ages. Here the Princes of Navarre had their capital; here Margaret of Valois, sister of Francis I. and wife of Henri d'Albert, held her celebrated court and sheltered Calvin from his persecutors. Little is left of the original château wherein Henri IV. was born. When fortune looked coldly upon the house of Navarre their home became a melancholy ruin, and for many generations the château remained untenanted. Then Louis Philippe undertook the work of restoration, and Napoleon III. completed the task. Many exquisite Flemish and Gobelin tapestries now clothe the naked walls; but, save from its association with Margaret and her grandson, the château has little interest for the visitor.

P. G. ELGOOD.

SUCCESS AND FAILURE

THE science of psychology, it may be maintained, gives us 'but a halfpennyworth of bread to an intolerable deal of sack.' How little do its disquisitions explain human nature by unveiling any such *laws*, or constant successions, as raise scientific knowledge above the level of simple experience. What pretensions can it make to scientific definition when it is unable to describe the nature of an 'idea,' or of such fundamental processes as those of intelligence and imagination? For its failure several reasons suggest themselves. It has ignored the indisputable inference that individuals which are formed by the union of two distinct living organisms (the male and female germs) must be dual in their nature. It has been insufficiently impressed with the *continuity* of evolution, which, like the thread of Ariadne, can give us a guiding lead through the obscurest of problems. That is to say, it has not realised that human capacities must be traceable to some source, however elementary, in the humblest of living creatures. And it has taken up too 'objective' an attitude: it has given too large a share of its attention to our relations with the outside world through our sensations and our behaviour, whereas the causes, or motives, of our various activities are nervous conditions that are within us, and can only be detected by self-observation. Our sensations, it may be urged, are *causes*. But only in so far as they 'set off' internal forces, as a match explodes gunpowder. The sight of food does not move one who has no appetite; and it follows that one who is stimulated by it acts under the causal effect not merely of the food, but of his appetite. So, again, one is not discomposed by the sensation of an obstacle if there is no wish to surmount it. Moreover, sensations influence but a small part of our behaviour. We are actuated in greatest measure by ideas, and these are within us—are, in fact, a part of ourselves.

We cannot, then, hope to understand life if we regard it objectively from the outside. Our only clue to its mysteries is through the perception that may be called 'subjective'—the careful observing of our own feelings, motives and thoughts, and the regarding of the external behaviour of other persons (and of

living creatures generally) simply as the sign of certain internal activities which, in kind, we experience ourselves. So far, however, is psychology from this attitude that one of its leading schools clings to the paradox that our emotions are caused by the movements and gestures which manifest them, that we are afraid because we run away, and angry with another because we threaten him. There is, no doubt, something in experience that supports this inversion of the real order of things. It is a fact that by deliberately smiling we can keep up our spirits, that anger may grow if we express it violently, and that, in a measure, 'manners makyth man.' But these are simply illustrations of 'autosuggestive,' or memorial, stimulation, and this commonly runs backwards. Apart from it, conduct and speech are the outcome of internal nervous conditions, which urge external activity and are relieved by it. Is there anyone who, under the influence of strong emotion, has not felt the relief that is given by doing or saying something?

If we turn our eyes inwards, so to speak, we shall discover that certain feelings always follow certain other feelings, or certain thoughts, in a sequence that is so regular as to be a 'law.' One of the most familiar of these sequences is that success is followed by a feeling of exhilaration, failure by depression. The forcefulness of these feelings is illustrated by their effect upon the muscles. Exhilaration braces, depression relaxes them. And the strut of pride is by no means peculiar to man. A cock that feels masterful, a dog that feels heroic, are models of tightly braced stiffness. It is eminently useful that success should be rewarded and failure punished, for success, in small things even more than in great, is absolutely essential for the preservation of life. And we can trace the law under which this reward and punishment are administered. An effort involves a strain. If successful, there is an exhilarating nervous rebound, inasmuch as a shock to 'the temper' that fails to reverse its phase from pleasurable to painful invariably intensifies its pleasurableness—a law that explains such mysteries of human nature as the curiously mixed effects of tickling and our appreciation of the humorous and facetious. In all these cases there is something which 'shocks,' but fails to distress us. If, however, effort fails, our temper is not merely 'shocked,' but reversed into acute depression.

The exhilaration of success is felt as pride, the depression of failure as shame. That is to say, they become activated by a like or dislike of self, for pride is obviously self-admiration, and shame self-contempt. The conditions of attractedness and repelledness of which we are conscious as likes and dislikes are amongst the most fundamental elements of our physical nature. It is only when they contribute to the action of a stimulus that

it is effective. Repose, for instance, which attracts us when fatigued, is not tempting in other circumstances; music may be annoying instead of pleasing if we are not in a temper to appreciate it. And a liking for a thing is not merely essential in order that we may respond to its stimulation: it is a force that impels us to search for the thing; that is to say, it becomes a motive if its object is in the future. A few—very few—of our likes are innate. For the most part they are acquired through the influence of pleasure—evolution's instrument for the creation of new likes that incline us towards the things that cause the pleasure, and may be extended through analogies to other similar things. So we are constantly acquiring new 'tastes.' It is in accordance with this law that, as we ourselves are the cause of the exhilaration that follows successful effort, we are drawn to ourselves, through the duality of our nature, in the self-admiration of pride.

Success is so pleasurable, failure so painful an experience that our thoughts are constantly dwelling upon them, and we deduce from them ideas of various conditions that appear necessarily to proceed from them, and to be their qualities. If we are successful, we are superior or excellent, and since we may attain these distinctions by good birth, or good luck, as well as by effort, these advantages seem also to be 'successful.' We are also powerful, since our success may be repeated. We are, moreover, peculiar or notable, since superiority, or excellence, stands out from the common or normal. 'Nobility' is notability. Failure similarly gives rise to ideas that are the contraries of these—that is to say, to ideas of inferiority, weakness, and 'commonness.' All these ideas, being mental developments of success or failure, are as stimulating as success and failure themselves. If we feel ourselves to be excellent, powerful or peculiar, we are as exhilarated as we are by an actual success.

It is one of the mysteries of life that emotions which are stimulated by actual experiences should also be stimulated by recollections or ideas of these experiences. Here, again, we can discover a law which explains the mystery, if it does not unveil its ultimate causes. When two nervous conditions have co-operated with one another, whether simultaneously or in succession, the subsequent activity of one will restimulate, or resuscitate, the other. The most obvious illustration of this law is the process of memory in which one idea restimulates another because the two have been associated in perceptive or reflective experience, and have thus become 'familiarised' with one another. It is illustrated in our physical nature by the 'auto-suggestive' restimulation of emotions by the manner or behaviour that has been associated with them. Our dexterities, again, depend upon the automatic restimulation of one muscle nerve by another

which has habitually preceded it. So the recollection, or idea, of a stimulus—that is to say, its mental presentment—can revive an emotion which the stimulus has excited, because it accompanied the stimulus and, as its companion, became associated in succession with its emotional effects.

Accordingly a recollection or idea of success—or of a quality of success in superiority, excellence or power—restimulates the admiration that follows success, and this, too, irrespective of the personality which is successful, excellent, or powerful. If the success, excellence or power is our own, we admire ourselves; if it is another's, we admire him. The power of admiration is illustrated, in most striking fashion, by the development of sexual love. It is admiration of the excellent that transforms a mere physical craving into a passion of almost ethereal sublimity. With all justice, then, we term admiration 'intoxicating.' Love is, in fact, three parts admiration; and hence we use the word 'love' to express admiration pure and simple, such as that which is aroused by the majesty of God or the more excellent virtues.

Admiration and shame are not, however, the only emotions which originate from success and failure, or are stimulated by ideas that are derived from these experiences. We can trace respect, faith, disdain and pity to this source. They arise under the influence of the ideas of superiority and inferiority, which are of such poignant interest to all mankind. Being correlatives, one of these ideas suggests the other. If we admire another, he is our superior, and it follows that we are his inferiors. Accordingly our admiration for him is suffused with an element of gravity, and becomes respect—the admiring feeling of an inferior for a superior. Respect grows into faith when it is infused with the affection that we feel for one who is well disposed towards us. On similar lines, the emotions of disdain and pity can be traced to a revulsion from the emotional effects of another's distress, caused by the feeling that, in his misfortune, he is thereby inferior to ourselves. If we dislike him, this feeling of superiority passes into disdain. If, however, we like him, the feeling is unembittered by any antagonism, and moves us in kindly fashion towards him. Compassion is a benevolent feeling for an inferior in distress. And the revulsion caused by our superiority may suffice of itself to stimulate a like, and to render us pitiful towards those with whom we had no previous acquaintance. Being revulsive, pity is an agreeable feeling, and is used by dramatists and novelists as a sentimental charm. This explanation of the origin of humanity's noblest feeling must give our sentiments a shock. But, evolution being what it is, our motives must be judged in themselves and not in their parentage. It is no discredit to a butterfly that it began life as a caterpillar.

These emotions, being associated with superiority and inferiority, are extended to ourselves in moments of success and failure. So we become capable of respecting, despising or pitying ourselves. It might be urged that these 'introspective' feelings have, like pride and shame, a 'subjective' origin; that, if one side of us can admire or dislike the other, it can also feel itself superior or inferior to the other. But this puts a violent strain upon the possibilities of our duality. And in favour of the 'objective' origin of respect, faith, disdain and pity, there is the unquestionable fact that jealousy—which is respect corrupted by dislike—arises out of our 'objective' relations with others. For one cannot possibly be jealous of himself.

The stability of our social life entirely depends upon the association of ideas of excellence or power with others, and their effect in restimulating feelings of admiration, respect and faith; this is proved beyond doubt by the fact that unrest and disaffection thrust up their heads immediately when respect for State authority is lost in disillusionment—that is to say, as soon as men realise that their ideas of the power of the State are not founded upon fact. There then remains for the support of the Government only a prudential consideration—that it would be disadvantageous to rebel. This may suffice to hold in check a commercialised people—one that is accustomed to appraise conduct by its consequences. But for the impulsive or idealistic a Government that has lost respect has practically ceased to exist. Less important, but not less exciting, is our admiration for those who are skilful—that is to say, successful—in art or in games. And since their skill is a reality and is not accepted upon trust, our admiration for them is not liable to disillusionment. One may lose all respect for the State and still retain an ardent admiration for Charlie Chaplin.

So again in regard to things. We admire the great, the strong and the swift; the pleasure of motoring consists very largely in the exhilaration that is stimulated by the 'success' of velocity. The beautiful is the pretty and harmonious that is also excellent. But, since our standards of excellence vary, our ideas of the beautiful are inconstant, changing with the course of time (as illustrated by fashions in dress), and often differ very greatly from one people to another. Until recently the Chinese thought that a pigtail improved their appearance. For since, speaking generally, we accept our standards of excellence from those whom we respect, we can acquire tastes in food, dress and furniture by associating excellence *à la mode* (or even the excellence of peculiarity) with particular things. This, it seems, is the source of very many of the artificial tastes of civilisation, although they have also sprung in great measure from the refinement of sensibility that comes

from attentive exercise of the senses. So a tea-taster acquires his fine discrimination.

So far of ideas of present success, excellence or power in association with ourselves, with other persons and with things. When the ideas are of future successful possibilities they excite us expectatively instead of appreciatively; they stimulate effort and become the motives of ambition. The thought of a future possibility presents itself as an idea of consequences which is restimulated by a sensation or thought of its cause. Experience intimately associates causes with their effects, so that, immediately we perceive or think of an incident, an idea of its outcome takes shape. When the outcome is a triumph or a defeat, it becomes a motive of action through the desire or aversion that it stimulates. Motives of ambition are amongst the most imperious of driving forces. In adult life they can generally overpower so strong an emotion as sexual love, and even during youth can compete with it. How many are the men that can remember restless nights tossed between thoughts of their career and of a woman.

Success may take such numerous and varied forms that ambitions are protean in their diversity. And they are, further, complicated by the fact that success may be won in three methods: it may be achieved, suggested or reflected—that is to say, may be actual, may be implied in the behaviour of others towards us, or may be derived from the persons or things with which we are associated. We may achieve success in conflict with ourselves as well as with the persons and things of our environment, and to succeed in this internal antagonism is the stimulus of the ambitions that are called 'moral.' Self-antagonism may be either self-assertive or self-repressive. The former opposes dislikes, as courage fear, bravado nervousness. It is by defying the constraint of respect and obedience that one attains self-assertive 'liberty.' Self-repression, on the other hand, resists likes, or 'temptations'—a resistance that is illustrated by sobriety and humility, and, in its extreme, by asceticism.

Now all these efforts are phases of willing. In its most primitive phase, effort is the muscular expression of internal nervous discord—the active consequence of alarm, irritation or antagonism. It becomes voluntary when it is directed by ideas of success or failure. It is still stimulated by discord—the dissatisfaction that arises from the non-fulfilment of a desire; we make no effort when peacefully contented. But it is guided by anticipations of success or apprehensions of failure. If we scrutinise our efforts of will, we shall find that one or other of those ideas—or of their derivatives, superiority and inferiority, power and weakness—is in the background. The will appears to act arbitrarily and independently of a stimulus because success, superiority or power

may be won in such multitudes of different ways; the avenues leading to them are almost infinitely numerous. It is only natural that effort should be stimulated by the hope of some success or other. For an effort that fails is an effort wasted.

Willing, at its crudest, is the self-assertive 'wilfulness' of childhood, which is motivated by an irritated desire to manifest or 'show off' power. In a more complicated form this desire is the ambition that seeks success by becoming superior to others. Another phase of willing may be distinguished as 'tentative'; it manifests itself in the making of trials or experiments. Here again our object is success—success that is impeded by a doubt—and our experiment is a considered development of the instinctive effort of venture which is made by the most primitive of living creatures when in difficulties. We will 'deliberatively' when the success which is aimed at is to be attained through the comparison of certain courses, which must therefore be weighed one against the other in the scales of the future. This is only possible if action be delayed by an effort of will until hesitation is resolved by choice.

When ambition urges us, not against ourselves, but against other persons, things or circumstances, it uses them as instruments for the winning of success. When combativeness or emulation are not angry or jealous, they are means of obtaining the pride of victory. Those who are ambitious of discovering truth are encouraged by the thought that knowledge is power. And, since the means of winning success are many and various, ambition may take the most diverse complexions. It may be productive, acquisitive or constructive. It may even be destructive, for there is power in destroying things—even in criticising the efforts of others unfavourably.

The pride of success or superiority offers itself to us through suggestion when it is the outcome of our popularity, or the esteem in which we are held by others. To be popular is to be admired; to be esteemed is to be respected. We infer that we are popular or esteemed from the expressions of others or their behaviour towards us; in ourselves certain conduct is associated with ideas of success, and when this conduct is manifested by others towards us, it recalls an idea of success which restimulates our pride. This indirect success (or *succès d'estime*) is followed by a feeling of self-respect, and the two together constitute our 'honour.' Our 'dignity,' on the other hand, is a feeling of self-achieved success followed by a sense of being respected by others. Both ideas represent sequences of mental and emotional conditions. This is so with a large number of our concepts. What appears to be a 'state' is in reality a current of rapid, mutually restimulated changes in mind and body, comparable with the moving picture of a cinema, the component elements of which are gradually

isolated and named as they are apprehended by advancing intelligence.

The hope of winning success or self-complacency through the impressing of others is so powerful a motive that it is the particular origin of the word 'ambition.' We may be inclined to scoff at it. But it is the foundation of conventional morality, for, by inspiring us with a desire to be popular and 'respectable,' it renders us amenable to the force of convention. Man's likes and dislikes are in great measure habitual, and hence we can earn the esteem of our fellows by behaving conventionally as well as by talents, energy, heroism or riches. It follows that a respect for public opinion is the force that keeps society together. But we respect it only when it is the opinion of our fellows, of those who are identified with us in some way, since it is only in this case that their approval or disapproval associatively restimulates our pride or shame. The opinion of 'outsiders' affects us no more than the malevolent chatterings of a monkey-house. Hence the importance of social solidarity in preserving conventional morality. The criminal disposition arises in most cases from the offender's idea that there is nothing in common between him and respectable society. And the curious fact that cats are shameless, whereas dogs will betray their misdeeds by their conscience-stricken behaviour, may be attributed to a difference in breadth of identifying or classifying intelligence, in the faculty of appreciating analogies. A dog thinks of its master as identified in fellowship with itself; a cat always remains in a class apart.

Ambition is for 'reflected' credit when it would win the consciousness of success, superiority or power through association with the great or the powerful. So we may become 'honoured' by the acquaintance of the eminent or famous, by the holding of honorific offices, the possession of titles and decorations, and the wearing of fashionable clothes. Pride rather than appreciative enjoyment is the pleasure that comes from the owning of large houses, valuable pictures, and imposing equipages, and most of the pleasure that is given by wealth is the superiority that is 'reflected' by it upon its owner. For money is power. The desire for reflected superiority is what we mean by 'snobbishness,' whereas 'self-conceit' is the consciousness of superiority achieved, and 'vanity' that of superiority attained through the impressing of others.

The will may be stimulated by thoughts of failure as well as of success. Fear, although the contrary of hope, may impel us in the same direction. But, being urged by apprehension, our temper will lack the happiness of optimism. We owe to the fear of shame one of the most imperious of human motives—conscience, or the sense of obligation or duty. An obligation is an intention which cannot be forsworn without shame, or the equivalent of shame in a legal penalty, a material loss, or the disapproval of

our fellows. It becomes a duty when it is in pursuance of a general rule of conduct. Duty is safeguarded by the whisper of impending shame; this is what we mean by the 'voice of conscience.'

Now pass to a consequence of the admiration that is stimulated by success, excellence, or power which seems impossibly remote from its practical effects. It transforms the character of thought: for admiration is the chiefest of the emotions that kindle the imagination—that marvellous faculty which seems so remote from the purposefulness of life and the practical ends of evolution. So far from adapting us to our actual environment, it creates an environment of its own—a fairyland which transcends experience and does not conform to it, a world in which facts are supplanted by fancies.¹ Its influence upon our life is immense. A volume would be required to deal with its developments. But its nature is not so complicated as to defy description within the limits of this essay.

Of one 'law' we may be sure: that imaginative activity of the 'spontaneous' kind is the result of emotional excitement—that is to say, of high or low spirits. It is keenest during the excitable years of childhood, when a great part of life is spent in the imaginative fancies of 'play.' It reaches its height in delirium under the burning excitement of fever. We overlook this law because we can imagine deliberately as well as spontaneously. The brain is, in great measure, under the control of the will, and we can therefore voluntarily repeat any of its operations of which we are conscious. Accordingly we can set ourselves to imagine in cold blood, and much modern poetry is conceived in this practical fashion. But voluntary fancyings have little in common with the lively fantasies that are evoked by such emotional experiences as actuate the 'play' of childhood. Shelley recognises this truth in his *Ode to a Skylark*:

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know;
Such melodious madness
From my lips would flow.

All the world would listen as I am listening now.

The spontaneous poet must free his soul by expressing his feelings, and is tranquillised by their expression. The deliberate poet conjures with the analogies and metaphors that to enthusiastic imagination are merely instruments of expression; and his compositions, however skilful, lack the emotional quality which we appreciate as 'inspiration.' This is only given by warmth of feeling.

We may then infer that imagination is the product of surplus energy which reaches the brain and gives a peculiar turn to its activity. In fact, imagination and imaginative expression may be regarded as safety-valves for the discharge of an overflow of emotion. They act like our 'expressions of emotion'—our smiles

and frowns—which are also purposeless in themselves. They may be turned to useful purpose as a means of communication between one person and another. So may imaginative activity be used as an instrument for earning money. But these are evolutionary developments. In their inception, spontaneous imaginings are as unpractical as a dream, or the song of a bird; and we may reflect that the discharge of surplus energy may be the origin of much evolutionary change for which no purposeful cause can be discovered.

The imagination may be excited by such an emotion as fear. But it is admiration for the excellent or powerful that leads it to its climax in art and idealism. When the cause of admiration is an individual or thing, the resultant imaginings are decorative: they embellish their object by heightening its qualities—an exaggeration which is illustrated by the naïve boastfulness of self-conceit. They become creative when the cause of admiration is a quality which has no distinct existence of its own. The imagination endows it with a separate existence, working creatively in one or other of two methods, according as the quality is of our 'subjective' selves—that is to say, a quality of feeling—or is of our 'objective' environment—of a person, thing, action or utterance that is perceived by the senses. It personifies the former by endowing it with an illustrative appearance and the latter by endowing it with animative feeling. So it materialises the subjective and spiritualises the objective. Its creative activity is guided by more or less fanciful analogies. Shelley materialises his emotional responsiveness in appealing to the west wind to 'make me thy lyre, ev'n as the forest is'; in Browning's 'good gigantic smile o' the brown old earth' the earth is spiritualised by being animated with kindly feeling. It is a curious fact that our facial expressions of emotion follow the same law. They materialise feeling by manifesting it, and at the same time they spiritualise the external appearance by animating it. For an expressionless face lacks the charm of vivacity.

The materialising and spiritualising phases of imaginative activity are discernible through the various branches of art. Poetry may animate the objective, or illustrate the subjective. When dramatic it does both: it illustrates feeling by its characters, and animates its characters with feeling and thought. Painting and sculpture may illustrate feeling as in a picture or statue of Charity; when they portray actualities they are animative, for a portrait or landscape is imaginative only if it is infused with human feeling—if it shines with 'a light that never was on sea or land.' Music illustrates feeling; sound is fundamentally connected with feeling, inasmuch as various inflexions of the voice automatically express various kinds of emotion. Hence music owes something of its power to auto-suggestive influence.

Accordingly the imagination, whether it materialises or spiritualises, presents in mind a concrete embodiment of a quality of ourselves or our environment that excites admiration or pity by the excellence of success or the weakness of failure. We call this embodiment an 'ideal.' Hood illustratively idealised the pitifulness of sweated industry as a woman 'with fingers weary and worn'; Keats animatively idealised the decorations of a Grecian urn as a 'still unravished bride of quietness.' But this idealisation does not of itself suffice to liberate admiring excitement. For this some expressive activity is required. Ideals, whether objective or subjective, may be expressed artistically through imitative (or descriptive) action or speech, as in play, painting and poetry. Subjective ideals may also be expressed sympathetically (or 'romantically') by involuntary imitative feeling; so an ideal of mercy is expressed by feeling merciful, and merciful conduct follows as a matter of course. We become merciful because we admire the ideal of mercy; and admiration, as we well know, powerfully stimulates imitation.

Idealistic morality is, then, concerned, not with methods of behaviour, but with feeling. This prompts behaviour that is on a much higher plane than that which is governed by rules of morality. Idealism is far more potent than will power in the formation of character. We cannot control anger or jealousy by the will; we can merely control their manifestations, leaving them, it may well be, more bitter than before. But if an ideal of charity or generosity is before us, it can strike at the roots of our irritation, and can change our behaviour by affecting its cause.

To summarise this review. We owe, it seems, to the admiring exhilaration that is the consequence of success, firstly, the ties of loyalty that attach us to our superiors, the various affections that are called by the name of 'love,' and a vast number of our appreciative tastes, and, secondly, our conscious efforts of will and the ambitions which urge us to seek superiority—whether through achievement, through the admiration or esteem of others, or through the lustre that is reflected upon us by association with the excellent or great. And, further, since admiration is the cause of spontaneous imagination, we can trace back to the effects of successful effort the ultimate origin of imaginative art, and of the romantic in feeling and behaviour. Could there be a better illustration of evolutionary progress from the simple to the complex, from the seed to the flower? Recognising this law of development, we shall not feel that we humiliate some of the noblest attributes of mankind by tracing them to a lowly origin. Their excellence lies in themselves, not in their parentage.

BAMPFYLDE FULLER.

ENGLISH DIALECTS—A DEFENCE

COMMENT has recently been aroused by Mr. A. Parry Gunn's statement to Glasgow Rotarians that a local accent is a barrier against the best jobs. Mr. Gunn said: 'Only "neutral" English will enable anyone to keep the best jobs in the British Empire.' In reply to this is the statement of a leading educationalist (Mr. R. E. T. Ridout, Principal of the Education Department of the London Chamber of Commerce): 'Were people with dialects continually trying to talk the "neutral" speech of England, the effect would be artificial. They would be talking a stilted tongue, without history or tradition, and the whole effect would be pedantic. Are there no successful Scotsmen, Welshmen and Irishmen in England?'

Let us consider what these provincial speeches or dialects are, and try to mete out to them a better measure of justice. What relation do they sustain to the current English of educated men? Are they indeed but base perversions of it? Are they mere bastards, mere lawless degenerations, mere gross intruders? Everybody knows by experience that the language of every country varies amazingly in the different parts of the country; that it is by no means uniform, but multiform; that it changes wherever one goes, after the manner of the chameleon. In France, in Germany, in Spain, in Italy, the traveller is perpetually perplexed by this diversity. He flatters himself that he has a fair knowledge of German, for instance, that he has mastered the guttural, that he has subdued the genders, that he is proficient in the verbal arrangements. But his pride meets with a fall. He finds himself in the course of his wanderings amidst a German population whose talk he can scarcely understand, which certainly does not understand him. Those fine accomplishments which he had been wont to contemplate with such high satisfaction go for nothing. His pearls are cast before swine. He feels like some eminent master-bricklayer at the Tower of Babel, who all of a sudden found his men unintelligible to him, and himself to his men. His means of communication are abruptly cut off. His telegraph wires, so to speak, are broken. In going to and fro in his native country, the Englishman is never quite so completely embarrassed

and helpless. But even there he observes conspicuous differences between the language of different districts. He may observe them even in such few remarks as he hears on the railway platforms as his train lingers for a moment. If he leaves the railway and wanders through the towns and villages, he finds them in still more marked degree. The natives and he can still communicate with each other, but their accents, their verbal forms, their vocabularies, are by no means identical with his. Cockney, noting this variety, at once denounces the native as a clown or a base, unrefined savage. Cockney thinks himself justified in assuming a pharisaic air, and in thanking God that he is not as this clown. He plumes himself on his fine city English. He scorns the rude jargon of the countryside. He sharpens his wit at its expense. At the best he charitably pities those who speak it. In Wiltshire, Dorsetshire, Yorkshire, Lancashire, his delicacy is much afflicted, he marvels that such barbarisms should flourish. Even wiser travellers than Cockney judge somewhat harshly of our provincial dialects. They regard them as miserable corruptions of the language of the country—debasements that arise from ignorance, from a gross state of education, from an utter exclusion of all good society and refinement. They believe them to be a kind of weed that has sprung up and multiplied in out-of-the-way parts, signs of forlornness, obsolescence, desolation, not altogether devoid of interest and a certain wild merit, but still a weed. How far is this true of dialects, and what relation have they to current English?

A fresh interest will surely be taken in them if we know that they are *sisters*—own sisters—of our standard English, of precisely the same parentage as it, but of strangely different fortunes. They were born and reared under the same skies; they played side by side, so to say; they talked and sang together. But a grand separation at last took place. One of the sisters was preferred above the others. She was raised to a throne, while the others lived on in obscurity, grew old-fashioned, were looked down upon. To lay aside metaphor, there were spoken in England more than a thousand years ago different varieties or dialects of Anglo-Saxon. Each of them had its province where it was spoken and written, where it was the sovereign language. At last one of them was promoted from its provincial sovereignty to a national sovereignty. It was adopted as the one language of education and of literature. It was styled emphatically 'English.' The other dialects, however, though cast into the shade, did not die out. They ceased to be employed by educated people, but they were retained in use by the lower classes and are, indeed, those very 'corruptions' and 'jargons' that the traveller so constantly encounters. They could surely then have some claim to our consideration. They could boast once of a literature of their own. They, too, were patronised

by 'the nobility and gentry.' They once held up their heads as high as their now exalted sister. Reflecting on their decayed fortunes, they are entitled to some respect. They have not prospered in the world. They are gradually becoming extinct. The places that now know them will know them no more. Let us consider them while we may.

They are called dialects of English. If by English here is meant our standard English, then the phrase is misleading, as what we have said of their original coequality with our now standard English shows. But if English is used in a more general sense, to denote the general type to which all the lingual varieties of this country, both provincial and educated, belong, the phrase is sound. The word dialect is one continually misused. It is again and again confused with the word *patois*, and made to imply inferiority or deterioration, whereas it means primitively simply a language, afterwards and usually a variety of a particular language. Spanish, Portuguese, French, Italian, the Roman languages, may be called dialects of, and derived from, the Latin. Æolic, Doric, Ionic, Attic, were coequal Greek dialects. The languages of North and South Wales are Cymric dialects. The languages of the Scotch Highlands and of Ireland and of the Isle of Man are Gadhelic dialects. Perhaps the metaphor used above best expresses the dialectic relation: dialects are sisters of one house, or they are branches of one and the same tree. Let us then carefully remember what is meant by calling the provincial languages of England English dialects, that in calling them so we acknowledge them to be of as good blood and birth as that language to which we now arrogate the name English.

We will now consider more particularly the origin of our English dialects. They are certainly, in point of age, older than the Saxon invasion, that is, than the fifth century of our era. Like so many other things that are visible amongst us, they came into Britain with Hengist and Horsa, Cerdic, Uffa, Ida, and their countrymen. How they had come into being we have no information. They arose in the prehistoric times of Saxon history. But we may surmise that, like the dialects of other languages, they owed their origin to climatic, physical and cognate influences. Their birth-place was, perhaps, the coast of Northern Europe, or they may have been born even before the Angles and Saxons settled there. In any case, they had sprung up before those races, or strong detachments of them, passed over the sea to this country. So the speech of those conqueror settlers who founded the kingdom of Northumbria, for instance, differed somewhat from that of the founders of Wessex. This and analogous differences would rather wax than wane during the Anglo-Saxon times, for at first there was but little cohesion between the various Anglo-Saxon kingdoms,

and at a later period they were acted upon by dissimilar influences.

Some sort of loose confederation between the separate settlements there may have been and probably was, for, though they were made at divers times and in divers manners with no concerted effort, yet they were all alike exposed to the incursions and onslaughts of one common enemy, and a kind of defensive league would naturally be formed. At the head of this stood the Bretwalda. But our knowledge of this sovereign's prerogative and power is extremely meagre. Probably the headship was rather of a nominal (not therefore a useless) than an active kind. At all events, there is no evidence of any great combined action under his direction. Thus the kingdoms remained for some time isolated, each one quarrelling its own quarrels, fighting its own battles, living its own life. The spread of Christianity would do more than anything else to modify the effects of this isolation. The missionaries passing to and fro from kingdom to kingdom would prepare the way for a higher and nobler harmony than ever Egbert dreamt of. But, even with regard to their influence, we must remember that they belonged to two societies, so to speak. The Irish Kelt had, in an early century, embraced Christianity. He hastened forth from his island, where religion and learning flourished comparatively undisturbed by the fatal piracies of the age, which had blighted them in Britain. He preached the Gospel among the Picts and among his own kinsmen the Scots, and crossing the barriers that divided Kelt from Teuton, he preached it among the Northern Saxons. His apostleship was crowned with as glorious success in the north as Augustine's in the south.

As time rolled on the Angles and Saxons were exposed to the same raids and harassings which they had inflicted themselves three or four centuries before. The old pirates were assailed and ravaged by pirates. The Danes came down upon them. All the eastern coast especially was overrun by the fierce marauders. From the Thames to the Forth they slew and they burnt, but in the more northern part of the eastern side of the country their descents were more frequent and perpetual and ended in partial occupation. Many a town's name in Lincolnshire and in Yorkshire still denotes their terrible presence. A northern district presently bore their name. It was called Danelagh, or the Danes' territory. There can be no doubt that this language (one of kindred origin with English—a Gothic language) exercised a considerable influence upon that of the parts where they settled.

It will now be readily understood how the dialects of the north and the south, dating from the earliest Anglo-Saxon times, lived on and for some centuries grew, perhaps, still more marked and

distinct. In the course of time there developed an intermediate, a midland, dialect—intermediate not only locally, but in its character, with the southern extreme of the northern dialect and the northern extreme of the southern dialect meeting it. Thus there came to be in England three great classes of dialects, called in respect of their relative position northern, midland and southern, in respect of the chief kingdoms where they prevailed Northumbrian, Mercian and West Saxon. These three great classes exist in England until this day. But they are now talked only by the less educated classes in their respective districts, whereas in the old days the whole community, high and low, talked them. What we now call broad Yorkshire was the tongue of learned men once. In the primeval times gentlemen used the dialects of Dorset and Devon. Men were provincial and were not ashamed.

When the different kingdoms of the country were united under one ruler, and at length the title of 'Rex Anglorum' was assumed, the southern dialect, the dialect of Wessex, whose vigour and strength had brought about the union, gained a sort of ascendancy. It was the dialect spoken and written by King Alfred, the greatest literary spirit and power of the Anglo-Saxon times. It was, in a word, the dialect of the political and the literary centres of the island. Moreover, its position gave it certain advantages, as it belonged to that part of the country that enjoyed the closest connection with the continent, and naturally the higher civilisation from Cæsar's time downwards.

This ascendancy the southern dialect retained long after the Anglo-Saxon era. The Norman Conquest did not destroy it, though of course it superseded for a time the employment of the native language by the ruling classes; it made Norman-French the Governmental and the fashionable language. Our dialects were overclouded; but behind the clouds they shone on. They were but slightly affected by the temporary superfusion of a foreign language. The clouds soon began to break. As early as the reign of Henry III. there were signs that the tyranny was overpassing. In the following century the signs multiplied and were verified. The clouds were completely scattered. The native language stood out from the darkness that had long concealed or obscured it. It recovered its old empire, and was once more the universal tongue of the country. Englishmen once more talked and wrote English. In the fourteenth century, when this grand triumph was completed, we find the three dialects, whose origin I have described, flourishing with many varieties in their old provinces. The three sisters, to use my former metaphor, were all sitting in the house and singing. Each dialect could boast of a vigorous literature. Each had romances, or versions of romances;

allegories, or versions of allegories; chronicles, or versions of chronicles; Biblical paraphrases or versions of songs, of its own.

There is a very curious passage on this subject in Higden's *Polychronicon*, a chronicle written after the middle of Edward III.'s reign, written in Latin, but translated into English very shortly after its appearance. This passage shows how vividly distinct the speeches of England were about 1360—the time of the full dawn of modern English literature, when our first great modern English prose-writer and our first great modern English poet were both living, the former growing old, the latter approaching his prime.

Such was the state of things dialectic some five centuries ago. Chaucer himself observed our dialects to some extent, as appears from his *Canterbury Tales*—from the Reeve's Tale, where he puts in the mouth of one of his north-country clerks, a native of Strother (in the north-west part of the deanery of Craven, where the Northumbrian dialect rather preponderates over the Anglian), certain Yorkshire glosses. In a book published by the University of Oxford, called *Specimens of Early English*, will be found extracts from each of the three leading dialects, from each one of the trinity of literature.

It was in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries that the pre-eminence to which I have adverted was gained by one of the three dialects, that one of them became especially, and at last overpoweringly, the literary language of the country; the others became provincial as opposed to national. The one that so triumphed was the midland.

This was, as we have seen, probably the latest born of the three, but it was certainly the mother dialect of the standard English of to-day. No one who reads the old midland writings, or who visits to-day the midland counties and observes the speech of the country-people there, how little it deviates from the English of educated persons, will doubt this relation. The supremacy which had once belonged to Wessex was transferred to Mercia. How this transference came to pass is a question not yet thoroughly sifted and investigated. The intermediate character of the central dialect would obviously give it a wider popularity than either extreme could be expected to enjoy. At Cambridge, at Oxford, and in London, at which three places, above all others, all the dialects would encounter and modify and influence each other, we may well suppose that the intermediate, the compromising, dialect would presently predominate; and these three places, as the seminaries of education, whose scholars would in due course be dispersed from one end of the land to the other, or as the great centre of commercial, social, legal, political life, the one common resort of all men, the heart of the nation, would exercise

the widest influence on the language of the country at large. The introduction of the art of printing into this country, in Edward IV.'s reign, would obviously conduce to the establishment of one general dialect. Books would then circulate all over the kingdom in one common form. Before then books were re-edited, as I have hinted, in the various dialects. Every scribe adapted the work he copied to the idioms of the province for which his copy was intended. Every man did in this respect that which was right in his own eyes. The printing press put an end to these varieties.

The adaptation of the Middle English as the national English is thus completed by the close of the fifteenth century. That dialect, developed, modified, by Latin, French and other influences, subjected to the changes and chances to which all languages are exposed, getting gains, suffering losses, has since that time been what we call the English language, the standard English of our literature, the English that is taught (or untaught) in our schools and is spoken (or supposed to be spoken, by a polite fiction) by all educated English-speaking people.

The overshadowing, then, of the northern and southern dialects dates, loosely speaking, from the establishment of Caxton's printing press at Westminster. The uniformity that resulted from that momentous event was unfriendly to them. They paled before the growing light of the preferred dialect; they were utterly eclipsed; they lost caste, became poor relations, no longer moved in the best society. But though in literature their decline and fall transpired suddenly, in private life they flourished for many a day. At a time when the population of the country was mainly sedentary, when men for the most part lived and died where their fathers and forefathers had lived and died, when there were no great internal rushings to and fro, when a journey to London was a tremendous undertaking and most persons never dreamed of attempting it, when books were costly and found but a comparatively limited market—during this time the provincial dialects would remain fairly undisturbed within their own precincts; they would still survive there as the media of general intercourse; the old accents, and forms, and words would still prevail. When the country gentleman did visit the metropolis, his speech would betray him as surely as did that of the Galileans when they went up to Jerusalem, as did that of the Bœotians when they resorted to Athens. But in the course of years, when the internal communications of the country improved, the interprovincial intercourse quickened, and the metropolitan influence spread as the unity of the nation grew and ripened. Then the country dialects would sink lower and lower in the social scale, and the ambition to speak the standard English

would grow greater and greater, till at last, as we see, dialects were left altogether to the remote country districts and the 'standard English' affected by the better educated. The languages of Alfred, of Hampole, of the old northern and southern literatures, lived but in the mouths of so-called clowns and clodpoles.

Not, of course, that they have not changed. Let no one fancy that he will find the country-folk of Berkshire talking to-day the identical, unmodified language that King Alfred talked, or that he may still hear on the banks of the Severn the speech used by Piers the Ploughman, or that near Doncaster he may 'sit under' a sermon written in the dialect of *The Pricke of Conscience*. No; languages are ever changing, ever on the wing. Our standard English, for all the many influences that act on it to make it stationary, yields yet to other changeful influences. So, no doubt, our present provincial dialects have altered much. They have gone on ageing, according to the great laws that regulate organic lingual life, that appoint and order its perpetual metamorphosis. They have perchance lost vigour, grown dim-eyed and grey-haired, and sadly feeble in all their limbs. They have almost been improved away in many places, in others have been strangely 'translated' or transmuted. A singular example of the latter change is afforded by the dialect of Kent. When in *King Lear*, in the 'fields near Dover,' Oswald, Goneril's steward, attempts to attack poor eyeless Gloucester, Edgar, dressed as a peasant, and on occasion talking like one, interposes:

OSWALD. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence;
Lest that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

EDGAR. Ch'll not let go, zir, without varther 'casion.

OSWALD. Let go, slave, or thou diest.

EDGAR. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor volk pass. And chud ha' been zwagger'd out of my life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come not near the old man; keep out, che vor'ye, or ise try whether your costard or my batton be the harder; ch'll be plain with you.

OSWALD. Out, dunghill!

EDGAR. Ch'll pick your teeth, zir; come, no matter, vor your foins.

There are easily recognisable in the speeches of Edgar here peculiarities that now distinguish rather the dialects of the more western counties of Southern England. We might be apt to set them down to Shakespeare's ignorance, if we did not find them in undoubtedly genuine specimens of the genuine old Kentish dialect, as *The Ayenbite of Inwyt*, for example. We see then how greatly the dialect of the county has changed since Shakespeare's time. If any county might be mentioned as especially liable to dialectic

change, that county would manifestly be Kent. Elsewhere great changes, though perhaps not so considerable as in Kent, have passed over the common speech.

I have said that when one dialect became supreme the literary age of the others passed away. And so, with a few exceptions, it did. But the Scottish variety of the northern dialect—for, with all due deference to the shades of Pinkerton and Jamieson, Scottish too is an English dialect—flourished as a literary language long after the close of the fifteenth century, the most glorious user of it being Burns. And in England, too, the dialects have found their patrons, Waugh and Barnes, no mean poets; the former wrote in the Lancashire dialect (a variety of the old Mercian or midland), Barnes in the Dorsetshire (a variety of the old West Saxon or southern).

Several counties are justly proud of their traditional dialects, as evidenced by county and London associations. One of the first and strongest of these societies, of which the Earl of Shaftesbury and Mr. Thomas Hardy are members, grows more vigorous each year, and is known as the Society of Dorset Men.

The *Dorset Year-book*, printed for the most part in the 'local accent,' is certainly one of the best dialectic magazines published, and is immensely popular.

In conclusion, those who regard dialect with supercilious scorn are often apt to think that those who speak it are deficient in intelligence. Those who have lived in Devon and in other country districts know how untrue this is. The speaker of dialect is generally employed in agricultural work, which requires skill, and is of national importance.

I think I have said enough to show that our provincial dialects deserve more respect and attention than they generally receive. If we remember, in addition, their influence upon many of our great writers, who, writing in the standard dialect, yet, brought up amongst them, show signs of their early associations and their influence consequently upon our standard English; if we remember, too, their influence upon many varieties of our language that are now spoken in distant countries—in America, in Australia, and elsewhere—I think that everybody will allow the real dignity and importance of dialects that are too often stigmatised as miserable barbarisms, and that those who speak them are not lacking in intelligence.

H. J. GUBBINS.

THE PRESS ASSOCIATION AND ITS WORK

FAMILIAR as may be the name of the Press Association to the millions of newspaper readers, who see it quoted from time to time in the news columns, probably few people outside the journalistic profession know much of its origin and work, for, although so closely concerned with the publicity which results from the ceaseless circulation of news, it has rarely had occasion to say anything about itself. Yet the P.A., as it is usually called throughout 'newspaperdom,' possesses a by no means uninteresting history.

Its foundation was the outcome of an important piece of State Socialism nearly sixty years ago, namely, the taking over and working of the telegraphs of the country by the Government, a step which in course of development led also to the Post Office monopoly of the telephone. When Parliament, in 1868, was considering the Bill for the acquisition of the two existing electric telegraphs companies, which—like the National Telephone Company in later days—embodied the efforts of private enterprise to work with more or less success the scientific discoveries in methods of communication by electrically energised lines, the Government had found it essential to consult the Press of the country on an important point. The existing companies not only transmitted but collected news. They organised and supplied parliamentary, commercial, and other services, and also reports of leading speeches, and in particular did a good deal for the provincial papers.

As it seemed undesirable that the State should continue this function, the promoters of the measure recognising the obvious disadvantages, not to say impropriety, of the Post Office—a Government department—becoming responsible for news collection, the representatives of the provincial Press in the negotiations with the heads of the Post Office prior to the passing of the Act saw that they would have to look elsewhere for their news once the State began to work the telegraphs. They were assured that, as regards telegraphic transmission, they would be treated at least as well as, and at no higher cost than, under the old companies; indeed, there was a confident expectation that in both respects

they would be served better. Thereupon they decided to form their own news-collecting organisation, and under the guiding hand of their most prominent men, including such notable figures of the time as Mr. John Edward Taylor, of the *Manchester Guardian*, Sir John Jaffray, Bart., of the *Birmingham Post*, and Mr. Frederick Clifford, Q.C., of the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*, the Press Association came into being in the same year as the Act was passed. The agency thus set up in such new and unique circumstances was endowed with a carefully thought-out constitution resting on a co-operative basis and designed to make it representative of every class of newspaper, morning, evening and weekly. That the men who started it on these lines possessed great faith, large vision, and sound business instincts is shown by the fact that, although the articles of association were brought up to date four years ago in order to meet the changes in company law of the last half-century, the principles originally laid down for the government of the Association are, broadly speaking, those still followed to-day with, one ventures to claim, considerable success.

In order to qualify for membership a paper must own a fixed number of shares, according to whether it is a morning, evening, tri-weekly, bi-weekly, or weekly issue. A morning paper requires twice as many as an evening, and six times as many as a weekly. The morning paper qualification also covers—without extra shares—an evening paper published by the same proprietary at the same office. No paper can acquire more or less than the prescribed total. No dividends are paid, because the underlying idea is that the members, having provided the capital, prefer their news at cost price instead of receiving a dividend. The members of the governing body are not styled directors, but are known as the committee of management. The committee at first numbered five, and each member served for five years, one retiring automatically at the end of his term, and not being eligible for immediate re-election. Now the number is seven, and the term seven years, so that the same effect is still produced—the entrance of a new man every year; in other words, the regular infusion of new blood. The chairmanship is an annual appointment, each member becoming deputy chairman at the beginning of his fourth year of office and chairman during his fifth year. At the conclusion of the seven years' term an extremely interesting and, it is believed, unparalleled system in a limited liability company comes into play. The retiring member passes to a body known as the consultative board, again for a fixed term; and the members of the board—corresponding in a way to the Elder Statesmen of Japan—sit with the committee regularly twice a year, or at other times as well if desired by the committee, in an advisory and consulta-

tive capacity. This feature in the Association's constitution introduces an element of stability and usefulness which has frequently proved of the highest value.

The Telegraphs Act was passed in 1868 by Mr. Disraeli's Administration, but it did not come into effective operation until February 5, 1870, when at 5 a.m. the Post Office opened its door for the transmission of private and press-rate telegrams. Simultaneously, on the stroke of the hour, the Association handed in the first Press message handled by the Post Office, this having been prepared by the late Mr. (afterwards Sir) Edmund Robbins, who, starting as one of a very small staff of sub-editors, was later secretary of the Association for a few years, and from 1880 to 1917 manager. It would be an affectation on the part of the writer, his son, to ignore the work done by Sir Edmund during his thirty-seven years as manager in building up the reputation and extending the scope and usefulness of the Association. His name is held in high honour in the newspaper world, and a bronze tablet to his memory, which Lord Burnham unveiled in 1923, in St. Bride's, the parish church of Fleet Street, was a tribute from his fellow-journalists in London and the country.

While created and owned by the provincial Press, the Press Association has, from the first, supplied its services to the London papers, which have always been very large customers. Its London service is taken by every metropolitan morning, evening, and Sunday paper, and is one of the most remarkable news supplies ever brought into existence. Reports of happenings, meetings, conferences, deputations, and verbatim reports of all the principal political speeches in London are comprised in this service, as well as a vast amount of miscellaneous matter, including interviews, the result of special inquiries by a large staff, and a glance through a single day's 'copy,' which frequently aggregates many columns, every slip typed on a greenish-headed paper, reveals how much is continually going on in the capital, even in what are considered quiet times.

The founders of the Association were called upon to settle many important questions, and their decision had a powerful influence on its subsequent career. One of them was in regard to foreign news. Should it appoint correspondents abroad and obtain its own intelligence, or should it ally itself with the already existing and successful organisation started in London in 1851 by the late Baron Julius de Reuter, perhaps the most famous figure in the history of agency enterprise in the Victorian era, and the pioneer in a new and little-understood branch of journalism, in which he lived to see his own venture become the greatest of the kind in the world? Mr. de Reuter, as he then was, made proposals to the Association to hand over to it his service of foreign telegrams for

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exclusive use in the British Isles outside London, and a contract was entered into between the two bodies which has been renewed regularly ever since, and under the provisions of which the Association furnishes its own news service to the allied company. Reuter's is a world-wide affair, with headquarters in London, and is linked up with the principal agencies in the two hemispheres. Thus, as in this country with the Press Association, it is connected in France with the Agence Havas, Italy with the Stefani Agency, Spain with the Agencia Fabra, Japan with the Kokusai Tsushinsha, and the United States with the Associated Press, to mention only a few. But Reuter's does not by any means depend upon these associated enterprises for its material. It possesses its own organisation and offices throughout the British Empire, and in many other parts of the globe, employing therein staffs of varying dimensions, and is also represented in countless other places by regular and occasional correspondents. Little of real importance can happen in any part of the world without its being promptly recorded in a 'Reuter's telegram,' though the term 'telegram' may now mean telephone or wireless transmission.

The alliance between Reuter's and the Press Association has become closer with the passing of years, and in 1891 there was an interesting development in respect of matter supplementary to what is known as Reuter's ordinary service. A special service was instituted, organised and collected by Reuter's, but divided as to cost between the two agencies. This in the London papers appears as 'Reuter's special service,' but, being a partnership product, is in the provinces quoted as 'Press Association Foreign Special,' being consequently unlike the main Reuter service, which, whether in London or the country, has always to be acknowledged as Reuter's, although handled for and sent to the provincial Press by the Association.

In addition to its journalistic staff in London of nearly a hundred and comprising a large number of sub-editors and reporters at the head office and separate staffs for Parliament and the Law Courts, and racing, cricket, football, golf, and sports, the Association enlists the co-operation of some 1500 accredited correspondents in London and throughout the country. Usually, of course, the correspondent is a journalist on a newspaper, but among the non-journalists have been found men in various walks of life—town clerks, ministers, schoolmasters, law workers, business men. In a few instances women do the work. By telegraph or telephone, these correspondents communicate to the Association's headquarters, Byron House, Fleet Street, every happening of general interest in their respective districts. Mostly a short message suffices, as there is so much ground to be covered every day, but if the event is important the account of it is

extended either at the initiative of the correspondent himself or in response to an urgent request from London for so many more hundred words, or when it is really 'big' news, such as a serious railway, mining, or other disaster involving great loss of life, for 'everything you can send.' In the case of very important occurrences, one or more of the Association's own reporters is despatched as speedily as possible to the scene. The Association offices are never closed from one year's end to another, and a staff is always on duty.

Besides numerous messages from regular correspondents and the 'copy' from its own staff, a quantity of material flows into the office daily from many different quarters; Government departments, societies and institutions, philanthropic and other organisations, commercial and industrial firms, private individuals of all classes, from time to time communicate information for circulation, knowing that the Association will, if the matter is suitable, send it to the papers. Not infrequently the communications from new-comers are accompanied by an inquiry as to the charge the sender will have to pay for such circulation, to which the invariable reply is given that the Association accepts no payment whatever for handling information which the contributor desires to see published, but relies upon the subscriptions from the papers receiving its news services. The test always applied to communicated matter is threefold: Is it news of public interest, is it trustworthy, and is it properly authenticated? The matter may possess an advertising or quasi-advertising flavour, and if an obvious advertisement the thing is, of course, 'turned down.' The Press Association has nothing to do with the advertising side of the newspaper industry; its sole concern is news; and if a particular matter successfully passes the test described above it is accepted, and no one can suggest that any monetary consideration has influenced the decision.

Communicated matter often—and necessarily—requires explanation by the contributor, not, of course, for publication, but as evidence of good faith and to state perhaps the reason why publicity is desired. These confidences are at times almost embarrassing; they are not unusually extremely interesting. Indeed, if published they would be much more readable than the news itself, but, needless to relate, they are most scrupulously respected.

In 1906 the Press Association joined forces with the Exchange Telegraph Company in setting up for the provinces a joint telephone service of racing, cricket, and football, which, under the arrangement between the two agencies, is distributed by the Exchange in London. The latter, though not so old as the Association, dates from the early 'seventies, and is known to many people by

reason of its Stock Exchange prices and news tape machines, which are to be found all over the City and the West End, as well as, of course, in Fleet Street. It has always held a high reputation for quick news; and the combination of the two agencies in the telephonic field, in which the Exchange was a very early pioneer, has produced a service of sporting results and other matter, the collection and distribution of which are marked by a rapidity unequalled in any other country in the world. A brief account of the methods adopted for dealing with racing may prove interesting.

One man is placed where he can overlook the winning post, and particularly the board on which are exhibited the numbers of the runners, and later on those of the first, second, and third horses. The position of this observer varies. Sometimes he has to be on the roof of the Grand Stand. A colleague is stationed at a telephone situate in a building, or temporarily affixed to a telegraph pole, and trains a telescope on the first man. The nearest centre—there are nearly a dozen of these offices in England and Scotland—holds a telephone line open to this instrument, and is also in immediate telephone connection with one or more of the other centres. The further centres are similarly in touch with each other, while every centre is also in communication, either by telephone calls, private telephone lines, or tape machines, with the offices of newspapers, clubs, and commission agents. The observer passes on what he sees by what is known as 'tick-tacking,' an elaborate system of signalling by means of movements of both arms, in which obviously he must be very expert, his colleague also needing to be equally adept in reading the signals, so that he can recognise them through this telescope and translate them into the telephone to the centre without a second's delay. If, as in the case of some racecourses, the telephone is some distance away, an intermediate man is required to receive and pass on the signals. This, for example, occurs at Goodwood, where the telephone is about two miles from the observer.

After the list of starters (runners) has been 'shown' by the observer and telephoned, there is an interval until the passing of the very important signal which denotes the 'off.' The length of the race being, of course, known, it is easy to estimate when to expect the result, and everybody is intently listening or watching for the name of the winner to come through. This, like the second and third horses, which follow after a momentary pause, is communicated by its appropriate number from the course to the centre, and there the numbers are transformed into the names. Then comes the 'short betting,' meaning the starting prices on the first, second, and third horses, followed as rapidly as possible by the 'long betting,' consisting of the quotations on the rest of the runners. Any incident, as, for example, a fall in a 'sticks' (hurdle) race, the

refusal of a horse at a jump, or the announcement on the board that an objection has been lodged, is also 'tick-tacked.' In wet, dull, and misty weather the task becomes extremely difficult, but when a good view is obtainable the observer is not infrequently able to signal the result from his own sight of the finish without waiting for the board to display it. It is no exaggeration to say that so rapidly is everything done that at times the result is disseminated throughout the country almost before the winning horse has pulled up.

Football and cricket grounds are also in touch with the nearest centre, and the half-times and finals and—in the case of cricket—the scores at regular periods are obtained and distributed with the same celerity as racing. A Saturday afternoon in the football season when, as sometimes happens, a couple of race meetings are taking place the same day, provides a period of the utmost pressure.

The complaint, heard occasionally, that the Press is lacking in care, and consequently makes frequent mistakes, is not justified either as regards agencies or newspapers. The critics do not know the tremendous liability to error arising from causes over which the reporter or sub-editor has little or no control—badly placed reporters' seats, contradictory statements by eye-witnesses of the same event, careless expressions or actual slips by speakers, omissions or errors which occur in telegraphic transmission, or in passing news by telephone, despite 'repeating back'—and when the telephone is buzzing or faint the difficulty is intensified. And how easy it is to go wrong in summarising rapidly into small dimensions a long and involved speech or the evidence and judgment in a complicated law case!

Even after a date or fact has been checked by a book of reference, accuracy is not always obtained, as the book itself may be innocently misleading. Only a few months ago in the Press Association's experience a well-known, very useful, and usually thoroughly dependable work of this kind gave a couple of errors in the same issue. Those who carp at the Press are unaware of its unceasing watchfulness to detect mistakes. Journalists develop a sort of sixth sense and, like witch doctors, seem to have a faculty for 'smelling out' anything erroneous. But the utmost vigilance sometimes fails. The mistake may be made by the contributor himself. A well-known duke in sending the Press Association the announcement of his engagement many years ago showed a surprising ignorance of the way to spell the name of his *fiancée*. He had first written it incorrectly, then obviously tried to alter the spelling, and finally crossed out the word and interpolated another rendering. The sub-editor was 'taking no chances,' so he settled the point by looking up a reference work. Another

instance which one recalls related to a very famous man whose death a few years later in circumstances of the greatest tragedy created a world sensation. His wedding was fixed for the following week, and as it would interest many people, he desired a brief announcement of the arrangements for the ceremony to be made the next morning through the Press Association. He mentioned the day of the week and the date of the month, but they did not coincide; he was a day out. There was no chance of communicating with him, and on the assumption that a man might go wrong over the date, but would surely know the day of his wedding—seeing that it was less than a week ahead—the paragraph went out with the date altered to suit the day. This, however, proved wrong; the date he had mentioned was accurate, but the day of the week wrong.

Official *communiqués* sometimes err. While the recent General Election was in progress a member of the old House was styled 'M.P.' in an important announcement. Technically, of course, nobody can be so designated after a dissolution until he has been re-elected. The agencies and the papers 'spotted' the anachronism, but had the mistake been theirs some lynx-eyed reader would have joyfully written to the editor to correct it. Worse still was the remarkable error of another Government department about the same time, which in sending the Press Association a reference to its retiring parliamentary head actually spelt his name wrongly. The sub-editor might have been excused for accepting the official version, but an appeal to a work of reference put matters right. In this connection there is remembered by the staff a little incident in which a high official figured. A letter of congratulation on his new appointment brought a polite response, the sting of which, however, lay in the suggestion that in the circulation of the announcement an unfortunate mistake had crept in. The complaint was justified, but not against the Association, for the error had been made in the telegraphic transmission by the Post Office, his own department. This story is also a reminder of the trouble which once arose over a Press Association special report of the Postmaster-General of the day, not in the matter of an error, but as regards very heavy delay in transmission. Whether any harassed official committed hari-kari to appease the wounded feelings of his chief has never been disclosed.

Among the most noted activities of the Press Association the reporting of leading political speeches has from the first held a prominent place. Support is obtained by means of offers to the papers of specials of a certain length—half a column, three-quarters, and up to a column, with an occasional two columns or a full verbatim. Where a verbatim is offered, a separate column or three-quarters is also done, and sometimes 'points' as well for the sake

of leader-writers. The demand for verbatims, though by no means dead, is nothing like it was, and in the late General Election fewer were done than in previous campaigns. The favourite amount is half a column, and a good deal can be got into a 'Press Association half.' The Association's staff goes to all parts of the country on its special reporting missions, and as some public men frequently choose most out-of-the-way places for their important deliveries, the very limited telegraphic or telephonic facilities available add to the difficulties of the work. In the old days, when everything was done telegraphically, the Post Office used to make special provisions to deal with these offered reports, sending additional telegraphists and installing Wheatstone apparatus temporarily in order to send the matter direct to the newspaper offices in London and the provinces. Good however as the department usually was in this work, the method was not sufficiently speedy, particularly in view of the much earlier publication of morning papers; and though the public wire, as it is termed, is still employed, latterly it has become almost the practice for the reporters to telephone from their shorthand notes to London, sub-editors in sound-proof boxes taking down the report in shorthand either singly or in relays, and then rapidly dictating to typists, who operate on wax stencils for roneoing purposes. The London papers are thus supplied with type-written 'copy'—a much more convenient form than the old Post Office flimsies—while to the provincial Press receiver it is transmitted over the Association's private wire system, to which reference will be made later. The combination of a reporter transmitting and a sub-editor receiving makes, of course, for greater accuracy, and better work generally. Though the telephone authorities do their best, telephone transmission when the lines are bad or when the report is coming from some far-off or inaccessible place, involving a good many wires being linked up, is a most trying matter both to reporter and sub-editor, and the latter has been known to emerge from the box, after straining his hardest to get down what his colleague is dictating, with beads of perspiration standing on his forehead. A case in point was a speech made by the ex-Prime Minister at Lossiemouth, N.B., during the recess, which proved one of the most trying telephone tasks of the kind ever achieved. During the recent General Election campaign the Press Association did specials of over 300 speeches, the great majority being received by telephone, and in this large number only a single error occurred: the omission, through mishearing on a poor line, of the word 'not' from a sentence in which the context did not seem to call for the negative term. The Cabinet Minister thus innocently misreported took the affair in excellent part and was content with the circulation of an explanatory correction.

Besides speeches other matters covered by special reports com-

prise the annual or periodical conferences or meetings of the chief political, trade union, religious, and professional organisations, inquests and other official inquiries, serious railway and other disasters, ceremonial visits by the King and Queen and the Prince of Wales, and the hearing of notable civil and criminal cases. The record in recent times for length of report was reached during the hearing of the now famous *Robinson v. Midland Bank* case by Lord Darling last November, when as much as eight to twelve columns per day was issued, not as specials, but in the Association's law service. The trials of the Frenchman, Vaquier, and Mahon, the Crumbles bungalow murderer, last summer, yielded several columns each day; but, absorbing as they were, they did not equal the 'Mr. A.' case in public interest.

While, as already shown, the Press Association is availing itself of telephonic transmission, its main method of distribution is still, as at first, telegraphic. But despite the rapid advances in the science of telegraphy, and the introduction by the Post Office of high speed and other apparatus of modern type, the average time of transmission of Press messages did not seem to show a corresponding improvement. With the exception of brief messages, telegrams generally took an hour to reach the papers, and this became a kind of standard with which the Press had to be content. At busy times, however, or under adverse weather conditions affecting the wires, the period of an hour was considerably extended, and owing to these delays much telegraphed matter reached evening as well as morning papers too late for use. Simultaneously, for various reasons, papers had to go earlier to press, and the apparent hopelessness of expecting anything substantially better from the Telegraphs Department, coupled with a heavy increase in the Press rates which came into force at the opening of 1920, led the Press Association in that year to enter upon the most important enterprise in its recent history, namely, the leasing and working of private telegraph wires for the transmission of its news supplies to the country. From the early days of its ownership of the telegraphs the Post Office had declared that Press work was growing more and more unremunerative—an assertion never accepted by the Press—whereas the rates the department charged for private wires were avowedly profitable. The leading provincial newspapers had long rented their own wires from London, but until late years such an arrangement was officially denied to a news agency. Starting in the spring of 1920 with an experimental circuit to South Wales and the west of England—which proved highly satisfactory—the Association has now built up a remarkably successful private wire system consisting of a number of circuits requiring some 3000 miles of wires, over 40 per cent. of the total mileage being underground and the rest overhead.

Radiating from the headquarters of the Association at Byron House, these wires are linked either direct or by means of retransmitting centres at Bristol, Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds, and Glasgow, with practically every evening and morning paper in the British Isles, the terminal points including Plymouth, Swansea, Aberdeen, Cork, and Belfast. The two main north trunk routes—London to Manchester and London to Leeds—are made up of five separate lines, and various connections provide an alternative way in case of breakdowns involving serious 'line trouble.' Results of races and a few other brief messages are 'keyed' by Morse sounders, but the bulk of the work is done by means of the Creed automatic transmitters, receivers (also called reperforators) and printers. The various news services and reports sent out by the Association are first transformed by 'punchers,' who operate key-board instruments resembling typewriters, into long reels of perforated slip, and the latter is run through the transmitters at a speed of 120 to 130 words a minute, and comes out in the reperforators at the newspaper offices in exactly the same form. The slip is then converted by means of the printers into typescript tape which is 'gummed up' on sheets of paper for sub-editorial treatment before passing on to the linotype operators. In various respects, and notably for its compactness and the large number of offices linked into the aggregate wire mileage, the Press Association's system is unique, although it cannot compare in total wire length with the leased lines of the Associated Press of America, where distances between towns are so much greater than in this country. On occasions a 'rush' message, embodying in brief terms an important piece of news suddenly arising or anxiously awaited, is sent from Byron House to every subscriber within about sixty seconds—a wonderful achievement when it is remembered that in a few cases there are two centre retransmissions. The quick receipt in London of important news from the provinces is another great advantage which the Press Association derives from its own telegraphic system. Only the other day news of a most unusual accident in a provincial town reached Byron House in this way from a neighbouring place, and, being swiftly circulated over all its wires, gave the local paper the first word that a serious occurrence had taken place almost at its office doors.

H. C. ROBBINS.

ELECTION PSYCHOLOGY

A FEW reflections upon election psychology may not be out of place now that the drums of victory are dying away. It is well for victors as well as the defeated to learn their lessons. Personally I am under no delusions that the votes given to me or my party were the normal strength of the Conservative voting power. It is my view that the tidal wave of Conservative triumph was largely caused by the patriotic zeal of those many Liberals in the country who put aside petty party considerations in order to defeat Communism and Socialism. Personally I know men of the old Liberal faith, who worked hard and valiantly for the Liberal cause under Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Asquith, and during a long life of forty or more years of active partisanship have never given a Tory vote, voted for me at this last election. In many cases, to take such a step was a brave action. It endangered old political friendships, and more it created new political enmities. The votes, therefore, given to the Conservative Party were not so much Conservative votes as anti-Socialist, Constitutionalist and National votes. The electorate saw a danger to our nation and our Empire, and they were determined to meet this danger. They saw the engine of state rushing along the track at express speed in face of the red light signal, and they promptly but firmly applied the brakes, bringing the engine to a full stop.

Now this is exactly where further danger lies. An express train does not draw up before the red light to remain standing, as thus it would never reach its destination. If the simile is to be followed to its logical conclusion, the signal-box when the track is safe shows the green light, and the train proceeds with all speed to its destination. That is exactly what we of the Conservative Party must recognise. We have succeeded in bringing the engine of state to a standstill in the face of the Socialistic red light. That does not mean that we can adopt a reactionary and standstill policy. We must have a progressive social policy to prove that we can and will improve the lot of the working people. I agree entirely with the Earl of Birkenhead in his recent speech in which he said that if the Conservative Party is sane, we are in

power for five years, and if we are clever, for ten years. I will go further. If we are very clever, we can kill the Socialist Party as a separate entity for ever. After all, where does the strength of the Socialist Party lie? Surely in the discontent of the people. The Socialist on his democratic orange-box or his respectable platform does not argue about Socialism. He talks vaguely about the profits of industry going to the community instead of to the individual, but he never seriously argues his case. His main theme consists of cheap sneers at the expense of the employing class, mostly of course quite untrue and unfair. His next plea is to send one of his own class to look after working-men interests in Parliament. He then finally proceeds to make a large number of promises to cure all the evils of this wicked world by waving the fairy wand of Socialism. I am often reminded when reading Socialist speeches of the typical conjurer with nothing 'up his sleeve' whose quickness of the hand deceives the eye.

Now all this nonsense—and it is nonsense—would receive little support in the country if it were not for the unfortunate situation our country finds itself in. It is because the sower is sowing his seed on fruitful land that the Socialist oratory has been so successful. The Conservative Party has the chance of a lifetime. If during the next five years we have removed the excessive unemployment bugbear, if we have solved the housing and slum problem, if we have introduced a comprehensive national insurance scheme, things can be very different. The seed of Socialist oratory will fall on very stony ground, and we all know the Biblical fate of that seed.

The task I have outlined is of course severe and difficult, but with a stupendous effort it can be done. After all, the Socialist Party can agree on very few points in our political controversies. There were men in the last Cabinet who were temperamentally Tories, and there were men temperamentally Radicals. Altogether politics is very much a question of temperament. The precise proposals of the Socialist Party have never been discussed on the platform at this or any election in which I have participated. Take nationalisation of industry, for example. What Socialist has ever told us how they are going to do it? True, Mr. J. H. Thomas, in his book *When Labour Rules*, gives us a few glimpses, but it is all delightfully vague. The vagueness is doubtless deliberate. They know that when they get to grips with realities profound and serious differences would arise. The moderates in the Socialist Party would fully compensate the owners, the extremists would give no compensation, while others adopt a policy of partial confiscation. That is the disadvantage of discussing subjects in the abstract. Without details there is no

chance of that minute examination so necessary for full judgment. It is to be hoped that all anti-Socialists will press at every opportunity for those details in order to bring home the futility of the argument that any nationalisation scheme will bring profits to the community.

In my humble opinion the Socialist Party, as such, will cease to exist inside ten years if the Conservative Government is as clever as I think it intends to be and is. To be more precise, we shall gradually get back to that more healthy situation when Left and Right did not involve violent changes in society or dangerous foreign entanglements. The Socialist rank and file will gradually drift back to their proper environment when the glamour of Socialist advocacy has faded away, and their ridiculous theories have been exploded. The disintegration of the Socialist Party was going on before our eyes at the end of the last Parliament. You have only to read the speeches of Mr. Thomas and Mr. Henderson condemning class hatred as a political creed, and to compare these speeches with the leading articles in the *Daily Herald*, or the speech of Mr. Wheatley given to the Fabian Society last month, when he stated that he was more convinced than ever of the efficacy of revolution as a remedy for social ills.

It is common among Socialists to excuse their ineptitude in office by saying that they were in office but not in power. Their real ineptitude was caused by the fact that they could not agree among themselves about anything. A team working under such conditions is bound to come to grief sooner or later. In fact, if they had been in office with full power, their ineptitude would have been more pronounced. They certainly would not have produced any concrete proposals without splitting their party, not merely in two but in several squabbling sections. To listen to the mild and mellow Mr. Clynes, you would think butter would not melt in his mouth. Men of his stamp are not the driving force which attracts the Russian money into the Socialist Party coffers. That end is secured by the big drums of the wild men. As long as the trade unions were finding the money there was a moderating influence in the Socialist mind. To-day, however, the main bulk of their funds is coming from Russian sources for ulterior motives. Most of the rank and file following of the so-called Labour leaders can be bought for a very small fee, and I have no hesitation in saying that the Russian money has been one of the main causes of this 'slump.' If we can unite all the anti-Socialist forces, if we can concentrate all our big guns on the real enemy, the extinction of the Socialist Party is in sight. It will require, however, incessant propaganda in the constituencies. We must have a strong pull, a long pull, and a pull all together, Liberals as well as Conservatives, if this result is to be achieved.

Our thoughts now naturally turn to the position of the Liberal Party. I have always considered that one of the great dangers to the State has been the deplorable fact that the present state of the political parties gives no alternative to the Conservative Party other than Socialism. To my mind the grave blunder made by Mr. Asquith in January 1923 had serious consequences, not merely to his own party, but also to the State. He could have taken such a different line in his famous speech at the National Liberal Club. He was, I think, bound to say that he had no confidence in a Government formed of the Conservative Party, but he should never have considered asking his party to support a Socialist Party in office. He made his party the laughing-stock of Parliament. Who will ever forget those ironical cheers from the Conservative benches night after night as the Liberals trooped past the chair from the lobbies? What could be greater folly than speaking one way and voting another? I should be sorry, as a young man, to say anything disrespectful about an old man who has done good service to the State. Yet could there ever have been anything more stupid than Mr. Asquith's action and lack of foresight? If he had played his cards well, he might himself have been Prime Minister with Conservative support.

But all this is of the past. What of the future? I have already suggested that the demise of the Liberal Party would be a national disaster. What happened at the last election? The extreme Radical went Socialist. He said to himself: 'If my party put the Socialists into office, why should I not join them outright?' He saw a number of very second-rate ex-Liberal politicians occupying high Cabinet rank in the Labour Government. A large number of the extreme Radical rank and file have definitely gone over to the Socialists, and as long as the Socialist Party remains alive they will remain there. On the other hand, a large number of high-principled, patriotic Liberals, who hate Socialism, came over to us. They disapproved of their leader's action in putting the Socialist Government in office and were determined not to run the risk of another flirtation with Socialism. We must be quite fair to Mr. Asquith. He, no doubt, dreamed of a Liberal-Labour coalition, such as had been so successful in 1906 and in the two elections of 1910. He dreamed of the elimination of all three-cornered fights. Yet really the merest child in politics could have told him how idle such a dream was. It had been made abundantly clear that the avowed aim of the Socialist Party was the destruction of the Liberal Party; they have said over and over again that the real fight is against the 'capitalist,' and that when the Liberal Party is out of the way the fight will begin.

Can the Liberal Party survive? I think it can if it is wise. I

must confess I see few signs of any wisdom in its ranks just now. Liberals seem to reserve all their venom against the danger of Toryism. They do not define what that danger is, and I do not believe they have ever stopped to think what it is they mean. When we read the neurotic article of Captain Wedgwood Benn, M.P., in the *Daily News* and the wild vapourings of Commander Kenworthy in the *Daily Mail*, we must really feel almost like despairing. Why does not the Liberal Party throw out those wild men who are doing their best to cut the throat of the party? There are only forty-three Liberals in the new House, and half of these have been returned on the definite pledge to support the Conservative Party. They would not have been returned unless they had given such a pledge, and they will not be returned again unless they keep it. If the Liberals are wise they will form no coalition with the Socialists like the 'Wee Frees' did in the 1918 Parliament. If they are wise they will give general support to the Conservative Government so long as that Government proceeds with a programme of progressive reform. They could then prepare and concentrate for the next General Election as avowed opponents of the Socialist Party. They could join in an attack upon Socialism and secure the death of their real enemies. What would be the result of those tactics? I do not hesitate to say that any Liberal in the House adopting such tactics would not only be unopposed by a Conservative next time, but would be warmly supported by our party. Furthermore, many Socialist seats at present held by minority votes could be won by Liberals with Conservative support.

If, on the other hand, we on the Conservative side see facing us a nasty snarling criticism from an obstructionist handful of Liberals, such an opportunity will not arise. Such tactics will mean the real death of the Liberal Party. Do not let it be thought that I, as a Conservative, am going cap in hand to the Liberals. Nothing of the kind. I am making these observations on the morrow of our great victory, when we are safe in office, barring accidents, for five long years. It cannot be too often stated that if the Liberals expect Conservative support in the constituencies, the crucial test is the division lobby in the House of Commons. Either they are with us, or they are against us. Every parliamentarian knows how difficult some votes are to give if you are always keeping your weather eye on votes in the constituencies. It is, of course, part of the Opposition game to create divisions of embarrassment to the Government of the day. If the Liberals are going to pick and choose their divisions and even create divisions of embarrassment, then they are going to play the Socialist game, and are sounding their own death knell.

It may be said that my argument really means the merging of

the Liberal Party with the Conservative Party, but it is not that. It means an alliance, so that when in five years' time the next election comes the Socialist Party would be finally killed. The result of that election might easily find the Liberal Party the largest Opposition party in the State, with the Socialist Party in the 'charabanc.' There was a famous general who once said, 'Never let your enemy fight on both your flanks at the same time.' That is what the Liberals are trying to do. Surely their wisest course would be to fight the real enemy first. That enemy is obviously the Socialist Party. When that enemy is killed, as it can be if sane methods are adopted, they can then reconsider their position. Then will be the opportunity for the return to safe methods of party warfare.

What is there essentially in the present constitution of the Conservative Party to which legitimate, fair-minded Liberalism can possibly object? The old cries of 1892, 1895, 1900, 1906 and 1910 have nearly all gone. The veto of the House of Lords has been removed. The Irish Home Rule controversy is over. The Welsh Church has been disestablished. The Conservative Party has adopted a broad policy of social legislation which no sane Liberal could oppose. What remains? I hear a gentle whisper of 'Protection.' The Conservatives put in the forefront of their election programme both the policy of Imperial Preference and the policy of safeguarding industries. They abandoned the idea of a general tariff. When the electorate gave its mandate to our party, they gave support to both these policies with their eyes open. Let us examine these subjects in the light of the recent election.

The Liberal Party, particularly in my own area and in Manchester and its neighbourhood, stumped the country very vigorously with the bogey of Protection. Yet to-day only one Liberal remains anywhere near Manchester. Even this Liberal, Sir Edward Grigg, voted for the Imperial Preference proposals last summer. Only a doctrinaire Cobdenite Free Trader could possibly be roused against the principles behind these two policies of Imperial Preference and safeguarding of industries. It has been a grave error in the past to mix up the questions of Imperial Preference and Protection. The subjects are as far apart as the poles. Imperial Preference, as it was left at the last Economic Conference, merely dealt with our existing fiscal system. In other words, it was proposed that where we adopted import duties for revenue purposes we should give a preference to our Dominions and Colonies. Even upon this point the Liberal Party is split in twain. When the division took place this summer in the House of Commons several Liberal members voted with the Conservative Party in its favour, and Mr. Lloyd George was paired in its favour.

The same remarks can be made about the Safeguarding of Industries Act. Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Alfred Mond were among the authors of that Act. Mr. Asquith was pledged up to the hilt in favour of some such Act. The Liberals are not going to get very far by stumping the country in opposition to Imperial Preference or the safeguarding of industries. Why cannot they be satisfied with the victory they have secured for Free Trade? They have killed the idea of a general tariff for five years at any rate. I am not at all sure they have not killed it for ever. Take my own case. I think it can be truthfully said that no one among the back-benchers in the last Parliament was so persistent in pushing the claims of the Protectionist policy. Yet I have given a definite and explicit pledge that I will not vote for or advocate the policy of the general tariff during the life of the present Parliament. Why did I do that? I am just as sincere as I have ever been in my belief of the efficacy of Protection. It was some considerable sacrifice on my part to drop a plank in my political programme which I loved. I did this for one reason—to unite all anti-Socialists in order to fight the great danger of Socialism and Communism.

If the Liberals are sincere anti-Socialists—and most of their rank and file are—why do they not take off the gloves and come and join us in the fight? Believe me, that is the only way to save their party. The policy of the half-way house is no good. Either we are for Socialism, or we are against it. I see in the daily Press that pressure is being brought to bear on the Liberal leaders to frame a policy. Surely it is rather late in the day to do that. They can only borrow one policy from the Socialists and another from the Conservatives. They might bear in mind the fact that no old lady looks her best in plumes borrowed from a young 'flapper.' Certainly the question of Socialism is going to last over the next General Election at least. A story was told me some time ago of how the twenty or thirty Independent Liberals returned in 1918 met in a committee room of the House of Commons to frame a policy. After much discussion and many meetings they found they could agree about nothing, except possibly their hatred of Mr. Lloyd George, their old stalwart.

The Liberal Party has no future if it is going to be obsessed with its old hatred of Toryism. If it is going to persist in saying that there is more affinity between Liberal and Socialist than there is between Liberal and Conservative, then the Liberals are dead as a party. They have been dubbing the Conservative Party 'reactionary' so long that they really believe it is true. Let them open their eyes, read the King's Speech, and judge the facts impartially. There are doubtless some reactionists left in our party, but the vast majority, among whom I class myself, feel

very deeply in favour of democratic social legislation. Why do not the Liberals come over and help us? They can do more to help the lame dog over that difficult legislative stile in that way than they can by sulking away as an insignificant wing of the Opposition. They may shed a few individuals to the Socialists in the process, but what does that matter? Those supporters are more hindrance than help to their party in any case.

I am sure we are at the parting of the ways in the Liberal ranks. As one who has many Liberal friends in the country, I am sure I am expressing the view of the vast majority. If they help the present Government in its difficult task, Liberalism will survive. The Liberal Party will in any event have done much to save the country from a great peril. It will not only have destroyed its greatest enemy, but it will have rid the State of the most dangerous menace in its history. The Conservative Party can defeat Socialism by itself. The last election has proved that. But it cannot secure its extinction from our national life as a serious political force. With the powerful aid of the Liberal Party we can secure that end, but it can only be secured by a united and loyal effort. The last thing the Conservative Party wants is the extinction of the Liberal Party. I, at any rate, want to see the Liberal Party survive, but I only want it to survive as a definite anti-Socialist organisation. The day has gone when there is any middle course between Socialism and anti-Socialism, if indeed it ever existed. The Liberalism of Mr. Gladstone would have shuddered at any thought of revolution. If the fires of Liberalism are to be rekindled, this object can only be attained by Liberals being definitely anti-Socialist in character and action. Only by these tactics can their party be saved, and by saving themselves they will also save their country and their Empire.

JOHN R. REMER.

MEXICO

OUR manifest interests in Mexico, political as well as commercial, notwithstanding, we continue to refuse recognition to her present Government. On November 5 last the Mexican Consul-General turned the key in the lock of his London offices, and took his departure from our shores. It was, he explained, not consonant with the dignity of his country to maintain a consular service here while she still awaited recognition at our hands.

We have accorded recognition to Bolshevik Russia. The signatures of British statesmen stand side by side on a provisional treaty with names more infamous than Europe has known for a century and a half, and the shadow of this dark association still clings and contaminates, although the people of this island, with a gesture of almost unparalleled unanimity, have conveyed their intense dissatisfaction with and abhorrence of a measure which seeks to link them with the welter of barbarism which is Soviet Russia. And yet, although we have extended acknowledgment to those who seek to undermine our Constitution by every artifice of conspiracy and secret propaganda and strive unceasingly to overthrow the altars of the Christian faith by the dissemination of blasphemies unspeakable, we still hesitate to recognise a Government and a people whose valiant endeavours in the paths of constitutional progress have been strangely misinterpreted as the Western reflection of the Soviet chaos.

The error—based on the most wretched misunderstanding of Mexican aspirations and ideals—must once and for all be exposed. Let it be placed on record here, and in a manner that admits of no dubiety, that the legitimate aspirations of the Mexican people are as far removed in spirit and purpose from the abominations of Bolshevism as it is possible for them to be. The movement in Mexico is confined entirely to Mexican soil, and seeks not at all to interfere with the politics or constitutions of other lands. Nor does it attempt to disturb the faith of the Mexican people. Indeed, any effort in either direction would speedily precipitate revolution among a population markedly averse from international complications and most notably devout.

If we look upon the pictures of Muscovy and Anahuac as they

hang east and west upon the world's political walls, we discern in this nothing but unrelieved gloom, while in that we find the darkness illuminated by gleams of progress and gracious self-sacrifice. Mexico is at present engaged in the arduous task of national reconstruction and in discharging her debts, while Moscow contrives to evade hers, or merely repudiate them, while seeking to poison the wells of the world's thought. Mexico is reshaping herself in a manner which merits applause rather than neglect. Her attitude to ourselves and to the rest of the world is as far removed from that of Soviet Russia as it is possible to conceive, and we are too prone to judge of it in the light of such isolated incidents as that of the assassination of Mrs. Evans.

The whole significance of Mexico's effort may, indeed, be summed up in one word: the welding of the several castes of which her population is made up into one people and the restoration to the native Indian of certain lands which he has regarded as peculiarly his own since before the period of the Conquest. Those responsible for this policy are desirous that it should be carried out in the most strictly constitutional manner without hardship to any class, and by free popular consent, rather than by those methods of terror and tyranny which mark the policy of the Soviet *régime*. Hand in hand with this policy is the effort of an able and gifted band of intellectual workers to bring to the Indian a larger measure of culture in the arts peculiar to him, and this alone nobly differentiates the Mexican aim from the retrograde activities of the Soviet Government, implied association with which Mexicans of all classes most strongly resent.

To the majority of Europeans it must seem as though Mexico were a land where the visits of the phoenix of revolution are fixed, not at far-separated cycles, but almost triennially. But in reality for a century past there has been but one revolution in Mexico. We cannot quarrel with the statement, for the Mexicans themselves assure us that the revolution has been going on for the last 115 years, indeed since Hidalgo raised the standard of revolt in 1810, and that he and Morelos, Lerdo, Diaz, Madero, Villa, Huerta, Carranza, and now Obregon and Calles, are all actors in one great incident, the figures of one vast canvas. Nay, Mexican publicists go farther, for they make it reasonably plain to us that what they call 'the revolution of a century' is in reality but the last act in the mighty drama which began with the conquest of Mexico by Cortez.

We, who are perhaps too prone to regard our history as a series of reigns starred at recurring intervals by the greater political innovations, may feel somewhat dubious of the Mexicans' ability to visualise their own national drama so completely. Yet,

if the term may be employed, the history of few countries is so 'consistent' as that of Mexico, and one who has examined it carefully cannot but concur with its native chroniclers, for, since Cortez laid the first stone of the great cathedral of Mexico on the foundations of the shambles which had been the temple of Uitzilopochtli, there has been but one actual political ideal for the Mexican Indian: the resumption of his ancient independence and the reconquest of the soil of his fathers. Unless this is understood, then the whole of Mexican history is misunderstood. For this end the Mexican Indian has for generations maintained such secret societies as that of the Nagualists, who by the performance of strange rites sought at once to keep alive the remains of their bizarre religion and regain the sovereignty of their country. But now, discarding supernatural aid, he opposes a purely political resistance to *gachupin*, or white ascendancy. Led by white Liberal or Radical intellectuals inspired by the story of his great Aztec past, who feel it no disgrace to support the ambitions of a people who formerly could boast of a not undistinguished civilisation of their own, he clamours for the restoration of his sequestered communal lands and for the recognition of his right to develop his native culture and ideals in his own way.

With these ideals is bound up an ambition for social reform and a higher standard of material well-being which cannot be described as partaking either of Socialistic or Communistic tendencies, and which is indubitably stimulated by his white intellectual leaders. It had its origin in the propaganda of Labourist organisations which are by no means so extremist as those of Europe, and which are susceptible to control on the part of the advanced groups of Spanish origin. Such a picture of present-day Mexican politics may not commend itself to those who have read of the exploits of Mexico's bandit chiefs and of the frightfulness which appears to be inseparable from a Mexican revolt. But brigandage in Mexico had as its direct cause *latifundia*, or absentee landlordism, and the alienation of the native communal lands. It was, generally speaking, the work of social derelicts rendered desperate by gross ill-treatment or prolonged unemployment on the land, and it has at last been suppressed, not by the land-owning class, but by that intellectual caste which seems to be in a fair way to lead both lawless and law-abiding into the paths of decent citizenship.

It seems scarcely necessary to recapitulate the phases through which the Mexican revolution has passed since the fall of the Diaz régime. Diaz, it is now known, delivered the country lock, stock and barrel to foreign speculators at the bidding of the Científicos, or financial *coterie*. Madero and his Liberals revolted against this reactionary policy, but lost grip, and Mexico became

the prey of 'bandits' like Villa and the Zapatas, who, half revolutionaries, half robbers, gave the Indian population to believe that only by looting the large centres of commercial activity and the *haciendas* of the landowners and by wiping out the whites could they hope to reconstruct Mexico on Indian lines. The régime of Carranza seemed at first to hold the elements of tranquillity. But he attempted to revive the Tsarist policy of Diaz, with results speedily fatal to himself. It was only when his corrupt rule was ended by Obregon's assumption of the provisional presidency that the beginnings of stable government emerged out of ten years' chaos.

It has by no means been generally recognised that with the election of Alvaro Obregon the revolution entered upon a phase so entirely novel to Mexican politics that its actual significance was for a time almost lost sight of even by the Mexicans themselves. It was, indeed, the beginning of a new epoch in Mexican social and national development. The ideals of Madero and those who immediately succeeded him were primarily political in character, while those of Obregon were entirely racial and social. He revealed himself almost at once as a social realist. But his native common-sense and profound insight into the needs of his country, while showing him the pressing need for widespread social reform, saved him from the extravagances and idealistic fatuities of Bolshevism. He saw that Mexican society consisted of a comparatively small oligarchy of landowners of Spanish origin, who may, for the purposes of general comparison, be likened to the aristocracy of Tsarist Russia, and a vast democracy of Indian and semi-Indian race, who may loosely be compared with the Russian *moujiks*. Between the interests of the two classes he hesitated not at all. The peon was Mexican, the Spaniard an exotic importation. The larger and native element called loudly and righteously for manumission from the shocking conditions of peonage to which the Spanish aristocracy had subjected it for four centuries. With steady hand Obregon began the task of gradually loosening the fetters of generations. Exercising the utmost caution, he preferred to untie the Gordian knots rather than sever them with the sword. Indeed, in some respects he has displayed almost reactionary tendencies. At first he administered the boon of popular control in small doses. He carefully fostered social groups such as the Mexican Federation of Labour, the National Agrarian Party and the Yucatan League of Resistance, and all such movements as arose out of popular and racial idealism rather than out of the energies of self-seeking politicians. But he exercised a strict censorship over these bodies, strongly discouraging fanatical tendencies and inculcating a wise moderation in the development of a sense of social right.

At the same time he gave every possible stimulus to aboriginal ideals and ambitions. For doing so he has been sharply criticised even by those most friendly to his general policy. This departure has certainly involved the toleration of many uncivilised practices and primitive methods. But Obregon had a strong and consistent faith in the theory that progress could be achieved only by permitting the native mentality to develop on its own lines and by virtue of its own psychology. For the first time since the Conquest the ancient Indian racial centres are respected as such. The Zapotecs of the south-west are encouraged to reform their patriarchal agrarian system. Tabasco, Quintana-Roo, Yucatan, Campeche, are well-nigh autonomous, and the Yaqui Indians of Sonora have been restored to their valleys. But, lest the return to aboriginal conditions prove too reactionary, he has sedulously fostered education, giving it, however, an entirely new tendency, for the system by which he has endeavoured to place the Indian on an intellectual footing with the Spaniard is based on native rather than on Spanish traditions. This does not imply that his effort is in any way merely tribal in character, but that it seeks to develop Indian ideas of art and culture on modern lines. The Department of Education has trained a corps of missionary teachers who penetrate into the farthest native districts. These have instructions to respect native customs, but to teach the people better methods of farming and sanitation, and to encourage them to engage in their traditional occupations of pottery-making and weaving with the aid of modern appliances. Señor Manuel Gamio, of the Department of Anthropological Research, is engaged in an elaborate experiment which has for its aim the stimulation of the racial pride of the aboriginal peoples by the restoration of their ancient temples and pyramids and the utilisation of their historic arts and crafts in their every-day life. In the valley of Teotihuacan, where the great pyramids of the Sun and Moon still stand, he is gradually building up a system of model schools, villages and industries, all of which draw their inspiration from a judicious mingling of modern methods with the aboriginal culture. The Department of Agriculture is playing a worthy part in modernising husbandry on the *ejidos*, or common lands, through the use of agricultural machinery, diversification of crops, stimulation of co-operative enterprises, and by the general introduction of modern methods.

Obregon initiated his new policy by a wholesale military demobilisation. This in itself was a task of the utmost difficulty and complexity, as the revolutionary army numbered at least 150,000 men, and was costing the country almost a million pesos per diem. Besides the army of Carranza, it included practically all the bandit and other forces of the revolution. But instead of

throwing his men back into civil life without adequate provision, as was done in many European countries, he established co-operative military colonies and put the soldiers directly on the land to engage in productive agricultural labour. They were aided with supplies, seeds, machinery and loans in cash, and were permitted to retain their arms to prevent dispossession by the *hacendados*, or landowners. The great bandit chiefs were given everything they asked for, and by this means all stimulus to further revolution was removed. Three months after Obregon's accession to power it was as safe to travel through the length and breadth of Mexico as in any part of the United States. Obregon's success in bringing a measure of pacification to Mexico after more than ten years of civil chaos was indeed almost as miraculous in its suddenness as in its thoroughness.

But the keynote of Obregon's policy was his frank admission of the claims of Indian nationality and labour. There has always been a strong body of Liberal politicians in the country, who have for generations preached in and out of season that the one hope of Mexico is the admission of reasonable native and industrial claims to better conditions of existence and land tenure. There is little or no middle class in Mexico, and what there is has a large admixture of native blood, so that the aboriginal cause was not only the most popular, but had on its side elements of progress and enlightenment. The great danger was that the revolution should place the destiny of the country entirely in Indian or Mestizo hands, which as yet were unprepared for the task of government. That would have meant a return to chaos and barbarism on a much lower scale than that of the Aztecs. Indeed, under the 'bandit' revolutionaries it had already done so. The Maderist Party, on the other hand, had aimed merely at an effective suffrage. But Obregon and those associated with him, with superior courage, set themselves the task of modernising Mexico on Mexican, that is, Indian, and not on Spanish or exotic, lines.

Obregon's system of land distribution naturally met with strenuous opposition from those foreign capitalists who owned land or other property in Mexico. On all hands he was condemned, by the *hacendados* for restoring the ancient *ejidos* to the Indians, by the foreign capitalists for native interference with their property, and, lastly, by the Indians themselves for what they considered his tardy settlement of their claims. General De la Huerta, putting himself at the head of the land-owning and capitalist interests, precipitated a serious revolution, and for a time succeeded in controlling the two largest cities in Mexico outside of the capital, as well as the principal seaports. Obregon announced that, to prevent loss of life, not a single battle would

be fought until victory was assured for the Government. He emphasised the fact that the revolt was primary a military one, and had no social significance. He permitted the organisation of volunteer battalions, however, chiefly recruited from the National Agrarian Party and the Mexican Federation of Labour, and enlisted the warlike Yaqui Indians of the north in large numbers, arming them with rifles. In many places the landowners attempted to precipitate local revolts, but most of these failed and were followed by the confiscation of their estates.

The revolt, which was military, aristocratic, and brought about by people of Spanish blood and culture, commenced with the arrest of Labour leaders and the destruction of Labour headquarters. It was, and indeed has been described as, a Fascist movement. But the report that it represented the interests of the *hacendados* and the Ecclesiastical Party, and that it was supporting the traditional enemies of Mexican freedom, gained credence. An attempt by De la Huerta's propagandists to spread the notion that he was acting in the real interests of Labour fell flat, and Obregon's politic support of law-abiding commercial interests, whether Mexican or foreign, disposed of the notion that American oil interests were behind the Huertist outbreak. Obregon's Government was recognised by the United States, and the oil question was settled without Mexico having to abrogate her rights in the subsoil. The counter-revolution fizzled out, and the recent election results show clearly that it had no popular sanction.

Obregon has proved that financially and socially Mexico is capable not only of standing on her own feet, but, unlike Russia, to say nothing of some other European countries, she has commenced to meet her foreign obligations. This implied a task almost titanic. To make a solvent State out of a land where active revolution had been rampant for a decade, where the soil had been allowed to run fallow in many large areas, where bands of brigands had roamed unchecked for years, was, it will readily be admitted, an extraordinary feat of statesmanship. Obregon is the Mussolini of Mexico, but with this difference, that what Mussolini has accomplished in many cases by force, and sometimes by terror, he has done by kindly firmness and through dint of his unrivalled comprehension of the Mexican character and its needs and ideals. The net result is that Mexico is doing what France, Germany, Austria and Italy are unable to do: making a great and honourable effort to meet her indebtedness.

Success in this direction has very naturally retarded progress in others. Mexico's self-sacrifice has stinted her of the necessary resources to construct new railways as rapidly as she would like

to. Thousands of miles of railroads have been relaid. But still the railway problem remains one of the most pressing in the country. Not only are rapid extensions of lines urgently required, but the question of the devolution of the railroads to their former owners has not yet met with satisfactory solution. Nor has the Government succeeded in its plan to institute a State bank or commercial clearing house, or in organising the monetary circulation of the country. There are few, if any, facilities for local credit, and banking transactions in general are greatly hampered by the present system. This, again, has prevented any extensive development of land reclamation and irrigation.

On every side in Mexico are to be witnessed the legitimate political, social and cultural aspirations of the indigenous elements. These are, in reality, much more patriarchal and tribal, collectivist and communal, than Communist. Even the most advanced Labour organisations in Mexico would assuredly not be recognised as advanced in Russia, or perhaps in this country. They are, it cannot be too strongly stated, almost purely national and pro-Indian in character, and if they partake of a Labour complexion at all, it is simply because the great majority of Mexicans of Indian or semi-Indian origin are of the labouring class. They represent, indeed, a national movement, which to some extent is coloured perhaps by State Socialism but certainly not by Bolshevism.

The land question in Mexico differs from agrarian problems elsewhere in one striking particular. Since the Conquest a tradition has existed among the several Indian races which compose the greater part of the Mexican population that the land is their inalienable possession, that it was torn from them by the whites, and that it will one day return into their keeping. The agrarian problem in Mexico has indeed a racial or national tendency which is only fortuitously associated with democratic ideals.

When Cortez subdued the country it was divided by royal warrant into large *encomiendas* or estates, the Indians on which became the chattel possessions of the *conquistadores* to whom those vast tracts were assigned. Prior to the Conquest the Indians were in possession of communal agrarian areas of their own, and these they retained until 1857. The savage abuse of the peons at the hands of their Castilian overlords was the subject of strong representations on the part of the missionary clergy, and, to its credit, the Spanish Crown made repeated attempts to limit or destroy the feudal powers of the great landowners. Its efforts, however, were fruitless. The war of independence was not, as has been generally assumed, a rebellion against the royal authority of Spain, but a national revolt against *gachupin*, or

Spanish, influence. The efforts of Hidalgo and Morelos were directed mainly against the *hacendados* and the Church, which had taken on the character of a vast land-owning corporation, holding, it is estimated, nearly one-half of the landed properties in Mexico. It was a combination of the ecclesiastical and proprietorial interests which offered the throne to Maximilian. At last Liberalism triumphed, but during the reactionary *régime* of Diaz the *hacendados* regained their influence, and the distribution of land was even more unequal during the long Diaz presidency than at any former period in Mexican history.

The Constitution of 1857 provided for individual land-holding among the peasantry, but the idea of group ownership was so deeply ingrained in the native mind that it failed at first to comprehend the full significance of the division of the *ejidos* or communal lands into small holdings. Once the Indian grasped it, however, and understood that his holding was his own personal property, he too often fell an easy victim to the great landowners, whose agents were responsible for thousands of fraudulent sales and expropriations. By degrees the greater number of the *ejidos* were absorbed in the large *haciendas*. In 1883 the Government passed an Act for the purpose of surveying the remaining national lands. The measure contained an outrageous provision that one-third of the territory found to be in this category should become the property of the surveying company. Under this law some 40,000,000 acres became the property of the surveyors. In many cases the land in question belonged to Indian communities which had been in possession of it before the Conquest, but had no written title to it under the Spanish code. Its native possessors were frequently driven off by force, and in some cases were transported wholesale to other parts of Mexico. They were sent into slavery in the plantations of Yucatan, and thousands perished through the treatment they received there. This heartless policy naturally induced feelings of the strongest resentment against the whites, and was unquestionably the determining factor in precipitating the revolution which convulsed Mexico for nearly ten years.

The problem of the settlement of the peons on the land is, indeed, Mexico's fundamental difficulty. Madero's programme, the Plan of Ayala in 1911, the 27th and 123rd articles of the new Constitution of 1917, the various decrees of Obregon and manifestoes of the Department of Agriculture, all have reference to the replantation of Mexico by its native population. By degrees *latifundia* is being abolished. From whatever political or ethical angle one may regard it, this much is certain: that until the greater part of the land is restored to the Indians tranquillity will not return to Mexico.

A new Mexico is being built [writes Ramon P. de Negri, the Secretary of Agriculture], and the redistribution of the land is the foundation of this new Mexico. We are laying it with bleeding hands and in great stress, but we are laying it and digging it so deep into the heart of the nation that this work of the revolution will endure for ever. . . . In the land distribution we are proceeding cautiously, but definitely. There are 15,000 villages to which land must be granted. So far only about 3000 have been given provisional possession of their lands. Villages from which the land has been taken away have been repossessed of 306,114 hectares by grant. There are also already projected, but not yet distributed, 325,220 hectares by grant, and 45,981 hectares by restitution.

But this restitution by no means signifies that the entire territorial resources of the country are being made over to the Indian population. In most cases it implies that those land-owners who are being compelled to part with them by sale previously absorbed the *ejidos*. The *hacendados* are being compensated under the Constitution for the loss of those former communal areas of land by bonds which will mature in twenty years' time, the amount of compensation being determined by the previous value placed upon it for the purposes of taxation. The average area of land given to a village approximates to the territorial league, or about 4387 acres, which is usually cut up into allotments varying from eight to fifty acres apiece, according to the quality of the soil.

It was the policy of the sequestration of portions of the great *haciendas* which led to the tragic incident of the assassination of Mrs. Rosalie Evans. Mrs. Evans was the owner of the thriving *hacienda* of San Pedro Coxtocan, near the ancient town of Huexotzinco. The State authorities of Puebla notified her that a certain portion of her estate would be required for the settlement of landless peons. Her immediate refusal to comply with the conditions exasperated the Indians, as the land in question had formerly been an Indian area. Puebla, the State in which the incident occurred, had recently been in the hands of De la Huerta and his counter-revolutionaries, and the majority of its inhabitants were in a most deplorable plight. They made a demonstration. Mrs. Evans applied to President Obregon for assistance. He at once despatched a handful of men to her aid to act as a bodyguard, but made it clear that he could not be expected to assist her in the defiance of a law of the country by employing Federal troops to act against a State authority which was merely enforcing that law. It was made clear to him in turn by Mr. Cummins, the British agent, that the authorities of the State of Puebla and the Government of Mexico were acting in defiance of international law. But although Mr. Cummins had thirty years of experience of Mexico behind him and was abundantly qualified to deal with such a situation, he had on so

many similar occasions thought it necessary to admonish the Mexican Government that he came to be regarded by the President and his colleagues as the symbol of foreign intervention. To President Obregon in especial he was personally distasteful. The reformer seems to have regarded him as a meddling interloper whose fingers were constantly getting caught in the wheels of reconstruction, and who hindered its progress by frequent and grievous complaints and dreary sermonisings.

But the precise ground of the President's refusal to listen to Mr. Cummins was that he had no *locus standi* as British agent, Great Britain having broken off relations with Mexico during the Carranza administration and not having since renewed them. President Obregon had consistently refused to recognise Mr. Cummins as British agent, and on two occasions had demanded his recall by the British Government as a *persona non grata*. On both occasions he was met with a firm refusal to withdraw Mr. Cummins. Casting about for proof of Mr. Cummins's unfriendliness, the Mexican authorities, it was alleged, opened and scrutinised his communications to the Foreign Office and to private friends, and are there said to have found what they sought in unfavourable references to the Mexican Government and people. Irritated beyond measure at what he regarded as a crowning act of duplicity on the part of the obnoxious diplomatic agent, President Obregon proclaimed his intention of deporting him as an undesirable alien, and stated that should he leave the precincts of the British Legation, he would be deported.

On the second occasion on which President Obregon requested the removal of Mr. Cummins His Majesty's Government replied that, although it must definitely refuse to comply with the request, it would despatch Sir Thomas Hohler to Mexico on a special mission to report on the situation. The pity is that such action was not resorted to at once. The Mexican Government in its rejoinder reiterated its strong desire for the maintenance of friendly relations with this country, and no doubt can exist in the minds of those who are aware of its real intentions that the desire is genuine. The recent recognition of certain British claims by President Obregon and his Cabinet is eloquent of their wish to placate British susceptibilities. But Mr. Cummins quitted Mexico on the express instructions of his Government, and so far no British representative has been despatched to Mexico City in his room.

To return to the case of the unfortunate Mrs. Evans, she was in the eyes of the Agrarians not so much a British subject as a member of the detested *hacendado* caste, whom they regard much as the Irish peasant formerly regarded his landlord. Of American and French Creole origin, and born in Mexico, but the

widow of a British subject, Mrs. Evans made no secret of her dislike of the new agrarian conditions by which she was threatened with the partial loss of the *hacienda* which she had laboured so strenuously to make a model establishment. Nor did she hesitate to give the widest publicity on every possible occasion to her opinions, not only among her immediate acquaintances in Mexico City and elsewhere, but in the Press of the United States. In short, she came to regard herself as the upholder of 'white' privileges in Mexico, and she certainly comported herself with more courage than judiciousness. She was warned by Mr. Cummins and other friends that her action might have serious consequences, yet she boldly persisted in what she genuinely believed to be a righteous crusade. On being notified that a portion of her ranche was to be sequestered she appealed to the Federal Court at Mexico City to grant her an interdict against the action of the State authorities of Puebla, and while this was pending she set up notice-boards on her estate warning aggressors that they ventured on her land at their own bodily risk.

These notices were not respected, and in May 1923 her house was surrounded by a band of 150 armed peons, enraged at the delay in the restoration of their ancient communal land. Arming her farm hands, the plucky woman succeeded in beating the invaders off. In July of the same year a presidential decree was issued expropriating her entire property as a penalty for her 'contumacious infringement' of the Land Act. The Governor of Puebla assigned a part of it to a neighbouring village, and in September the local Agrarians 'jumped' about 250 acres of farm land in the vicinity of her house. The Federal troops granted her by President Obregon assisted her to clear the land of these people, and the extraordinary spectacle was witnessed of Government soldiers assisting in the technical infringement of the laws of their country.

Later the Federal troops were withdrawn. The siege continued at intervals, but it would seem that until the time of her assassination Mrs. Evans was left in comparative peace for some weeks. Had it not been so, she would scarcely have ventured so far afield as Texmelucan, which lies about twelve miles from her *hacienda*, and from which she was returning when she was waylaid by her murderers. The precise political status of these, if they have any, has not yet been satisfactorily ascertained, but they have been captured and are shortly to be brought to trial, when doubtless the whole circumstances will emerge.

When, in accordance with the Constitution, it became necessary some months ago to elect a new President to succeed Obregon, little popular dubiety existed regarding the man most fitted to lead the destinies of the newly reformed republic. General

Plutarco Elias Calles was, next to Obregon himself, not only the military hero of the Huertist counter-revolution, but had won the confidence of the people by his ready comprehension of their necessities and his record of advanced social service. A native of Guaymas, in the State of Sonora, where he was born in 1877, he qualified as a schoolmaster. But in 1903 he resigned his post to adopt a business career, and became associated with a flour-milling enterprise in Frontera. On the outbreak of the Maderist revolution he joined the insurgent army, and when peace was restored, was appointed chief of police at Agua Prieta. But when De la Huerta precipitated his counter-revolution of the military party during the presidency of Obregon, he demitted office, enlisted in the constitutional army, and speedily rose to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. Later he was appointed general, and was recognised as one of Obregon's most competent and distinguished officers. At Naco he inflicted a severe defeat on the army of De la Huerta under General Ojada, and for weeks defended Naco against the Maytoreno contingent of the revolutionary army, putting up a spirited fight against immense odds.

From 1921 to 1924 he acted as Minister of the Interior and head of Obregon's Cabinet, but resigned office to prepare his election campaign early last year. He was duly elected President for the period 1925-29 by an immense majority on September 27, and took office on December 1.

His policy is, perhaps, best outlined in the famous electioneering speech which he delivered on May 11 last at Morelia. On that occasion he described in glowing language the manner in which the land and people of Mexico had been exploited by foreigners in the past, and denounced the 'sacerdotal caste' as the real enemies of Mexico. The opponents of his candidature, he said, were the capitalists and those who desired to withhold the land from the people. The collective resources of Mexico, he informed his hearers, were being ruthlessly exploited by foreign and capitalistic interests, and its laws were being contorted to suit their private ends. He was not an enemy to capital. On the contrary, he was anxious to attract it for the proper exploitation of the resources of the country. But it must be stripped of its feudal privileges, and the Mexican people must be permitted to derive a reasonable measure of profit from its operations. The day of the *conquistador*, capitalistic or otherwise, was over. His opponents averred that he hated the foreigner and sought to foster a rabid and narrow nationalism. That was false. The stranger who came to Mexico with goodwill and was ready to work in its interests would be hailed with pleasure, and as a brother. It was also false to say that he desired to destroy proprietorship in land in Mexico. For the small holder

he desired an economic independence based on political independence. Without that the country would never progress. Spiritual progress must be based on material progress. *Lati-fundia* must go. Those who worked and lived on the land should benefit from the land. He was an enemy to the sacerdotal class, which clung to its ancient position of privilege and neglected its evangelical mission. He was assuredly not on the side of anarchy or violence, but of social order and discipline. Lastly, he had abundant faith in the Indian races of Mexico, and would do his utmost to form them with the whites and Mestizoes into a nation happy and respected by the peoples of the world. He had worked for the resurrection of the Indian and half-Indian who are the real Mexicans. The two cardinal aims of the revolution, land and liberty, must succeed. There could be no peace in Mexico until the land programme of the revolution was carried out. No Government could last unless it recognised the age-long cry of the Indian for land.

That Mexico is now on the road to better things, to peace and relative prosperity, can scarcely be doubted by those who have watched her unexampled progress during the past four years. Incidents like the assassination of Mrs. Evans are too apt to obfuscate British views of Mexico's actual position and give rise to entirely wrong opinions of Mexican affairs in general. Doubtless the thorough examination of all the circumstances will assist a clearer comprehension of the situation. It would be a gross error of statesmanship to place Mexico on a footing with Russia, or rather to accord her even less meed of recognition, as is being done at present. It is clear to those who are aware of her intentions that they have been misinterpreted in this country, and in justice she should be given a fair hearing before the breach widens, and irreparable harm to British interests in Mexico ensues.

LEWIS SPENCE.

BRITISH FASCISM

Two great and beneficent movements have marked the opening years of the twentieth century. One started in the years of its infancy, and the other came into prominence in the years of its young manhood. The latter—Fascism—is the adult growth of the former—the Scout Movement. Both uphold the same lofty ideals of brotherhood, service and duty. Whereas the Scout Movement was the offspring of the constructive teaching of the nineteenth century and of the practical lessons of the South African war, Fascism first saw the light in the dark days of storm and imminent revolution in Italy, rising in righteous anger against the loss of liberty and all that made life endurable which were threatened by the barbarous and destructive tyranny of the alien despots of Moscow.

Their aims—for it cannot be said that they have ideals—are expressed in the teachings of Communism, or Bolshevism, the terms being synonymous. This is no mushroom growth, nor has it a British or Russian origin. Born and nourished in Central Europe, it has been the driving force behind three revolutions and the ghastly Russian upheaval, which has transformed it from a subversive movement into a world power, evil undoubtedly, but none the less a power. That this constitutes the greatest danger that the British race and Empire have ever had to contend with can quickly be proved from a brief study of its published intentions and immediate objective. It is only necessary to peruse the manifesto of its first great exponent in England, Karl Marx, who, compelled to leave the country of his birth, found asylum within our hospitable shores, and, like most leaders of Communism, changed his name in the process. His teachings have been further expounded in various books recently published in this country, notably *The A. B. C. of Communism*, an English translation of which appeared in 1924. It is difficult for us, brought up under the benign teaching of Christianity, with its insistence on love for one's neighbour and on the duty of service, to realise that the doctrines of Marxian Socialism (*alias* Communism) postulate class hatred, civil war, and the destruction of society as we know it, regardless of its past achievements. It

is nevertheless true. The five chief planks of the Communist platform are the abolition of the monarchy, the destruction of the British Empire, the abolition of private property, the destruction of family life and morality, and the destruction of religion. The above are indisputable and appear in their published programme. Their teachings have been put into practical operation in Russia, where over a hundred millions of human beings are subjected to the crushing despotism of less than half a million so-called Communists. Even the latter are but the tools of a small junta of international aliens, who, originally financed and directed from Germany, have enslaved the most populous country in Europe.

It is difficult to speak calmly and without heat of the present state of affairs in what was once the Muscovite Empire. The middle classes and intellectuals, never strong in numbers, yet justly renowned for their scientific and artistic achievements, have almost disappeared. A few, less unfortunate than the rest, are wanderers and fugitives in a foreign land, eking out a scanty existence as best they can. The vast majority have died in various ways; some have languished to death in gaols in which the conditions would compare unfavourably with those of the Middle Ages, hundreds of thousands have been executed or died of disease and starvation, many have been tortured to death, and a recent edict of the Soviet Government bids fair to condemn the remnant to die of hunger. Private property has been confiscated, individual liberty has been ruthlessly crushed, and, more diabolical still, the younger generation of Russians has, thanks to the *régime* in the totally inadequate Government schools, been depraved and corrupted by moral and physical disease to an extent that will menace the very existence of the Russian nation in the next generation.

The powers controlling Bolshevism seem to be in possession of vast resources wherewith to finance its great campaign of mendacity and revolutionary propaganda. Newspapers and magazines, distinguished by their freedom from glaring advertisements, appear to an extent that would be remarkable were Communism to be what it purports to be, a workers' movement. Somebody must be financing it, somebody who has a deep purse to draw upon, and to whose interest it is that the countries infected by its propaganda be reduced to the same chaotic condition as is Russia. Hungary and Italy had a foretaste of it, but the violence of the reaction in each country leaves no doubt of the bitter nature of the experience passed through.

But, great as has been their apparent success in Russia, the leaders of the Soviet Government know full well that, unless they can direct their energies to new fields, the time of their power is limited, and their fall would mean a fate too hideous for them to

contemplate. Already the Russian peasants are becoming restive under a domination which has reduced them to a condition worthy of the Stone Age. Their draught animals are disappearing, implements of agriculture are not procurable, it does not pay to cultivate more than sufficient for family needs, and disease is rampant. The official publications of the U.S.S.R. make no secret of the attacks by *moujiks* on Government officials. The vast majority of the population hate the rule under which they groan, and sooner or later a universal insurrection will break out like a prairie fire. The Commissars feel that their time is but short, and that their only chance of escape lies in creating revolution in other lands. No doubt they remember the teaching of Karl Marx that the world revolution must be preceded by the establishment of Communism in England. He had described that country as the rock against which the waves of revolution had hitherto broken in vain; therefore their efforts must now be directed against the decisive point, the British Empire. This, he said, must be attacked from Russia through Ireland, and who can say that his disciples are not carrying out the precepts of their master? The time has come for them to prepare the attack on the great sea-girt citadel, which must be assailed by every means, external as well as internal. The preparation must be patient, well-planned and heavily financed, while the great weapon of disaffection within the fortress must be brought to the highest state of efficacy. Outlying portions of the Empire must be attacked or isolated, and, above all, vital points of Imperial communications be captured and held.

Let us see how they are carrying out their strategy. In the first place, we must remember that Communism, unlike Fascism, is a secret and underground movement. Its greatest successes are won by subversion. Therefore its main efforts must be directed to the undermining of the *morale* and loyalty of the defenders of the citadel. For years past an artfully designed and consistently executed campaign has been directed under various disguises against virile patriotism. The great Liberal movement, grand in its idealism and sense of fair play, must be directed downwards to channels which must eventually tend to deprive the younger generation of its sense of pride and confidence in the future of the British race. The next step is to decry British idealism, and glorify under cosmopolitan philanthropy that washy internationalism which has found its practical outlet in the submission of the British delegates at the Hamburg International to the dictation of a nebulous authority, behind whose cloudy exterior have appeared the hazy outlines of sundry German Jews. Again, the cunning intriguers, scheming for the downfall of Britain's good name, took good care to secure a Press which will traduce

and misconstrue every patriotic decision taken by any Government in power. The scandalous attacks on what is termed 'Mac-Donaldism' by individuals masquerading under Russian names in the Soviet Council whenever the late Government, faithful to the oaths of allegiance taken by its members, decided on a policy which was palpably dictated by a sense of responsibility to the nation, show that nothing short of Imperial disruption would satisfy the leaders of the movement. These individuals having a gigantic stake and prize to win, are not above spending money freely to obtain their ends. Monetary support is forthcoming to assist extremists in obtaining powerful executive positions in the trades unions, and a consideration of the unpublished balance sheets of the latter will show that the career of agitator may be classed among the lucrative professions. A post on the executive of a great trades union is not likely to be discarded. It is never difficult to pander to cupidity, and to stir up masses of unthinking humanity to make exorbitant demands, and while the unenlightened workman who, dancing to their tune, obediently strikes and keeps body and soul together on strike pay, the pipers draw full pay all the time, and reap such kudos as is to be obtained from concessions which the lethargy of public opinion and the pusillanimity of employers have concerted to agree to.

As a result the power in the executives of the trades unions is passing into the hands of the extremists. The unfortunate workman who shows any signs of holding out for his individual rights and liberties is a marked man. Soon the influence of the shop stewards will make his life a burden to him. Peace and the absence of persecution for himself, his wife and his family had best be purchased by uncomplaining acquiescence. Callow youths, devoid of balance or experience, and inflated by appeals to their self-importance and instructions to work illegally for the cause, are to be introduced into every factory and workshop. Extremism attracts the young and hot-headed, and the minions of Moscow find ready henchmen in the *alumni* of Communist Sunday-schools, who have been taught to pour scorn on the religion of Christ and on all ideals except that of the class struggle.

All this time the highly paid leaders, who, needless to say, do not outwardly belong to the Communist Party, but to one of the many societies with which it is in outward discord, but in inward and camouflaged alliance, have been drawing together to form a central headquarters of so-called Labour. Moscow pulls the strings, and the general staff of this organisation will have shown by well-proved obedience that when the hour comes to call the general strike they will carry out the instructions of their alien masters. The actual workers will have very little to say in the matter, the absence of a secret ballot in trades unions depriving

them of any show of individual liberty. Nearly all will obey, and in the resulting strike 'peaceful picketing,' in other words, broken heads and terrorised women, will ensure due submission.

So much for the essential trades on whose continuance at work the life of the millions inhabiting Great Britain depends. Communist activities do not stop here, however. There are indications that in certain garrisons Communist nuclei have been formed with the definite object of sapping the loyalty of His Majesty's forces.

The same methods are being pursued through the Civil Service. As an instance in point, the British Fascists will soon be compelled to institute a system of couriers, experience having taught them that Communist antipathy is not unknown in the Post Office.

In no department of the public service has the virus taken greater hold than in that to which the education of the young is entrusted. Under the garb of Christian Socialism, with which Communism has absolutely nothing in common, the most subversive teachings are being given to the youth of the rising generation. Transition from the day-school to the Red or Pink Sunday-school is thus made easy, and affords no mental shock. '*Facilis est descensus Averni.*' In one school of which we have heard the same room is occupied on different sides by a Socialist and a Communist Sunday class. So-called proletarian schools preach a morality which is far removed from that of the simple grandeur of the State religion. One magazine for boys and girls, describing the word 'truth,' says that it means nothing except in very special cases. Happily their activities are becoming notorious, but the schools are going underground, and their discovery is becoming daily more difficult, even though their influence is in no way diminished. When childhood's days are past, the Young Communist International claims the pupils and utilises their youthful energy in spreading the doctrine of world revolution.

Last, and most sinister of all, is the danger of modern inventions, such as wireless and the cinema, passing into the hands of men of alien race. The rising generation will be taught in silence and darkness, and at the most susceptible age, to hear and see without revulsion stories and scenes of violence, bloodshed and revolution.

Such is a brief and all too incomplete description of some of the workings of the great plot in our native land. Let us now turn to the consideration of how it is directed against the Dominions and outworks of the British Empire.

Like all really great schemes, this can be written on the back of an envelope. It may be summed up in the words 'Turn the coloured races against the white. Cut Britain's supplies and communications.'

To go into detail. A perusal of Soviet documents, especially the *Novi Vostok*, shows that intensive propaganda is being carried on in Far, Middle, and Near East. Here by fomenting local risings the Bolshevik rulers operate on the flank of Imperial communications. The Fourth Congress of the Communist International in 1922 foreshadowed Soviet progress in China and co-operation with Sun Yat Sen; the proceedings of the Fifth Congress in 1924 showed that the programme had been adhered to, and recent official publications from Moscow exult over the consequent loss of British prestige. Comrade Roy from India makes no secret of the extent of the anti-British movement controlled from Moscow. In Afghanistan and Persia a similar story is told. Radek (Sobelsohn) boasts of the inevitable alliance between Bolshevism and Pan-Islam, which gives a new and ugly complexion to the Turkish manoeuvres near Mosul. Britain's nominee, King Hussein, has been expelled from the Hedjaz, and the Soviet Press glories in the success of its Government's intrigues with the Arab sheikhs hostile to his rule. Palestine is well supplied with Russian Jews of Bolshevik proclivities. Last and worst, the situation in Egypt is ominous. A population of thirteen million people, harmless enough in themselves, but very emotional, ignorant, and at heart fanatical, have been worked up to a condition of hostility and distrust towards Britain. Our futile concessions have merely succeeded in throwing honest Egyptians who supported us and our ideals of integrity to the wolves, and have been regarded as acts of weakness. The problems confronting that country would tax to the utmost the capacities and experience of a political superman. No such individual has appeared above the horizon so far, and it would not be difficult to spread revolutionary teaching and cause trouble in the towns.

What if the capable intriguers at the Muscovite capital should succeed in producing a sudden rising, or series of risings such as occurred in 1919, in India and the Near East? What if these risings necessitated the despatch of a considerable armed force, as has recently occurred on a small scale, to Egypt and the Sudan? What if the garrisons of Great Britain should thereby be weakened? What if civil war were to break out in Ireland at such a time? What if the general headquarters of Labour were to proclaim a general strike at such a moment, and to hoist the red flag as a second act in the drama?

One thing is certain—that every patriot would be needed to ensure that the vital services of transport, light, gas, water and food supply were not brought to an absolute standstill.

We live mainly on imported food. A large and revolutionary alien population is ever on the increase in our industrial centres, despite smug official assurances that their number is decreasing,

which contradict the evidence of our own organs of sight and hearing. Masses of discontented unemployed pervade our streets. Paid agitators work on their legitimate grievances, while the hidden hand of Communist intrigue does its best to counter any move to reduce their number or increase the housing accommodation so sorely needed. The Zinovieff letter contains nothing new to those who read Soviet publications. The Red Army is no chimera. The Irish Republican Army is in being.

Suppose that food riots break out while all the essential services have been brought to a standstill. Will not the forces of the Crown have a colossal task of improvisation before them? It must be remembered that the Government must not be accused of being alarmist, and that therefore it cannot come out into the open, or do more than prepare paper schemes and secretly prearrange skeleton organisations. A volunteer organisation does not suffer from these disabilities. Its leaders are enthusiasts who have not the slightest objection to being laughed at, provided that adequate preparation be made to counter a movement which aims at the destruction of the middle classes, the reduction of the working classes to servitude, the misery of the weak, of the young, and of future generations.

Hence the British Fascist movement, which, bearing in mind the great work achieved by the old Volunteers and territorial armies, and the partial success which attended the brave efforts of the late Lord Roberts, despite obloquy and brainless ridicule, humbly endeavours to follow in their footsteps, and to get forward with something more than talk towards making preparation to counter the great and deadly menace hanging over us. Revolutions have achieved their greatest success where made by the sudden attack of small, well-organised minorities, and now that the Soviet authorities are experts in the art of civil war, our preparations must be directed towards the organisation in each town, village and hamlet of forces which would be prepared to strike hard and quickly at the first sign of an outbreak. The nation cannot count on much time for improvisation. Modern lethal weapons confer an almost overwhelming advantage on the party which is attacking in accordance with a prearranged scheme and timing. The counter-attack of the forces of law and order must be made at once, and, thanks to the inspiration of those who are fighting for a great ideal, we are prepared to take on very heavy odds, knowing that our atheistical adversaries will be directed by aliens, governed by fear, and inspired by hope of loot and rapine. Nevertheless the task will be very formidable, as street fighting against the swarms from the slums, supported at strategic points by trained groups armed with the devilish weapons of modern warfare, will be no child's play. If, in addition, we have

to provide for the maintenance and protection of essential public services, a great amount of previous preparation will be essential to success. It will be necessary to ascertain beforehand what proportion of the various trades will be necessary to ensure that the life of the community be not brought to a standstill, and arrangements will have to be made whereby volunteers who appear at the last moment can be told off for the tasks for which they are most suited. It would be useless to detail a highly trained electrical engineer who would be a pivotal man at a power station to guard a bank or patrol a slum. Then again, the women Fascists will have to organise dressing stations and canteens for the fighting units. We believe in doing all we can beforehand so as to put a useful weapon at the disposal of the authorities when the call comes, and to this end we are getting in touch, as soon as we can, with other patriotic organisations so as to arrive at a common plan of action. It is obviously undesirable to give out more than the broad lines of our plans, but the following may give some idea of the organisation instituted.

Civil war demands, *par excellence*, fighting on a group system, and our groups are composed of seven men, one of whom is the unit leader. Three units form a troop, and the larger bodies are organised into companies, divisions, district areas, and, finally, into counties.

County commanders and area commanders have very wide discretionary powers, much depending on their initiative when the call comes.

The spearhead of each local organisation will consist of flying squads of young, active, unmarried men prepared to go anywhere or to do anything. Behind these will come a second line, composed of older men, acting as reserves to garrison captured points, and to perform the duties of stationary guards. These will be independent of the technical units, who will be organised to work such essential machinery as is necessary.

Such a conception disposes automatically of the foolish accusation that the British Fascists are a secret society. The legality of their organisation was officially recognised by the late Labour Government by the granting to them of their articles of association as 'The British Fascisti, Limited.'

An organisation whose members are ready to give their lives, their energies, and their resources to counter the revolutionary danger, must be inspired by some other motive than mere pugnacity. No laurels are to be expected or decorations conferred in the civil war. The only reward to be sought is success or, better still, prevention. This leads us to the consideration of constructive measures savouring less of dispositions to meet emergency.

The spirit that induces large numbers of men and women to

lay aside all considerations of class or politics, not in the moment of enthusiasm of a great foreign war, but as a sober conviction in time of peace, cannot stop short at military preparation only.

There are undoubted social evils which afford favourable soil in which the seed of Communism can germinate. Their removal has hitherto been postponed by party considerations; but the danger is too great to allow of such procrastination in future. The necessary measures are no longer a party, but a national, consideration, and the Government of the day, of whatever party, so long as it is anti-revolutionary, cannot but be stimulated by the support of an ever-increasing body whose members include Liberals, Labourites, Conservatives and Socialists.

A study of Communist aims shows that the struggle must be lifted from the arena of party to become a life-and-death conflict between the forces of good and evil. So powerful are these last that those opposing them must bravely stand forth for the elementary virtues. Too long have we been governed by sham and 'make-believe'; it is time for outspoken truth, regardless of hidden influences and secret party considerations. Our opponents are deliberately attacking our liberties, and by means of well-organised minorities can produce for political ends strikes which can do irreparable harm to the life of the country. We Fascists will support and endeavour to secure a fair hearing for those who bring these matters to the light of day. Britons are thoroughly sound at heart, but they have allowed alien influences to form a growing canker in the body politic. A virile organisation such as ours should hearten up patriots in all parties, and an awakened nation will make short work of the subversive well-organised minority. There is room for adults and youth of both sexes in our movement, the former to stir our fellow-countrymen to the need for immediate action, the latter to prepare themselves by study, self-discipline, and brotherhood to take an active part in the decisive struggle. Officers and men of the fighting forces, on whom the State has a first and absorbing claim, may do their part in expressing their sympathy with our ideals, and in countering the formation of revolutionary nuclei on the lower deck and in the barrack-room. Existing societies, religious, political, and philanthropic, can bear a noble part by waging continuous and determined warfare against selfish apathy on the one hand and class hatred on the other.

Though Fascism originated in Italy, it has now become a world-wide movement; each nation interprets it in its own way, and ours is essentially British.

We stand for a strong British Empire as one of the greatest civilising agencies in the world. We believe that this Empire has been given a definite task to do under Divine providence, and we

refuse to abandon our plain duty at the bidding of Internationals. Patriotism is thus part of our religious creed. While having no objection in principle to offering the hospitality of our land to foreigners who wish to become worthy British citizens, we emphasise the fact that there are over a million unemployed in Britain to-day, many of them ex-service men who have a prior claim on any vacant jobs. But we are strongly opposed to the influx of undesirable aliens that has been going on during recent years. There are too many ways of evading the present passport restrictions, and the coastguards should be strengthened and enabled to carry out a closer supervision of our shores.

Firmly convinced of the force of enlightened public opinion, we believe in exposing social evils, and in urging our members, each and all, to undertake some form of public or social duty.

While opposing profiteering in all its forms, we point out that the artificial restriction of output is not only a form of profiteering, but injurious to the national character. A fair day's work for a fair wage is essential to the recovery of our industrial position in the markets of the world.

This is no ordinary struggle. In days gone by Europe was spurred to action by the fiery eloquence of Peter the Hermit, who proclaimed that the holy places across the sea must be rescued from the hands of the infidel. To-day the issues are yet greater, for the decision is to lie between the forces of civilisation and those of barbarism and servitude. Christianity itself, that triumphant opponent of slavery, is being attacked by forces which bear grim resemblance to the Scriptural representation of the future anti-christ. Our countrymen we call to a new crusade. The enemy is without the gate, ay! and within. So the Cross surmounts our badge; we have adopted the Latin motto '*Fides fortitudo*,' of old emblazoned on the banners of those who fought for the same cause; and we take as our battle-cry 'For King and Country.'

R. B. D. BLAKENEY,
President, British Fascists.

CAUSE AND EFFECT IN FAR-EASTERN POLITICS

THE correlation between cause and effect may not be so obvious in human affairs as, say, in chemistry, owing to the long periods that often intervene between the antecedent cause and the full development of its effects; the connection exists all the same, and no student of world politics can afford to ignore it.

Thus, when Dom Sebastian, King of Portugal, led his ill-fated expedition into Morocco, 1578—resulting in the destruction of his army, his own death, and, three years later, the forcible seizure of Portugal by King Philip of Spain, a humiliating experience still sorrowfully referred to by patriotic Portuguese as the 'sixty years' captivity'—this terrible episode was fraught with consequences undreamt of by the wise men of that epoch, the true significance of which has even now been scarcely realised.

Even well-informed writers and careful students of world affairs are still wont to regard Sebastian's crazy escapade—together with its sequel, the Spanish usurpation—as simply a curious matter of ancient history, an isolated event which scarcely influenced the current of human affairs outside the Peninsula, and of insufficient importance to justify any prolonged investigation into its effects on world history.

The more immediate result of the subjugation of Portugal by Spain was the equipment of the 'Invincible Armada' by King Philip II., in conjunction with his helpless tool, Portugal—at the instigation of the Papacy—to crush the growing power of Protestantism in one of its strongholds. The miscarriage of this pseudo-pious project, however, by the destruction of the Armada, reduced the navies of Spain and Portugal for a time to impotence, with results alike in Europe and in the Far East of the most far-reaching nature.

The Portuguese, it may be well to remind the reader, had already, through the enterprise of their adventurous navigators, discovered and opened up an ocean highway to the Far East, thus securing for themselves a very lucrative trade, of which Lisbon became the headquarters as well as the chief distributing centre for the produce of Eastern lands. This naturally excited a desire

amongst other Powers, not only to secure a share in the new source of wealth, but to wrest from Portugal the monopoly she had hitherto enjoyed.

It was in the Eastern seas—strange to relate, on the shores of Japan—that the tidal wave of European politics set in motion by these events broke first of all, with most momentous results. The subsequent events may be briefly described.

First, it may be well to recall the fact that amongst the Jesuit missionaries who followed the Portuguese navigators into the Eastern seas was the celebrated Francis Xavier. And with such remarkable success did that zealous propagandist spread abroad the doctrines of the Christian religion that to superficial observers it seemed as if the whole of Japan was about to be gathered into the fold of the Roman Church.

Scarcely, however, had that persuasive preacher taken his departure, to seek elsewhere the crown of martyrdom denied him in the island kingdom, than its temporal rulers were seized with the suspicion that the so-called 'saving of souls' was not the sole quest of the missionaries; that, in short, they were aspiring to earthly dominion as well. And circumstances presently arose which not only confirmed these suspicions, but brought the alien propagandists into collision with the authorities.

Difficulties had already arisen through the refusal of the missionaries to baptise the Prince unless he consented to give up his harem—a proposal which touched him in the quick. What brought matters to a climax, however, was the *naïve* admission of a Spaniard, who, on being asked by the Prince: 'How is it that your king has managed to possess himself of half the world?' incautiously replied: 'He sends priests to win the people; his troops are next sent to join the native Christians, and the conquest is then easy.' The sequel to this admission, so tradition avers, was an oath on the Prince's part 'that not a priest should be left alive in his dominions.' This is certain: that on June 25, 1587, the first edict for the expulsion of the Jesuits was signed; and the date of this edict—mark the coincidence—was the year preceding the destruction of the 'Invincible Armada' off the coast of Britain. The edict of 1587 was renewed in 1596, and resulted in a fierce persecution of native Christians.

This changed attitude of the Japanese was due in no small measure to the arrival of the Dutch, which happened in so strange a manner that, as Captain Sherard Osborne justly remarks:

The hand of Providence seems apparent in a course of events that prevented the Jesuits from acquiring an influence they might have utilised in a manner familiar to all who have studied the history of the Inquisition at Goa.

The advent of the Hollanders at this critical period came about in this wise. In the course of their trade with the Portuguese, the

Dutchmen had been impressed with the immense wealth derived from the island kingdom of Japan, amounting, according to Kaempfer, to 300 tons of gold per annum, besides the unconsidered trifles picked up by the merchants conducting the trade. Deeming themselves as good men and as hardy mariners as the Portuguese, the Dutchmen became inspired with the desire of plunging their own spoon into that same tempting pudding, 'in spite of the hostility of the Dons, the Bulls of the Pope, or the fires of the Inquisition,' as an old writer puts it.

Accordingly, in 1598, a squadron of five ships was despatched by the Dutch East India Company, under command of Master Jaque Mahay, in the good ship *Erasmus*—a name especially dear to all Dutchmen, and then of deeper significance than might be inferred from the indifference of modern seamen to the names of their ships—the object of the expedition being for the introduction of Reformation principles, in opposition to those promulgated by the Jesuit missionaries, and for the opening up of trade with the East, seeing that Erasmus, to quote an old author, 'had attacked the Pope's crown and the monks' bellies.'

The interest attaching to the voyage is enhanced, moreover, by the fact of the squadron being piloted by an English seaman—one William Adams—'born in Gillingham, one mile from Chatham, where the Queen's ships do lie,' according to his own statement. And he goes on to explain his presence on board the Dutchman thus :

I was, from the age of twelve, brought up in Limehouse, near London, being 'prentice twelve years to one master Nicholas Diggins, and have served in the place of master and pilot in his Majesty's ships; and about eleven or twelve years served the Worshipful Company of Barbary Merchants, until the Indian Traffic from Holland began; in which traffic I was desirous to make a little experience of the small knowledge which God hath given me.

The voyage proved disastrous, only one vessel, the *Charity*, with Adams on board, reaching her destination :

On the 11th of April, 1600, we saw the high land of Japan near Bungo; . . . many country barks came aboard us, the people whereof we willingly let come, having no force to resist them; and at this place we came to an anchor,

the voyage having lasted one year and ten months.

As a matter of fact, the *Charity* was not the first Dutch ship to arrive in Far-Eastern waters. In 1594, the King of Spain, who ruled in Portugal during the 'sixty years' captivity,' having closed the port of Lisbon to Dutch shipping—for the double purpose of injuring Portuguese trade and punishing the Hollanders for their heretical back slidings—one Cornelius Houtman, a Dutchman who had been employed by the Portuguese as a pilot in the Indian

seas, and had suffered punishment at the hands of the Inquisition, navigated a Dutch squadron round the Cape of Good Hope to the East-Indies.

Reverting to Will Adams. The advent of a strange ship having been reported to the Emperor, commands were issued for Adams and another sailor to be brought into his presence; and the interview is thus described by the Kentish man: 'I showed him the name of our country, and that our land had long sought the East Indies'; and having explained the purely mercantile object of the expedition, the Emperor, Adams tells us, asked if 'our country had wars, to which I replied, "Yea, with the Spaniards and Portuguese," being at peace with all other nations.'

What is not very clear is whether Adams was speaking as an Englishman or as an employee of the Dutch when he referred to 'our country' and 'our land' in reply to the Emperor's question, both England and Holland being at war with the Spaniards, and their helpless tools, the Portuguese.

The appearance of trade rivals on the scene in the shape of the Dutch, naturally incensed the Portuguese; while the anger of the Jesuits was aroused by the fact of the new-comers belonging to what they charitably styled an 'heretical nation.' Under such untoward conditions the Hollanders could scarcely expect to be received with open arms; and there is nothing surprising in the statement of Will Adams that,

After we had been at Bungo from five to six days, a Portugal Jesuit, with other Portugals, and some Japanese that were Christians (in name), came from a place called Nangasaki, which was ill for us, the Portugals being our mortal enemies, who reported that we were pirates, and were not in the way of merchandising.

The Portugals, in short, took care to paint the new arrivals very black indeed.

The Emperor, undecided what to do, sent Adams and his companion off to prison, where they were kept under observation for thirty-nine days; the Jesuits and Portuguese in the meanwhile, with nice Christian charity, used their best endeavours to have them treated as thieves and rascals, declaring, wrote Adams, that, 'if justice was executed upon us, it would terrify the rest of our nation from coming there any more; and to this intent they daily sued his Majesty to cut us off.'

The pagan, however, proved less bloodthirsty than the priests, 'for, praise be to God for ever and ever,' piously exclaims the Kentish man, 'the Emperor answered them, that because their two countries were at war was no reason why, to please the Portugals, he should slay Dutch and English.'

1. During the Spanish usurpation the Portuguese suffered for the crimes of their masters.

Eventually the two seamen were liberated, and permitted to rejoin their ship. In course of time, Adams, who must have been a man of tact and address, albeit a sailor, acquired great influence at court, so that when, a few years later, more Dutch ships arrived, they were well received by the Japanese; and, through the good offices of Will Adams, were granted certain trade privileges, together with the use of the port of Firando.

Though happy enough in the land of his involuntary adoption—which he was fated never to leave—Adams was not unmindful of his native country, and wrote home, from time to time, urging his countrymen to open up trade with the island kingdom. And when, on June 11, 1613, a vessel bearing the red cross of England arrived, his joy was great. This vessel was the *Clove*, of London, one of the pioneer ships of the newly formed East India Company, commanded by Captain Saris, bearing a letter from King James, along with presents for the Emperor, who received the new arrivals very graciously on presenting themselves at Yeddo. Before quitting the country a treaty, embodying the most important privileges hitherto conceded to a foreign Power, was obtained; and Captain Saris carried back with him a letter from the Taikoon, expressing a desire to cultivate the friendship of King James, with a promise that his subjects should be heartily welcomed, and applauding much their worthiness and skill as navigators. An English factory was established at Firando, and all the omens were favourable to the opening up of the island empire to foreign trade and friendly intercourse.

Captain Saris returned to England in a very optimistic frame of mind, bringing home, it is recorded, so highly coloured an account of the Japanese, and the prospects of trade, that a merchant of the city of London was induced to read that account to King James, who, after listening to it, 'roundly declared that he did not believe a word of it.'

What then, it may be asked, dashed all these bright hopes to the ground, and, worse still, sealed up the island empire to foreign intercourse to a time almost within living memory? The story is writ so large in the annals of European intercourse with Japan that he who runs may read; it may be epitomised as follows:

The year after the arrival of the *Clove*, of the East India Company's service, a most relentless persecution of priests and Christian converts broke out (1614), terminating in the expulsion of the Jesuits, and the virtual imprisonment of the Portuguese traders on the island of Decima, off Nagasaki (1635). In this degrading situation, the Portuguese, at the instigation, so they declared, of their successful rivals, the Dutch, who would be nothing loth to pay off old scores, were subjected to every sort of indignity.

Matters were brought to a climax by a rebellion fomented by the Portuguese. This proved the last straw on the back of the long-suffering Japanese. And under the bloody ruins of Simbarra the intriguing Portuguese were destroyed with priests and converts.

The root cause of all these troubles was the attitude of the Portuguese clergy, who, both at home and abroad, as explained by the author of the 'Hulsean Prize Essay' (1850),

suffered themselves to be led astray by the attractions of party intrigues and prospects of political power, so as to look upon themselves as members of conflicting earthly kingdoms rather than of the Church universal; while the priesthood, perverted by the fatal temptations of ecclesiastical sway, and the influence of a materialised religion, united itself more and more with the secular spirit, instead of imparting to an erring world the benefits of pure Christianity.

And the author goes on to point out that

It was scarcely to be expected that Japanese officials should bestow any great attention on the exhortations of prelates who devoted all their powers to political intrigue, and did not scruple to assemble and conduct fratricidal armies; or that they should be able to account for the lamentable variance between the precepts and example of their would-be spiritual guides.

The dreadful massacre above mentioned occurred in 1640. By a remarkable coincidence, the same year witnessed one of the most notable events in Portuguese annals—the successful revolution by which the nation threw off the galling and detested yoke of Spain, and placed John, Duke of Braganza, on the long-vacant throne. Many years were destined to elapse, however, before Portugal recovered from the condition of utter impotence to which she had been reduced by the Spanish usurpation. Meanwhile the Dutch seized most of their Far-Eastern possessions—to be wrested from the Hollanders later on by Great Britain—with the result that the only possessions remaining in Portuguese hands at the present time in Eastern seas are the small island of Macao, off Canton, and the derelict city of Goa, with a small tract of territory on the west coast of India.

And what of the English? During the years succeeding the visit of Captain Saris in the *Clove* their attention was too much engrossed by troubles at home, culminating in the war between King and Parliament, to spare either the time or the means for safeguarding their interests in the Eastern seas; and when, towards the end of the seventeenth century, another vessel of the East India Company sought to reopen the factory at Firando,^a

^a Hirado, or Firando, a Japanese island in the Strait of Korea. It was the chief Portuguese settlement in the archipelago, and is noted for the missionary labours of Francis Xavier. The Dutch had a trading fort from 1609 to 1640 (*Times Gazetteer of the World*).

which had been closed during the troubles at home, the agents, though received with civility, were refused all trading facilities, the Japanese giving as the reason that the reigning King of England (Charles II.) was married to a daughter of the King of Portugal (Catherine of Braganza) whose subjects had recently been expelled from Japan.

A handful of Dutch merchants alone remained in Japan, confined under humiliating conditions on the island of Decima, off Nagasaki, where, by an edict of the year 1642, they had been ordered by the Japanese authorities to take up their abode, in succession to the Portuguese who had been recently expelled. On this confined space 'you will cease to observe the Sabbath,' so ran the mandate, 'and on all points be guided by the instructions you will receive from the lords of Firando.' The poor Dutchmen went tamely enough to their prison, and 'though the most enterprising seamen of that day,' wrote Captain Sherard Osborne, 'Japanese gold kobangs and copper bars reconciled them to the contumely they must endure, if they desired to share in those good things; and they bore it,' he adds, 'with all the phlegm and patience of their race, for two centuries.' And when later the English tried to reoccupy their factory and resume trade, the selfish Dutchmen, oblivious of their indebtedness to an Englishman* (Will Adams) for having obtained first footing in the island kingdom, utilised such little influence as they could now boast of for the purpose of excluding their rivals.

Thus matters remained for nearly 200 years, until the arrival of the American naval mission in Japanese waters, and the resultant treaty of March 1854, followed by one with Great Britain in October, by which certain ports were opened to European commerce, and the hitherto hermetically sealed island kingdom rendered, once again, accessible for purposes of trade or travel.

And what of Portugal, to the domineering conduct and intrigues of whose priests and churchmen Europe was indebted for the isolation of Japan for nearly two centuries? When at length she emerged from the 'sixty years' captivity' the nation was a mere wreck of its former self. Gone was its fleet, swallowed up in the stormy Atlantic, with that of Spain, in the latter's futile attempt to impose its rule and religion, in the interests of the Papacy, on Great Britain; gone was its treasure, for the Portuguese had been 'bled white' in the promotion of Spanish ambitions. And, worse than all in the eyes of Orientals, gone was its prestige throughout the East. Impotence was to be the lot henceforward of the nation that had shown the way to the

* During the year 1918 a monument was erected by the Japanese Government to the memory of Will Adams, as a token of its appreciation of his services to Japan.

Golden East, and once had exercised lordship over vast territories and peoples, 'from which condition,' as a well-known native writer pathetically remarks, 'she has never yet been able to raise herself.'

As an administrator of native races the disappearance of Portugal as a serious competitor for world power is scarcely to be deplored. The simple truth is that, in the endeavour to satisfy the national craving for dominion, she went too far; and when her king, Dom Sebastian (who had been taught by his pastors and masters 'that it was his duty to propagate Christianity by fire and sword, and, inflamed with that belief, invaded Africa, and perished with the flower of his kingdom in the mad crusade,' according to a Portuguese Secretary of State) subjected his kingdom to a greater strain than it could stand, the whole imposing fabric of Far-Eastern possessions built up by the enterprise, skill, and daring of Portuguese seamen in times past, collapsed. No other result was to be expected when a nation numbering under two millions aspired to rule huge continents.

Nor were the pro-consuls sent out by the mother-country to govern overseas possessions invariably of a type to command the love and esteem of the native races entrusted to their care. It is notorious that many colonial governors and administrators displayed a marked incapacity for moulding and influencing for good, or even civilising, the vast populations committed to their charge. It was the result of wide experience of the methods of Portuguese colonial administrators, and observation of the consequences arising therefrom, in times past, that moved that able officer, the late Captain Sherard Osborne, to wrath:

One can only rejoice in the decay [he wrote indignantly] and pray for the total annihilation of a people who, like the Portuguese, so sadly abused the mission the Almighty called upon them to fulfil, when to them were first given the keys of the Golden East, its docile millions, and untold riches.

The views of European statesmen in regard to their responsibility for the treatment meted out to native races by officials sent to administer colonial possessions have altered widely since the wild, rough times to which Captain Sherard Osborne refers in this crushing indictment; and much greater care is now exercised in the choice of administrators. The Portuguese, for example, in recent years, have entrusted the care of their extensive African possessions to extremely able men, who carry out their duties in a manner that would reflect credit on any parent State. Let it not be supposed that our own colonies were formerly administered in accordance with enlightened modern standards. One has only to dip into Pepys' *Tangier Diary* at the time when that rough and brutal soldier, Percy Kirke, commanded the ill-fated fortress, to learn something about the iniquities, not

only tolerated, but openly practised, there. We read of an unfortunate Jew and his wife who came from Spain to escape the Inquisition, and had the misfortune to offend the Governor, who sent them back, 'swearing they should be burnt.' On their return they were both taken to the Inquisition and burnt. 'Which shows Kirke to be a very brute,' is the diarist's comment. Macaulay tells us that, though Kirke flogged the soldiers with merciless severity, he indemnified them by permitting them to sleep on watch, reel drunk about the streets, and to rob, beat, and insult the merchants and civilians.' Kirke appointed one Roberts as parish reader, 'who will swear, drink, etc., as freely as any man in the town,' according to Dr. Ken, who accompanied the diarist to Tangier. The reason for this piece of favouritism was 'because he is brother to Mrs. Collier, Kirke's mistress.' Small wonder that Pepys and Dr. Ken should have 'a great discourse on the viciousness of the place, and its being time for God Almighty to destroy it,' like another Sodom or Gomorrah. The morality of the place must have got to a very low ebb when a man of the world like Pepys could write to a friend at home: 'With sorrow and indignation I speak; it is a place of the world I would last wish to send a young man but to hell.'

International jealousies survived in the Golden East to the very last, and were often fanned into flame on the slightest provocation as a means of tripping up a trade rival. Thus we find Lord Macartney, who conducted an embassy from the East India Company to the Emperor of China, in 1792, complaining to the Directors of the hostility of the Portuguese. In a letter, dated 'Canton, Dec. 23rd, 1793,' he wrote:

It was not natural to expect that the Portuguese, whom we take every occasion to assist and protect in Europe, should suffer their religious bigotry and local jealousy to operate upon their conduct to our prejudice.

As it was in the beginning of European intercourse with the once 'Golden' East, so it is at the present time. He would be a bold man, indeed, who—in view of the disgraceful scenes witnessed at the last Olympic Sports—ventured to assert that international jealousies were dead and buried.

So far as Portugal is concerned, the fates have exacted a terrible retribution for her treatment of the 'docile millions' over whom she once claimed dominion, for the conduct of her representatives towards Will Adams in 1600, and for their behaviour to a British embassy in 1793. Portugal has passed through some bitter trials since those far-distant times. But nations, like individuals, are slow to profit by experience.

TEIGNMOUTH.

THE VIVISECTION OF DOGS

Of all domesticated animals the dog confessedly ranks highest as the special friend of man. First employed for purposes of obvious utility, he took that place in ages long preceding those of which we have historical record, and has filled it ever since. Long before the cat appeared at our firesides, before monkeys, parrots, guinea-pigs and their like became familiar objects in our dwellings, man learned to value, to appreciate, and to love the sovereign moral qualities of his *fidus Achates*, his *alter ego*, I might almost say his twin soul, the incomparable dog.

That being so, it becomes highly important and even necessary to examine and consider judicially from every point of view the continued use of this noble creature for those numerous laboratory purposes which are covered by the single term 'vivisection': all the more pressingly that we know this practice to have acquired enormous vogue, daily increasing, throughout the whole civilised world. 'Vivisection' is a revolting word, and denotes many diverse practices, associated in the main with unspeakable cruelties. It may be succinctly defined as the exploitation of animals, whether sub-human or human, in the supposed interests of science, whether for the advancement of knowledge or for tests, chemical, physiological, or psychological. In the great majority of cases the sub-human creatures are involved; but it is by no means restricted to these. Experimentation has been extensively resorted to for children, women and men, very largely in Germany, America, France and Italy, to a smaller extent in this country.

I think we shall all agree that, so far as humanity and kindness are concerned, the dog presents an enormously strong claim to entire exemption from vivisectional practices in any of their forms. But science declines to recognise such considerations, however forcible. It—or at least its most accredited devotees and professors—proclaims with no uncertain sound that such a course is quite impossible; that, if this were generally adopted, human progress in the acquisition of knowledge would be entirely barred. I propose now to examine the evidence on which these assertions—which I hold to be altogether erroneous—are based, consider-

ing everything, so far as possible, from the purely scientific point of view. True and genuine science I take to stand in the first place for the highest attainable accuracy and veracity, secondly for perfect impartiality.

But first let us take the assertions themselves as made to the last Royal Commission on Vivisection (*vide* Report). Sir Thomas Lauder Brunton said (Q. 7067) that dogs are essential to scientific research. Professor Schäfer (Q. 10,250) fully concurred. Professor C. J. Martin, Director of the Lister Institute, proffered (Q. 11,821) four reasons why the dog should not be excluded from laboratory research: (1) Physiology would be seriously handicapped by considerations of cost. Monkeys and apes are dear; the dog is cheap; and the physiologist must have access to animals of varying size. (2) Researches on rabies and hydrophobia. (3) Distemper, hydatids, and malignant jaundice, diseases of the dog itself. (4) Ankylostoma (miner's worm) infests the dog, and also works havoc among miners. Research needed. (Order of reasons changed, italics not in original.)

Now supposing a cultured and open-minded man, who has previously devoted no attention to the technical study which all vivisection problems involve, to inquire into this moot proposal for exempting the dog, he will find himself face to face with two vital questions. These are:

I. Viewing the profound differences in structure between man and the dog, how can experiments on the latter have any scientific bearing on the former?

II. Have experiments on the dog hitherto recorded advanced human knowledge?

He finds on the threshold of his inquiry that these structural differences are very material indeed; to say nothing of living habits. Both man and the dog are mammalia. But the latter walks on all fours, and is a terrestrial creature, whereas man has at least an arboreal ancestry.

The arterial system of each is profoundly distinct. Whenever a human being has to undergo amputation at the hip joint, he or she would almost immediately perish from hæmorrhage unless the most elaborate precautions had been previously taken. Far otherwise with the dog. Lawson Tait, the most original operating surgeon of the nineteenth century, says:

I once saw the leg of a favourite dog amputated at the hip joint on account of disease, and when the limb was removed not a single vessel bled. Without sedulous precaution a human being would perish of hæmorrhage under the same circumstances within a few seconds.

Note the different effect of drugs. Morphia contracts the pupil of man; that of the dog first dilates, then contracts. Calomel increases the bile-flow of man, not of the dog. The woody night-

shade is a deadly poison to canines; it is rarely or never fatal to ourselves. The dog can take an ounce of aconite leaves and seeds with impunity; that dose would kill several human beings. Guarana produces a sort of intoxication in dogs; it has no such effect on us.

The heart of the dog has an intermittent pulsation, not regular, as with ourselves. This functional difference is particularly emphasised by the relative susceptibility to chloroform. When a man dies under the anæsthetic administration of chloroform, it is from heart failure; and there generally proves to have been fatty degeneration of the muscle structure. However, he inhales the drug with impunity in many thousand instances. (The mortality was once officially given as one death in 8000 cases. But I think this is an under-estimate.) Not so the dog. He dies under chloroform almost immediately (evidence of Dr. Pritchard, Q. 798). Yet no one would accuse him of possessing a weak or degenerate heart!

When we pass to other organs, the same difference markedly obtains. A surgical colleague of mine once operated on sundry dogs to procure intestinal anastomosis. They did not 'turn a hair'; survived to all appearance vigorous and happy. Then he proceeded to the identical procedure on patients under his care in hospital; and everyone promptly succumbed.

Here is the great Sir Frederick Treves' evidence on the subject (*British Medical Journal*, November 5, 1895):

Many years ago I carried out on the Continent sundry operations on the intestines of dogs; but such are the differences between the human and canine bowel that when I came to operate on man I found I was much hampered by my experience, that I had everything to unlearn, and that my experiments had done little but unfit me to deal with the human intestine.

Mr. R. J. Cowen, a surgeon who gave evidence before the last Royal Commission on Vivisection, points out in detail other structural differences (Appendix to Fourth Report, pp. 248-249). The dog's teeth are differently shaped and placed. His digestive tract is very much shorter than man's, and the digestive juices 'a great deal more concentrated and more powerful'. The brain contains more phosphorus.

It is thus sufficiently evident that such a vast structural and functional gulf exists between man and the dog as absolutely to invalidate all inferences drawn from experiments on the latter to the former. *No scientific inference is possible in the least.* This conclusion was confirmed by the late Professor Rutherford, than whom we can find no higher authority in physiological matters. He said, referring to dog experiments (Q. 2966): 'The experiment must also be tried on man before a conclusion can be made.' Also by Professor Starling, of University College, though his answer

was on the general question and the influence of drugs: 'The final experiment must take place on man.'

But here will naturally arise the query, 'If not of utility to man, are not these experiments of value to the dog itself, for the cure of canine diseases?' The answer again is entirely in the negative. So far no beneficial results have been attained in any direction; there is all-round failure. The proposed 'protective treatment against distemper' was investigated by a committee of eminent veterinary surgeons and shown to be worthless (*Veterinary Counter-practice*, 5th ed.). That is the most prominent instance of failure. Ditto with 'malignant jaundice.'

I need hardly mention rabies and hydrophobia, inasmuch as science has shown these to be antiquated superstitions, and no more. The symptoms formerly supposed to indicate rabies in the dog are due generally to intestinal parasites, less frequently to actual ill-usage and starvation. Those of hydrophobia in the human are invariably caused by suggestion, expectancy, and fear. A typical example is the case quoted by Mrs. Hedley Thomson in *Pasteur or Béchamp*; where eighteen years elapsed between the dog's bite and the death. The two questions above meet then, in both instances, with emphatic negation.

Let us, however, see what has taken place, and still continues to take place, in the laboratory even of humane and nominally restrictive Britain; much more in foreign countries, where no restriction is interposed by the law. Be it noted also that this laboratory is an appanage, not only of public institutions and medical schools, but also of the manufacturing chemist, whose name is Legion. Before the war over 100,000 dogs perished annually in the laboratories of Germany alone. There must have been a material increase since.

The attitude of professed scientists towards any thought of humanity may be estimated by the well-known *dictum* of Magnan that 'consideration for the sensations of the animals themselves is a species of insanity.' Dr. Klein (Q. 3539) told our Royal Commission that he had 'no regard at all' to the sufferings of the animals. Examples of their curious psychology may be found in Q. 2388, where Dr. Burdon Sanderson thinks that baking cats alive would not cause them extraordinary pain, and in Q. 2158, where Dr. Pavy maintains that a frog boiled alive would not greatly suffer. Such mentality can hardly be considered normal. If it were so, that would be of unspeakably bad augury for future civilisation.

Sir John Rose Bradford is a distinguished physician and medical teacher, a member of the Advisory Committee under the Vivisection Act; was a recent Conservative candidate for London University. The *Journal of Physiology* (xxiii. No. 6) records his experiments on forty-nine female fox terriers. Chloroform and

morphia were used as anæsthetics for the operation itself, but could not of course affect the subsequent suffering, and Sir Henry Morris (late President of the Royal College of Surgeons) has expressed his opinion that morphia is not an anæsthetic. Pieces were cut out of the kidneys, and the animals were mutilated in various ways. 'In the case of one dog the operator cut a piece out of the kidney, and then tried to graft the piece and make it grow on another part of the inside.' Two terriers had the kidneys mutilated three separate times after an interval. One lingered thirty-six days; the others perished after shorter varying periods. Needless to add that the experiments added nothing to our scientific knowledge. The atrocious experiments by Crile on fourteen dogs in Sir Victor Horsley's laboratory are too well known to need quoting in detail.

Professor Schäfer used ten dogs for drowning experiments. Numbers have been employed for experiments involving starvation or extreme fatigue. Carrell, of Chicago, transplanted a dog's kidney to its neck, the ureter to the gullet. Jean Louis Brachet, Professor of Physiology at the Ecole de Médecine, Paris, thus describes one experiment:

I inspired a dog with the greatest aversion for me by plaguing and inflicting some pain or other upon it as often as I saw it. . . . I put out its eyes. I could then appear before it without its manifesting any aversion. . . . I destroyed the drum of its ears, and disorganised the internal ear as much as I could; and when an intense inflammation which was excited had rendered it deaf, I filled up its ears with wax.

This hideous torture was repeated on a second dog.

Sensitive English people will shudder at cruelties reported from abroad; and the public commonly plume themselves with the reflection that such deeds under the restrictions of the Vivisection Act, 1876, are impossible in Britain. Existing facts warrant no such belief in the least. No law of modern times has more patently failed in the aims which its instigator (the late Miss Frances Power Cobbe) set herself to accomplish, or has worked more to effect purposes directly opposite. She desired to protect the animals. The Bill has done hardly anything in that direction. It has accomplished a very great deal in directly protecting the vivisector, and towards encouraging his pursuits.

Miss Cobbe thought at the outset of her noble crusade—as does probably the man or woman in the street still—that vivisectional research was more or less occasional, and was undertaken only to elucidate some obscure problem in science. She speedily learnt that this was an entire mistake; that vivisection is a trade, a commercial pursuit, carried on continuously by a special class of persons, female as well as male, who thus earn a livelihood; that commonly science has no concern at all in the matter.

With the aid of Lord Shaftesbury, the leading humanitarian of his generation, Miss Cobbe set on foot a Bill which would have afforded a considerable measure of protection to the animals. It was approved by the Government, and all promised well. Then suddenly 3000 doctors came forward in protest; and the details of the proposed legislation were changed, root and branch.

Consequently the nett results have been exactly the opposite of those sought. The enactments as to anæsthesia may perhaps have prevented a certain amount of animal suffering; but they are easily evaded by any who desire to do so, by reason of the many exceptions tabulated. They certainly preclude promiscuous vivisection. But prosecution for cruelty must take place within six months of the deed; and as any report of the experiment is very rarely published for that period afterwards, the futility of the provision is obvious. Moreover, it cannot be instituted without the consent of the Home Secretary, not always easy to obtain. Small wonder that no prosecution under the Act has ever yet succeeded. Occasionally we read of a vivisector censured. That is always on some technicality. Lastly—this is the *reductio ad absurdum* of the whole legislation—inspectors appointed under the Act have always been members of the same fraternity, imbued with vivisectional ideas, known to favour vivisection methods and pursuits. No legislative enactment has ever constituted a more patent sham and false pretence.

What, then, is the conclusion at which on these premises, inconvertible and not disputed save by persons who have direct commercial interests in the opposite direction, we must logically arrive? The dog is wholly useless for purposes of really scientific experiment, whether affecting human beings or its own kind. Research with it has not only failed to increase our knowledge in any single degree, but has led eminent surgeons, to say nothing of observers less practically important, astray very seriously.

Reported records of experimentation therewith trample on every natural instinct of humanity, and constitute a hideous blot on modern civilisation. They have tended gravely to arrest, if not entirely to pervert, man's higher evolution, intellectual as well as moral, in the chain of animated beings. Even the slightest judicial investigation of this grave question amply warrants us in endorsing most emphatically Lord Banbury's plea for the total exemption of the dog, our friend, champion, and often actual preserver, from liability to vivisectional proceedings in any shape whatever.

HERBERT SNOW.

The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY cannot undertake to return unaccepted MSS.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER



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THE ABSOLUTE EXPLAINS

I

'Oh no,' said It: 'her life-doings,
Forsooth, I've not destroyed;
They lie full length with the kindred things
Of men, adown the Void,
Quite unalloyed.

II

'Know, you are timeless, visioned true;
The Present that you see
Is phasmal, since in a right purview
All things are framed to be
Eternally.

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THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

III

Your "Now" is just a flash and glide
 Across your gazing sense :
 With me "Past," "Future," ever abide :
 They come not, go not, whence
 They are never hence.

IV

'As one upon a dark highway,
 Plodding by lantern-light,
 Hath but the reach of its frail ray
 Uncovered to his sight,
 Though 'mid the night.

V

'The road lies all its length the same,
 Forwardly as at rear,
 So, outside what you "Present" name,
 Future and Past stand sheer,
 Equally clear.'

VI

—Thus It, who straightway opened then
 The vista called the Past,
 Wherein were seen, as fair as when
 They seemed they could not last,
 Small things and vast.

VII

There were those songs, a score times sung,
 With all their tripping tunes ;
 There were the laughs once that rung ;
 There those unmatched full moons,
 Those idle noons !

VIII

There fadeless, fixed, were dust-dead flowers
 Remaining still in blow ;
 Elsewhere wild love-makings in bowers ;
 Hard by, that irised bow
 Of years ago.

THE ABSOLUTE EXPLAINS

IX

There were my ever memorable
 Glad days of pilgrimage,
 Coiled like a precious parchment fell,
 Illumined page by page,
 Unhurt by age.

X

—'Here you see spread those mortal ails
 So powerless to restrain
 Your young life's eager, hot assails,
 With hazards then not plain
 Till past their pain.

XI

'Here you see her who, by these laws
 You learn of, still shines on,
 As bright and blithe as erst she was,
 Though you think she lies yon,
 To ashes gone.

XII

'Here are those others you used to prize.—
 But why go further we ?
 The Future ?—Well, I would advise
 You let the Future be,
 Unshown by me !

XIII

'Twould harrow you to see undraped
 The scenes in long array
 That wait your globe—all fully shaped ;
 And I'll not, as I say,
 Bare them to-day.

XIV

'In fine, Time is a myth—yea, such !—
 As he might well confess ;
 Yet hath he been believed in much,
 Though lately, under stress
 Of science, less.

XV

' And hence of her you asked about
 At your first speaking : she
 Hath, I assure you, not passed out
 Of continuity,
 But is with me.

XVI

' So thus doth Being's length transcend
 Time's ancient regal claim
 To see all lengths begin and end.
 " The Fourth Dimension " fame
 Bruits as its name.'

THOMAS HARDY.

IN OUTLINE OF CHRISTIAN ANTI-SOCIALISM

I MAKE no claim to novelty in the following paper. All the considerations recited in it have no doubt been put forward over and over again, but a restatement of anti-Socialism from the Christian standpoint at this moment may be useful. To prevent any misunderstanding it should be noted that this article was undertaken—with the collaboration of friends—before the change of Government, and it has no official character. But beside this, there may be some who think that it is altogether unnecessary, that the General Election has made all the difference, that the battle has been fought and won, and that the event has made the whole discussion academic. There can be no greater mistake. The General Election has, it is true, resulted in a striking defeat of Socialism. The ascendancy of stable opinion has not been confined to any one class, nor has it been limited to any geographical area. It has been general and overwhelming. Indeed, the conjecture may be hazarded that in the circumstances of the contest even the electors who did in fact support the friends of Socialism voted in many cases with considerable misgiving. And yet the figures of the polling are to the anti-Socialist not altogether reassuring. It may be the fact that many of these electors voted as they did with misgiving, but nevertheless they did so vote. Nay, they actually increased their numbers by the formidable figure of 1,000,000, and this though the struggle was concentrated upon extreme issues and Communism was thrust under their eyes. Notwithstanding then the result, these features in the polling must give rise to serious reflection. Apparently Socialist opinion is growing. If it were not hampered by its extremists, it might grow very fast. It is clear that the cause must be sought in no ephemeral or narrowly restricted movement of opinion.

In truth unsettlement is the note of the present time : unsettlement in politics, unsettlement in religion, unsettlement in ethics, in economics, in industry, in international relations, in the conduct of life and in the convictions of the soul—that is to say, in all the bases on which human society rests. Politically it takes the form of a questioning of principles hitherto acquiesced in and

a general want of confidence which issues in many people is a sort of apathetic cynicism or agnosticism. But in some of the more vigorous minds it shows itself in an overwhelming aspiration after a new political gospel that shall bring salvation. It is the men so moved whose views are of great importance, for they may become the leaders of public opinion. The agnostics and the cynics will never have a considerable following, but the men of deep spiritual longings seeking after the truth, and prepared when they believe they have found it to go all lengths on its behalf, are the men who ultimately govern the world and lead it to splendid heights or to irreparable disasters according as they are or are not justified in their creed. Let us therefore look a little more closely at the picture of the times as it presents itself to them. They see violent contrasts of rich and poor, luxury alongside of destitution, self-indulgence in the face of misery. They see the worship of wealth and consequently competition without remorse, and over against this amongst the workers suspicion, hatred, variance; whilst in all classes there is flaunted in their eyes materialism naked and unashamed. All this they compare to Christianity and the ethics that Christians profess. They can detect no resemblance between the teaching of the New Testament and the modern practice of many of its so-called disciples, and they say to themselves: 'Is this all that can be produced after 2000 years?' Abroad the aspect as it appears to them is still worse. They are appalled at the moral failure of international politics, and they ask whether our religion gives no guidance in the affairs of nations. Love, joy, peace, gentleness, goodness—what have these to do with the spectacle which politics at home and abroad at this moment present?

There is a good deal of truth in this picture; indeed, there is not one of these charges that can be denied. They are, of course, not the whole truth: self-indulgence is not universal; wealth is not the only god; competition is not always selfish and remorseless. There is kindness to be found in all classes, and the spiritual motive is by no means dead. Moreover, conditions—at any rate in our own country—are steadily, though slowly, improving. Nevertheless, if the balance-sheet be cast up it must be admitted that the result is profoundly disappointing. Custom has blunted our perception of the distance that separates us from the New Testament standard. And now that the challenge has come to us, it is not right, nor, for the matter of that, is it safe, from the Christian politician's point of view, to ignore the justice of the indictment which I have attempted to summarise. We may or may not agree with the remedies which these deeply stirred consciences suggest, but we must gratefully bear witness to the courage and public spirit with which they have confronted the

failure of Christian society to reach the Christian ideal. It would indeed be sad if their earnestness were to be without fruit, and we are certainly bound to consider and, if we can, grapple with the problem to which they bear witness.

First of all, we make the inquiry, Admitting that these accusers speak the truth, though not the whole truth, what is the remedy which Christian Socialists offer? Briefly stated, they suggest that, as self-direction and private enterprise have led to these deplorable consequences, they ought to be replaced by State control. Some are for more, some for less, but the principle is always the same; the State ownership of raw material or of the means of production, the State monopoly of capital, the complete abolition of private property of all kinds, are different degrees of the same remedy. Instead of the liberty of the individual, which he has misused, we are to have the control, more or less unlimited, of the community.

The question is, Is this the Christian answer to the admitted evils of society? Is it the remedy for selfishness and materialism? How by relieving men of the effort of individual responsibility would you make them more spiritual? Or by robbing them of freedom of choice would you make them less selfish? Even supposing that the practical difficulties in the way of such a system could be overcome, even supposing that the bureaucratic machinery would not break down with its own weight, what would be gained towards the moral edification of the individual and, therefore, of the community itself?

On the face of it, we should hesitate to believe that this is the teaching of the New Testament. It is true we have drifted away from that teaching and we must return to it, but the reply to be made to the Socialist, to the Christian Socialist, must surely be that so far as the New Testament is concerned no such remedy as they suggest is indicated. The only road to edification that can be found there is the road of self-sacrifice; and self-sacrifice must be free. That is the Christian answer. Is there anything in our experience which is in conflict with it? A moment's consideration will show that it is a mistake to think that self-direction and private enterprise necessarily lead to selfishness and materialism. Like all other principles of conduct, they must be penetrated by the Christian motive, and it is the absence of the Christian motive—the motive of self-sacrifice depending upon the Christian faith—not the freedom nor the individualism, which is the real source of the deplorable conditions with which we have to deal. The remedy which the Socialists propose does not in fact touch the disease. As far as it goes it would hamper rather than help the free exercise of Christian unselfishness, which is the only complete solution. The appeal to the sense of economic injustice

so common in Socialist argument exhibits a deplorable contrast to the altruism of the Christian ideal. Christian self-sacrifice, fulfilling as it does the loftiest ideal of our nature, is the only sufficient road to social redemption. However bad the condition of society may be, it is of no use saying that Socialism is the Christian answer, because self-sacrifice is the Christian answer, and self-sacrifice and Socialism are poles asunder.

Christian self-sacrifice is the only conclusive remedy. If the world consisted entirely of real Christians that would be an end of the matter. The particular system of law under which society might live would be relatively unimportant. The world, however, is very far from that spiritual condition, and it is because citizens of the Christian world and of our own country are very imperfectly Christian or not at all that admittedly some reinforcement to this ideal is required. But we must never forget that self-sacrifice and therefore freedom is the fundamental ideal, and that any system supplementary to it which human imperfection requires must as far as possible be consistent with this foundation. Let us then attempt to restate the case for freedom, for self-direction and private enterprise upon a Christian basis, and let us indicate how this must be interpreted in the field of politics, and subject to what supplementary motives, and leading to what practical results. It will be found that it is in no sense incompatible with active political development.

The principle of service—in which self-sacrifice is an essential element¹—is at once the recognition of a Christian obligation, and the foundation of good citizenship. Work—whole-hearted, unselfish work, for rich and poor alike—is an outcome of the principle of service, and strenuousness, whose daughter is enterprise, is of the essence of a Christian's and of a good citizen's life.

Parenthetically, to avoid misconception, a word of explanation is necessary as to strenuousness in its relation to recreation. In order to produce the best work—strenuous work—recreation is undoubtedly necessary, and on this ground, if on no other, it can be abundantly defended. I will not discuss whether recreation and leisure and self-realisation are or are not ends in themselves. That may or may not be so. What is certain is that rightly used they ought to help men and women to be of service to others, and it is only where the pursuit of them prevents people from making the best of themselves for the service of others that it becomes tainted with selfishness.

Service, with its accompaniment of self-sacrifice, is then the essential—that is to say, voluntary service, for it must be repeated

¹ Service, nevertheless, must be distinguished from self-sacrifice. Service need not in every case involve self-sacrifice, although its principle generally applied necessarily does so.

that liberty or independence is vital, since there can be no true service or self-sacrifice if it is a matter of compulsion. Voluntary service is, therefore, the ideal motive for work. We are however at once confronted with a difficulty. Service, though the ideal motive for work so far as the individual is concerned, cannot be made the basis of social relations until men accept its principle, and not only accept it, but carry it out whole-heartedly—until, that is, the evil of indifference or indolence can be eliminated. Religion is the only complete cure for the paralysing effect of indolence upon service, but until religion controls the generality of men's actions its efficacy remains in the dim and distant future. Are we then to accept that as the conclusion? Are we to say that until the ideal motive is enabled through religion to have its full operation the work of the world, upon which the prosperity and livelihood of millions depend, must be neglected? Such a conclusion surely we must refuse. And we are driven to ask whether there is not some other motive, some corrective, however inadequate, applicable immediately to the world as it is and must, I am afraid, for ages continue to be. So long as it is not inconsistent with the true remedy, with whole-hearted service, we certainly must not refuse it. As has been already pointed out, this limitation excludes the Socialist expedient of control or compulsion. We have recognised that, even if it did not involve a blighting bureaucracy, any service which is not the service of the heart is not true service. That is not all; compulsion may produce work of an inferior standard, but is incapable itself of anything better; it is in fact a handicap to anything better. Good work cannot be produced grudgingly; for the necessary effort we must have a cheerful giver. Forced work is appropriate only to a gaol or a slave plantation; it is notoriously inferior work. If then compulsion be excluded, there is only the principle of reward to which we can turn, and we find therefore that until religion transforms society and self-sacrifice obtains a complete mastery the only available antidote to the poison of indolence is reward. The motive of reward is certainly a very different thing to the motive of self-sacrifice, but it leads to goodwill, which, unlike compulsion, is congenial to self-sacrifice. Compulsion has its uses, but it sterilises the motive of self-sacrifice; goodwill is a soil in which that motive can flourish. Until therefore religion finally prevails, reward which leads to goodwill can alone be accepted as the necessary supplement to the principle of service, forming with it the basis of healthy social relations such as are conducive to a high standard of citizenship. In other words, we arrive at this final conclusion: There is no method either in the case of employers or employed of raising the standard of achievement and of developing character—which are requisite in

the interests both of the individual and of the country—except on the one hand by holding out the principle of service as the ideal motive, and on the other hand counteracting the tendency towards indifference and indolence by gradations of reward.

No doubt the working of this method leads to inequality of conditions. It does so because the inequalities of character, capacity and opportunity which are common to mankind must result in inequality of reward. That is a law which cannot be evaded, and its existence is recognised throughout the New Testament. Christian service and self-sacrifice, perfectly practised, would remove all that is harmful and cruel in this inequality. The acceptance, even though imperfectly inspired, of the principle of service as of universal application—between the strong and the weak, the rich and the poor, the well-paid and the poorly paid, the efficient or fortunate and the inefficient or unlucky—may be trusted, both through political and individual action, to work towards the same end. On the other hand, the attempt, as preached by Socialists, to produce equality of conditions by compulsory legislation, while it would be doomed to failure in its opposition to a fact so universal, would destroy on its way the whole scheme of voluntary service and sacrifice which the New Testament erects upon the existence of inequality, and which can alone be trusted ultimately to remove its sting.

There is one further capital question that arises in connection with this part of the subject: Should reward be limited to the life of the man or woman who has earned it, or should they control its disposition after their death? Is it right that to the other inequalities of opportunity that exist should be added that arising from a man's parentage? It must first be noted that over a large field of advantage or disadvantage this question is taken out of our hands. The child of God-fearing, unselfish, intelligent or healthy parents will always enjoy an opportunity superior to that of profligate, selfish, stupid or sickly parents. The generations are linked by a bond which cannot be broken. Is it desirable in the general interest to make an exception in the case of financial reward and opportunity? That can hardly be argued. But beyond this there is a positive consideration. We have recognised that human nature cannot be relied upon to do its best unselfishly without the hope of material reward, but in respect of the family at any rate nature and grace meet. Altruism is natural to a man in working for the service of his children. Altruism is what we are after; even in this restricted form it should be eagerly welcomed, and no limit should be imposed which would exclude an unselfish motive. Finally, looked at from the more general aspect—the advantage to society of the most effective stimulus for work—the reward would be robbed of half its efficacy if a

man knew that it would die with him. Therefore if it is to be unselfishly earned and not expended on self-indulgence, and if it is to fulfil its wider social purpose, the possession of the reward must be absolute.

These conclusions enable us to take an important step forward in establishing the Christian anti-Socialist position. If rewards for service be admitted, the principle of ownership or property is conceded, because to confer a reward creates a property; and if the possession of the reward is to be absolute, the conditions of ownership as we know them must be accepted. This reasoning is decisive, but we shall find, as is nearly always the case when a particular argument is decisive, that, from whatever angle we approach the question, the same conclusion is inevitable. And accordingly not only does it appear that property is involved in the principle of reward for work, but the fact is that without it there would be no stability in society and no contentment amongst its members. Or, again, without it there would be no possibility of that elastic provision of capital which is essential to industry. The State could no doubt provide capital, but it would be capital without enterprise, that is to say, deprived of the greater part of its value. Lastly there is nothing inconsistent with Christianity in these results. Riches are indicated in the New Testament as involving great temptation, and the love of money, the craving after it, the trust in it, are repeatedly condemned, irrespective of whether it is much money or little. But the possession of it, whether much or little, is never condemned. Rich men, uncriticised, are among our Lord's disciples. Stewardship as towards God, responsibility for the use made of money, is continually insisted on; and there can be no responsibility without ownership. St. Peter's supreme condemnation of Ananias for his lie about his property is contained in the challenge, 'While it remained did it not remain thine own, and after it was sold was it not in thy power?' And, further, Christianity not only recognises ownership, but protects it by repeated sanctions. 'Thou shalt not steal' and 'Thou shalt not covet' are fundamental to the New Testament, as they are to the Old. And the Tenth Commandment is very material to the present social situation. No political propaganda which leads men to covet can be approved; no legislation which leads men to look upon other people's property as a mine of wealth for themselves can be wholesome. For the voter to rely upon the vote in order to secure benefits for himself at other people's expense, whether by means of taxation the burden of which does not fall upon him or in any other form, is demoralising.

Let me summarise the results at which we have arrived. The moral failure of Christendom to reach its ideal is undeniable,

but the supersession of individual responsibility by State control—the Socialist specific—is not the Christian remedy. This can only be found in the principle of service—voluntary service—of which self-sacrifice is an essential element. Since, however, human nature is imperfect, this principle can only be very imperfectly applied, and it must therefore be supported by another principle. Compulsion—the necessary instrument of Socialism—is excluded because of its sterilising effect upon self-sacrifice, and therefore this support can only be found in the principle of graduated reward, which is congenial to it. Further this reward, in order to be effective, must be conditioned by full ownership. Lastly the New Testament accepts ownership and sanctions its protection, and thus is in accord with the teaching of human experience.

I have said that the principle of service is by no means incompatible with active political development. That development is obviously a matter of degree. On this degree a Conservative and Liberal would widely differ. Anti-Socialism belongs in a measure to both Conservatives and Liberals, but the Conservative anti-Socialist would, in applying the conclusions at which we have arrived, look to the guidance of experience and tradition, and would in a special degree rely on private enterprise. In proceeding however to give some practical illustrations of the results of the conclusions arrived at in the present paper, it will be found in the main unnecessary to trench on this particular area of debatable ground.

Ownership.—Starting from the point at which the arguments in this paper have arrived, their bearing on ownership naturally comes first.

In the practical application of what has been here laid down as to the light in which Christians ought to regard ownership or property the only question to be considered is, In what way can it be made of the fullest public service? Provided only it is used for the public benefit, the more general the development of it the better. Whether it be in the form of savings bank deposits or of the accumulation of industrial capital, whether it consist of a building estate or of the ownership of a small holding, it is the reward of effort, and, rightly used, the condition of progress. The charge of the foreign Socialist that property is robbery is, in the eyes of the Christian, baseless. Ownership is not an enemy to be held to ransom, but a friend to be encouraged. It follows that punitive taxation, that is to say taxation designed not merely to raise revenue but to handicap ownership, ought to be rejected. The Capital Levy where it is intended in this spirit, as it is in the purpose of many of its advocates, has nothing Christian about it. Taxation, on the other hand, which is not

punitive, is clearly a proper limitation on ownership. There is unfortunately no escape in these times from the necessity of heavy taxation, especially upon large property or wealth, which certainly must contribute to the public needs according to its relative capacity to bear the burden. But if it be true that wealth properly employed is an indispensable instrument for bringing about the prosperity of all classes, the lower the taxes upon it which the needs of the country will permit the better will it be.

Obviously, as it has been laid down that service is the basis of good citizenship, property without service on abstract moral grounds cannot be defended. True service must indeed be voluntary service, and it may therefore be inconsistent with its nature to make service a condition of the enjoyment of property. But, so far as the public conscience is concerned, there is no defence for the idle rich. It is not that their wealth is altogether or even generally idle. On the contrary, whilst it is in the hands of their bankers it is clearly productive. But the idle rich are not only, like other idle persons, bad citizens and wasteful citizens, but, while having special responsibilities of service, they are wasteful on a large scale. Wealth however which is not wasted, like all other wholesome forces, is an instrument of service, and when it takes the form of providing capital for industry, or of carrying out works of benevolence, or even of making efforts to promote happiness or beauty in any of their aspects, it is open to no condemnation.

Though, as I have said, service cannot be a condition of ownership, yet as regards the public burdens it would be in conformity with what has just been contended, and would not be unfair, that as much of the weight of them as possible should be transferred from the shoulders of productive wealth to those of wealth which is unproductive. The truth is that theoretically it is not income or capital which ought to be indiscriminately taxed, but rather certain kinds of expenditure. For example, expensive motor cars, which are pure luxuries, are properly the subject of heavy taxation. And this principle might well be extended, and if thereby it became possible in any degree to lessen the burden on productive income or on accumulated capital, it would be in the public interest. It need hardly be added after what has been said in this paper that there is no question here contemplated of such taxation being necessarily confined in its application to the well-to-do. The entertainment tax ought to have been—as it was in its original form—applied proportionately to all classes alike, but it is another example of an attempt to work the same idea of taxing unproductive expenditure, not because expenditure on recreation either for rich or poor is always unproductive, but because on recreation beyond the limits laid down in a previous

page it is unproductive, and because in fact under the head of this lavish recreation there is more unproductive expenditure than under any other head. The subject however of the relief of taxation is in these times a very difficult one, and must not be further here pursued. Enough has been said to show the spirit in which, within the scope of the Christian point of view, ownership of property and the taxation of it should be approached.

Industry.—Industry is a function of citizenship and must therefore be founded upon service. The employer and the employed, whatever their work may be, so long as it is for the public advantage, are engaged in a public service. They have indeed a duty of service to their own families and dependants, but their primary duty is not to seek their own advantage, or even their families' advantage, but the advantage of the work—the public work—upon which they are engaged. Looked at from this angle, there is seen to be no antagonism between the interests of employers and employed. They have a common interest. They are comrades in a common effort. There is indeed, and must be, a cash relationship, since, as has been shown, there is no method by which the public interest can be secured except by the principle of reward. But the cash relationship is secondary to the obligation of service. The cash relationship however being necessary, it is obvious that as between comrades it should be one of the strictest fairness. For example, the underpaying of workers on the one side or the practice of *ca' canny* on the other are wholly inconsistent with the position of comrades engaged upon a common public work. Cordial co-operation on both sides is prescribed, and any modification in the present industrial system which would emphasise and secure this co-operation is to be approved. Co-partnership is evidently indicated, and it should be specially noted that it is rather to co-partnership than to profit-sharing that we should look for the wholesome development of our industrial system, though the one no doubt involves the other. Co-partnership in spirit is the application—the necessary application—of the principle of service to industry. Co-partnership therefore is the system at which logically we ought to aim as the practical form of industrial organisation. Co-partnership is a relation of freedom, of private enterprise, specially suitable to the spirit of service, and at the same time it applies the principle of reward for work done under conditions most favourable to the highest standard. It will stimulate both employers and employed to do the best they can, which is in every case to do a public service.

Education.—Education no doubt in the first instance is a benefit provided by the State for the children of the nation; but the object first in importance of education is that children should

be fully equipped to fulfil the principle of service, whether that service takes the form of public employment or of efficiency in any kind of work for the public advantage. This being its *raison d'être*, it follows that the best ought to be made of the materials available. It is robbing the nation of a most valuable possession if every brain which is specially capable of service is not developed to its highest point. No doubt there is a limit of expenditure, because beyond a certain point expenditure may involve the starving of other objects necessary to the public welfare, but within that limit opportunity should be given to every child, in whatever circumstances it may have been born, to use its brains to their fullest extent for the public advantage, and any system by which children of appropriate capacity can be passed on from the primary to the secondary schools, and from the secondary schools to the University, under such conditions as may enable them to contribute to the sum of national service, is for the public advantage.

From the Christian standpoint there ought to be in education another element of equipment for securing the best service to the nation. Education must have a Christian foundation. Religion must be taught in all schools—many of us would say, religion as far as possible in the form prescribed by the wishes of the parents—and teachers willing and qualified to carry out this requirement must be provided. The carrying out of this requirement is part of the service which the teachers owe to the State as well as to the children. For the principle of service applies to the work of the teachers as to all other work for the public advantage; and so the chain of service is complete; the teachers are not there primarily for their own interests, but of their own free-will to serve the State, in order that the State may serve the children, so that the children may be fully equipped for their service to the nation.

Social Reform.—It has been pointed out that social relations must in part be based upon reward for work done, and it has been recognised that this must necessarily lead to inequality of conditions, since men are differently endowed with the capacity of earning. In many cases this involves hardship, and in extreme cases it would, if left to itself, produce misery. Misery is intolerable in a Christian country, and to eliminate it every resource of administration and legislation should be exhausted. Hardship is a question of degree, but it is agreed that there is a wide field for remedial legislation to deal with it. Insurance of all kinds, factory legislation, housing reform, are examples of a sound policy for the relief or prevention of hardship. But social reform is not only directed to the relief or prevention of hardship. Service being the ideal foundation of healthy social relations, any measures

which enable better service to be rendered are to be favourably considered. The remedial legislation, examples of which have just been given, is to be tested by the consideration whether it will lead to better service as well as on the ground of the relief of hardship. Similarly there are sanitary reforms of various kinds which fit the people for better service to their neighbours and to the State, and are to be commended accordingly. A word of caution however is required. There must, as in the case of education, be a proportion between reform and the expenditure which it involves. This is true for the best of reasons, namely, that undue expenditure may involve a burden which does more harm than the reforms are calculated to do good. It is also necessary to bear in mind another limit: that if the highest service is to be obtained the moral health and strength of the people is even more important than their physical well-being. Legislation therefore however well intended, calculated to undermine the fibre and self-reliance which liberty alone can secure, must be excluded.

The principle of service to the nation as well as the prevention of hardship is therefore a fundamental reason for social reform. Even the prevention of hardship is service—service in this case of the State to the individual, which is only an extension of the principle of the service of the individual to the State, though less vital to the welfare of society.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs.—Imperial and foreign relations for the purpose of this paper must stand upon a different footing to the political issues hitherto discussed. In these relations the principle of service can only be applied in a limited form. In foreign affairs it is clear that as a nation we have no direct responsibility for the motives of other nationalities. We have not till lately even had access to the public opinion which would operate on those motives. The League of Nations has now opened the road to that public opinion through the discussions which take place at the meetings of the League between the representatives of the several countries. In this interchange of ideas the public opinion of each country may help the public opinion of the others. Thus from this point of view, apart from its main functions, the League should act as a sort of clearing-house of the best political motives and a channel therefore for the furtherance of the principle of service. But I need not say that the League primarily provides machinery for the political relations of nations towards each other, is one of the instruments of international action; and just as there is an obligation of service of individuals towards their own country, so is there through these instruments an obligation of service of each nation towards the other nations. But this obligation of service requires a word of explanation. It is far more

complex than the obligation of individuals with which this paper has in the main dealt. Service of individuals in its most complete form, that is to say unstinted service, necessarily involves self-sacrifice, but self-sacrifice is not necessarily, is not indeed generally, open to nations acting through the Governments which represent them. These have a double set of obligations: the obligation of neighbours towards each other and the obligation of trustees towards their own people. Broadly speaking, it is not open to trustees to sacrifice the interests of their trusts. They may and should administer the trust estate with the liberality and public spirit which may be assumed to be an implied condition of the trust, but there is evidently a comparatively narrow limit within which they may be generous. In the same way there is an obligation upon nations to promote the peace and prosperity of other nations, and in the case of Great Britain, owing to our history and position, I believe this obligation to be of vital importance to the world, but it is not open to our representatives, or to those of any nation, to sacrifice the interests of their own people and their own Empire as it is open to, and not only open to but incumbent upon, individuals to sacrifice their own interests and resources for the benefit of their neighbours. It is subject to these limitations and in this spirit that the instruments of international action, and especially the League of Nations, ought to be regarded,—that is to say, directly as machinery for service so far as complex national obligations permit, and indirectly for the development of an international public opinion by the mutual interchange of all that is best in each nation.

The position that Great Britain ought to occupy towards her Empire, following on the same order of thought, differs deeply from her position towards foreign countries. The Colonies and Dominions form part of the trust estate. No doubt there remains the complexity of the double obligation: the obligation to the people of these islands and the obligation to our fellow-subjects beyond the sea. But the principle of service carries us a good deal further in its application to our relations to our fellow-subjects than it does in the case of foreign countries. We are entitled, and indeed are called upon as trustees, to admit a measure of corporate self-sacrifice. Moreover we require no League of Nations to be the channel of public opinion and of its mutual influence between the Empire and the Mother Country. The machinery exists in the nature of things. The principle of mutual service can be said therefore to be in a true sense the foundation of healthy Imperial relations.

I need hardly say that these examples are not intended to be exhaustive. But they are sufficient to illustrate the contention of
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was far below anticipations. Notwithstanding the magnificent support that the daily Press gave to the Exhibition in its columns, the London public were not convinced until very late in the season that they had at their doors, within fifteen minutes' distance of London railway stations, a most attractive pleasure ground. When at last they were beginning to be convinced, the weather became particularly unkind: a depressing summer was followed by a miserable autumn, which discouraged the timid. With finer weather our record of seventeen million attendances would have grown to thirty million, and our eight million individual visitors to fifteen million. In 1925 we may expect that old friends will renew their visits to Wembley, and that very many new ones will be attracted.

II

So we are embarked on the 1925 season, and have the opportunity of completing the work of 1924 in impressing upon this generation of the British people the wonders of the Empire which was built up for them by their forefathers, and has been bequeathed to them as a trust for guardianship and development. This second opportunity is due, in the first place, to the generosity of the guarantors in renewing the credit obligations they had made for the 1924 season, and to the somewhat tardy recognition on the part of the British Government of the vital importance of the work of the Exhibition. I use the phrase 'tardy recognition' because I think that, when the records of the British Empire Exhibition since the first inception of the idea come to be examined, the conclusion will be warranted that in 1920, when the British Government of the day committed itself formally to this great Imperial enterprise, it was imbued with the idea that a cook could make a very large omelette with a very small supply of eggs. The British Government help was then limited to a guarantee of 100,000*l.* against loss, and this guarantee was surrounded with certain limitations which imposed difficult conditions on the early finance of the Exhibition. It was not until late in 1923 that the British Government saw the wisdom of giving more considerable aid. In November 1923 it raised its total guarantee from 100,000*l.* to 500,000*l.* At a later stage it agreed to raise its guarantee to a total of 1,000,000*l.* (the agreement to effect this still awaits parliamentary sanction, but that may be safely presumed). Further, it was not until 1923 that the British Government decided to participate directly by the erection of a British Government Pavilion, and by the organisation there of that very attractive series of exhibits illustrating the defence services of the Empire, the operations of the mercantile marine, and the work of the civil services of Great Britain, which have for

long served the world as models to show that administration can be effective without being interfering.

Full justification for the more generous aid proffered by three successive British Governments since November 1923 can be found in the precedents of other great national enterprises of the same character. I should like—not in any carping mood, but because I think some of our statesmen have not had this aspect of the question brought to their notice—to contrast the early measure of help which the British Empire Exhibition was offered by our Government with the measure of help given to similar projects in other countries. One useful and fair comparison can be made between the British Empire Exhibition and the World's Columbian Exposition, held in Chicago in 1893 to commemorate the centenary of the discovery of America. In each case the national pride of a great people was concerned with the preparation of a really worthy display, and not merely with the collecting and housing of exhibits under conditions which would be guided chiefly by gate-money considerations. The organisers of the United States Exhibition had much in their favour compared with the organisers of the British Empire Exhibition. In their day the devastation of the Great War had not inflicted terrible wounds on world trade and production. Nor was their Exhibition planned on so comprehensive a scale. Yet the initial support given was very generous. The American Exhibition at the outset was provided with a free site. Then the city of Chicago, by an issue of special bonds, furnished it with an endowment (I use round figures) of 1,000,000*l.* The Federal Government of the United States provided it with a special coinage grant which represented a direct endowment of about 500,000*l.* It did not pay anything for national or local taxation. In the end, it was able out of the surplus of revenue from gate-money, etc., over expenditure, to repay 10 per cent. (*i.e.* 100,000*l.*) to the city of Chicago, and to repay to a joint stock company (which occupied the place of the guarantors in our Exhibition) about 120,000*l.* out of 1,200,000*l.* which they had subscribed for its organisation. In effect, the United States Exposition had thus subsidies from public and private sources representing 2,480,000*l.*, a free site, and exemption from taxation.

Another comparison may be made with the Brussels International Exhibition of 1910, a very much smaller enterprise. That Exhibition received a direct subsidy from the Belgian Government and another direct subsidy from the city of Brussels. The Government then assisted by allowing a lottery which produced a net revenue of 173,000*l.*, by granting the Exhibition free postage within Belgium, free transport on the State railways, and the free loan of certain Government *personnel*. Further, this

Brussels Exhibition enjoyed a complete exemption from taxation of all kinds, State and municipal. Apparently the view of the British Government in sanctioning the Exhibition in August 1920 was that with the mere help of a guaranteed credit of 100,000*l.*, with no direct subsidies, and with no undertakings for remission of taxation, it would be possible to organise a worthy picture of the Empire and to carry through the greatest 'trade educational' task ever attempted. But the more generous attitude taken since, not only by the material extension of support to the guarantee fund, but by the organisation of the British Government's great Pavilion, suggests that it was the lack of a sound survey of the task to be accomplished rather than meanness, or a credulous faith in the miraculous, that governed the decisions of 1920. Still the position of the British Empire Exhibition up to the spring of 1923, when I was asked to take the position of Deputy Chairman of the Board, was that the British Government had merely guaranteed its credit for 100,000*l.*, and had not promised it exemption from any form of national taxation, not even from the entertainments duty on its main admission charge. The help afforded since has been far more generous, and, I hold, has been governed by sound policy.

III

Now what is our programme to complete in 1925 the task of 1924? That programme will give first attention to the matter of facilities for attendance. I think that all will endorse the verdict of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales at the close of the Exhibition:

The splendid pictures which the self-governing Dominions, India, the Crown Colonies, the Protectorates, and Mandated Territories, have given of their social life and of their capacities for production, have shown to the people of our Home Country very clearly how great are the resources and how boundless are the potentialities of our territories. For the first time they have had the means of coming to a real knowledge of the Empire which has sprung from these islands

Allowing that we have a splendid picture, we shall do our utmost to improve that picture. But the first care will be to improve the general amenities and the transport facilities. The experience of 1924 has suggested many improvements which can be made in the amenities of Wembley Park without detracting from the educational value of the Exhibition. More music, more garden space, more light, more rest accommodation, more varied catering, and improved pathways—these may be counted as trifles by the enthusiast who was concerned chiefly with the magnificent pavilions showing the products and resources of a world-wide Empire. But they will be important in serving the end of attracting the amusement-loving Londoner; and we are

confident that when he comes to be amused he will insensibly be educated, in some degree at least.

We had in 1924 an attendance, in round figures, of seventeen million. I shall not be content if by the end of the 1925 season we have failed to reach a total attendance for the two years of fifty million. But to realise this figure it will be necessary that Greater London should be awakened more thoroughly to the value of the Exhibition, and that the railway and other transport companies should see their way to make even better and cheaper provision for travel than in 1924, and that the great shipping companies of the Empire should recognise the huge potential value of the Exhibition to their interests and take it upon themselves to organise some kind of excursions at cheap rates. I note with pleasure that there is some prospect of favourable consideration being given to this proposal in 1925. In 1924 the shipping companies of the Empire, though they helped us generously with freight concessions, were not able to agree to reduce passenger fares from the overseas Empire to Wembley. The proposal, recently announced, of the great Cunard Line to organise special tourist excursions to the continent of America from the British Isles, utilising for this purpose the excellent third-class accommodation which is now provided, might be extended to bring visitors from overseas to the British Empire Exhibition for a short stay in the Home Country. As regards the American continent at least, such excursions should fit in well with the normal currents of traffic. The currents of third-class traffic are strongest from the United Kingdom to the American continent in the spring and from the American continent to the United Kingdom in the late autumn. Wembley traffic would be generally in the reverse directions, coming to the United Kingdom in the spring and summer and returning in the autumn. The Australian Commonwealth Line is actually discussing 'excursion' boats from Australia to Wembley.

The shipping companies can help considerably; the railway companies of the United Kingdom can help to a far greater degree if they aim with cheap fares to make Greater London realise that Wembley Park is at its very door and to stimulate mass excursions from the provinces.

IV

To secure the greatest possible measure of improvement in the amenities of Wembley Park and in the transport arrangements to and from Wembley Park—in short, to make our school brighter and more accessible—is the chief aim of 1925. The pavilions and their exhibits will fall in with this policy of a 'brighter Wembley,' but there will be no change in the essential plan of the Exhibition.

In an article in the *Nineteenth Century and After*, July 1923, I indicated the chief purpose of the British Empire Exhibition to be a stock-taking of our Imperial position in production, manufacture and merchanting; to show how our Imperial fabric had stood the test of the Great War; and to indicate not only those reasons which we had for pride in sound achievement, but also those reasons which we had to make the serious inquiry whether we were faithful and diligent stewards of the talents confided to our care. The 1924 season did most valuable work in that, but, as I have already suggested, it was proved that an Imperial stock-taking was too great and too complicated a task to be completed within six months. In the season of 1925 we can reasonably hope to complete that stock-taking and to provide for the student of Imperial economics a clear survey, with an abundance of practical illustrations, of the Imperial economic position. Our present knowledge of the results of 1924 is, of course, by no means complete (the full effect of the Exhibition cannot be estimated for some years to come). But there are many encouraging proofs of knowledge imparted and of practical results following. To give an example: a director of one of the great industries of the United Kingdom, which has drawn its raw material in the past almost wholly from foreign sources, wrote to me to say how strongly its principals had been impressed with an exhibit in one of the Overseas Pavilions of the particular raw material in which it dealt. This firm concluded that as a direct result of the British Empire Exhibition it would be able to place very valuable orders with this Dominion instead of with foreign countries. There were many similar proofs of the value of the Exhibition in acquainting home manufacturers with the possibilities of Imperial sources of raw material, and in acquainting Home Country consumers with the possibility of supplying their household needs from the Empire. Nor was this benefit one-sided. Visitors from the overseas Empire were impressed by the evidence offered to them, especially in the magnificent Palace of Engineering (the organisation of which we owed to the British Engineers' Association, the British Electrical and Allied Manufacturers' Association and the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders), of the ability of the Home Country manufacturers to supply their needs.

It will be, perhaps, of special interest to readers of the *Nineteenth Century and After* to note how Wembley dotted the 'i's' and crossed the 't's' of the argument I attempted to develop in its columns in 1923. That article gave figures showing the relative positions of the wool textile industry and the cotton textile industry as regards Empire production, and raised the question whether it was not possible to draw from our Empire the raw

materials for Lancashire cotton mills to the same degree as the raw materials for Yorkshire wool mills. At Wembley Park we had the most convincing testimony from our territories in Africa, from the Commonwealth of Australia, and from other parts of the Empire, that the neglect of the Empire to produce within its own boundaries raw material necessary for the Lancashire cotton industry was not due to any refusal of the bounty of Nature; that there were under the British flag ample territories suitable for cotton production; and that Australia was actually producing and marketing cotton of a very high quality, employing white labour in every phase of cultivation and harvesting.

The Empire's position in regard to sugar production was also very clearly indicated at Wembley. Learning the facts, as one could learn them there, many must have been puzzled to know why, between the opening and the closing of the nineteenth century, we had allowed Empire sugar production to dwindle to the position in 1913, when the Empire sugar imports into this country represented less than one-twentieth of the total, though of the good sugar lands of the world we held far more than half. Visitors to Wembley could study Fiji—to cite only one of our sugar-growing colonies—and could seek out for themselves an answer to the question why Fiji, a British colony of about equal area and similar climate to the American colony of Hawaii, produces less than one-seventh of Hawaii's sugar yield.

It is on the stimulation and the satisfying of an intelligent curiosity on such points that the British Empire Exhibition founds its claim to be a great agency of Empire development.

V

In 1925, just as in 1924, and even more strictly, if that be possible, the British Empire Exhibition will keep itself to 'Empire products.' This 'Empire products' policy needs to be clearly explained lest the motive of it should be misunderstood as a motive of jealousy or of greedy exclusiveness. I took the occasion recently in an address to the English-speaking Union—a society which aims to represent the best of British and of American thought—to attempt to illustrate this policy by an analogy from the annual stock-taking of a great school, which is intended not only to show with pride what has been well accomplished, but also is intended to show, with a view to remedy, what is being not so well accomplished. The British Empire, it seems to me, needs to look into its position and to take stock in two respects: first, as regards its responsibilities to its own peoples; secondly, as regards its responsibilities to the world at large. Both sets of responsibilities call for the same line of conduct. To carry out our responsibilities to our own people we must seek to develop our

resources to the utmost degree, to secure for them as high a standard of comfort and prosperity as possible. To carry out our responsibilities to the world at large we have just as clearly a duty to develop those resources. Many countries of the world to-day are feeling the pressure of increasing populations without a fully corresponding increase of means of maintenance, and they are inclined to look with questioning eyes on any parts of the world's surface which, it may seem to them, are not being utilised to their full value. I can see a growing feeling in world politics that the only valid title on which to hold in peace a particular territory is that it is being utilised to the best possible advantage. That feeling commands from our British sentiment of justice a natural sympathy. Our instinct for fair play, not only as between ourselves, but as between ourselves and strangers, suggests that it is not good humanity to neglect to do our best with what has been confided to us; and at the same time our pride of race suggests that we should be able to do equally as well as, if not better than, others with any land which has fallen into our keeping. The British Empire, facing to-day a giant's task of reconstruction and development, in a world which the Great War has left weary and disillusioned, but not free from jealousies and hatreds, has to fear chiefly any tendency to self-complacency. It must keep steadily in view the immense measure of its responsibilities. Perhaps the greatest good that Wembley Park can do in 1925 will be, by its exclusively 'Empire products' policy, to show up clearly the points of weakness in our economic organisation.

TRAVERS CLARKE

MARS

ASTRONOMERS are frequently questioned as to the existence of intelligent beings in other worlds. When Galileo's telescope showed that the planets were large bodies like the earth, instead of being bright points in the firmament, people were tempted to speculate on the possibility of other worlds than ours. These may exist, if not in the solar system, as planets circulating about other suns. The stars are numbered by thousands of millions, and are essentially similar to our own sun. It seems natural to suppose that some of them may be the centres of systems like that governed by our sun. An easy acquiescence in such belief has recently received rather a rude shock. The planets, Laplace suggested, were produced in the course of the evolution of the sun from a rotating nebula. The objections to this theory seem to be insuperable, and, after a thorough examination, Dr. Jeans is forced to offer as a substitute that the planetary system arose from a disruption of the sun, owing to huge tidal forces caused by the near approach of another star. But stars are so widely separated that such a near approach would be an extremely rare phenomenon, not occurring above once in many millions of years. This may, as Professor Eddington has remarked, be an instance of the prodigality of Nature, and, after all, our world may be the only habitable one. We need hardly subscribe to this difficult doctrine, especially as recent researches indicate that stars were closer together and near approaches more frequent in past time. With our present knowledge, however, we cannot regard planetary systems as necessary accompaniments of stars. They may well be comparatively rare.

We are thus thrown back on the examination and investigation of the conditions of our neighbouring planets for an answer to the question. The nearest planets to us are Venus and Mars. Venus is as large as the earth, is at about three-quarters of the distance of the earth from the sun. When nearest to us, it is between us and the sun, and is difficult to observe, as we are looking into the light. Astronomers are not yet unanimous as to whether it is rotating rapidly on its axis, like the earth, or always presents the same face to the sun as the moon does to the earth. With Mars the conditions are reversed. It is one and a half times as

far from the sun as the earth. It takes about twenty-three months to make its circuit round the sun, and thus about every twenty-five months the sun, earth and Mars are nearly in line. For two months on each side of these 'oppositions,' Mars is well situated for observation from the earth, as the sun is shining full upon it. The average distance of Mars at these times is about fifty million miles, but owing to the elliptic orbits of the earth and Mars, at very favourable oppositions the distance is thirty-five million miles.

With the magnifying power of his telescope the disc of Mars was only just discernible by Galileo. The first drawing of the planet was made by Fontana at Naples in 1636. It shows a small dark marking at the centre. Two years later, observing at some distance from the time of opposition, he detected a phase—i.e., the complete disc was not fully illuminated, but was like the moon a few days before and after full. From this time Mars has been scrutinised at successive oppositions, and many hundreds of sketches have been made. As telescopes have increased in size and in quality better drawings have been obtained. An enormous amount of skill and patience has been shown. The study of the surface of Mars requires good eyesight, constant practice, a good telescope, and favourable atmospheric conditions. With a fairly high magnifying power Mars looks in the telescope no bigger than a sixpence, and as a rule is only seen very clearly defined for short moments, which come and go during the time the observer is watching the planet. The large number of drawings made is a tribute to the fascination of the pursuit. In M. Camille Flammarion's *La Planète Mars*, published in two parts in 1892 and 1909, more than a thousand drawings made at different oppositions up to 1901 are reproduced.

In 1666, Hooke in London, and Cassini in Bologna, saw the markings with sufficient distinctness to infer the rotation of the planet on its axis. Cassini found this to be twenty-four hours forty minutes, so that the day on Mars is a little longer than on the earth. This was confirmed by Miraldi early in the eighteenth century, who was the first to discover the bright patches near the poles of the planet. The oppositions of 1777, 1779, 1781 and 1783 were utilised by Herschel to study the planet with the beautiful telescopes he had constructed. He determined the period of rotation, the inclination of the axis of Mars to the plane of its orbit round the sun, which influences the Martian seasons in its two hemispheres, and the slight excess of the equatorial over the polar diameter. He was the first to observe changes in the bright patches near the poles with the progress of the Martian seasons. From the similarity between the earth and Mars, he inferred that these bright patches were ice and snow.

If we know that the polar regions of our own planet are covered with ice and snow, which are partly melted in the summer, we may suppose that similar causes produce similar effects on Mars, and that the brilliancy of the polar caps is due to the reflexion of light from these regions of snow and ice and the diminution of the caps is attributable to the action of the sun's heat.

He considered that Mars had a considerable atmosphere, as he found variations in the markings which he attributed to clouds. Following Herschel, a most careful series of observations were made by Schroeter at the beginning of the nineteenth century. In many respects he confirmed Herschel's conclusion, but his long series of observations, including 230 drawings, showed variations from which he concluded that the dark markings were not seas, but clouds. In the years 1830-39 a very complete series of observations were made by Beer and Mädler. They concluded that the dark spots were essentially permanent markings, but varied in appearance from time to time owing to clouds over them. They were followed by John Herschel, Secchi, Lockyer, Kaiser, Dawes, Green, and many other astronomers. From Dawes' drawings Proctor made an excellent chart of Mars, and Kaiser another from his own observations. Areography was established firmly as a branch of astronomical observation, and in successive oppositions the permanent features of the planet have been reobserved and the variations noted. The clouds suggested the existence of an atmosphere less dense than that of the earth. The red colour of the planet, being most pronounced at the centre, was due, as Dawes remarked, to the colour of the soil and not to any atmospheric absorption. The size of the planet and the inclination of its axis were accurately determined, and the period of rotation fixed to within one-tenth of a second as 24 hours 37 minutes 22.6 seconds. The dark markings were considered to be seas, lakes, etc., and the brighter ones dry land. Spectroscopic observations indicated that the light of Mars was reflected sunlight, and Zöllner showed that 28 per cent. of the light is reflected. This is a rather greater proportion than is reflected from the moon's surface, but less than that from other planets presumed to be enveloped in clouds.

In 1877 Asaph Hall discovered that Mars possesses two very small satellites. They are only of a few miles diameter, and will appear in the Martian sky as quick-moving bright stars. From the movements of these satellites the mass of Mars, the inclination of its axis, and the oblateness of the planet are deducible. The following comparisons with the earth may be given, and they must always be borne in mind in any consideration of the nature of the possible existence of living beings on Mars. The mass of the planet is one-tenth of the earth, its diameter one-half, the

intensity of gravity at its surface two-fifths, its day slightly longer, its mean distance from the sun one and a half times, and the inclination of its axis to the plane in which it moves nearly the same as for the earth.

A new epoch in the observations opened with the year 1877. At this opposition the Italian astronomer Schiaparelli, a man distinguished by his work in other branches of astronomy, observed Mars at Brera in Milan with a very fine small telescope of five inches aperture and ten feet focal length, using a magnification of a little over 300 times. He continued his observations in successive oppositions till 1897, and the memoirs which he published in the *Reale Accademia dei Lincei* are the most valuable description of the physical appearance of the planet we possess. By means of micrometric observations he triangulated the relative positions of a large number of points on the surface, and thus determined the position of the axis and constructed a very accurate and detailed map of the planet. The most striking and novel result was that the lighter areas were crossed by a number of fine lines, to which he gave the name of *canali*, or channels. In 1877 and 1879 these were shown as single lines, but in 1882 and subsequent oppositions he described them as double, *i.e.*, consisting of close parallel lines. This discovery was received with some incredulity, and it must be admitted that these markings are very difficult to see, and some very distinguished astronomers have failed to detect them. The work of Schiaparelli was in the main confirmed by MM. Flammarion and Antoniadi at Juvisy, as will be seen by comparison of the beautiful charts constructed by Antoniadi with those of Schiaparelli. Lowell endeavoured to clinch the matter and remove all doubts about the nature of the 'canals.' He set up a fine telescope at Flagstaff, in Arizona, and spared neither money nor labour. He observed Mars at succeeding oppositions, noted the changes of the polar caps, the slight differences in the colour of the planet, and especially verified Schiaparelli's observations of the canals and their duplication, and discovered many new ones. He convinced himself absolutely, but did not succeed in convincing other astronomers. The greatest stumbling-block in the minds of those who had made no special study of Mars was the failure of Barnard, the most distinguished visual observer of the time, to see the fine, straight 'canals' either at the Lick Observatory or at Flagstaff.

Many careful studies have been made by the members of the British Astronomical Association. These amateur astronomers, generally with small telescopes, have observed the planet at every available opportunity. The melting of the polar caps, the changing of colour as the Martian season advances, the changes in the markings from one opposition to another, and the existence of the

canals have been scrutinised. In the report prepared by Mr. H. Thomson of the results obtained during the opposition of 1917-18, 'canals' are shown, but they have not in general the fineness and straightness given in Schiaparelli's and Lowell's drawings. The observations of M. Antoniadi made since 1909 with the large telescope at Meudon have been strongly against the sharp geometrical outlines of former drawings.

At the opposition of last summer the subject was studied again with the large telescope of the Lick Observatory. Trumpler obtained both drawings and photographs using a yellow screen, as the instrument is best suited for that colour. Even with this large telescope the image of Mars at the focus is only one-twelfth of an inch. Owing to unsteadiness in our atmosphere, the photographs cannot compete with the momentary views obtained visually. Under favourable conditions, however, a variety of shading is shown in the dark regions, and many of the so-called canals and oases are shown, and serve to confirm the visual observations. Trumpler remarks:

The so-called canals are not found to be the sharp, fine lines they have been sometimes described. Under the best atmospheric conditions the canals appeared somewhat diffuse, and the narrowest ones not less than twenty-five miles broad. Some of them appear to be eighty or one hundred miles wide; others seem to be involved in extensive, slightly shaded areas; others are sharp on one side and shade off on the other. Under the term 'canal' a variety of markings are included, sometimes quite dissimilar in character. It cannot, however, be denied that the better defined canals show a strange directness of line, mostly but not always straight nor following a great circle, they are at least smooth, continuous curves or lines without break unless an oasis or intersection with another canal is met.

These observations confirm the views most astronomers hold. The existence of the 'canals' as here described is admitted, but the inferences that they have been constructed by intelligent beings for irrigation purposes are not taken very seriously.

The surface temperature of Mars is derived from the laws of radiation on the very reasonable assumptions that the heat is derived from the sun, and not from an internal store, and that Mars is not growing hotter or colder. On the average as much heat is radiated away as is received. In this way Poynting found the temperature of Mars to be more than 32° F. below freezing. Recently observations of the heat radiated by Mars have been made at the Mount Wilson Observatory by Nicholson and Pettit. A difficulty arises from the uncertainty of the amount of atmosphere on Mars. They conclude that the temperature at the centre of the illuminated disc of Mars is a little above freezing. Some further corrections given by Chase lead to the conclusion that the temperature may be some 20° F. higher than this.

Observations by Coblenz and Lampland at the Flagstaff Observatory give a slightly higher temperature. These observers conclude that on the brightly illuminated disc of Mars the temperature is not very different from that of a bright, cool day on the earth. If the atmosphere is much less dense than on the earth, the night temperatures will be very low.

The spectroscope has been applied to elucidate the question of the atmosphere of the planet. The light we receive from Mars is reflected sunlight. If the light has traversed a dense atmosphere twice, some absorption may be expected. We are familiar with this effect in the reddish light of the sun when it is low in the sky. In particular, certain lines are found in the solar spectrum due to the absorption by water vapour in the earth's atmosphere.

The most satisfactory observations were made by Campbell. To eliminate the effect of water vapour in the earth's atmosphere, he made observations in 1909 on Mount Whitney, the highest mountain in the United States, at an altitude of 14,500 feet. He was unable to detect any water vapour in the equatorial atmosphere of Mars. Campbell says:

It is not contended that Mars has no water vapour. The waxing and waning of the polar caps are usually considered as evidence of the existence of water vapour and snow on that planet, and this is the opinion which I have held; but it should be said that a carbon dioxide constitution of the polar caps has been seriously considered by many worthy astronomers. Caps composed of hoar frosts—an old theory—demanding only a small quantity of vapour, would probably not be out of harmony with our observations. The general absence of clouds, even along the melting edges of the caps, perhaps puts the burden of proof upon the advocates of snow caps. It is probable that clouds have been seen on Mars, . . . but some of the most experienced observers are of opinion that the clouds were yellow in colour. Terrestrial clouds as viewed from balloons are white. Does their yellow colour indicate that their chemical composition is different from that of terrestrial clouds?

A remarkable series of observations made last summer by Wright at the Lick Observatory gives to Mars a much more considerable atmosphere. He found that there was a very great difference in photographs of distant terrestrial landscapes, when blue light or red light was used. The latter penetrated through the atmosphere and gave a clearer picture. He applied this experience, and with a large reflecting telescope took similar photographs of Mars. The photographs in blue light showed little beyond the white polar caps; those in red light showed the markings on the planet. Besides this, the photographs in red light gave a slightly smaller diameter for the planet. Wright puts forward his conclusions with diffidence, but his high reputation as an astronomer entitles them to careful consideration. The red photographs are

interpreted as portraying the surface of the planet, the violet ones as supplying a sort of representation of its atmosphere shown by its scattered light. The observations appear to indicate that the planet has a considerable atmosphere. This is of such a thickness that it can be photographed by diffused light at a height of 120 miles. By transmitted light it would appear yellow, and is a possible cause of the planet's colour. The polar cap is an atmospheric phenomenon, as it is shown more strongly by the violet than the red photographs.

There is, therefore, a good deal of uncertainty about the physical conditions of Mars, but we cannot fail to see that they are very different from those with which we are familiar on the earth. Every now and then sensational statements are made of the Martians signalling to us by wireless, just as in 1892 some high clouds seen on the planet were interpreted as attempts to open communication with the earth. All these suggestions may be dismissed at once. It is very probably that there is life of some kind on the planet, but it must differ widely from anything to which we are accustomed. The existence of intelligent beings having any close resemblance to ourselves is a highly speculative hypothesis.

F. W. DYSON.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF TENNYSON—II

TENNYSON loved his native county and loved to hear the dialect spoken, and loved more than all, he tells us, to see in his London lodgings a Lincolnshire face from his old home neighbourhood. But I wonder how many when they read in *In Memoriam* the lines—

And even when she turned the curse
Had fallen, and her future lord
Was drown'd in passing thro' the ford
Or killed in falling from his horse,

recognise that all his early life Tennyson had heard 'horse' in Lincolnshire pronounced 'hurse.'

The *Four Idylls of the King*, which came out in 1859, gave us a fine poetic rendering of the version of Malory, but about the *Holy Grail* volume, which was published in 1869, Tennyson wrote to my father: 'I send you my new volume. Arthur is mystic, and no mere British prince, as I daresay you will find out: Arthur is the soul.' The poet pointed out to me that an idyll was only a picture, but he was very particular that it should be pronounced 'idyll,' as the Greek word from which it is derived, 'idyll,' and not 'Idyll.' He wrote much of the later Idylls lying on the ground under what is certainly the finest beech tree in the New Forest, which I got the man who used to drive him from Brockenhurst to point out to me; and from a ridge between the Ringwood and Christchurch roads out of Lyndhurst, to which I had taken the poet and his son and the charming Mary Anderson, who had come to discuss the staging of *The Foresters*, he pointed out to us as we sat facing the sun how the fern below us 'burnt as a living fire of emeralds' (as he had written in *Pelleas and Ettarre*), 'so that his eyes were dazzled looking at it'; the passage of a dozen lines exactly describes the slope below the ridge on which we were sitting, and he said it was a description of what he had seen in the New Forest, though he speaks of it in the Idyll as 'the forest call'd of Dean,' and he complained that the *Spectator* said that his description was impossible. 'But I saw it.' And on that afternoon we saw it too.

In 1863, when the *Enoch Arden* volume, founded on a true

Norfolk story told to him by Woolner, was written but not yet published, a volume which contained so many delightful things, and when I, being still a schoolboy in the sixth form at Uppingham, under Ed. Thring, thought it more than kind of the great man to talk to me at all, he said: 'A poet's work should be done by the time he is sixty. If I am to do anything more it must be in the next six years.' I replied that the best play of Sophocles was written when he was seventy, and, as a matter of fact, in spite of his age, the next twenty years saw the production of no less than eleven new volumes.

He never seemed to think he would live to a great age, for in 1886, when walking in the New Forest with me and Mr. Gordon Wordsworth, grandson of the poet, he turned to him with 'How old was your grandfather when he died?' 'He was eighty.' Then I heard Tennyson, speaking to himself, say in a low voice: 'Only three years more.' Yet in 1889 he brought out the *Demeter* volume, all of it, as he said to me, with the exception of one poem which was fifty years old, the work of his eightieth year. This putting work aside and forgetting it was rather characteristic of the poet. He 'rummaged in a drawer,' he told me, to find *Tithonus* for Thackeray to use in the *Cornhill*. It had lain hidden there for many years; and he left the whole MS. of *In Memoriam* in a London lodging, whence Coventry Patmore recovered it for him; and when he was once burning many lines in another lodging-house fireplace, my uncle seized and saved *Break, Break, Break*, from destruction, and kept an autograph copy of it all his life.

Along with it he also kept what must have been the first version of *Sweet and Low*. It is in the poet's handwriting, and from a reference in it to the 'wold' on which he lived, and the use of a regular Lincolnshire expression, 'Who claps the gate,' I judge that it was written at Somersby. We may note that the term 'blossom' is used for 'baby' twice over in *The Princess*:

Ah me, my babe, my blossom, ah, my child.

The lines, which are not generally known, run thus:

Who claps the gate
So late, so late?
Who claps the gate on the windy wold?
O were it he
Come back from sea!
Sleep, my blossom, the night is cold.
Sleep, dearest dear,
The moon is clear
To light him back to my babe and me;
And he'll come soon
All under the moon,
A thousand miles on the silver sea.

He lived three years after the *Demeter* volume came out. They were a long-lived family. Frederick gave me his last volume, *Poems of the Day and Year*, written when he was ninety. Cecilia lived to be ninety-two, and I talked with Matilda when she was ninety-eight, and when I said: 'I suppose you get out for a drive on fine days?' she replied with some spirit: 'I go out every day for a walk and take the dog.' She gave my wife a charming account of the excitement of the younger children (herself, Cecilia and Horatio) having their first sight from the nursery window of Arthur Hallam crossing the lawn at Somersby, and how they admired his handsome face and his rather long hair.

This work of the poet's eightieth year, the *Demeter* volume, has some excellent writing in it. I had found him soon after his previous volume of 1886 came out with *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After* really angry at a remark of the critic who had taken for granted that he was writing in his own person, 'taking me,' he exclaimed, 'for that old white-haired dreamer! I who have not a white hair in my head!' At that age, only his beard began to be grizzled, and he was still a famous walker. Indeed, his wife told me that at sixty-five she had danced with him (a practice they had for exercise in the long room at Farringford when it was too wet to go out), and he was as light and supple as he had been in the dancing days at Horncastle. In fact, he said to me himself: 'I am the supplest of human beings.'

As he grew older his hair, thinning, showed his dome-shaped forehead, and brought him the remark which he told me he was really proud to have heard from a mason who, passing him in a London street, said: 'There goes a Shakespeare-like fellow.' His two favourite partners at those Horncastle balls, Sophy Rawnsley and Rosa Baring, have each told me how well he danced, and also how remarkably well he talked. It was this that made him such a delightful partner, my aunt always said. 'Rosa' (Mrs. Duncombe Shafto), with whom I had a most interesting talk when she was eighty-four, said: 'You know, we used to spoil him, for we sat at his feet and worshipped him, and he read to us, and how well he read! And when he wrote us those little birthday poems we were more than proud. Oh, those days at Somersby, Harrington and Halton, how delightful they were!' I can echo this to some extent, for my talks and walks with him were, and will ever remain, among the pleasantest of all my memories. His friendship with three generations of our family, his simpleness, which only increased with years, his humour, and the endless topics on which he was able to talk so well, and the reading of his unpublished poems, made a visit to Farringford or Aldworth a memorable thing. Frederick Locker was right

when he said that 'for conversation Alfred at his best had no equal.'

Harrington is close to Somersby. The Barings lived at the Hall there—the 'high Hall garden' of Maud. I have copies of the birthday and other songs to Sophy and Rosa, which Mrs. Shafto refers to, written in 1834 and 1836. This is one of them:

To ROSA. 1836.

Thy natal day arises bright,
Once more that happy morn doth rise
Whereon thine eyes first saw the light
And light grew lighter for thine eyes.
So let the varying moments flee,
And passing change us less or more,
Whilst Time himself, in love with thee,
But makes thee lovelier than before.

Many a most humorous story he has told me about my grandfather, whose home was at Halton Holgate, but a few miles from Somersby, and I have a letter of his to my grandmother in which, after saying that he visits at no house with greater pleasure than at Halton, he explains his absence by saying that he is subject to sudden fits of melancholy which come upon him sometimes in the middle of a dance. This, he told me many years later, Dr. Andrew Clarke had pronounced to be due solely to gout. In his day men still drank a very generous measure of port daily. Asking me once after an old Lincolnshire friend, he said: 'He was a good fellow, and could take his bottle.' My father told me that he was once in the dining-room where Tennyson was decanting his bottle for the evening. He first poured in a wine-glass of water, and said: 'Do you know why I do that, Drummond? It is because it makes it more wholesome, and it gives me one glass more.' He did not like to be stinted in anything. His tobacco jar held about two gallons, and he preferred his tea at breakfast in a bowl, saying: 'I think a teacup is such a niggardly allowance.' But though his ideas were large, his simpleness, as age and honours increased upon him, was very noticeable, and it was due to this that he could tell a story without offence which from others would have been thought perhaps too broad. He liked to hear an outspoken opinion, and told me with much amusement that once as he was sitting on a coach approaching Winchester he asked the driver what sort of a place it was, and got this answer: 'Debauched, sir, like all cathedral towns.'

Some of his best stories were told him by his neighbour in the Isle of Wight—

Most generous of all Ultramontanes Ward,

and he liked to hear them over again.

'Tell me again,' he said to me, 'that story of the two Irish—'

men.' It was this, and told to me as a fact by an old pupil of mine living in West Meath :

Two men asleep in one room were roused by an alarm of fire. One hastily pulled on his trousers, wrong side foremost, and jumped out of window. The other, more cautious, shouted from the window :

'Pat ! Are ye kilt entirely ?'

'No, I'm not kilt entirely, but'—looking down on the bulge of his trousers in front of him—'I'm fearfully twisted.'

My wife was with me when, in January 1892, the last year of his life, we found him busy in the garden writing his lines on the 'death of the Duke of Clarence. With some difficulty we persuaded him to read us what he had written : seven lines, which are in the centre of the poem now, with four other lines before and six after them, and it is interesting to compare these first and last lines with his early poem, *Love and Death*, in the 1830 volume.

His dedications of his Idylls to the Prince Consort, and of some of his later volumes to his wife, are very happy. He once described to me his visit to the Queen at Osborne. She received him like an old friend and motioned him to a chair, saying : 'You and I, Mr. Tennyson, are old people, and we like to sit down.' They sat and talked, and he lamented the socialistic and irreligious tendency of the age, of which he spoke somewhat despairingly, but ended with 'but doubtless He sees it all'; and the Queen rejoined : 'Yes,

With larger, other eyes than ours
To make allowance for us all.'

'I thought,' said Tennyson, 'that was very pretty of the Queen to answer me out of my own writing.'

It was about this time that I spent a morning with him in his upstairs room at Aldworth, turning out some drawers full of letters in hope of finding a particularly nice one from 'that dear fellow Browning,' and he spoke of Gladstone and how he had ventured to remonstrate with him on his attitude towards Canada, saying : 'But if you follow a course like that, you will have the colonies cut themselves adrift'; and Gladstone answered : 'I wish to God they would.' Tennyson thought such an attitude for a great statesman was quite incredible, and vehemently disagreed with him. Times and opinions have indeed changed since then ! We could not find Browning's letter ; but, sitting side by side on his big sofa, we had much interesting converse, and I, having thoughtlessly used the only too common adjective 'awful,' he reproached me with 'You have used that word twice, and I can't bear it.' I said : 'Yes, but I have used it each time in its proper sense ; still I admit I had better not have used it at all.' He also, hearing me pronounce 'knowledge' in the usual way, as if it rhymed with 'college,' said : "'Knōwledge," I say, and I think that is right.'

I asked : 'Do you say "acknōwledge"?' He paused a moment, and then said : 'Yes, I do. It is a finer sound, too.' He was quite right. Knowledge is what we *know*, not what we *knoll*. Soon after this I met the Master of Trinity, Dr. H. M. Butler, in the train at Winchester, and he showed me an elegant Latin version of *Crossing the Bar*, but he had been in doubt about the meaning of—

When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Did it mean the wave or the soul ? He took it at first to be the soul, but had made an alternative line with the idea of its being the wave. I had taken it in the first instance to mean the wave, but I said I was going to see the poet and would ask him. I did so, and his reply was 'Of course I meant both.' About that time I had met a lady who, speaking of *Crossing the Bar*, was positive that the bar was at Barmouth¹ and that the poem was written there. I informed her that I had the poet's word for it that it was not so, but she only treated me to a compassionate smile for my credulity. It so happened that I had asked him if it was, as I supposed, written while he was crossing from Lymington to Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, and he said : 'Yes, and I began and finished it in twenty minutes, didn't I, nurse?' turning to the nurse who was accompanying him.

He was very sensitive to criticism, but always took his wife's opinion as final. When he had read me some of the poems in his *Demeter* volume (as yet unpublished), after a few stanzas of *The Leper's Bride* he said : 'My wife and son won't let me put those in ; I don't know why : I see no harm in them.' A little later, when the book was out, he said : 'I am daily expecting an attack from Romney's son, but I have my answer ready : "See what I say of your mother, 'the wife of wives.'"'

Churton Collins he especially disliked. He complained to me : 'The critics won't allow me any imagination. They take a line like "Moanings of the homeless sea" and say : "'Moanings," Horace ; 'homeless,' Shelley," and so on. Your friend Churton Collins makes me borrow expressions from men I never even heard of. But of course the same things are seen in all ages, and naturally described in the same language. In my last volume in *The Progress of Spring* I said : "The starling claps his tiny castanets." The other day I saw it in a recent novel. They will say I borrowed it, and I wrote that line fifty years ago ; but they won't believe that.' Another real dread he had was the being

¹ Barmouth has nothing to do with 'Bar.' It is a corruption of 'Aber Mawdach,' the estuary of the Mawdach, pronounced 'Mouthey.' This was shortened to 'Abermo,' and again to 'Bermo,' and easily corrupted into 'Barmouth.'

made into a school book, and he appealed to me as a schoolmaster: 'Don't let them do that. The boys will hate me.'

Perhaps the pleasantest evening I ever spent was when I was staying at Farringford, and Jowett, the Master of Balliol, and Sir Herbert Warren, President of Magdalen, were the only other guests at the family dinner-party.

The talk was brilliant, and even Jowett was moved beyond his wont to tell a good story. Four of that party of seven have crossed the bar; the other three can have few more agreeable memories to look back to.

On another unforgettable day Dean Bradley was staying in the house at Farringford, and said to me: 'How wonderful he is! I am the younger man, but he walks me off my legs.' After lunch we were all looking at the phonograph which Edison had sent him, and at his son's suggestion he spoke some of his own lines into the machine. The Dean had selected the passage, and we listened to the sonorous tones, and saw the markings being made by the needle on the waxen cylinder; and then, sitting down all close together by the window of the little upstairs room, we heard the phonograph give back the lines, the poet listening with amusement to his own voice speaking to him.

The last time I saw him was in a little green oasis in the garden at Farringford; only Mrs. Allingham was with us, and had described a function at which she had to listen to the praises of her own water colours until, as she said, she did not know which way to look. 'Look at your pictures, Mrs. Allingham,' said Tennyson, a pretty little speech which I often think of as the last words I heard him say, except 'Good-bye; come and see me again.'

On October 6 of that year, 1892, he died. Six days later he was laid beside Browning in Poets' Corner in the Abbey, and when the great stone was placed over his grave, a single small wreath was laid on it made by my wife of sprigs of bay from a shrub, planted by Dean Butler in the Deanery garden at Peterborough, whose parent tree had flourished over Virgil's tomb, near Naples. Attached to it were two of Tennyson's finest lines:

I salute thee, Mantovano, I that loved thee since my day began,
Wielder of the stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man.

WILLINGHAM FRANKLIN RAWNSLEY.

A BOYS' LENDING LIBRARY

RECENTLY in a newspaper the Headmaster of Eton wrote somewhat gloomily upon the subject of 'What Boys Read.' These were 'Public School' boys who gave him the opportunity, perhaps the justification, for lament.

'The Bivouac Boys' Club and Library' began in Oxford in January 1909 as headquarters of one of the earliest of Boy Scout troops formed in the country (out of college choristers). The war finally severed its connection with the Boy Scout as such (though not with boy scouts) and caused a closing down for a period. Since the summer of 1919 it has again flourished and numbers now upwards of 350 boy-members, of age mainly thirteen to fifteen. The majority are schoolboys from one or other of the three secondary schools of the city, or from the two central schools for boys. But there are also not a few elementary school boys, 'Bodleian' boys, telegraph messengers, and boys at work. In their avidity for reading there is little, if any, distinction to be drawn between these categories. Some boys come after morning or afternoon school once a week 'by schools.' Others come once or twice a week in the evenings. In the three months May to July last, albeit summer (?), there were over 2500 'boy attendances.'¹

The 'library' part of the Bivouac operations consists of books round the room arranged on open shelves and within the reach of the members. 'Open access' for boy-readers is a *sine qua non*. The library has grown year by year till it numbers some 1600 volumes. Boys may take home two books at a time. In the course of various experiments two methods were once consecutively adopted in the endeavour to encourage the occasional reading of books other than 'story-books.' By the first, when boys could take only one book at a time, every fourth book had to be a 'non-story' book. By the second, when two books at a time were allowed, the second of the two, if two were taken, had similarly to be a 'non-story' book. Both methods were dismal failures and quickly dropped. In the first case, the fourth time of choice was one of discontent and woe. In the second, few indeed used the permission to take two book story-book, most reason-

¹ The number in the eleven weeks October 5—December 15 last was 3300.

ably, asserted its indisputable mastery. Now there is perfect freedom of choice. Most boys take two books at a time. The two books are, with few exceptions, both 'story-books.' Travel, exploration, science, natural history, poetry, biography, history, war, the sea—the 300 odd volumes dedicated to these subjects enjoy for the most part an undisturbed peace, though at times outraged by an occasional and exceptional enthusiast. What could be more natural?

Even bound volumes—*B.O.P.*, *Captain, Chums*, or *Scout*—do not really rival the fat octavo volume of a single story in lasting popularity.

Now note that, to ensure success, your volumes must be octavo, must be brightly bound, and should be fat.

'Pocket editions' are, so far as boys are concerned, a hopeless mistake. So is India-paper. The contents matter in this respect not a whit. For a boys' library better one fat octavo than three pocket editions. The same money gives you one book instead of three. The one book has three times three as many readers as the three. The test of every library is the extent to which it is used. Avoid small editions if you want boys to read the books you buy.

Hardly less important is the colour of the binding. This *must* be bright. The post-war devices of some publishers—otherwise quite admirable publishers—fill me with astonishment. 'Has the firm no one on its staff,' I ask myself, 'who knows what attracts a boy?'

The brilliant paper wrapper with its gorgeous picture is indeed all to the good. Detached, cut to the picture, and pinned up round the room when the December purchase of the usual three-score or more of new books is made, these wrappers provide a lovely picture-gallery for a month or so, and also show constantly what the 'latest additions' are. Otherwise these additions are discoverable only by blank spaces on the shelves (what boy will choose an older book when a new one stares him in the face?) or by a 'list' on the notice board at which of course no reasonable boy can be expected to look.

Yes, the paper wrapper of to-day has advantages. But if kept on the book, a fortnight's 'library' use destroys it. And underneath what do we get to-day? Drab, dirty, mud-coloured greys and khakis. Where are the reds and blues of the nineteenth century?²

Doubtless I have misjudged those who in this abominable and underhand way lure us by a brilliant 'wrapper.' Theirs is not the innocence of the dove. It is the guile of the serpent. Their covers are intended to ensnare the uncle into purchase, to

² This winter I notice a slight change for the better in this respect.

discourage the librarian. Better the many individual gifts, is it, than the one book read by many? So, as always, the many suffer for, not the few—for these too would rather have bright books of their own on their very own shelves—but for the pockets of the firm. Can this really be good business, though? I wonder.

Once recently I came across a village library in the vestry of a Gloucestershire church. Every book was neatly covered with thin black linen. Who, save the village idiot, would not shudder and flee away? The dust of the highway and the film of cobwebs, but no human hands, settled on those books.

Therefore the same law applies in binding. There are tales at the Bivouac which are bound, rebound, re-rebound, till they fall to pieces within, and new copies, even two, three, or four of each, must be bought to endure the same transitoriness, renaissance, and decline. Such are the 'Teddy Lesters' and the 'Sherlock-Holmes-es.' But however great the need, however melancholy the expense, the rule holds good. Bind in the brightest red, the most ultramarine blue, the most dancing green, you can discover, and give a preference of three to scarlet, two to blue, and one to green. And gild the backs of *all*, not only the titles, but with lines and ornament as well. Better one book so bound than two less bright, albeit at the same expense. For dull, ungilded bindings there is but one rule, the cant phrase of a recent generation: 'Scrap the lot.' The sole test of a boys' library is its 'use.'

Do boys read? What do boys read? What ought boys to read?

The third question can be dismissed in a moment. In the purchase of books, the consideration 'What ought boys *not* to read?' has weight. But when you have made your choice (and keep it 'up to date'!), the popularity of a book you may destroy; you cannot ensure it. What boy tells boy—this alone counts. If I see a much-loved book of my own recollections, say *Lorna Doone*, *Hereward the Wake*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, or *Kim*, sorrowfully neglected, let me pick it out and show it, with a studied casualness of manner, to a boy; many indeed may be called, but few are chosen. Never have I failed to find the boy simulate the most polite interest in the world. Rarely indeed, as soon as I stroll away, do I fail to find the book replaced firmly on the shelf when I close the club at evening. Disparagement may carry weight. Eulogy—by a senior—is no recommendation. How *can* such a one *really* know? Get a book started *somehow*, and it will have a run. Boys, like the rest of us, are imitative animals. But 'You ought to read this' is *not* the pistol-shot for a good start.

What *do* boys read? Here is an entrancing but a dangerous topic, and the mention of names becomes perhaps invidious.

Once or twice I have taken an actual poll of 'favourites.' Perhaps I should refrain from the temptation to give results. Of course there is a tide in fashions, and in 'adventure books' a chronological sequence of popularity—e.g., Scott-Lytton-Marryat-Cooper yielding precedence to Ballantyne-Kingston-Henty-Kingsley, and so 'forwards' to Brereton-Strang-Westerman-Gilson. But Dumas, Jules Verne, Mark Twain, hold their own, and so, to some extent, does Dickens. But alas! the atrocity, the insensate wickedness, of publishers, even the most lordly and famous! 'School editions,' 'editions with notes for the use of schools,' abbreviated editions—the attempt to ensnare readers by sickly bribes, these last—these and those who devise them deserve only the nethermost Inferno in a literary hell. That Dickens, Kingsley, Dumas, even Scott, and—*l'ultimo eccesso*—sorrow's crown of sorrows—Stevenson himself, are so treated, yet *do* survive such scoundrelly mishandling, is a tribute indeed to their inherent vitality and, please mark you, also to the modern schoolmaster-plagued boy.

Then there are the sudden waves: a Tarzan wave, a Sax Rohmer wave, a William wave; duplicates, triplicates, quadruplicates, but *no* rebinding. But Conan Doyle and Rider Haggard always need a whole shelf each, and endless restorations.

Always, however, one type of tale has the unquestioned mastery. Five boys out of six, I, after sixteen years' experience, believe, prefer the 'school story' to any other, however 'really horrid,' as Catherine Morland said, these last may be. It is indeed magnificent to see our old *B.O.P.* school stories retaining their grip, and the Guineapigs and Tadpoles of St. Dominic's as beloved to-day as ever. Yet never was there such an age as the happy present for school stories. Should an uncle desire to win (temporarily) a schoolboy nephew's heart, let him venture boldly on the whole rich six of the 'Teddy Lester,' or the five of the 'Play-up,' series—books indispensable to the beginnings of any boys' library. The two authors I know by name alone. But I like to imagine the grip of the hand with which Talbot Baines Reed would have congratulated John Finnemore and Herbert Hayens.

Then *do* boys read?

All that the Bivouac records show me is this: that in three summer months 100 'evening' boys borrowed over 1700 books. And summer evenings, even those of 1924, are not the time when the Club is most frequented. I do not share the Headmaster of Eton's pessimism.

BERNARD W. HENDERSON.

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FRANCIS JEFFREY AS A LITERARY CRITIC

FRANCIS JEFFREY, as first editor of the *Edinburgh Review* and the man who guided its destinies for the first twenty-seven years of its existence, occupied a place of considerable importance in the literary world of his day. As a critic his work had more influence in moulding the taste of the general reader and in building up his stock of ideas about books than the work of any of his greater contemporaries. Jeffrey's influence was not unmerited, for he may be regarded as the mean, or midway post, in criticism; only those who bear names of high renown rise to a superior level; but those, on the other hand, who judged falsely, or with prejudice, or with the blinded eyes of bygone standards, fall far below. All the other critics of his time can be divided into these two classes; for this reason, and because he has scarcely had justice done him, it seems worth while to review the extent of his critical achievements.

Hazlitt pays Jeffrey a fine tribute when he affirms that he 'is certainly in advance of the age, and yet perfectly fitted both from knowledge and habit of mind to put a curb upon its rash and headlong spirit.' The *Edinburgh Review* was thus through his guidance 'placed in the middle between two extremes.' Neither were Jeffrey's politics as advanced as Hazlitt's own, nor were his literary tastes sufficiently advanced to allow him to appreciate Wordsworth as Lamb did. Jeffrey belongs to a type which does not often make its appearance in the higher ranks of literature, though it is sufficiently common in other ranks of life. In both literature and politics his was that essentially practical outlook which, while keeping itself abreast with modern ideas, sifts them and selects for use such as gain a more immediate acceptance, but at the same time rejects others more original and revolutionary, which may ultimately be destined to gain acceptance. Nevertheless, Jeffrey clearly belongs to the Romantic movement. He conceived that he belonged to a time when the native English genius was coming into its own again, and that the school of Pope and Addison, by following Continental ideals too rigorously, had imposed fetters on our literature which were then being cast off. He turned back to the Elizabethans as to a great age and

praised them generously. And if anyone has any doubts that he was a genuine Romantic, these should be dispelled by the following passage, where he defines Shakespeare's poetry as—

that fond familiarity with beautiful forms and images, that eternal recurrence to what is sweet and majestic in the simple aspects of Nature, that indestructible love of flowers and odours, and dews and clear waters, and soft airs and sounds and bright skies and woodland solitudes, and moonlit bowers, which are the material elements of poetry, and that fine sense of their indefinable relation to mental emotion which is its essence and vivifying soul.

The period to which Jeffrey conceived he belonged had been ushered in by Gray, Collins, and Goldsmith; it really began with Cowper and had been continued by Crabbe, Campbell, and Rogers. Likewise he was fully aware of the great influences at work at the time in the return to Nature and the return to the past. But while no explorers had pushed beyond this point into the hinterland of poetry in 1797, by 1845 settlers had arrived in considerable numbers, and the explorers had penetrated much further. Jeffrey was no explorer; he could only follow uncertainly in the trail of a few of them; but, to say the least, he saw and learnt far more than those who stayed at home. His is the 1797 attitude of mind—that of the Romantic movement immediately prior to the publication of the *Lyrical Ballads*. Of the greater men of his age perhaps his most liberal estimate is contained in the following words, written in 1811:

Southey, and Wordsworth, and Coleridge, and Miss Baillie have all of them copied the manner of our old poets; and along with this indication of good taste, have given great proofs of original genius. The misfortune is that their copies of those great originals are liable to the charge of extreme affectation. . . . They have mixed in, too, so much of the mawkish tone of pastoral innocence and babyish simplicity, with a sort of pedantic emphasis and ostentatious glitter, that it is difficult not to be disgusted with their perversity and with the solemn self-complacency with which they have put their claims on public admiration. . . . But notwithstanding all these faults, there is a fertility and a force, a warmth of feeling and an exhilaration of imagination, about them which classes them, in our estimation, with a much higher order of poets than the followers of Dryden and Addison, and justifies an anxiety for their fame in all the admirers of Milton and Shakespeare.

Jeffrey's principal fault is an excessive confidence in his own position. For instance, he knows of no one more competent than himself to compile an authoritative volume of *Specimens of our Living Poets*. His attitude makes him blind to the fact that a powerful and original thinker must necessarily be ahead of his generation; so, unfortunately, it becomes one of his critical dicta that 'present popularity . . . is, after all, the only safe passage to future glory.'

However, one cannot deny him honesty, and a large measure of freedom from external prejudice. The man who reviewed *Marmion* as he did, and then sent the review to Scott, with whom he had a dinner engagement for that very night, to see if he would still be welcome, cannot be accused of lack of courage; nor can we withhold our admiration from the man who wrote so generously of Scott's poetry when reviewing *The Lady of the Lake* at the very time when Scott was launching the *Quarterly* on its career of opposition. One is likewise impressed by the very reasonable and broad-minded tone of the review of Byron's *Cain*, when it is considered that that work contains as fierce a denunciation of accepted theological dogmas as anything Shelley ever wrote.

It is characteristic of the rigidity of Jeffrey's critical system that he judges a work by certain standards already fixed in his mind. This is part of the eighteenth century legacy still remaining to criticism; it proceeds from a certain orderliness of mind which desires exact and accurate measurements; but such a method has other advantages to recommend it, for it is far easier to point out what qualities a poem lacks than to write a discriminating appreciation of its merits. Yet it cannot be said that this plus and minus method does not yield definite results, for it enables Jeffrey, in spite of his admiration, to pick out many of the defects which have denied immortality to *Lalla Rookh*, though that work certainly never aspired to be judged by the epic standards which its reviewer seems inclined to apply to it. But at any rate his standards were high; one need only refer to the passage already quoted in which he attempts to define poetry. The idea hinted at in the last words of the sentence, 'that indefinable sense of their relation to mental emotion,' is one which he frequently develops elsewhere. Jeffrey maintains that poetry gains its principal effects 'not so much by the images it directly presents as by those it suggests to the fancy.' His theory is successful up to a point, but begins to lead to unfortunate results when he deduces from this that common feelings and common situations, having the largest association areas in the brain, are therefore the fittest subjects for poetry. However much this might bring a man into sympathy with certain aspects of Wordsworth's theory, it would nevertheless leave a large amount of Keats and practically the whole of Shelley a closed book to him. But we certainly have here the explanation of one of the chief causes of Jeffrey's admiration for Campbell, Rogers, and Crabbe, or rather, as one is inclined to suspect, we see that this part of his theory was the product of his admiration for them.

Another canon at the root of Jeffrey's criticism, although not explicitly stated, is that poetry is primarily didactic in its pur-

pose. This heirloom of the eighteenth century is a belief that leads to some interesting consequences. For this reason he is completely unable to understand realism as a poetic method, and he takes Crabbe to task for overstepping the conventional limits. Crabbe, he held, handled some subjects that were unfit for poetry, and he cites as an example *Peter Grimes*, one of his most powerful works. Likewise he regrets that in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*

the feuds of Border chieftains should have monopolised as much poetry as might have served to immortalise the whole baronage of the empire.

In other words, the thieving Borderers were hardly characters of sufficient dignity to be commemorated in poetry. Another streak of conventionality akin to this trait appears when he blames Wordsworth for not modelling the character of Matthew on the familiar type of village schoolmaster as depicted by Goldsmith and Crabbe, or when in the review of Crabbe's *Borough* he naïvely remarks :

We are struck, also, with several omissions in the picture of a maritime borough. Mr. Crabbe might have made a great deal of the press-gang ; and, at all events, should have given us some wounded veteran sailors and some voyagers with tales of wonder from foreign lands.

We may smile at these things now, but we are hardly justified in summing up Jeffrey's critical pronouncements as Sir Leslie Stephen does when he says that ' Jeffrey's blundering is amazingly systematic and comprehensive.' It is the aim of this article to show that he held definite views about literature ; and although these are not the views of our own time, they are of considerable interest and importance for the light they throw upon the best and most cultured opinion of the period ; and, when all is said, they are not illiberal. Jeffrey was not a great or an inspired critic, but he generally has something sensible to say. He has genuine poetic taste, and, in spite of the popular myth to the contrary, it will be found that he has rarely denied some measure of worth where it was deserved. For instance, in spite of his strictures on *The Excursion*, he has displayed a surer touch in indicating its greatest passages than did Lamb's far more sympathetic review in the *Quarterly*. Where he was most at fault was in the excessive praise he lavished on the minors of his age. Yet even if he overpraised Campbell, he recognised that his best work was to be found amongst his shorter poems.

There is a well-known passage that comes at the very end of Jeffrey's critical writings that is often quoted as an example of his critical obtuseness :

Since the beginning of our critical career we have seen a vast deal of beautiful poetry pass into oblivion, in spite of our efforts to recall or retain it in remembrance. The tuneful quartets of Southey are already

little better than lumber ; and the rich melodies of Keats and Shelley, and the fantastical emphasis of Wordsworth, and the plebeian pathos of Crabbe, are melting fast from the field of our vision. The novels of Scott have put out his poetry. Even the splendid strains of Moore are fading into distance and dimness, except where they have been ' married to immortal music ; and the blazing star of Byron is receding from its pride. . . . The two who have the longest withstood this rapid withering of the laurel, and with the least marks of decay on their branches, are Rogers and Campbell.

Perhaps we can interpret this more generously. Jeffrey, it is said, was always haunted by a natural despondency ; and may we not also see the disappointment of the critic who has received the best work of his contemporaries with some praise, and a measure of censure (from which we never exempt mere contemporaries) ? He saw them disregard his advice by persisting in their ' affectations ' and at the same time watched the quality of the poetical output of some of them steadily decline. That is why he is surest of the fame of the two men who most nearly express his standard of poetical excellence.

However, let us turn to the brighter side once more, and see the full measure of his critical capacity. There are fewer juster criticisms of Burns than his review of that poet ; and he interprets admirably the nature and scope of his genius to the world south of the Tweed. On the whole, he summed up Scott's merits as a poet quite accurately, and was the first to recognise the oft-repeated truth that Byron's characters—Harold, Lara, Manfred, and the rest—are one and the same, in fact the poet himself. The following also is not only fine criticism, but fine writing :

What indications are there of *Lear* in any of Shakespeare's earlier plays, what traces of it in any he wrote afterwards ? None. It might have been written by any other man, he is so little conscious of it. He never once returns to that huge sea of sorrow ; but has left it standing by itself, shoreless and unapproachable.

In fine, I am convinced that Jeffrey added considerably to the stock of our commonest ideas about English literature ; but, instead of meeting with due acknowledgment, he has shared in the revilings which the worst work of men like Gifford and Lockhart brought down upon the heads of the reviewers.

R. C. BALD.

COPYRIGHT LAW AND THE PUBLIC

EVERY good citizen is supposed to have a knowledge of the laws of his country; but, unfortunately for Mr. Citizen and fortunately for the lawyers, he is not omniscient.

Though it is not surprising that the public should be ignorant of the details of the law dealing with such a technical subject as copyright, it is extraordinary, with the increase of reading and of interest in the drama and music, that the public should be unaware of the broad principles that govern copyright property.

The Society of Authors, Playwrights and Composers, founded by Sir Walter Besant in 1884 and now a flourishing institution of some 3000 members, was formed to make the owners of copyright property wise as to their rights and to protect those rights from infringement; but as no such society exists for the benefit of laymen and amateurs, it may be worth while to open the eyes of some who are inclined to undervalue as property all forms of intellectual labour.

It is not the object of this article to analyse the difference between mental and manual labour—yet, for a patent reason, the former is seriously underpaid when compared with the latter—but it is the object to show that because intellectual labour is underpaid it is not therefore valueless, and that its values have been increasing with the increase of the reproductive processes, and that the outward and visible sign of this increase has been the evolution of copyright legislation.

Copyright in books was a matter of somewhat slow evolution. The original right of multiplication by printing was claimed as a monopoly of the Crown. This authority controlled the printing-presses, so that no book could be printed without a licence. The Company of Stationers was created to supervise this control, and was incorporated in 1556.

It is unnecessary to discuss the history and the powers of the Stationers' Company, which were renewed from time to time.

Strenuous efforts were made to obtain proper legislation. The Act of Anne, 1709, was the first to give protection direct to the author, the creator of the property. The protection was very inadequate, yet it was a large step in advance when the

author was acknowledged and his property confirmed to him rather than to the tradesmen who multiplied copies. It was not until 1842, when the Act of 5 & 6 Vict. c. 45 was passed, that any real advance was made, over a century and a quarter from the first recognition of the author. But though the Act of 1842 was a step forward, granting protection to the author for his life and seven years afterwards, or forty-two years from the date of publication, whichever was the longer period, it did not cover all artistic property, the rights in which were scattered about in several Acts, difficult of interpretation.

The confusion that arose out of these many Acts was endured for a period of seventy years. There were frequent agitations for reform. The Society of Authors, Playwrights and Composers itself, on different occasions, put forward three different Bills for the purpose of consolidating and simplifying the law. It was not until 1911 that the Government undertook and carried through the present Copyright Act.

This step was undertaken then not because of the desire to help and guard the artistic property of intellectual producers (so little have the legislators of England cared for these non-vote-carriers), but in order that the Government might maintain the high dignity of Great Britain before the Continental nations.

To explain this statement it will be necessary to go back a few years. In the 'sixties and 'seventies of last century treaties dealing with literary and artistic property were made with various countries. The interpretation of these became so confusing that it was decided to hold an international meeting at Berne in 1885 at which nations might settle some common principles dealing with the interchange of literary and artistic property. The Convention then settled was adopted by most of the European nations, and by Great Britain under the Act of 1886. It was amended at a meeting in Paris in 1896, and a revised Convention was settled in Berlin in 1908. As Great Britain could not join the Convention of 1885 without the special legislation of 1886, so it could not join this revised Convention without fresh legislation. The Government at last, in order not to be left out of this great league of nations, decided not only to pass an Act to enable Great Britain to join the revised Convention, but to remodel the British law. Accordingly the Act of 1911 was passed, and came into activity in 1912.

This is a short history of the evolution of copyright in Great Britain, except so far as it is concerned with the interchange of intellectual property with the United States. With regard to the States, it is only necessary to say that they have never joined this first great League of Nations.

Within the Act of 1911 all forms of copyright property are

included. 'Author' is the term that covers the creator of the property, and, with very few exceptions, the creator of the property is the first owner of the copyright.

How does this law affect the public, and on what points is it necessary to warn the ordinary citizen?

It will be necessary to explain as briefly as possible the definition of copyright and the purport of the Act, and then to quote instances how unwary and ignorant persons may find themselves infringing other people's rights and damaging other people's property.

The essential of copyright is copying. It may sound absurd to make this statement, but if it should happen by chance that an author in the United States and another in Great Britain wrote a story around the same characters, in the same locality, and with the same plot, and each story was written independently, there would be no infringement by the one author of the other author's rights.

How, then, is copyright defined in the Act? The Act says:

For the purposes of this Act 'copyright' means the sole right to produce or reproduce the work or any substantial part thereof in any material form whatsoever, to perform, or in the case of a lecture to deliver, the work or any substantial part thereof in public; if the work is unpublished, to publish the work or any substantial part thereof: and shall include the sole right—

- (a) To produce, reproduce, perform, or publish any translation of the work;
- (b) In the case of a dramatic work, to convert it into a novel or other non-dramatic work;
- (c) In the case of a novel or other non-dramatic work, or of an artistic work, to convert it into a dramatic work, by way of performance in public or otherwise;
- (d) In the case of a literary, dramatic and musical work, to make any record, perforated roll, cinematograph film or other contrivance by means of which the work may be mechanically performed or delivered;

and to authorise any such acts as aforesaid.

There are other limitations and definitions in other clauses of the Act, but as this is not a treatise on copyright legislation, they cannot come within the scope of this article.

Copyright lasts for the author's life and, with certain limitations, for fifty years afterwards.

Copyright under the Act of 1842 endured for the life of the author and seven years afterwards, or forty-two years from the date of publication, whichever was the longer period. If either of these periods overruns the date when the new Act comes into operation (July 1, 1912), then the owner obtains advantage of the extended period. If the time of copyright under the former Act has expired, then copyright cannot be revived.

The period covered by the Act of 1842 refers to book publication only, a form of publication with which this article especially deals.

The chief difficulties with which the ordinary person may have to contend can be classified under the following headings:

1. Government Publications.
2. Letters.
3. Quotations.
4. Performing Rights in Music and Drama.
5. Photographs.

1. *Government Publications*.—It is the custom to think that Government publications are public property, but this is not the case.

Section 18 of the Act runs as follows:

Without prejudice to any rights or privileges of the Crown, where any work has, whether before or after the commencement of this Act, been prepared or published by or under the direction or control of His Majesty or any Government department, the copyright in the work shall, subject to any agreement with the author, belong to His Majesty, and in such case shall continue for a period of fifty years from the date of the first publication of the work.

It is not difficult to obtain the necessary leave, which is usually given by the head of the department concerned. The reason for the section is self-evident: to protect the Government from the unauthorised publication of confidential reports. But the Government resent publication without leave. In one case an author, the head of a Government department, wrote a book on his special subject, and used part of a report that he had himself written. Government Department No. 2 wrote to him an official letter drawing his attention to the section of the Act and stating that leave must be obtained from the head of the department. He promptly remedied the mistake and gave himself the necessary sanction.

2. *Letters*.—If a letter is written, the receiver naturally thinks that it belongs to him, and so it does in a sense, but not in a copyright sense. The actual paper on which the letter is written is his property. He can destroy it or sell it, or should it deal with an intimate subject, carefully preserve it. In many cases it might be better to destroy it. But there is one thing he cannot do without the consent of the writer, that is, publish a copy of it. Many writers of autobiographies proceed gaily to gather in their material, much of which lies in letters they have received. Many writers of biographies or memoirs ask for the loan of letters. The authors of autobiographies must remember that they have no right to publish the letters they hold without the consent of the writers, and the recipients of letters must remember that in loaning to the authors of biographies and memoirs they cannot

and must not grant—which they often ignorantly do—a right of reproduction which they do not possess.

The penalties under the Act for this infringement are heavy. From personal experience I could quote many instances where whole editions have been held up, and the publisher compelled to withdraw the infringing matter and pay damages. In some cases I regret to say that the writer of the book may be ruined by his carelessness and neglect.

The publication of letters is one of the commonest and most dangerous forms of copyright infringement.

3. *Quotations*.—Infringement by quotation is another danger from which the public suffers, though when a poem is published in book form or the work is in print Mr. Citizen is inclined to be more cautious than in the case of letters.

'A substantial part' is necessary to make an infringement. What is 'a substantial part' is a legal point which must be settled on the evidence of each case. It is quite clear that the words are as applicable, in a book of poems, to each poem as they are to the book as a whole, or even to an important speech in a play as to the play as a whole. Neither is the question one of quantity merely; it is equally a question of quality. A case was decided in the courts in favour of the plaintiff when two verses of a poem were quoted. But quotation is allowed by the Act, and is not an infringement, when it is 'any fair dealing for the purposes of private study, research, criticism, review, or newspaper summary.'

No one must think that acknowledgment of the source is a defence. It is not.

In some cases those who desire to quote, and have knowledge of the existence of the author's rights, foolishly communicate with the publisher rather than direct with the author for authority. The publisher, unmindful of his contract with the author, or perhaps conscious only of his past powers, gives his sanction. Then a difficult position arises, as under the contract the control lies entirely with the author. It is essential, therefore, that he who desires to act fairly should be quite sure that the person who gives the sanction is the holder of the right.

There is one special form of infringement which should be mentioned, as it has sometimes an air of innocence about it quite cheering to everyone but the original author.

A. may have written an exhaustive book on gardening for small gardens, or on intensive vegetable culture, or on bees, or, indeed, on any other subject, urban or rural, which claims the interest of a large number of people. B. comes along and reads the book, and is interested in the subject. He then proceeds to write articles for the local newspaper—in some cases even for the

more important papers—taking large blocks out of the book that he has been reading without mentioning to the editor the source from which his information comes. The editor publishes the articles without inquiry. Sometimes the parties escape detection; sometimes they awake to the fact that they have to pay serious damages. The profits of the paper and the income of the contributor suffer accordingly.

4. *Performing Rights in Music and Drama, Recitations and Readings*.—The crux of all these performances is the words in the Act 'in public.' If the performance is a private performance, there is no infringement. What is a private performance? Mr. Citizen must not think that a performance is private because no money is taken at the doors, or that it is private because it takes place in a private house. When a case is on the border line, it must be decided in the courts by the special evidence, but there are some cases which are clearly legally public which many would consider private. The best plan is to be on the right side. When a member of the public desires to give a reading or performance he should state the position candidly to the author. There are more infringements in the case of music than under the other headings. A performer at a village concert must not think because he has bought a piece of music at a shop that he is, therefore, entitled to perform it in public. But it is much more difficult to find out who is the owner of the performing rights in music than in any other form of copyright property. Under the old Act a special notice was necessary on every piece of music published. This requisite has been done away with.

The present difficulty arises owing to the unfortunate fact that many composers assign their copyright to the publishers, and some of the latter assign their performing rights—part of the copyright—to a society that collects the fees. It is not possible to set out at length the methods of collection or the prices that are charged; but in the case of a musical performance, as in the case of quotations, the inquirer should be sure that he obtains a sanction from the lawful owner. This is more difficult with music, for in many cases, owing to the composer's rash assignment, it is impossible to trace who he may be.

Recitations and readings may also be infringements; here most probably the words 'a substantial part' will again come into prominence.

5. *Photographs*.—The copyright in photographs must be viewed from an entirely different point. Under the former headings Mr. Citizen has to be careful of the rights of others; under the present heading, of his own rights.

Many people—such is the vanity of the human race—are flattered when photographers ask to be allowed to take their

photographs, ignorant of the fact that under most of the contracts they are parting with a valuable property: the copyright, the right of reproduction. There was once a rising young barrister who yielded to the photographer's invitation; as a lawyer he ought to have known better. He was in love, and he had a rival. The latter was a newspaper proprietor, who found out the name of the photographer, and for a sum purchased the copyright in the barrister's photograph, with disastrous result to the barrister. The barrister has given up the law; the proprietor is a happy married man. The moral to this short tale is patent: Never part with the copyright in your photograph.

G. HERBERT THRING.

ISLINGTON AND PENTONVILLE

WHEN Abraham Cowley wished to express his contempt—real or assumed—for 'the monster London,' he assured the city that if she were to lose all the wicked men within her borders, and 'all the fools that crowd her so,' she would become a village less than Islington. To-day Islington is no village, but a very busy, crowded part of London, touched by Shoreditch, Finsbury, Pentonville and Clerkenwell. It is densely populated, the rate being about 215 persons per acre; if any reader should chance to possess an acre of garden, let him set to work to think how he would house 215 people within its limits.

Yet I fancy that Islington still has an individuality of its own. It was once a village, and to-day if you wander along past the 'Angel,' through Upper Street, on whose broad pavement four perambulators can charge abreast—and do—you will pass many green islands, bits of the old Islington Green, which must have stretched to the old church, and have joined that little space of turf and trees which the dead keep inviolate—their last service to the living.

It is quite worth while to go into the parish church, dedicated to St. Mary, and look round; one sighs for the earlier church, dated 1483, which was pulled down when the present one was built in 1751. Doubtless this Georgian building was thought to be very handsome in its day. It is really handsome, although it is impossible to help feeling that the mind of the architect dwelt more on concert halls than on churches. There are compensations, for no lover of beautiful wood can afford to scorn the best Georgian churches, and whoever pulled down the venerable building had the grace to save a few of its relics. The vault at least appears to have been spared, and must still hold the bodies of the two wild gallants of James I.'s reign who quarrelled over cards, and fought a duel in a field hard by, distrusting each other so profoundly that they wore nothing but their shirts, in order to preclude the possibility of concealed armour. Both fell, and the King ordered that they should be buried in the same grave.

To my mind the most interesting monument in the church is erected to the memory of Dame Alice Owen. The inscription

states that this matron died in 1613, and 'having enriched and advanced all her children, kept great hospitalitie.' This does Dame Alice the barest justice, for it is to her bounty that Islington owes its fine school for boys and its equally fine school for girls, institutions which have sent out many hundreds of well-trained young citizens to fill responsible posts throughout the Empire. The legend is that whilst Dame Alice was taking gentle exercise in the pleasant fields she just escaped being hit by an arrow—Islington was a great place for archery—and that her 'great hospitalitie' was a thank-offering for her life.

Merry Islington? I hardly think so to-day. It may have been merry when the spa at Sadler's Wells was so fashionable that the Princesses Amelia and Caroline frequented it day by day, to drink the waters which were a cure for 'hysteric affections, asthmas, indigestions, swellings, eruptions and nerves'; it must have been merry when Grimaldi played at the Sadler's Wells Theatre, and was in his turn a cure for hysteric affections and nerves; but to-day only the shell of the theatre stands overlooking the New River waterworks; it is to be sold as a building site, and great masses of hoarding hide even the portico under which sedan chairs used to shelter.

To-day Islington conveys to my mind the idea of someone who has 'come down' in the world, after seeing better days; there is a tinge of something like faded gentility. Yet it is a very busy place; I know more people actively at work to-day in its ward than in any other part of London. Islington has its respectability to consider, and respectability usually entails work.

If anyone wished to be introduced to some typical Islington women-workers, I should take him first to call on a widow, aged seventy-two, who lives in one room, has the old age pension, and is graciously allowed by us to earn an additional ten shillings a week, if she can, but no more. She does this by crocheting silk jumpers, for five shillings each, or by mending the stockings of boarders at a large establishment near, at a penny a pair. ('When it comes to boys' football stockings, I have to charge twopence,' she says.) There is no form of needlework in which this bright-eyed old lady is not proficient, and she is a mine of information about the neighbourhood. Once I exclaimed at the beauty of some pencil drawings which she showed me; designs for embroidery. 'Why, you are an artist,' I said. She flushed slightly, and rejoined:

'I come of a family of artists. Once I owned houses near here, but the rates and the repairs killed me, and I had to let them go. Yes, I know the people round; I visited them myself in my day. Now I just manage to keep myself, and as my only daughter is dead, what more do I want?'

She began to hunt through a drawer to show more designs, and then turned to a friend of mine who was with me, a young and attractive friend.

'Here is something I want to show *you*,' she said.

She brought out a shallow cardboard box which contained a very elaborate old valentine. I smiled as I saw the lace paper edge, the roses and forget-me-nots, the two hearts pierced by one arrow, and the verse which breathed unending adoration. I smiled, too, in a different way when my young friend said wonderingly: 'Is that really a valentine? I have never seen one before.' Of course, I was entirely mistaken in thinking that there was the faintest tinge of wistfulness in her voice!

The room in which this old lady lives and works is splendidly light for the moment; this is because the houses which used to be in front were condemned, and pulled down. They cannot be rebuilt at present, for immediately behind is a row of tiny houses, four rooms and a scullery, which would be completely darkened by new buildings; until other homes can be found for the inhabitants the cottages must stand. I am told that in one of them live a man and his wife, one grown-up son, two grown-up daughters, a lodger, his wife and three children. It must be a puzzle to fit them all in.

A few streets away is a very decent little house, let off to several families. In the basement lives a woman who supports herself by making artificial flowers. She is a widow, and for three years before his death she had to support also her invalid husband. Those were very hard times, but now that her only daughter is willing and able to work things are easier. That is monetarily, for she is face to face to-day with a terrible tragedy. She had three brothers; two of them fell in the war, and the third, a gasfitter by trade, married, and became out of work. This is what she told me:

'It preyed on his mind. He kept on saying that there were jobs to be done, and he'd be glad to do them, but the union wouldn't let him take the pay he could get. So he went on troubling and fretting and hating to have to take the dole. One day his wife comes to fetch me; he'd gone clean off his head, and was taken away to the asylum. She and I went to see him. He didn't seem so very bad, but they said he'd make away with himself if they let him out. We were going away when he called me back. "Lizzie, Lizzie," he says, "now mind you never do no more work, or it'll be bad for you. There's a new law out that no one is ever to do any more work. Promise me you won't." Of course I promised, to quiet him, and then came home to get on with these velvet flowers.'

Come a few hundred yards further, and mount to the top of a

funny little wedge of a house, which seems to be an unwanted slice of the next building. Here lives my friend Mrs. X., a woman for whom I have the greatest respect. Her room is a curious sight, for there is hardly any furniture in it, only a large collection of boxes of all sorts. Mrs. X. can explain this, for twice in her life she has had to suffer the intrusion of a broker's man. On the last occasion her debt was 14s. 6d. She is about seventy-six, and can speak what used to be called good Queen's English. Who she is I do not know, but she is an educated woman. Her work is to machine heavy felt motoring gloves. As she has the old age pension, she would not dare to earn more than ten shillings a week; but, as a matter of fact, she finds it difficult to earn seven shillings. To make a dozen pairs of these gloves she has to give 144 cuts with a heavy pair of scissors, and latterly she has begun to suspect that her arm is not so strong as it used to be: shooting pains run up it to the shoulder.

Mrs. X. might fairly be called a sportswoman. For many years she worked in this singularly desolate room, worked and dreamed. The dream was always the same; it was of 'red Devon by the sea.' She longed to see it again; she longed to go once more to her sister, who lived there—fortunate woman! The sister wanted her, but could not afford to send her the fare. At last the dream of red cliffs and blue sea came true. One day Fate, or Providence—I am inclined to think the latter—arranged that she should be knocked down by a tramcar. She was really hurt, and had to go to bed for a week; but at the end she got compensation from the company—eight pounds. There was no hesitation; she took a return ticket to a charming spot in South Devon, and spent a perfect fortnight with her sister. She came home penniless, but quite content. 'After thirty years' waiting I had it, and no one can take it from me.'

Mrs. X. is a keen politician. I saw her a day or so before the General Election, and found her gravely studying the election addresses of three candidates. All were anxious to assure her that her interests were dear to their hearts, and that they considered that she was the backbone of the country.

'There is only one of them worth considering, of course,' she said. 'You have no idea what trouble I have to make some of the people round record their votes, even the ones who know what is right. At the last election I said to the woman who lives downstairs: "Now when are you going to vote? You know it is your duty." "Well," she said, "perhaps I'll go with you." "With me!" I said. "Why, I was there when the polling station opened. At seventy-five you do not put things off. I might have dropped down dead an hour later, and my vote would have been lost, and it might have been the very one to save the country!"'

Since I have mentioned the election, may I tell a true story about it, the actual words of a woman living in a certain part of the East End which I know well?

'I am going to vote different to-day,' she proclaimed to a personal friend of mine. 'This time it shall be a gentleman that I put in. It's Mr. —; he keeps a tripe shop in — Street. But he's lost Mrs. Brown's vote.' 'Why?' 'He put up sheep's heads a penny.'

I have headed this article 'Islington and Pentonville,' because I do not know exactly where one ends and the other begins. The 'Angel' is in Islington, but Claremont Hall, a few yards away, is in Pentonville; and it is to Claremont Hall that I want you to go with me. I believe it is technically a mission centre, connected with a Congregational church; but to me it is light in the darkness. I should like to give an account of one Monday evening spent there.

In the passage I entered I found the very last of the small children who had spent the day in the *crèche* being fetched by their mothers, who wanted just one last word with 'Sister.' As it was past 6.30, their quarters were tidy and empty. My host, the Rev. F. W. Newland, took me round. Here was the reception room, with two baths and plenty of hot water, where any little visitor who seems to need a wash gets a tub on arrival. Here was a big room set apart for toddlers, fenced about with little barricades to prevent too daring excursions, provided with every possible means of amusing children of from fifteen months to five years. All fun and no discipline? By no means. My guide showed me another room, full of little cots, and explained that from twelve o'clock until two o'clock all the children have to lie down and go to sleep, or at least be quiet. 'You would not know that there was a child in the place then,' he said. On another floor is the room for infants, from three weeks old and upwards. Anything sweeter or prettier than this room, with its white cots and blue drapery, its pictures, and its child-loving nurses, I have seldom seen. I must add that each of these sleeping rooms boasts a cot which came from Windsor Castle in a royal van. Her Majesty the Queen knows the *crèche* at Claremont Hall.

'What does it cost the mothers?' I asked.

'Ninepence a day, if they can afford it. If they can't, we arrange matters. The children are here for nearly twelve hours, and have all their meals. They look the picture of health. Afterwards? Well, at any rate they have some strength to go on with.'

'Your family begins at the age of three weeks. When does it end?'

'At about ninety. I don't remember anyone over ninety at the moment. Come down and see the women-members paying in

money at the penny bank. On the way we will look in on the Girl Guides who are holding a jumble sale, and at the Brownies' games.'

I saw these, also the quarters of the Boy Scouts, and some delightful reading and recreation rooms for men. The penny bank was a most cheerful sight; more than a thousand people deposit tiny sums of money there weekly. The clothing club was also impressive, for Mr. and Mrs. Newland had laid in a supply of blankets at two-thirds the usual cost, and were ready to take part payments for them. The light refreshment bars and the billiard room were also interesting; but as the hour drew towards eight I was aware that a stream of women had set in towards the great hall, a building like a chapel, able to seat about a thousand persons, and having a nice organ. A very pretty, very old woman halted by me for a minute.

'You're coming to our meeting.'

'Am I? What kind of meeting is it?'

'Why, ours. Haven't you ever been before?'

'No.'

'Then come along.'

'Are you a home worker, may I ask?'

'Not now; I'm too old. Oh, yes, I have been a worker in my time. Who do you think I used to work for? Why, Charles Dickens.'

'That is most interesting. What do you remember about him?'

'Why, my dear, he was just like all the other men, you know—always thinking that a woman could do just a little bit more than she could. It's not their fault. It comes from having ideal women!'

I followed my new acquaintance into the hall, and found it was fairly full; there were between seven and eight hundred women present, nearly all of the poorest class, and most of them elderly. In the chair on the platform sat Mrs. Newland, and at her back was a choir of working women, conducted by a gentleman who was evidently a well-trained musician. For an hour I remained there almost spellbound. This was a Monday meeting—a weekly fixture—and these women had done their day's work. There they sat, eager and attentive, joining in singing catches of what I suppose were revivalist hymns, which they all evidently knew. There were prayers, and a short address by a lady whom I suppose to have been a deaconess, more hymns, and the Benediction. I caught part of the refrain of one of the favourite hymns:

'Oh, Jesus is a rock in a weary land,
A shelter in a time of storm.'

It was not the particular form of worship to which I was intro-

duced at a tender age; it was not the precise form which I should choose for myself to-day; but the sight of those hundreds of faces, travail-worn and anxious, brightening perceptibly as they sang those words, brought tears to my eyes. They were so terribly in need of that shelter; the waves and billows had all but gone over them; they were so lonely, so much in need of a friend; and they believed that they had found safety and comfort. As I went home the clang of a tram set itself to certain words in my brain: 'The gates of hell shall not prevail, shall not prevail.' If I were a millionaire I would endow Claremont Hall.

I might go on for a long time describing the lives of the poor in Islington, especially those doing home work, such as making cap badges for a great steamship line at 2s. 6d. per badge; but perhaps I have given enough typical cases.

There is another sight in Islington which cannot be left unmentioned; it is the Caledonian Market, of world-wide fame. If anyone does not know this feature of London life, let him go to the Caledonian Road station on any Friday, provided that it is a fine day, at any time between noon and three o'clock, take the right-hand way when leaving the station, and turn up a hill on the first turning to the right. Further direction is needless, for as he goes up the hill he will meet coming down a stream of joyful purchasers, carrying their spoil with them. Here comes a man with an old-fashioned steel fender; his wife has the toy cart for the baby. Here is another with a long gilt looking-glass, and a woman who has been investing in faded water-colour drawings. Another carries a bright copper kettle, and is followed by the new owner of an empty bird-cage and a set of elderly golf clubs. The market is held on the big paved square of the Islington Cattle Market; lines of wooden fencing divide it off into rows. If you are wealthy and ambitious, you can put up a stall, and have a chair or so behind it, and enjoy satisfying meals of winkles, hot chestnuts and ginger ale; if you are poor, you pick out a space on the flagstones, and set out your wares in front of you; I believe the market dues work out at about two shillings a day.

Up and down the rows troop eager, excited throngs. To buy what? Oh, old clothes and new clothes, every tool that ever was made, curtains and old hats, boots and stray rolls of wall-paper, linoleum and saucepans, fowls alive and dead, and morsels of fur. Here are some good Queen Anne chairs, and a sideboard which may be Adams; here is some really good china, and here some hot from the oven. You will find covers of vases smashed years ago, cut glass stoppers from long-perished decanters, Indian boxes, beautifully carved old card-cases, and dozens of pairs of spectacles left behind by those who now can see. When I was there last I met quantities of old friends. I can remember the

days when sermons were three-quarters of an hour in length, and when it was the habit of easily exhausted ladies to take scent bottles to church. They were of Bristol glass, in lovely shades of blue or red, divided in the centre, one side taking smelling salts, the other eau de Cologne. I believe I had a vague hope that I might one day become old and important enough to own such a gem myself; I could buy a dozen to-day at the market. Books are here in abundance. If anyone desires some volumes of old sermons, let him take a wheelbarrow to Islington, and fill it cheaply. If he admires pictures in silk of King Solomon, or any other Biblical character, he will get them for 'a song,' for, as a friend of mine remarked sadly, 'there's no money in sacreds.'

I was beginning to moralise over the contents of the stalls, to think what rubbish we all collect and leave behind, in short to become a prig. I was saved by a glass walking-stick. I almost defy anyone to think of anything more utterly, hopelessly useless. There it lay on the pavement; it had a nice crook, easily slipped over the arm, and a thread of lovely blue followed the white twist along its entire length. I am no collector of glass, but I have a friend who is passionately fond of it, and whose collection lacked a glass walking-stick.

'Five shillings.'

Of course it came home with me, an object of fearful care. I learnt that whilst you may walk down the Caledonian Road carrying a stuffed gorilla, if you like, without attracting any comment, a few miles westward a glass walking-stick becomes an object of interest. Truly no Londoner's education is finished until he has visited the Caledonian Market: he may not find any of the wonderful bargains of which legends tell; he may be inclined to doubt the absolute accuracy of the shout which goes up: 'Any price you please! any price you please!' but he will find a gay and amusing scene, just touched with pathos, and will understand better than ever the meaning of Coventry Patmore's poem *The Toys*.

SYDNEY K. PHELPS.

THE CHILDHOOD OF MADAME DE GENLIS

IF a study in contrasts be sought, what can be a better subject than the childhood of Mme. de Genlis and that of her ideal creation Adèle in *Adèle et Théodore*? An unkind critic (and the poor lady had and still has plenty) might say that her whole life was in startling contrast to that of her literary characters. Of course she wished to be thought like that paragon of virtue Mme. la Baronne d'Almane, whereas in reality . . . But it is not for us, happily, to sift records in search of evidence against her or to decide whether Hermine or Pamela or both were her daughters by Philippe-Egalité; we are not here to throw stones: that grateful task may be left to her supposed descendants. For my part, I have a weakness for the lady. I am willing to think that she sometimes told the truth, I bow to her energy and industry, and I believe that she was in her youth almost as charming and talented as she herself makes out.

You remember Adèle. You recollect how she and her brother were brought up in their babyhood according to the rules which Locke mildly advised and Rousseau loudly commanded. And when she was six her parents forsook the world and retired into Languedoc to watch every movement, every word, of their unfortunate children and manufacture experiences which should test their qualities of endurance, of hospitality, of discretion, of what not. That house in Languedoc, too, where the delicate art of Riesener, the frivolous engravings of Moreau, were banished in favour of dreary cabinets of geological specimens and paintings in *gouache* of Roman emperors, so oppressively educational and so ugly!

Adèle only becomes amusing when she leaves the country, goes to a party complete with rouge and a *grand corps*, eats more cakes than a whaleboned middle can hold, and sickens only too literally of the world, or when she goes to Rome, where the ladies, hearing that '*les Françaises sont fort parfumées*,' come to meet her, their nostrils stuffed with herbs. Let us leave Adèle. She is a dull, conventional-minded little person in herself, only interesting as a specimen of the children so carefully and painfully brought up by those pathetic parents of the seventeen-seventies

and eighties who believed in human perfectibility and nourished, with infinite solicitude, so much fodder for the guillotine.

Mme. de Genlis herself, child of an earlier, more casual generation, had no such exemplary upbringing. That she survived to be brought up at all was something of a miracle. At birth she was thought too small and weak to be swaddled, and so all but her little head disappeared into a big pillow stuffed with feathers, and they put her down on an armchair. The local *bailli*, old and blind, hobbled up to the chateau with his felicitations and was just spreading out the great skirts of his coat and making ready to sit on the new arrival when some horrified person pulled him away. The wet-nurse being unable, for the best of reasons, to feed her, gave her wine and water with a few crumbs of rye bread and never a drop of milk, an agreeable diet called *miaulée*.

But neither that treatment, nor a serious fall, nor a prolonged bath in the pond could kill such a dauntless young person; she survived to spend six years between a little damp room in the corner of the chateau and the garden where she ran wild with her brother. Her mother does not seem to have cared for little children or to have felt much responsibility for the health and education of her own, but she did eventually take her daughter to Paris, where a fashionable aunt, Mme. de Bellevau, took her rustic six-year-old niece severely in hand. The process sounds like a Grand Inquisitor's diversion with a stubborn heretic. They pulled out two of the wretched baby's teeth (she does not explain why); they squeezed her round little body into whaleboned stays, and her plump feet into narrow shoes; her hair was put into 'three or four thousand' curlpapers; she wore a hoop and, '*pour m'ôter mon air provincial*,' an iron collar. Poor little mite. Yet it comforted her, at six years old, to be taken to the opera and to perform the part of 'Friendship' in an allegorical fête.

The next entertainment devised by the pious aunt (mother of two illegitimate children) was to take her niece and her own daughter to Lyons to be received as canonesses in the noble Order of Alix. A fortnight was spent waiting in Lyons whilst the little postulants' proofs of nobility were examined. The examiners' tongues must have wagged about Mme. de Bellevau's daughter, one would think, but perhaps a little casual illegitimacy did not matter if the blood were blue enough. The little girls were next taken to the great abbatial palace of Alix, with its family of little houses clustered round, and there the abbess and her ladies stuffed them with so many sweets that they began to feel a strong vocation for the state of canoness.

Then came a day of trial, of hair-curling, trying on clothes, being lectured and put through one's paces; lastly came a day of glory when two small persons dressed in white were taken in all

due pomp to the church of the Chapter. The religious ladies, in ermine hoods and black silk gowns spread over monstrous hoops, were assembled in the choir. (Let us hope the stalls were wide.) The Grand Prior advanced, questioned, made the children recite the Creed, cut off a lock of each child's hair and, since he was as blind as the *bailli* of St. Aubin, snipped off a bit of our heroine's ear too, but she bore the wound with admirable fortitude. He placed on their fingers a golden ring, round their pecks the Order with its enamelled cross, on their heads a little slip of black and white material called a 'husband.' And so it was done; our heroine could thenceforward call herself Mme. la Comtesse de Lancy. The ecstasy of hearing herself called 'Madame' surpassed, she said, all other pleasures.

There was a great deal of shrewd common-sense beneath this pompous absurdity, or the system would never have flourished in France. The French nobleman left nothing to chance in the disposal of his daughters and younger sons, and even as Mme. la Comtesse was being received at Alix her father was arranging for the reception of his second son, aged eighteen months, into the Order of the Knights of Malta. The baby, however, did not live to adorn the knighthood. He died just before his sister returned to St. Aubin of a surfeited, perhaps, with *miaulée*.

The Chapter of Alix was beautifully accommodating. If your daughter grew up pretty and you could afford her a *dôt* a husband was found, and her canonry entailed nothing more than wearing the orders and bearing the rank of countess becomingly. If, on the contrary, she was plain and dull, or if the cards had been against you, you packed her off to Alix to make her vows, to reside there for two years out of every three and to draw a comfortable stipend. Still better, an elderly canoness might adopt her (*anîcèr* it was called), and leave her eventually all her jewels, her furniture, her house. What in the world could be more practical and convenient? A certain Mme. de Clugny, indeed, offered to adopt little Félicité, who, in her sad old age, sighs over the peaceful life she might have led, but I doubt whether the Pope himself could have made her pronounce her vows at twenty.

Félicité, by the way, seems really to have been her name, though few people probably used it. Later on, when admirers addressed her poetically, she was either called 'Genlis,' as the fashion then was, or else they made use of the ugly but popular name of 'Thémire,' which had so many useful rhymes: '*J'admire*,' '*Je désire*,' '*Je soupire*.' She herself uses her true name slightly modified in her first collection of memoirs: *Souvenirs de Félicie*.

The initiation over, Mme. de Lancy was taken back to Burgundy by her mother, who handed her to a governess, aged sixteen, and to her father, whose one idea was to make her '*une*

femme forte.' Do you know what it is to be '*une femme forte*'? It is to be able to handle spiders and toads without fainting. This invaluable piece of moral training was M. Ducrest de St. Aubin's contribution to his daughter's education. To this the sixteen-year-old Mlle. de Mars added the Catechism, the harpsichord, *Clélie*, and the tragedies of Mlle. Barbier. Thus began the education of the keenest of educationists, who did not begin to learn geography herself till she was married and had a post at Court.

Nevertheless, the love of teaching, which was her true vocation, was strong in her already. She was discovered leaning over the terrace wall teaching passages from Mlle. Barbier to a handful of little village boys who came to cut rushes by the moat. The school had been open for a long time on the days when Mlle. de Mars shut herself up in her room to write letters to her family, modelled on the style of Mlle. de Scudéry, no doubt, and the scholars were very willing because, at the end of the lesson, it rained fruit and cake from the terrace.

In spite of his weakness for spiders, Félicité missed her father when he went off to Paris, with the intention of staying six months. The little brother had already been sent to school there at five years old or barely more. When the half-year was nearly up Mme. Ducrest thought of arranging theatricals to celebrate her husband's return, or rather, one thinks, to mitigate the dulness of provincial life. Whatever the cause may have been, there is no record of her ever having such another burst of energy. She composed a pastoral play with a mythological prologue (it *would* have that), for she was a literary lady, and, although she did not 'perfectly know the rules' of versification, she had, her daughter says, much natural talent for poetry. Then she drove her elegant *bergeries* into the heads of her four housemaids and cut up her old ball gowns to make their pastoral attire. And as if that were not enough she aimed at a performance of *Iphigénie en Aulide* with herself as Clytemnestra, the local doctor as Agamemnon, his son as a ranting, roaring contortionist of an Achilles and little Mme. Félicité herself as Iphigenia in a great hoop, cherry-coloured and silver and trimmed with fur.

But Félicité's greatest hit was as Cupid in the pastoral play.

'Au plaisir j'arrache les ailes
Pour mieux le fixer près de vous,'

she warbled, fell on poor 'Plaisir,' a little village boy, snatched at his wings, which were too firmly gummed on, and was so determined to 'fix' poor Pleasure that she threw him screaming to the ground and tugged till at last his wings gave way.

But all these well-turned couplets, all the posturing of M. Pinot jeune as '*le bouillant Achille*,' did not bring M. Ducrest home

The months passed, and his wife, thoroughly stage-struck, continued to amuse herself with theatricals. Tragedies, comedies, *Zaire*, *Les Folies Amoureuses*, were rehearsed, and meanwhile Félicité's Cupid costume was not wasted. No, indeed; she wore it every day. It was, in fact, such a success that copies were made, and she had her *habit d'amour* for Sundays and for week-days. Since the little god of love is commonly represented with a bow and arrow and nothing else whatever, I hasten to describe the version made out of Mme. Ducrest's old frocks. It was rose-coloured, veiled with point lace and a profusion of little artificial flowers—very smart as far as it went, but it only went to the knees, and one had thought that young ladies in the eighteenth century *had* no knees. It is a far cry to the little girl in one of Miss Edgeworth's stories who fell downstairs and 'decently covered her ankles' when her father came to the rescue. There were, besides, blue wings and boots of straw colour and silver, bow, arrows and quiver, of course, and thus attired, her long hair flying behind, did Mme. de Lancy run about the grounds of St. Aubin. On Sundays the wings were omitted, and she was taken to church decently wrapped in a cloak of nasturtium-coloured taffeta, which covered her from head to foot; but at the Fête-Dieu she walked in the procession in her gaudy, brief costume or whatever slight variation was necessary to turn Cupid into an angel. Eighteen months later, when her father still lingered in Paris, she took a man's part in La Chaussée's *Mélanide*, and her boy's dress became her so well that she wore it daily till she was nearly twelve.

How humdrum we have become, how standardised our habits. What child nowadays could expect to be at six years old powdered and curled and taken to the opera, at ten to run about as a pink taffeta Cupid, at eleven to masquerade as a boy?

When M. Ducrest returned at last he must have told his wife such tales of Paris that the shepherdess housemaids, and M. le docteur Pinot-Agamemnon suddenly became unendurable, and she fled in her turn, taking her daughter, who now assumed feminine clothing for good and all, and leaving her husband to rusticate for a change. The poor woman's holiday was brief; what her husband may have been doing away in Burgundy I do not know, but, by the end of the winter, he was ruined, his property of St. Aubin had to be sold, and there was nothing left beyond an annuity of 1200 francs. M. Ducrest took himself off to San Domingo to repair his fortunes; his son presumably remained at school; his wife chose that moment to quarrel with her sister, in whose house she had been staying, and left her in a dudgeon. The faithful Mars was dismissed; mother and daughter lived modestly in Paris or stayed with such people as M. de la Popelinière,

who, being *un peu bourgeois* in spite of his magnificence, was only too glad to give hospitality to a couple of blue-blooded ladies in his curiously assorted household.

Only the middle-eighteenth century could have produced a M. de la Popelinière. Immensely rich, excessively benevolent, would-be literary, a little pompous, a little ridiculous, money and good works flowed from him at a rate which enraptured the fashionable 'man of feeling.' A worshipping crowd of literary and artistic toadies surrounded him; the rich women smiled; the poor curtsied; he had every reason for complacency but that he was so very unfortunate in matrimony. After the sad affair of the first Mme. de la Popelinière he had his wives sent on approval. One of them, ordered by post, was not what he had imagined; the charming letters which so captivated him were written, after all, by the *curé*, and, besides, she was freckled; so he married her to a young Swiss *protégé* called Zimmermann, and they became part of his family. She lost her freckles, learned to dance and to dress, and he may have regretted her, but it was too late. He even cast his eyes on Félicité, but alas! she was thirteen and he sixty-six; three or four years less between them, and he would have proposed. At last the Abbé de la Coste, afterwards so notorious as a black-mailer, produced a Mlle. de Mondran, who was duly married, and such a bad bargain had poor M. de la Popelinière made of it that he died of grief eighteen months later.

M. Ducrest returned from abroad only to be arrested for debt and cast into the prison of Fort l'Evêque, where he died, not one of his wife's relations being found to give him the 600 francs which would have released him. It is we English who are responsible for the poor gentleman's ruin and his daughter's marriage, for an English ship took him on his way home, some lucky captain pocketed his fortune as prize-money, and he was sent to join a number of French prisoners at Launceston. The Comte de Genlis, a distinguished young naval officer, captured on his way from Pondicherry, was languishing there already and had nothing better to do than to fall in love with a miniature of his fellow-captive's daughter. When he got home he was very active in working for M. Ducrest's exchange, and, of course, he had to report progress to Mme. Ducrest and the fair original of the miniature. It ended in the secret marriage of the Comtesse de Lancy and the Comte de Genlis, secret because the bride was penniless and the bridegroom had to brave the long and severe displeasure of his family. So at sixteen the childhood of Mme. de Genlis, strictly speaking, ended. But she was a child still, and it is tempting to follow her in her escapades, which were many till she sobered down and wrote, aged nineteen and her first baby still unborn, *Réflexions d'une Mère de Vingt Ans*. One story I cannot resist. She went, soon after her

marriage, to stay at Genlis with her charming scapegrace of a brother-in-law, who was kind when the other relations held aloof. A great fishing party was arranged to which she was goose enough to go in silly little white embroidered shoes, which stuck in the mud. All the country neighbours laughed and called her '*belle dame de Paris*,' till she lost her temper, for did she not pride herself on being country-bred? But the more she protested the more they laughed. 'Very well,' she said, 'I'll show you what a fine lady from Paris I am,' and she picked up a little squirming fish as long as her finger and swallowed it whole. She lived in dread for months afterwards because her husband said that the fish might live and grow inside her, but at least she had shown those people her spirit.

Forty years passed of glory, of feverish energy, of whispered scandal, revolution, emigration, poverty. In one of the countless silent courtyards of that chaotic building L'Arsenal, up one of those unimaginably dirty Parisian staircases which so angered Châteaubriand when he returned from exile, lived Mme. de Genlis on a little money and a great deal of rancour. There, in a gloomy *appartement*, she spent her days in the warmth of a smoky fire and the light of candles shrouded by those green tin shades which came in with the Empire; there, in a muddle of little tables and chairs, workbaskets, *escritaires*, a harp, a bird-cage, old treasures saved from the wreck, she lived and wrote, wrote, wrote.

Dévote, irritable, disappointed, plunging into interminable literary quarrels with 'Romantics' and other offenders, she was a piteous figure, a thin, dark-eyed old woman no longer courted, not even feared, but to the new world of the Empire simply a bore.

She was destined to live on through the Restoration and to die in the year that her former pupil wrested the throne from Charles X. When she pondered over that smoking fire or talked of the past to the inevitable little pupil *protégée* of the moment, I think that, in kindlier moods, she passed over the brilliant years which had so bitter an aftertaste and went back wistfully to the gay, the innocent years of the bride who swallowed the little fish and of the pink taffeta Cupid.

MERIEL GRAHAM.

TENNIS

MORE years ago than I like to remember chance carried me into the old tennis court at Brighton. Escorted by an elder brother, who with two small boys on his hands wished to find some more active occupation for the afternoon than a promenade of the pier, we were in search of the racket court, and misdirection found us in the dedans in Little Preston Street. I well remember peering into the court wondering what it could be, only conscious that it was not rackets, and I can see the heavy, stooping figure of the marker, an old man as he seemed; but as I now take him to have been John Tompkins he cannot have been quite forty. I can see him now, scanning us and summing us up as unlikely customers, and when he learnt what we wanted his interest fell to zero; but he put us on our way. However, for myself, I never forgot the glimpse I had of a tennis court. It intrigued me then, and it intrigues me now, and a game must be a poor one indeed that I cannot follow with interest.

And this for more reasons than one. From the dedans of a tennis court a spectator sees the game as he can see no other. It is true that his vision of chases round about a yard is in his mind's eye, but that causes him little concern. Experience tells him pretty closely how the ball will fall, and apart from that he has the whole court at his command, himself sitting sublimely at his ease. He is in the best, indeed the only satisfactory, position for watching a ball in flight, and he is practically as near to it as if he were in the court. Yes, tennis is not only a perfect game to play—the most wonderful pastime of its kind yet devised by the wit of man, as Mr. Noel calls it—but it is a perfect game to watch.

But a perfect game to play? I am claiming my verdict before producing my evidence. Well, I think it is perfect, or as near perfect as anything human can be, in its variety, its fairness, its logic, its possibilities. The combination of these qualities gives it a charm hard to find elsewhere. Cricket alone challenges it, and then under conditions that nowadays often seem to be lost to us. Consider first then the variety. Those of us who have had the good fortune to see (and by see, I mean see with the seeing

eye) in the past Charles Saunders, Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, Pettitt, Mr. Ernest Crawley, Viscount Grey, Mr. Eustace Miles, Mr. Neville Lytton, and of latter-day giants Peter Latham, Covey, 'Punch' Fairs, Ferdinand Garcin, Mr. Jay Gould, Mr. Baerlein, Mr. Vane Pennell (who alone of modern players obeys the behest of the French marker quoted by M. Jusserand: 'Mais criez donc, Monsieur, dites quelque chose! Dites: Ah! Ah! Il faut égayer la partie; il ne faut pas prendre son plaisir tristement'), Mr. Bruce, Mr. Druce, Captain Price, Walter Kinsella, Edward Johnson, junr., Etchebaster, will grant, I think, that, save in excellence, these players had not much in common. Putting the invisible cap on each of their heads, I cannot imagine confusing any one of them with another—every one of them plays or played with an unmistakable individuality. And this variety of skill is immensely interesting to watch. What sort of first stroke will A. make off B.'s side-wall service, if B. has his length at fair command? How will C. fare against D.'s giraffe? And so forth. And in the rests the contrasting skill of the players in attack and defence will be constantly in one's mind. This variety has had a set-back from the Americans, who, having developed the old underhand twist service into a formidable fast overhead delivery, employ it changelessly throughout an entire match. The service was introduced into England by Tom Pettitt in his unlucky challenge for the championship in 1898. It puzzled Latham for perhaps two minutes, but it lost him no set in the whole match. But Mr. Gould became infected with it, and through him the whole *posse* of United States players. It is as effective as it is ugly, and Mr. Gould has turned it into his chief weapon of attack. Apart from Covey (a brilliant exception, I admit) Mr. Pennell, and Mr. Neville Lytton, I recall nobody of championship class who depends upon it over much. It is tedious to watch and exhaustive to both server and striker-out.

Then its fairness, its commonsense, its logic. A volume might be written on the virtues of the service-side and the hazard-side. I remember once describing tennis to a friend, genuinely interested and a good listener. It was in a garden, and we had no paper or plan to help us as we paced up and down his lawn. After a time I said: 'Well, that more or less exhausts the service-side—now for the hazard-side!' 'Good heavens,' he cried; 'don't tell me that is different!' Well, as we know, it is peculiarly, delightfully different. The grille in one's back-hand corner, the sphinx-like winning-gallery, the tambour. The generous share of the floor into which the server may let his ball drop—the dwindling proportions of the dedans (so different from the gaping chasm when one is serving), the winning-gallery, so much more obvious from the hazard-side than from the service-side. Sheer delights all of them,

and the better we know them the better we realise how well balanced they are, and, above all, how their contrasting charms are kept perpetually in play by the unique, the heaven-inspired, the epoch-making chase. In Messrs. Noel and Clark's *History of Tennis* (a mine of information) are included three reprinted articles, two by Mr. Noel himself and one by Mr. A. E. Crawley. Neither of these learned and most thorough investigators can tell us with any kind of certainty whence came the name of tennis—how the scoring by fifteens arose, or last, and in my opinion by far the most important, how or through whom we derive the chase. It is really by the principle of the chase that tennis became the great game it is. Our English common law was said by Blackstone to be the perfection of commonsense; and the chase, I think, is the perfection of commonsense in tennis. Think for one moment of tennis without chases—the commonplace helter-skelter of a game it would be, for with four walls and nothing to control the players it is easy for almost anybody to hit the ball out of the reach of his opponent. It is an attractive idea that of some genius evolving the chase in a sudden flash of inspiration—of him calling out, 'Look here, I think it would be a good plan if instead of your ball scoring a point outright,' etc., to a heated opponent, having to repeat it several times and refute all kinds of objections and arguments. One is inclined to argue that these cardinal points 'grow' in to games, but after all they must have a beginning, and it is the inventor of the principle we would like to honour; and he must have lived some little time ago, for Gower is quoted by Mr. A. E. Crawley as referring to the 'chaces' at 'tennes' in 1400. The chase of course brought cut into being, thus creating the tennis stroke, so that too must have a considerable antiquity.

The thought of our forbears wrestling with the problem of stroke in tennis since 1400 makes good the claim, I think, that among the charms of the game are its possibilities. However inept and clumsy you may be, however apt you may be, from the first day you enter a tennis court, and to the last, you find something to learn, something to improve, something (we may hope) to 'fix.' For most of us certain points of the game will always be beyond our reach—great return, for instance, or defence of the hazards—but we may hope to get a decent stroke and to deal effectively with the 'ball à la main.' Above all, we may develop service, and a side-wall 'bien ajusté' will give us an attack far from contemptible—so long, that is, as we can keep ourselves from being rattled. Unfortunately it is a rule of the gods that one can play no better than an opponent lets one, so the excellent length service with which we pulverise A. (a bad player) soon loses its sting against B. (a reckless and persistent person). Nevertheless, a good length

service will puzzle the best of players and earn his respect anyway, and probably snatch from him, directly or indirectly, at least a point or two.

In dealing with certain differences in the English and French methods of scoring Mr. Noel raises the point—indeed contends—that the marker ought to be allowed, if circumstances make it possible for him to do so, to give a player the advantage of his skill if in playing off, say, chase better-than-three his ball fall better than his opponent's although in the same chase. I confess here I must join issue with Mr. Noel, whose contention, I think, fails on the ground of uncertainty. The late Mr. Horace Porter told me that at Cambridge in the 'eighties Jim Harradine would do this for some of them. A chase laid down just inside three he would call 'better-than-three,' one falling nearer the two and three line he would call 'worse than two-and-three.' Thus labelled he could discriminate and remember what chase was made. But without such labelling I do not see how a marker could be expected to remember the chases. If two even and excellent players are engaged the course of a game will often be something as follows: a chase will be laid down almost at once; then a strenuous game of long rests will follow, and it will be several minutes before the score reaches forty-thirty, and the chase comes to be played off. During the interval the marker will have had perhaps thirty or more strokes to watch. If as the players cross he can say 'chase worse than two-and-three' well and good, and he and everybody knows what is being played for, but if he merely says 'better-than-three' with a mental reservation 'near two-and-three line' I think it will lead to continual dispute if the player attacking the chase win or lose it by an undeclared margin in the marker's mind. Even with a recording angel in the marker's box I think it would be unsatisfactory, and against the entirely admirable Toby and his fellows having this ghastly responsibility thrust upon them I would protest warmly.

Among the advantages of being born in the 'sixties I count the facts that one was brought up with the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, that one has lovely memories of Ellen Terry and Mrs. Kendal, that in the Bancrofts and Hare and Charles Wyndham one saw comedy acting that one will never forget, and that, in a different *métier*, one saw John Roberts the incomparable, and followed Peter Latham from his early days. And what a joy he has been to watch in all that period. From the first his speed, his grace, his ease were enchanting. Mr. Noel's book does full justice to him, and I would not venture to add a word to the expert criticism therein written; but one instance of his almost incredible quickness I should like to record, for I do not think Mr. Noel mentions it. I have seen Latham do this. A ball has been returned to him to

the hazard-side—very hard and parallel to the main ball. Latham has judged it as certain to hit the tambour, and has prepared himself for a return from the forehand court. But the ball has just missed the tambour and struck the grille wall a foot or two above the floor, and Peter has shot forward and returned it. Remember, he would be prepared for a return more or less in the forehand court, and rather *back*—somewhere between the winning-gallery and the end wall (and a dozen possibilities would await him here). Now in a fraction of a second he must dash *forward* and make his return from near the foot of the tambour. All his championship matches have I watched, with the exception of the latter half of his home-and-home match with 'Punch' Fairs. I felt he would be beaten (the only time in his career), and with all my respect and liking for 'Punch' I could not be present. His first match with 'Punch' at Brighton in 1904 was memorable—the famous match when 'Punch' crept up on the Saturday from two sets to six to five sets to six, and as nearly as possible made it six sets all. The excitement of a not very crowded dedans can only be described as shattering. The composure and accuracy of Ted Dealtry, the marker, were above all praise, and won my lasting respect. Nothing could be better than Mr. Noel's description of that final five minutes, and, though it does not tally with my own recollection, I think he is probably right and I am wrong. With a game fought out to the end as was that, amidst intense excitement and with anxiety and relief alternating for several minutes, it is difficult to keep the sequence of events in one's mind justly, and I am inclined to believe that the extraordinary stroke which I fancied lost 'Punch' the match on Saturday happened really on Wednesday. The final match in 1907, when Latham regained the championship, was famous for the number of sets that were five games all. 'Punch' played magnificently, but Latham with a precision and strength that were irresistible. He won by seven sets to three and retired with his honours thick upon him.

Of absurd and freakish matches played in tennis courts Mr. Noel's *History* gives many amusing examples. One would have liked to see the match in which he himself figured where he was handicapped by having to serve standing on the pent-house! His difficulty was to get any kind of stance, the slope being greater than he had bargained for. Then Mr. Pennell has played matches returning every ball either behind his back or between his legs. A player at Manchester played with a bandage over one eye, a handicap that made a difference of fully thirty—surprising to some of us who are, or have become, one-eyed. Serving from the hazard-side I have attempted. It is much more difficult than one would suppose. Odd strokes too innumerable constantly occur. It is almost incredible the force such players as Pettitt, 'Punch'

Fairs, and, nowadays, Covey can put into a ball. There is a well-authenticated story of Pettitt flooring Mr. Bailey Akroyd at Lord's, when that excellent and active amateur got into the way of a straight one for the grille. Everybody was alarmed, but Mr. Akroyd rose to his feet unhurt—and with the ball in his pocket! 'Punch' I have seen (and in a championship match) make a straight force for the dedans, miss it low, and the ball return straight back over the net—and the stroke is not extraordinarily rare. As for Covey, I am inclined to think his straight forces are the fastest I have ever seen. Two years ago when practising for his match with Walter Kinsella at Prince's I remember him hitting a ball fairly and squarely through the net—'our new one too,' as Mr. Hamilton plaintively remarked. Another force very nearly finished Mr. Baerlin, who just in time dropped below the line of fire. That one of Covey's forces rebounded from the bandeau of the dedans back into the winning-gallery does not surprise me in the least; the grille should be well within his range. Some strokes belong to individual players, remain their property during their lives, and disappear with them. Who has ever volleyed for the winning-gallery with the accuracy of Jimmy Fennell? From some old notes of play in the 'nineties I see that at Manchester in the final of the professional handicap he made the hazard thus no less than thirteen times. Charming, correct, and accurate player as I remember him to have been, and as, indeed, he still is, this stroke is the one that abides in my memory. As for the *coup de Cabasse*, the boast into the dedans off the wall between the last gallery and the dedans, the single authenticated case is that of Mr. Valentine Williams in a private court in 1922. Yet it is a stroke, one would say, well within the reach of any moderately skilful player, and an almost certain winner. In difficulty it will not compare for an instant with Latham's famous volley off the dedans pent-house, from the back-hand side of the court, into the winning-gallery. A word too as to 'chase the line.' I have heard an experienced player maintain with some assurance that this did not mean chase the *net*, but referred to the line (or rather lines) painted on the floor on each side of the court, in a line with the opening of the marker's box. These lines are of course 'chase first gallery and line,' and are so given in Mr. Julian Marshall's *Annals of Tennis* (p. 118). The difference is worth consideration, for if in attacking chase the line a player brought his ball down on the line referred to he would win the chase, whereas if the contention of the player I have referred to were correct it would be chase-off. Indeed here if anywhere a marker might use that discrimination Mr. Noel desires, for chase the line occurs comparatively seldom, and it is directly in front of the marker. Still, I am all for the rigour of the game and a punctilious

observance of decided authority. In the matter of handicapping Mr. Noel refers to the excellent method of giving ground on the floor. The plan I have often used is to give so many yards. Thus, if the giver of the odds gives two yards, every chase he makes is called two yards worse than it is, two becoming four and so forth; and if the receiver of odds is allowed to call his chases two yards better than they are—well, some justice is seen in the world, and the poor player may come by his own for once.

For these poor players, these mute, inglorious Miltons, all shape and so little substance, how little is known of them! Hidden in Mr. Noel's voluminous lists I see their names, but I read no record of their performances. Poor class B players; class B, and receiving half-thirty or so. I remember one of them once having his heart warmed by a kindly critic in the *Field*, who wrote of him: 'Mr. X., *who knows the game.*' It was well and kindly put. But the critic dared not elaborate. He could not say: 'You would not guess it from the dedans, but he does really know the game. He knows he should cut the ball, but he never does. He knows well enough the appropriate moment to kill the ball—in his heart he is a murderer—but some weakness stays his hand'; and so on. Yet they have their uses. A game between two of them, slow and laborious as it may be, will serve admirably to illustrate the rules to an onlooker. Chases, long ones and easily marked, will occur every few minutes, and the expositor will have a slow-movement picture before him nicely suited to his needs. And no reason to waste pity on the players; they are happy enough. I know, for I am one of them, and I believe a big majority of us would echo the opinion of the well-known Cambridge don, who is recorded as saying 'I really believe the happiest hours of my life have been spent in a tennis court.'

ALDERSON HORNE.

THE EX-FIGHTING MAN IN THE CIVIL SERVICE

TRADITION is a magnificent thing. It is that indefinable something which, in the history of a nation, constitutes the inspiration which gives the vision for the future, and makes it possible for us to progress and move forward with ever-widening ideals and ever-increasing aspirations to be worthy of the past in the building of the future.

But while tradition may be all this, while it may be used for noble and great purposes, yet methods woven into a tradition may if wrongly used, or if pedantically adhered to, become a curse rather than a blessing.

The problem of which we write at the present is the problem arising very largely as the result of a pedantic adherence on the part of permanent officials to traditional customs, written and unwritten, concerning appointment to the administrative services of the State. In the coming and going of the executive of this country, there is always one factor that stands unaltered and immovable, that great State machine, the Civil Service.

A great deal depends upon civil servants; they go to make up the administrative staff of the executive of this country. In the constant changing limelight of the political outlook of the country they remain behind the scenes carrying on the task of government, maintaining the stability of our institutions, our reputation and our safety. The responsibility of our Civil Service is very heavy; that responsibility has been in the past discharged both nobly and well. Our present Civil Service has a splendid tradition to uphold, and all will agree that every effort should be made to secure the handing on of all that is best of the past. It is imperative that in the building up of the administrative staff of the State the greatest possible care should be given to the selection of the individuals who go to compose that staff.

There is, however, more than one way of finding the right type of man to become a member of the Civil Service, worthy of upholding its best traditions, and of protecting the interests of the Empire in the task that is committed to it.

The means of admission to the Civil Service has for many years

been by open competitive examination—a means which, when the candidates for entry are boys leaving school or young men fresh from the University, is probably the best that could operate, although it certainly does not guarantee the ultimate suitability of a successful candidate for the duties which may be expected of him.

There is no doubt whatever that, as a result of having to sit for this examination, many hundreds of young men who would have made brilliant servants of the State have been lost to it. For it is a well-known fact that psychologically many of our finest men are quite incapable of passing an academic examination. The mere thought of having to sit at an examination desk, and having to answer questions outlined in an examination paper, is sufficient temporarily to drive away from them any knowledge of the subject or subjects upon which they are to be examined. It is the too rigid adherence to this traditional method of entry that is proving a curse to the Civil Service.

At the present moment it is not only doing damage to the service itself, but, coupled with another factor, is productive of the most callous treatment toward some of the country's best servants.

Surely we all have learned that there are occasions in the life of a nation, as in the lives of all of us, when rigid codes with rules and regulations refuse to operate and therefore should be departed from.

Another lesson of the last ten years is that no one is ever indispensable. Indispensability is a word; in practice what does it mean? We are told that people are indispensable because of the work they are doing; but the physical machine of man and the mind that directs it, in the discharge of its task, are held together by the finest of threads. That thread may snap at any time suddenly without warning, but even if warning is given the breaking often cannot be prevented.

Then the task previously fulfilled by the man who was thought to be indispensable has still to be carried on, the work must be done, and another comes along almost immediately, and with surprising rapidity another 'indispensable' has been acquired.

How can any one of us claim to be indispensable while humanity is fallible, and while our niche can always be so swiftly filled?

It is but in the nature of things that none of us is indispensable; to believe it of ourselves is false pride; for others to believe it of us is blindness.

In spite of the fallacy of the claim to be indispensable, many thousands of fit men of military age, in every respect men who should have fought for this country, were excused from service

in its defence in those critical years of war. There are 85,000 men in the Civil Service who failed to take up arms in defence, not only of this country, but of what this country stood for in the years from 1914 to 1918. At least 80 per cent. of these men were fit and eligible to serve. During the years when hundreds of thousands of their fellow-countrymen were risking their all these men were safe in comfortable offices, at congenial employment, risking nothing. They were 'indispensable.'

In order to maintain the method of entry to the service, a method woven into its traditions, and to protect the interests of the 'indispensables,' something like 35,000 ex-fighting men are to be discharged from the Civil Service. The hard and fast application of an academic test, the narrow-minded adherence to a regulation and the constant cry of indispensability, are working the most intolerable and callous injustice upon these ex-fighting men.

To keep the 'indispensables' in comfortable offices, with congenial work, 35,000 of their fellow-civil servants who were not indispensable in the years of their country's peril, men who were prepared to risk everything in defence of its safety and honour, are to be cast into the streets as useless and redundant. How the treatment meted out to State employees differs to the disadvantage of those who have borne the heat and burden of the battlefield. The civil servant who, during the war, was indispensable, and, therefore, safe in a comfortable job, retains his job, and will continue to retain it for a number of years until he obtains a very fair and adequate pension.

The other man is different. In the war he took the harder part; he was not indispensable, for death awaited him every day. Death did not take him, and he came back to render service to the country in its administrative affairs; after years of faithful service he is rewarded by dismissal, without the question of his indispensability ever having been considered.

Before us while writing lies a list giving the names of forty men employed in a particular Government department; the average age of these men is thirty-four years; their average service in the fighting forces of this country is four and a half years; their employment in the Civil Service is approximately the same. Thus, these men have rendered to this country's service (including that in the armed forces and that in the Civil Service) an average of nine years, and yet every one of them, under present conditions, is listed for almost immediate discharge from the service of this country, while men who have never given one day in its armed forces are retained. Not only are they retained in employment while the ex-fighting man is cast adrift, but they are retained in congenial employment, with no prospect of dis-

missal until they have reached a certain age, and when they have, a definite security of pension for the remainder of their lives.

Where is the equity, where is the justice, of such treatment? If the Government is prepared to treat ex-fighting men, its own employees, in this callous manner, what right has it, what moral strength has it, to appeal to other employers of labour in the country to do their duty by the ex-fighting men? The example set by successive Governments since 1918 in regard to the employment of ex-fighting men is an example of brutal callousness, which would not for one moment have been tolerated in any private business concern. Surely the first cardinal principle governing employment by the executive in its administration should be that the ex-fighting man shall be given preference over all non-fighting *personnel*, whatever their status, and whatever conditions govern permanence in the Civil Service.

Reference has already been made to forty men whose total period of employment by the executive of the country averages nine years in each case. Not one of these men has given less than five years; seventeen have given over nine years, and one has actually been in Government employment for no less than twenty-six years. Where at the present moment in any but Government employment would his discharge be even contemplated? Any ordinary industrial undertaking would consider it a dishonourable thing to dismiss such an old servant, but apparently the morals obtaining in ordinary business life with regard to employees are not operative in regard to employment by the Government. Although in the strictest sense of justice the mere fact of the length of service rendered by these men for the country should constitute a record worthy to justify their further retention, the men themselves are only too happy to have their service tested and upon that test to take their chances as to permanent retention in the Civil Service.

Whilst prepared to be tested upon his worth to be retained, it is upon the method of his testing that the ex-fighting man feels justly grieved. His grievance is directed against the permanent civil servants safely ensconced over a period of years, having never rendered service in the fighting forces, who insist upon an adherence to the methods of tradition in regard to the test. The grievance of these men has been constant for a period of practically five years, and various expedients have been adopted by successive Governments with a view to pacifying them into accepting something which is far short of just treatment.

In 1920 the Lytton Committee was set up to investigate these grievances. This Committee sat for a considerable period and issued a very lengthy report. The report certainly did not meet

the claims of these men; it did, however, suggest certain palliatives, which, had they been applied, might in some degree have assisted in the solution of the problem, although they could never have reached its roots. The report recommended two main lines of procedure: (1) that ex-fighting men should be substituted for non-ex-fighting men in the Civil Service, and (2) that, instead of the set and standard academic examination for entrance to the permanent Civil Service, special examinations for the ex-fighting men should be established.

As a result of the first recommendation, a body was set up known as the Joint Substitution Board, whose duty it was to collate information with regard to so-called redundant ex-fighting civil servants in one department for the purpose of substituting them for non-ex-fighting men in another Government department.

In any survey of the grievances of the ex-fighting civil servant covering the last five years, full tribute must be paid to the efforts made on behalf of these men by the Joint Substitution Board. The men themselves, whose grievances are so heavy, would be the first to pay a tribute to the work of the Board. While the work was in a minor measure successful in substituting the ex-fighting men for others, the work of the Board never reached to the real trouble, and even the partial success it did obtain was not by reason of the assistance rendered by the permanent officials of the Civil Service, but in spite of what at times was the very definite opposition of such officials.

It is deplorable to think that, in the whole course of what has now become a most disgraceful condition of things, the permanent official who did not render armed service to his country has been consistently and constantly opposing the interests of those who did so far as employment in the Civil Service is concerned. The war that has been waged on this matter is one mainly between the temporary ex-fighting ordinary employee of the Civil Service and the non-service highly placed permanent official. The rights of the ex-fighting man have consistently been opposed by the whole of the immense resources of the permanent officials of the Civil Service itself.

While, in spite of the opposition, the work of the Joint Substitution Board in substituting ex-fighting men has lengthened the term of their employment by the Government, it never in this particular phase of its work gave anything in the nature of security of tenure to these substitutes. It was under the second heading of the Lytton Report referred to above that this matter was dealt with. The Lytton Committee made many other minor recommendations, but the carrying out of the Committee's suggestions was so frustrated that, when the matter was raised in the House of Commons in April 1923, the Government of the day

was defeated, and as a result another Committee was appointed—the Southborough Committee—to go into the question.

After many delays, the final report of this Committee was issued, and, from the point of view of the men for whose difficulties it was hoped the Committee would find a solution, the report was the most disappointing and useless document that could have been published. The tenor of the report from its beginning to its end indicated a measure of sympathy with the man who failed in his duty in the critical years of war which is beyond the comprehension of those who considered it the greatest privilege to render armed service.

For the ex-fighting man the report showed no sympathy or consideration whatever. It said that the man who had rendered twenty-six years' service to the country, and had been satisfactory all the time, should pass an academic examination, if he were to be retained in this employment. It laid down that the 35,000 ex-fighting men in the Civil Service, who have no security of tenure, should, if they wished to retain employment, sit for an academic examination, and, whatever standard attained by them in the examination, that only 5000 of them should be appointed. The others should be dismissed, even though they may have rendered an average of four years' satisfactory employment in the Civil Service, and any number of years' satisfactory employment in the armed forces of the Crown.

One cannot find words in which to condemn such outrageous ingratitude. One is astonished at the amazing power that the permanent official in the administrative affairs of this country possesses.

And what of the examination it is suggested that these men should pass? Let it be remembered that the average age of these men throughout the Civil Service is approximately thirty-four years. It is a considerable period since they were last at school or college, and since then they have all of them passed through the furnace of war.

Men who had been employed four years whose work and conduct had been entirely satisfactory were asked, in one examination, what was the colour of Queen Elizabeth's wedding dress, and the length of the side of a rectangle in square feet.

Trivial questions such as these are apparently a better test than a number of years' satisfactory service. Can it be wondered that even seriously-minded men have called it a 'jazz' examination? But this is not all; many of these men were disabled in the fighting service of this country, and even if they sit for this examination and pass it, they must in addition pass a medical test, which in a number of cases would be impossible by reason of their war disability, and they would therefore

be excluded from any opportunity to become permanent civil servants.

And so at every turn we find difficulties, deliberate difficulties, placed in the way of the ex-fighting man being given a real chance to secure permanent livelihood in the Civil Service. All of these men have rendered a fairly lengthy probationary period of employment in the Civil Service. What business undertaking, given the opportunity of taking a man on its permanent staff, would ignore four years of service and compel him to sit for an examination in order to test his ability for the work he has already satisfactorily performed? It is grossly unfair and entirely unnecessary. The only test that should be applied to these 35,000 ex-fighting men is the test to be found in the service which they have already rendered to this country. But no, the 'indispensables' already referred to must find some way of preventing these ex-fighting men from staying in the Civil Service, and the only way is the examination. For some inconceivable reason, the permanent official is, in regard to this matter, stronger than the man on the floor of the House of Commons. No person who is faced with the facts of this case can for one moment hesitate as to the right of these men to a permanent place in the administrative life of the nation. They have earned this place both by adequate and good service on the battlefield and by competent, loyal and efficient service in the office. They ask now, having rendered such service, that it shall be the test as to whether they are fit to render further service. If, in the past, their conduct has been such, whether by way of their character or their work, as to render it unwise or unsound from the State's point of view to continue to employ them, they are ready to take their dismissal as ex-fighting men should. If, on the other hand, this is not so, they have the right to expect a proper place in the permanent Civil Service of the country. They have proved themselves greater men than the indispensables, since they did not shirk the harder task.

When will a Government, and a leader of a Government, arise who is greater than the indispensables, and give these men their rights and their opportunity? A Government and its leaders may not be great enough alone to face the permanent officials on this issue, but the final tribunal of this country is the bar of public opinion. Let the public of this great nation arise and show that for them the man who stayed at home, who preferred safety to danger, in the hour of his country's need, who was 'indispensable,' can be dispensed with so far as the Civil Service is concerned, and that for them the indispensable man now is the man who in the years from 1914 to 1918 fought their battles, preserved their safety and upheld their honour.

J. R. GRIFFIN.

THE PROTOCOL

THE six years following the conclusion of the Great War have been chiefly remarkable for an apparently complete revolution in the underlying principles on which hitherto our international policy has been based. There may have been sound reasons for this radical change, but to the ordinary individual, who knows nothing of the causes that impelled these alterations, it seems as if our politicians had been visited with temporary insanity.

It may be of advantage at the present juncture, when the fate of the Geneva Protocol has not been officially decided, to place on record what I believe to be the views of the average citizen of this country, who has nothing to guide him but the study of past history, his own lifelong experience, his knowledge of human nature, and such meagre information as responsible politicians may from time to time have given to the general public.

Our relations in the past with foreign Powers have always been characterised by a certain cautious reserve. We have believed, rightly or wrongly, that nationality was one of the main factors in international politics; that a sense of nationality and a belief in the necessity of fostering the sentiment of patriotism and of defending the interests of compatriots were so inbred as only to be second to the instinct of the propagation of race.

Pre-war politicians believed firmly that the spirit of nationality and the desire to do the best possible for their own people led foreign politicians to bargain closely, to intrigue secretly, and to enter into favourable treaties and strong national combinations for defence and for mutual support. It therefore behoved the far-seeing Foreign Minister to be politically very wide awake and watchful.

Each of the several nationalities scattered throughout the world was known to possess certain specific characteristics. It was the business of the diplomat to study these peculiarities. The Oriental was known to appreciate force as a backing to rightful demands, and to look on concessions as a sign of weakness. Some communities were known to be cunning and inclined to be double-faced in their dealings, others straightforward and honest; but it was fully appreciated that each and all were ready

to take advantage of any opening that might afford a chance of squeezing national gain out of an unwary rival. Murderers were looked on as outside the pale of national fraternity, as vipers that should be exterminated either by force or by international neglect. We find, however, that our post-war policy appears to have been based on a belief that such ideas are old-fashioned; and a childlike confidence in the good faith of the whole of the world has superseded watchful distrust.

Of course it is possible that this is a perfectly sound proceeding; the millennium may have suddenly arrived; but the uninitiated may be excused should doubts cloud his mind, and should he ask for proofs of this sudden conversion of the international politician to such an access of hitherto undreamed-of altruism.

Nor has the outcome of our post-war foreign policy done anything to allay our disquiet. All of us who knew the racial characteristics of the inhabitants of the States bordering the eastern shores of the Mediterranean were somewhat alarmed to find that Great Britain was backing the Greek against the Turk, while France, with greater discrimination, was assisting the latter. Our fears were confirmed when the Greeks suffered their traditional defeat at Ottoman hands; but disgust at the shortsightedness of our foreign policy gave way to dismay when we heard that a conference with the Turks was being held at Lausanne, and that, as a prelude to the meeting, our innocent politicians had published to the world their fixed intention of not fighting, whatever might happen or however much our demands might be disregarded.

The Psalmist, who knew Orientals, pointed out some twenty centuries ago that when an enemy was met in the gate it was well, in case of argument, to possess a quiver full of arrows. Those who should have known the Oriental character behaved with incomprehensible credulity, and we reaped the reward of the unwary. The Turk did not wish to fight any more than we did; but he was not fool enough to say so before going to the conference. He merely sat with his hands folded, and, in true Oriental fashion, waited for us to concede every point of importance, points which hitherto had been looked on as vital.

The effect of Lausanne on all Oriental nations was soon shown by our troubles in Egypt. Here, instead of grasping the nettle firmly, we followed the line of apparent least resistance and gave in to popular clamour, conceding self-government to a race whose leaders we must have known were incompetent to govern. This weakness has culminated in the murder of the Sirdar.

It is needless to refer to Ireland, a black record of desertion of loyalists and capitulations owing to the threats of hired assassins.

The Washington Agreement is another matter that has perplexed the uninitiated. After the war an agitation was started in the United States for an increase in their Navy. Why, it was asked, should the British Empire rule the seas? Why not the United States? Why should that country, the country that did things on a bigger scale than any other, remain second as regards the size of its Navy? The answer to us seemed both logical and simple. England was the premier Power at sea because our Empire was world-wide. The United States, on the other hand, owned no colonies except a protectorate in Manilla. Moreover, the people of the United States were not seamen either by inclination or heredity. The bare threat, however, of competitive building brought our politicians at once to heel. The more far-seeing politicians of the United States appreciated that the simplest and cheapest means of their obtaining equality at sea was not by building more ships, but by coercing Great Britain into reducing her Navy. Such a course did away with their financial and other difficulties, the greatest of which was that of manning a very large navy. Service in the Navy in the United States is not popular, and it was foreseen that considerable difficulties would arise in obtaining the necessary crews. Our politicians were largely swayed by a belief that a considerable sum of money would be saved annually by the economies effected in naval construction and in the payment of *personnel*. Naturally, therefore, the proposal put forward by the United States was hailed with delight, and the fact of our abdicating our premier position at sea was sedulously raised from a practical to a sentimental plane, and eulogised in speeches on brotherly love, and good fellowship, and vague promises that reduction in armaments would prohibit future wars.

In this way did we relinquish the proud position we had held for 200 years of being the premier Power at sea. No questions of strategy were allowed to stand in the way. The differences between numerical equality and strategical equality were glossed over and elbowed on one side. The fact that the continent of America had one seaboard on the Atlantic and the other on the Pacific, united by the Panama Canal, or, in other words, that the United States held interior lines of communication to an extent unprecedented in history, was not allowed to weigh for a moment. The conditions laid down by the United States were humbly agreed to, and the Washington Conference was hailed by the British Press as a great success for our Empire, whereas in reality it was a deplorable surrender of the position won for us by our ancestors, and one absolutely necessary for the secure existence of our world-wide Empire. Let us now see how the economy plea worked out.

The financial saving, which was really the sop that bribed the nation, was largely fictitious. Our optimists, with small economic foresight, failed to appreciate that if an annual expenditure of 5,000,000*l.* to 6,000,000*l.* was withdrawn from the manufacturing wages of the country about three-quarters of that amount would immediately have to be paid out in doles. The parrot cry was raised that armaments were unproductive, and that productive manufacture only should be undertaken, quite regardless of whether there was, or would be, any demand for such productive manufacture. Already alarming unemployment existed throughout the country; this was deliberately increased by reductions in the naval shipbuilding programme. Moreover, the extra turnover due to increased work in the factories would have enabled our manufacturers to tender lower prices when competing abroad, and so would have brought a further increase in the volume of our trade and an additional decrease in unemployment.

It is of course absurd to contend that ships should be built and armaments manufactured merely to keep people employed. But before reducing our shipbuilding programme and relinquishing our unique position at sea we might have given a thought to the fact that a reduction in our shipbuilding meant that, instead of providing honest employment for at least 100,000 persons, we were teaching a like, or even a greater, number to live in idleness on the dole. Had we merely gone our own way, the United States would in all probability have dropped what was only a popular clamour of the moment, and Great Britain would have been in a stronger position externally, and internally in a far happier condition. In fact, whenever the average citizen looks back on the foreign policy of the country since the war he is staggered by the dismal retrospect. The general result, if described by using the picturesque symbols of the cartoonist, appears to show the old British lion no longer erect and bold but running away from every trouble and every threat, with its tail between its legs, while Ireland, Egypt, Turkey, Russia, and the United States all stand convulsed with laughter at the sorry spectacle. Latterly, thank goodness, under a new Government, the lion has turned and faced the Egyptian boy, who has promptly stopped his laughter.

Nor is this all. We have wandered from our traditional contempt of murderers and assassins, and have consorted and attempted treaties with the Soviet Government. Moreover, we treat amicably with the men who have risen to power in Ireland over the bodies of our unavenged fellow-countrymen. The average Briton, who has never had any valid explanation officially vouchsafed to him, fails even vaguely to imagine the reasons for all these events; consequently his faith in those who have governed

the foreign policy of the country has been largely destroyed. Can it be wondered at, therefore, that when he finds responsible politicians proposing that the management of the relations between this country and the nations of the world should be turned over to a committee of unknown foreigners he should ask for a short halt to regain his breath and question his own sanity?

We must never forget that *au fond* it is the people of this country who govern our foreign policy. The masses up to a point may be led for good or evil, but large questions of national policy, that ultimately may decide national existence, must be decided by the population living at the time, and not by the amiable indiscretions of bygone statesmen.

Let us see how the average sane Briton looks on the League of Nations. In theory he agrees that the aims of the League are excellent, but he fears that the ardent advocates of the League are trying to force a pace that will be the undoing of their prodigy.

Let me speak quite plainly. Anyone with world-wide experience knows that all persons have their weak spots, and that cold, calm, unnational, unselfish, indifferent detachment is given to few, if, indeed, to any. The present Council of the League of Nations is undoubtedly composed of sincere men, but they are after all human, and therefore not perfect. Moreover who can say what men will be the members of the Council in fifteen or twenty years' time? It is bad enough to entrust the welfare of our country to our own politicians, who have to pay heed to the cross currents of home politics, but are there any men among the leading politicians of other nations to whom we would care to entrust the safety of our country when the interests of their own are at stake? The advocates of the League will probably remind me that individual members of the Council will not adjudicate on questions in which the country they represent is interested. But where, let me ask, in international politics does interest begin or finish? There are for ever sub-interests and contingent interests between nations, apart from the main issue at stake. A favourable decision given must in reality be a service rendered, and cannot fail to stand as a debt to be repaid in like currency at some future time.

No country can be entirely without interest in any decision the League may make between litigant countries. To entrust the interests of this country to a committee of foreigners would be madness; and for this reason the average man treats with great suspicion the attempt to turn over the settlement of our international difficulties, as soon as they become really grave and the masses become thoroughly excited, to a composite committee of foreign nations, which will proceed to settle questions of national

importance that are actively occupying the minds of perhaps 200,000,000 people.

The latest Protocol issued by the League of Nations lays down that if these vast populations accept the finding of the Council, well and good; if not, the League declares war.

We must never leave the will of the masses out of consideration. Individually human beings are generally docile and reasonable, but in communities, be they strikers, rioters, or merely crowds, personality reacts on personality, and excitement on excitement, until their will knows no denial. The murder of a popular person may occur; public opinion may well become inflamed; the cry that the League has been 'nobbled' will surely be raised. What will a nation do in such circumstances? Will men and women be content to remain bound in the shackles forged by the trustful innocence of a bygone race of politicians, who delivered over their country body and soul to a foreign committee, which now they suspect of unfairness? Of course they will not. No law is above national existence. No international agreement can bind a nation in its last throes. What will happen will be that either the League will have to give in or a world-wide war will result. This is what we fear will be the ultimate result of premature enhancement of the authority of the League. War will not improbably occur in the future; but the Protocol has definitely laid down that such war is not to be, as heretofore, between nation and nation, but on each occasion the League of Nations will make it world-wide. 'Bluff' is to be tried, and if that fails, world-wide war is to ensue.

It is well here to quote the exact wording of the pertinent portions of articles 11 and 13 of the Protocol.

Article 11 states:

* * * * *

'Those obligations shall be interpreted as obliging each of the signatory States to co-operate loyally and effectively in support of the Covenant of the League of Nations and in resistance to any act of aggression in the degree which its geographical position and its particular situation as regards armaments allow.

'In accordance with paragraph 3 of article 16 of the Covenant, the signatory States give a joint and several undertaking to come to the assistance of the State attacked or threatened, and to give each other mutual support by means of facilities and reciprocal exchanges as regards the provision of raw materials and supplies of every kind, opening of credits, transport and transit, and for this purpose to take all measures in their power to preserve

safety of communications by land and by sea of the attacked or threatened State.'

Article 13, paragraph 2, states:

'Furthermore as soon as the Council has called upon the signatory States to apply sanctions, as provided in the last paragraph of article 10 above, the said States may, in accordance with any agreements which they may previously have concluded, bring to the assistance of a particular State, which is the victim of aggression, their military, naval, and air forces.'

After perusing the above, we are puzzled why it should be assumed that the chances of war would be greater should the old conditions continue than if those proposed on the Protocol were adopted.

Apparently the game of bluff is transferred from national politicians to an international council, and the area of a resultant war is to be expanded. That a combination of Powers will force a first-class State to accept the findings of the League against the will of its people cannot be looked on as a really serious assumption.

Countries A and B will not care to be taxed and have their men killed because C and D were not allowed to settle their own differences. Moreover, perhaps A or B, or both of them, may sympathise with D, who disobeyed the League, and then their co-operation in war against D will be very half-hearted instead of 'loyal and effective,' as article 11 ordains it to be. Moreover, even supposing, which is very unlikely, that in years to come the members of the Council of the League of Nations will be ascetically divorced from all mundane interests, it is most certain that national politicians will not be so virtuous, but that conversations and understandings will take place behind the back of the League between the Cabinets of the various nationalities.

It is common knowledge that there is a peculiar atmosphere pervading the council chambers of the League, and even, it is said, permeating the hotels of the town where the League is located. This atmosphere is ethereal, narcotic, and yet exhilarant. All suspicion of frailty in human nature is sopited, and a buoyant belief in an international altruism, hitherto unpractised in this wicked world, becomes an article of faith. It is well if our Foreign Secretaries do not stay too long in this exotic climate, but return to the colder atmosphere of worldly reality.

Let us put aside all theories and look on the threats, called politely sanctions, contained in article 13 of the Protocol. I leave to financial brains any discussion on the financial pressure that will be brought to bear, and will turn to the naval and military threats.

A coalition army or navy has been proved historically always to be a weak force. In the late war the feeling on the part of the Allies against Germany was intensely strong; this saved the situation for us; but will it necessarily be so in the future League combinations? For instance, let us suppose that we and Japan went to war, and that we were considered to be the aggressors. The League might find it hard to fulfil article 11 and to keep the sea communications to Japan safe, with the half-hearted assistance of Italy and France. Moreover, if each of these two countries lost half a dozen battleships in a quarrel that did not affect them in the least, would not popular opinion in those countries call a halt? Germany practically fought Europe for four years. Could not we do the same? Would other nations spend 1,000,000l. a day on a war that did not concern them, and which perhaps was against their interests? Would not France, sooner or later, say that Italy was saving her Navy, and would not Italy say the same of France? Would not we carefully fan this dissension?

Let me now take another possible sequence of events. Russia cannot long remain in her present state of internal disorganisation and strife. Germany, both from her geographical position and national temperament, is the only nation that can restore order and reorganise that country. Russia would then be governed largely by Germans who had assumed Russian names and nationality, and therefore to the diplomatic world would be Russians, and quite independent of Germany. But this reorganisation might—I do not say it would, but it might—make an excellent screen behind which to collect guns and men and so evade the disarmament clauses of the Versailles Treaty. What would be the position of France and the League? The League might appeal to Germany, which would deny all knowledge of the matter and protest that it was a question for Russia only. The League forces could not easily attack Russia except through German territory, and temporising and delay would inevitably take place until the Russo-German preparations were completed. France meanwhile would have to await the action of the League, or if she herself took strong measures against Germany, she would be adjudicated to be the aggressor. England then might by article 13 be ordered by the League to bomb Paris; France would reply by bombing London, and the fat would indeed be in the fire.

If we are sensible, we will write down articles 11 and 13 as dead letters, except as regards second-rate States that can be coerced into obeying any orders they may receive.

The most unpractical of all the proposals of the League escaped prematurely from the ecstatic atmosphere of Geneva only to meet with a severe frostbite in the saner air of Great Britain. This was a preposterous suggestion for this country to

spend some 50,000,000*l.* annually to provide the League with a navy to use as a 'bogey' to enforce its decisions.

Navies have, in reality, very peculiar and sensitive constitutions. They are essentially fighting forces. If once a navy imbibes pacific ideas, dry rot quickly sets in. When once our Navy appreciated that it was merely the servant of the League, to demonstrate and enforce peace proposals, it would quickly lose its efficiency. Navies moreover are essentially patriotic; they will fight whole-heartedly for their country, but they will not shine if called on by the League of Nations to slaughter persons with whom their country has no quarrel. A mercenary navy has not been known since the days of the brothers Barbarossa.

With armies it will be much the same. In these days of increased education disinclination to fight a country with whom the rank and file have no quarrel may produce a lethargy amounting almost to inaction, not to use an uglier name, and paralyse the League of Nations' land mercenaries.

For us to ratify the Protocol while Germany and the United States stand aside appears farcical. Moreover, even if Germany eventually comes into the League, not 1 per cent. of the population of Europe will believe that she has done so from honesty of purpose. Suspicion of the German character is so deeply ingrained in the thinking minds of the world that all will believe that her adherence to the League is merely a cloak to hide her designs in the future. We are therefore brought face to face with this interesting quandary, namely, that the fact of Germany joining the League will discredit that body, while her abstention will destroy its international authority.

To conclude. Speaking for the average person, I do not believe that war is bound to come unless the League of Nations assumes control of the world. This assumption I look on as an absolute fallacy. I believe that moderate strength and preparedness will do more to stave off war than the deliberations of any international committee.

I do not believe in the superhuman immaculacy of the League in years to come, nor in the unquestionable impartiality of its judgments. Nor do I believe that the masses of a nation that has been awarded an adverse decision will believe in these either.

I look on the placing of naval and military armaments at the disposal of the League as having only two possible outcomes: 'bluff' in the case of decisions against weak nations and world-wide war in the case of strong ones.

I do not believe that any first-class Power will fear a heterogeneous coalition of friendly and enemy forces arrayed against it.

The old feeling of patriotism is as strong as ever in the masses. Politicians will intrigue, both at Geneva and in the various countries, behind the back of the League.

In fact, although the League can coerce the smaller nations into obedience, and can do useful work in the financial and social reorganisation of the more needy war-stricken countries, incursions into the international politics of first-class Powers, backed up by threats of warlike operations, will not lead to peace.

I believe all the foregoing because human nature is as fallible as ever it was, and the forces that compel patriotic aspirations and govern international politics are at the present moment as full of national selfishness and intrigue as they were ten, fifteen, or twenty years ago, and as they will be ten, fifteen, or twenty years hence.

R. H. BACON.

OUR DIFFICULTIES WITH EGYPT

DISTRUST and suspicion have settled upon Cairo. Great Britain, disdainful of Egyptian susceptibility, parades her armed forces through the streets of that city: Egypt, blind to the peril of provoking England beyond endurance, is unrepentant of political crime. Each country seems hardening her heart. Following the murder of Sir Lee Stack, senior British officials of the Egyptian Government are shepherded by military guards; the juniors ostentatiously carry revolvers in their pockets. Egyptians, watching with sullen eyes these precautions against attack, abate nothing of their arrogant pretensions. Such are the conditions in Cairo at this moment. They augur ill for negotiating treaties of amity and peace.

War put an end to familiar intercourse between Englishmen and Egyptians, and from the interruption society has never wholly recovered. A new generation almost has grown up who know nothing of Englishmen or their devotion to Egypt; and in this virgin soil demagogues and writers are planting the seed of hatred. The middle-aged Egyptian has been less easily captured. At heart he cannot conceive his country entirely free from Britain's control, and he hesitates to sacrifice his present security and prosperity on the altar of a political objective. Yet, prostrated from fear of incurring unpopularity among his fellows, he marches with the crowd, tacitly identifying himself with the extremists. Englishmen of the Civil Service struggle hard to maintain the old intimate relations with their alien colleagues. But in number they are decreasing rapidly, taking full advantage of the liberal terms offered by the Government to induce them to retire. Soon none will be left to explain Great Britain's point of view.

re Thus intercourse between men of the two races has become "Restricted to a few; and Egypt does not understand Great Britain's grave responsibilities towards the Suez Canal, nor trust Englishmen appreciate, perhaps, the reluctance of Egypt to put of H t in h British promises. Failure has attended each effort Ill-fortune or perverse obstinacy has destroyed on one occasion

or the other the chance of reaching a successful conclusion. Lord Milner might have triumphed had Great Britain omitted from the terms of reference ¹ of his Special Mission to Egypt the words 'under the Protectorate.' That unfortunate expression robbed Egypt of her last hopes in Great Britain's honesty. Consumed with wrath, she mocked at the Mission during its stay in Cairo and flouted the memorandum drawn up later between Lord Milner and Sa'ad Zaghlul Pasha. The Mission had delayed its enquiry long, but a man of greater foresight and of less personal vanity than Zaghlul would have brought his followers sharply to heel and forced them to honour the memorandum. Throughout the later stages of his career Zaghlul has sought primarily to maintain his own ascendancy. Perceiving that Milner's proposals did not satisfy his more violent adherents, and willing to weaken a Ministry not of his own making, he withdrew his support of the conversations. The despatch in the following year to London of an official Delegation gave rise to high but vain hopes. The Delegation was not ill chosen, and with one important exception the members fairly represented all shades of political opinion in Egypt. But, unhappily, Zaghlul refused it his blessing. Never prepared to subordinate private to public interests, he would not do so on this occasion. To the earnest appeals of Adli Pasha, the Prime Minister and head of the Delegation, he turned an obstinate ear. Arrogantly he demanded for himself the leadership as well as the right to nominate the majority of members of the Delegation. Adli, a man of spirit, did not reply, and sailed without Zaghlul. None the less, the latter's absence was a misfortune for His Majesty's Government, for plainly no negotiations were likely to succeed in London if Zaghlul undermined the authority of the Delegation in Egypt. Nor did any close student of Egyptian politics expect better result from the recent meeting between Mr. MacDonald and Zaghlul Pasha. Fresh from unquestioned triumph in another field of diplomacy, doubtless he first anticipated that concession would be met with concession. He was disappointed. Nothing but fear of jeopardising his own ascendancy will cause Zaghlul ever to yield an inch, and his followers encouraged him in that resolution. They might have saved their breath; for Zaghlul is a man who confuses blindly policy with opportunism, obstinacy with firmness. Discussion with a man of this type does not lead to negotiation.

Zaghlul is a master of invective and of innuendo, and could he but curb his use of these dangerous gifts he might produce an

¹ The terms were as follows: 'To enquire into the causes of the late disorders in Egypt, and to report on the existing situation and the form of the constitution which under the Protectorate promote self-governing institutions and the protection of foreign interests.'

undivided Egypt. But since accession to office he has alarmed all moderate Egyptians by provocative and inflammatory speeches, and many of his former adherents now silently indict him as the destroyer of Egypt's hopes. Yet Zaghlul by nature is a kindly man to whom violence is abhorrent, shrewd withal and scrupulously honest. Unhappily, personal vanity has obscured his better nature, to the regret and disappointment of Englishmen and Egyptians who respected and admired him in earlier days. Few Egyptians outside his intimates have approved Zaghlul's recent appointments to the higher posts of the Civil Service, fewer still his public lament that he had no more relatives to promote or appoint. His shameless nepotism, in fact, has shocked the nation. Almost may Zaghlul in reflecting upon the results of his brief period of office say of himself: '*Video meliora proboque deteriora sequor.*'

On the domestic side of his administration Zaghlul has displayed no more prescience than on the political. In place of smoothing differences he has accentuated them. Returned to Parliament with an immense majority at his back, he was not satisfied until he had unseated his leading political opponent. With no less resentment he has pursued administrative officials who incurred his displeasure, dismissing some from their posts, banishing others to inhospitable stations in Upper Egypt. None the less, wild stories of complete disintegration in the government under Zaghlul's rule should be received with caution. When the Civil Service becomes wholly Egyptian, that disintegration may well come about; for the moment the administrative machine, though it creaks uneasily, still works.² Nor need credence be too readily lent to exaggerated reports of widespread corruption. Certain types of officials in Egypt, as elsewhere, have been always bribable; and in this imperfect world there will ever be men who sell their honour. But complaints last summer made by cotton cultivators of short and late supply of water were not due to corrupt practices of Egyptian engineers. The sufferers were rather the victims of an inexperienced Ministry counting upon a normal Nile flood in order to supply large quantities of summer water to rice-growers. The action of the Ministry was well meant, but imprudent. The former British control would have acted less hastily. It was not its habit to lavish summer water upon

² During the transition stage Egypt will have a severe struggle to maintain the old efficiency. Until last year the foreign element of the Civil Service held the majority of the higher posts. Lord Milner in his report (1920) summarises the distribution as follows: Of the 'higher posts' (that is to say, posts carrying a salary of £E.799 per annum and upwards) attached to the Ministries the British held 168, Egyptians 31, and 'others' 32. Of the 'lower posts' Egyptians held two-thirds of those carrying a salary between £E.240 and £E.499, and one-third of those between £E.500 and £E.799.

rice until speculation on the subject of the Nile flood was at an end.

It has been the misfortune of Great Britain that Zaghlul has dominated Egyptian politics since 1919. Of that burden the present High Commissioner in Cairo has borne the heaviest share. His task is not yet completed, and to institute comparison, as some recent critics have not hesitated to do, between Allenby and Cromer is impertinent and suggests incapacity to distinguish between the problems of pre-war and post-war Egypt. Allenby from the outset has been faced with conditions unknown to Cromer and undreamt of by him. Cromer, no doubt, would have triumphed over them, for this remarkable man, greatest of all Imperial administrators, never knew failure. But Allenby also may succeed, for in courage and forbearance he is the equal of any of his predecessors.

Immodestly Egypt has raised her demands at each stage of the dispute. At first she asked no more than simple autonomy. Later she claimed independence; and finally she refused to negotiate unless Great Britain evacuated Egyptian territory, and acknowledged without qualification Egypt's sovereignty over the Sudan. There are other matters in dispute; but if the two parties can reach agreement on main issues, they are all capable of solution. It may be worth while then to examine these issues in detail. But two assumptions must be made: first, that Great Britain holds conscientiously to the Declaration of February 28, 1922, conferring independence on Egypt; and secondly, that Egypt does not doubt Great Britain's good faith.³

To take the first issue. Few will deny the inconsistency of granting a country her independence and yet maintaining a garrison in her capital. The presence of the troops in Cairo and Alexandria doubtless inspires the foreign community with confidence; but the advantage may be dearly bought if it fans Egyptian hostility. Memories of war still dominate so largely the civilian mind that it does not distinguish clearly between military and police action. Soldiers can subdue a national rising; they are less successful in repressing desultory rioting. The latter is rather the task of the policeman, accustomed to act singly and to deal with disorder in the streets. Thus, if foreign colonies in Cairo and Alexandria are nervous of their security, they would do well to press for a stronger and better organised police force rather than demand the protection of armed troops.

³ Unhappily Egypt will require convincing on this point. Early in the history of the occupation undertakings were given in both Houses of Parliament that the measure would be temporary. Again, in 1914 Great Britain solemnly assured Egypt that she would shoulder the entire burden of the war. That promise was not kept. The story of its failure is told in some detail in a recently published book: *Egypt and the Army*.

Moreover, there is some confusion of thought upon guarantees of security. The departure of the permanent British element from the Civil Service gives more legitimate ground for anxiety. The exodus, no doubt, is a natural result of the grant of independence.⁴ None the less, the transition of all administrative and financial control from British to Egyptian hands has been too sharp, less from desire of authority than from the reluctance of British officials to serve in new and uncongenial conditions. Their disinclination received further impetus from the attractive rates of compensation offered by the Egyptian Government; and the majority could not resist the combination.

Those foreigners resident in Egypt, then, who urge the retention of existing garrisons should have protested vehemently against any general exodus of officials. They did not do so; and short of cancelling the grant of independence, Great Britain has lost control of Egyptian administration for ever. No number of troops and guns in the capital will be a satisfactory substitute for British officials in the government.

But His Majesty's Government's main preoccupation is the security of the Suez Canal. On that point Great Britain cannot give way. The war demonstrated how carelessly at national crises the Powers break their pledged word. The Suez Canal itself is an example. Solemnly guaranteed as an international neutral waterway, the Canal became at once a battle area. Useless, then, for Egypt to offer further paper guarantees, or to declare her own readiness to protect the zone. Great Britain cannot accept the first, and is uncertain less of the will than of the capacity of Egypt to undertake the second.

At this moment Egypt is certainly unequal to the task. In number less than a British division at war strength, unprovided with heavy artillery, aircraft, mechanical traction and other resources of modern warfare, her army cannot take the field against disciplined troops. To bring *personnel* and equipment to adequate standards money and training are required. Yet there is no reason to doubt Egypt's willingness to provide the first. Her Parliament has repeatedly declared its desire to make of the Army a more formidable instrument. Nor perhaps would Egypt be reluctant to share on honourable terms the duty of guarding the Canal. On some such basis then as this a compromise between the insistence of Great Britain and the suspicion of Egypt seems conceivable. Such a convention then would establish for a term of years a joint garrison in the Canal area of fixed numbers under a British commander. The staff would consist of British and Egyptian officers appointed in precise proportion to the size of their respective contingents. Each nation would be responsible

⁴ Lord Milner hoped for other result (see pp. 29 and 30 of his report).

for the cost of its own forces, and each would exercise complete administrative control over its own units. Meanwhile Egypt would undertake to keep with her troops a limited number of British instructors, to despatch military missions to England only, and, finally, to purchase all war material and stores through the Army Council in London. On the expiration of the convention the proportion of troops found by each Government would be re-examined; or alternatively, if Great Britain were satisfied with the new capacity of the Egyptian Army, she would evacuate the area, surrender buildings and stores at a valuation, and hold her own contingent in reserve elsewhere.

But the supply of potable water complicates the problem sadly. The great Ismailia Canal, irrigating part of the delta, takes off the Nile at Shubra, a few miles north of Cairo, and ends at Zagazig. Thence subsidiary channel conveys potable water to the west bank of the Suez Canal. Military opinion hesitates to place troops in a zone which an enemy can render untenable by the simple process of depriving the garrison of its water supply. Nor would the construction of emergency distilling plant remove this objection, for hostile aircraft without difficulty could destroy that plant. Considered opinion, in fact, declares that the troops stationed in the Canal area must control also the source of their water supply. That view has only one implication: British forces will remain in Cairo, or at least must occupy Zagazig. Voluntarily Egypt will never accept such a decision.

But if Great Britain genuinely desires to conclude an agreement with Egypt, cannot some military risk be taken? And can Egypt deliberately deprive the 50,000 Egyptians resident in Port Said and others resident in Ismailia and Suez of potable water, or her own section of the Canal garrison of water, should that garrison become a joint one? Great Britain therefore must decide whether political or military considerations shall triumph.

The Anglo-Egyptian Convention of January 19, 1899, clearly defined the future status of the Sudan. Under it Great Britain 'by right of conquest' was entitled thenceforth 'to share in the settlement and future working and development of the Sudan.' Supreme military and civil authority would be vested in a 'Governor-General' appointed on the recommendation of Great Britain by decree of the Khedive of Egypt. Nowhere and at no time has Great Britain contested Egypt's claim of joint overlordship; Lord Kitchener, in fact, at Fashoda in 1898 stressed the point. And this much may be said unhesitatingly: Great Britain will not reach agreement on the Sudan with Egypt until she terminates her military occupation of Egypt. Lord Milner presciently foresaw that point. In forwarding a copy of the Report of the Special Mission to Egypt to Adli Pasha, he wrote:

'The Sudan, which has never been discussed between us and Zaghul and his friends, lies outside the scope of the proposed agreement with regard to Egypt.' His sense of statesmanship was not at fault.

Both Englishmen and Egyptians are apt to confuse two separate issues in discussing their respective relations with the Sudan: irrigation and administration. Shorn of technicalities, the Sudan water question may be briefly stated thus: In the control of water stored in reservoirs above Khartoum and in its apportionment Egypt is vitally interested. Lord Cromer had no doubt where control should rest. In a report⁶ he wrote: 'It is essential in all matters connected with the utilisation of the waters of the Nile on any large scale that the control exercised from Cairo should be absolute.' Egypt holds to that declaration. She has spent large sums in the development of the Sudan, and has freely supplied *personnel* to its administration. Under the guidance of a small but incomparable British Civil Service, the money has been wisely spent and the *personnel* admirably utilised. But little wonder if Egypt expects in return compensation, or asserts her right to share the control of both Niles. Great Britain, on her side, has never disputed that demand. But she too has advanced money; she too has provided *personnel*; and she too claims a share of control of the Upper Niles as trustee of the Sudan people. No responsible Egyptian objects to these propositions. He would even welcome a joint Nile Board, provided Great Britain delegates only Englishmen to it. Egypt desires no more international bodies. She has suffered too much in the past from the jealousy of individual Powers to provide fresh opportunities for its display at her cost.

The disposal of the waters of the Upper Niles is a serious matter to Egypt, blessed, or cursed, with unusual fecundity. In 1897 the population was 9,700,000 souls; twenty years later it had risen to 12,700,000; and in 1957 the total may well be 18,000,000. On the other hand, the area of cultivated or cultivable land has not increased in proportion. More water is required to reclaim 1,800,000 existing barren acres, and to provide also perennial irrigation for a further 1,200,000 acres. To produce this water the Egyptian Government resolved in 1914 to construct at Gebel Aulia, forty miles south of Khartoum, a reservoir to hold up the White Nile. Simultaneously the Sudan Government, for its own purposes, embarked at Sennar upon a second reservoir to hold up the Blue Nile. From lack of money Egypt has stopped work at Gebel Aulia; the Sudan, more fortunate, has found financial support from the British Government. Provided both reservoirs were operating, the Commission on Nile Projects in 1920 reported:

⁶ Report No. 1, 1904.

'For immediate purposes and for a considerable time ahead the allocation of the Gebel Aulia reservoir water to Egypt and of the Sennar reservoir water to the Sudan is both a just and practical solution.'⁶

Since the departure of this Commission the situation has radically altered. The Sennar reservoir will be operating many years before its fellow on the White Nile; and following Great Britain's recent ultimatum to Egypt, the Sudan is authorised to irrigate an unlimited acreage. Egypt is gravely disturbed at the prospect.

Space does not permit analysis of the administrative disputes between Great Britain and Egypt in the Sudan. Egypt, despite her sacrifices, has played no more than a subordinate part in the government of that dominion, and no Egyptian has occupied an administrative or military post of importance. Recently mutiny among the troops has taken place. Mutiny is always a grave matter; none the less, too much weight may be lent to the latter incident of this type. Few Sudanese units can boast of an unblemished record for discipline. Certain battalions, indeed, are notorious for sporadic outbursts of temper at fancied grievances. The black as the fighting instrument of the Army has received too many favours in the past, and been perhaps a little spoilt. In this child of Nature the political agitator from time to time finds an easy prey. Yet he commands surprisingly little success. He has never succeeded in persuading the bulk of the Sudanese and Arab elements of the Army that Great Britain is the enemy of their country.

Until Great Britain settles the purely Egyptian question it is fruitless to discuss in detail her future relations with the Sudan. Little more can usefully be done than indicate the chief issues at stake. But it is well to remember this: no negotiation is likely to succeed so long as Great Britain concedes none of her present military rights, or so long as Egypt demands complete evacuation.

P. G. ELGOOD.

⁶ Mohammed Shafiq Pasha, Minister of Public Works at the time, agreed with this opinion, provided the Sennar reservoir did not irrigate more than 300,000 acres. Shafiq Pasha is a water engineer of reputation and of unimpeachable authority.

SHOULD ENGLISHMEN ENTER THE INDIAN SERVICES?

THERE are many people, among them unfortunately many British officers in the Indian services, who return an emphatic negative to this question.

Everyone is agreed that the attractions to the Indian services are not what they were thirty, twenty, or even ten years ago. Some of the old amenities have passed away; others have been seriously curtailed. India was a country in which the man of modest means could enjoy comforts, or even luxuries, to which the man of similar, or, indeed, considerably larger, means in England could not aspire: cheap servants, cheap horses, cheap houses, cheap sport, cheap social amenities; the early morning ride, the afternoon games, the evening bridge or billiards at the club, the dinner-party, the dance, the 'weeks' of combined sport and social gaieties. These were varied by delightful periods of camping out in the country, with opportunities for plenty of shooting; there was nearly always small game, sometimes big game, to be had, and at some places pig-sticking. A great many of these or corresponding diversions were too costly for men of the same status in England, or obtainable only by those who had leisure and wealthy friends. These things in India have not all passed away, though they are not so cheap as they were before the war. Yet how many of the young men who sought a career in India were induced to do so by these attractions? I doubt whether 5 per cent. of the I.C.S. probationers of twenty years ago weighed these things in a balance against a different career elsewhere before they finally turned their thoughts to India. Rudyard Kipling depicts these pleasant sides of life, but he also painted, often in the most sombre colours, the dull monotony of an Indian station, the hot weather, the separations, the solitude, the fever, the cholera and the tragedies. All these things are things which add or detract, but they are not the main factors in the choice of a career, and with only a very few do they turn the scale. It is the main drama, not the side shows, which governs the decision. To the vast majority of men it was the potentialities of the career which formed the attraction. There was believed to

be a better competence for the average man, more rapid prospects for the man above the average, and some fine prizes for the ablest or most successful. By some was felt 'the call of the East,' mainly by those who had childish memories, or whose family traditions connected them with India. The services gave a degree of security against possible complete failure which few professions in England could offer, but above and beyond all these was the feeling that the tasks to be performed were the tasks of English gentlemen, that a man's work would be judged by British standards, and that there would be required of the young men who entered these services qualities of leadership, and chances of influencing for good or evil vast masses of humanity. No man need be lost in a humdrum crowd; he would have an assured status and place among his fellow-men.

Who can hope to analyse exactly the precise motives and feelings which in the past have attracted any particular British youth to service in India? Yet all these things have contributed in a greater or less degree, in this case or in that, to that attraction. 'My country is doing great things in India. It is doing them on a scale which has no parallel in history. I, too, shall be an actor in a great drama. My part at first may be a small one, but it may become a great one, a leading one. In England I am lost among many million British; in India I am one among a few thousands, a few hundreds, or a few score, according to the branch of activity which comes my way.'

It may be that only in a few cases were thoughts like these consciously formulated in the mind of the youth seeking a career in India, but they formed part of the psychological influences which guided his choice and threw a glamour over the Indian services. And, once he was out there and found himself a live factor in a great organisation, such influences as pride of race, *esprit de corps*, honourable ambition, serious sense of responsibility, produced a feeling of official *noblesse oblige* which on the one side inspired and on the other enabled him to make light of those unfavourable conditions of Indian life upon which the misfits in the services were prone to enlarge even in those halcyon days.

It is not the 'white man's burden,' but the white man's glory, which has given India several generations of high-principled and unselfish workers with whom duty has come before all other considerations. Far be it from me to suggest that the British services in India have been composed of super-men. They are just men like thousands of their brethren in the British Isles, but the part that they have to play in that vast country, the immense responsibilities they incur, and the childlike trust placed in them, in a country which is seething with suspicion, by millions of their

fellow-men, whose hearts are human though their skins may be brown, have had such inspiring effects that they have won for these great Indian services a standard of purity in public affairs which is probably not surpassed anywhere in the world.

Has the white man's glory departed entirely from India? Must we really write 'Ichabod' over the Indian services? Must we confess that our work in India is finished, and that there is no longer any scope for those qualities which have at once attracted men to the services and raised India to her present plane of security and prosperity?

It is only by a searching examination of the causes which have been at work, of the real circumstances of India, and the real sentiments of the people at large, that one can hope to arrive at any answer to these questions.

By some it is believed that the main reason of the present unpopularity in British Universities of an Indian career is that it no longer offers the financial inducements which formerly inclined young men, and still more their parents, to turn their eyes towards India. It is true that the old jest about an Indian civilian being worth 300*l.* a year dead or alive (and his retiring pension of 1000*l.* a year if alive) proved most attractive to parents who had sons with brains enough to make it worth while for them to sit in the open competitive examinations for the I.C.S. That jest has lost a good deal of its significance. But it must be remembered that the other services with nothing like the same pecuniary attractions as the I.C.S. also had no difficulty in finding competent entrants. It cannot be denied, however, that the financial prospects of Indian service are not as good as they used to be. However high the standards, however honourable the work, the labourer is worthy of his hire, and if the hire is not worthy of the labourer, and only those few who are imbued with a missionary spirit can be found to enter the services, the services cannot continue. For, if India is to be governed wisely, hard heads as well as generous hearts are required. The proposals of the recent Royal Commission (the Lee Commission) represent the minimum, not maximum, of the relief required, not indeed to restore to the services the position they once occupied—for the war has changed the circumstances of the world—but to stay the rot so far as that has been created or aggravated by financial straits. If this relief is whittled down in the giving, or is postponed or nullified by other adverse conditions, it will not suffice. Men who are disheartened by anxiety for the welfare of their wives and families cannot face the many other problems that confront them with the courage and energy that are indispensable to their solution. But the pecuniary alleviations recommended by the Lee Commission, though not unsubstantial, will not alone restore

the lost prestige of the Indian services. What is it that is wanting? A sense of security. And what kind of security? These phrases, so common on the lips of many, deserve careful analysis. Some say the security of pensions, others the security of a career. Naturally, no Englishman can find the Indian services attractive if there is a risk that his services may be abruptly terminated, even though some compensation be offered, or that the liability to pay him his pension, honourably earned, may be repudiated.

I do not think that these risks are really serious so long as constitutional government, whatever the party in power, obtains in England. But this is not all the security that is required. The security that men require before they embark on an Indian career is the security *that their day-to-day conduct and work will be judged by British, and not by Oriental, standards.* That is the real crux of the situation. Uncertainty about this is not felt in Nigeria, in the Soudan, or in the Federated Malay States, and until recently was never felt in India, but it is felt there now, and when not felt immediately is apprehended for the near future. Until this fear can be allayed the Indian services cannot recover their lost popularity. This question is one of great difficulty, but it is a vital one, and it must be faced by any British Government in power in England. If India wants unity she must keep her British services, and she can only keep them on adequate pay, and if they enjoy complete confidence as to their security. The matter is one deserving careful and close consideration.

It is urged by Indian politicians that Europeans, British and others, have often taken service under Oriental Governments, but there are, with few exceptions, only three classes of men who will take up such service: first, those who enter it for a short period with an assured position, financial or professional, which enables them to resign it at any moment without jeopardising their future; secondly, those who trust to their wits and adroitness, and are willing to risk their future on the off-chance of making a fortune, or at all events securing a large reward, what used to be called 'shaking the pagoda tree'; thirdly, those who, having failed in their own countries, are in such straits for a living that they are glad to take any employment that may offer. The young products of the British Universities cannot obviously belong to the first category.

The second and third are mainly composed of adventurers and rolling stones. Some few individuals of this type may and do make good, but as a class they are clearly not the men to maintain the British name and fame in India.

It is evident, therefore, that if Great Britain is to continue to play a dominating part in securing the peace and prosperity

of the men of all races, creeds and castes of which the Indian Empire is composed she must continue to enlist for the Indian services men of the same calibre and character as she has enlisted in the past. If she surrenders this principle she surrenders everything.

The shape which the demand for this form of security takes in the representations of the various services associations is the insistent and universal request that they shall be controlled not by Local Governments, not by the Government of India, but by the Secretary of State himself. In making this demand they do not seek to impugn the good faith of the Viceroy or the governor of a province, or their desire to do them justice on British standards, but they fear that political pressure and anxiety to give generous play to the constitutional reforms may induce these authorities to make concessions which may in fact emasculate or seriously weaken their power to right wrong. They feel that the Secretary of State will not be subject, or need not be subject, to influences of this kind, and that in the last resort as long as control over them rests with the Secretary of State it rests ultimately with the British Parliament, in which body they of course repose the greatest confidence. Englishmen of the status, intelligence, character and education that are indispensable to the services will enter them so long, and so long only, as the British Parliament is the final authority that has the power to intervene on their behalf, and will ensure, in other words, that they are judged on British standards. The majority of Indians in the higher services lay just as much stress on this principle as their British colleagues, for they are in the best position to know the differences that exist between British and Oriental standards, and, knowing both, they prefer the former. Were this not the case there would always have been competition among Indians of ability to take service in Indian States in preference to service in British India. Ask any Indian official in British service whether he would give up that service in exchange for a post in an Indian State, even if better paid. He would refuse on the ground that he would thereby forfeit his security. Ask any Indian father, whose son is not entering an independent profession, whether he would prefer his son to take service under the British Government or in an Indian State. He would prefer the greater security. Is it to be wondered at therefore if young Englishmen hesitate to commit themselves to a career in India unless they are guaranteed against the vicissitudes and caprices of Oriental administration?

Many will accept these propositions, but will answer: 'These things may be correct, but we have travelled a long way on a different road.' How are these essentials to the continuance of the British services to be reconciled with the objective announced

by Mr. Montagu in 1917, and the scheme of reforms embodied in the Government of India Act, 1919? 'What,' they will ask, 'does the Indian Legislative Assembly, and what do the Indian politicians, say to these propositions?' We know what they say, but are we so certain that we know what they really think? Then what about the Government pensioners, the Indian soldiers, the host of Indian Government servants, the Indian police? What about the vast proletariat itself? What does it think? What are its wishes? What about all the untouchables? Lastly, what are the views of the most important section of all in Indian economy—the Indian ryot?

I will deal first with the case of the politicians. These are of many hues. There is the red-hot Swarajist, unconscious of his own limitations, who clamours for the departure of the British, and wishes to persuade himself and others that their departure is the only thing necessary to consolidate a single prosperous and self-governing Indian nation.

Then there is the visionary Gandhi, the apostle of love, who believes that his self-imposed penances will work miracles of union out of discord. He detests modern material civilisation, the railway, the telegraph, the hospital of 'black magic,' though he has availed himself of all. 'Go back to Arcadia,' he says. But the Garden of Eden failed before human frailty when there were only two occupants; how is it going to succeed with 300 millions? In 1921 Gandhi prophesied Swaraj as a matter of months. The people admire him still as a saint and ascetic, but as a political leader he has completely lost his way. He wanders from sophistry to sophistry in so bewildering a fashion that even young India, in spite of its passion for inconsistency, cannot follow him.

Then come the fiery Mahommedan politicians who think that with the departure of the British the glories of Islamic rule will speedily be revived in India. In the revolutionary scheme devised in Kabul during the war, mainly by Indian malcontents, 'the army of God' was to be officered by prominent Indian Mahommedan agitators, who were designated by name to be generals and colonels in profusion, but with a tail of three captains and one subaltern! On the other hand, there are the Mahommedan politicians who, after having been great champions of Indianisation, have now changed their minds, and view with grave apprehension the effect upon Mahommedan progress of their domination by a Hindu oligarchy. In Madras Brahmin ascendancy has received a rude shock, and were a non-Brahmin Ministry to have unlimited power it would be the invariable rule of patronage that 'no Brahmin need apply.' No present Brahmin incumbent of any office would have any feeling of security left.

On the other hand, if British control were to be withdrawn, the greater subtlety of the Brahmin intellect would speedily reassert itself, and the non-Brahmin would revert to his former subordinate position.

The Mahrattas in Bombay will not tamely submit either to Brahmin or Mahomedan tyranny, while the turbulent populations of the north, the Pathans, the Punjabi Mahomedans, and the Sikhs, will not obey the behests of Hindu intellectuals from any part of the country. If they obey them now it is only because the British Government wills it so. Amidst all these patent manifestations of fanaticism, and caste, creed, and race jealousies, politicians may declaim about Indian nationalism, and unite ephemerally in a division lobby against Government, but no amount of declamations and *ad hoc* unions will alter stern facts. A mob will unite to destroy buildings, but it never combines to erect them. The one requires combination for a few hours, or at the most a few days, while the other requires co-operation for years together. Indian political agitators may know a great deal about destruction and obstruction, but on the constructive side they lack the essential cohesion. As long as the National Congress was a mere annual talking shop it displayed on the surface, at all events, a surprising unanimity, but the moment that it tried to take action it broke into discord. Interminable committees and conferences follow each other with ever shifting programmes. The reason for this absence of construction is not to be sought in any intellectual defect, but simply because every constructive proposal that the politicians make presupposes a united nationalism that does not exist. When members of a legislative assembly speak about complete Indianisation of the I.C.S., the Indian police, the Indian army, they are merely repeating a formula which, a few fanatics apart, they in their heart of hearts know to be impossible consistently with the maintenance of a single government in India. A rich Indian mill-owner gave evidence before the Lee Commission that all European recruitment should cease, because Europeans were no longer required. It was afterwards ascertained that on recent occasions when he had asked for a police guard for his mills when the mill-hands were on strike he had always particularly stipulated that the guard should be commanded by Europeans. When, at the beginning of the war, India was almost denuded of British troops, the greatest consternation was felt, especially amongst the trading classes, on the ground that if the white soldiers were withdrawn the Sepoys would loot them. I know for a fact that Government service is losing its popularity amongst Indian parents through fear of the cessation of European control. Literally, thousands of educated Indians will admit in private what they will not dare

to say in public, that British control is indispensable to Indian security.

I desire to frame no indictment against Indian public men as individuals. In private life, a few violent extremists apart, they are courteous, hospitable, sympathetic, and generally very charming in their friendships towards individual Englishmen. In public life if the King Charles head of 'Indian nationalism *versus* British supremacy' does not obtrude itself (and this obtrusion is, unfortunately, becoming more persistent) they can give admirable counsel, and discuss points at issue round a table with the greatest moderation and benefit, but on this question of national unity and the complete fitness of Indians of all races to govern both their own section and every other Indian section they are simply building castles in the air; and not only they, but many Englishmen, official as well as non-official, discourse, discuss and debate as if this aerial citadel was really massive masonry, and as if the councils were dictating from an impregnable fortress the unanimous decisions of a united nation. All this make-believe will not alter facts, nor is it possible to solve problems by ignoring them, much less by actively pretending that they do not exist.

An Indian publicist giving evidence recently before the Reforms Committee in India is reported to have stated that communal dissensions in India were accidental and a passing phase. The truth lies in exactly the opposite direction: it is harmony between the discordant elements that is accidental and transient.

I also do not desire to frame any indictment against Indians who are members of the various services in India. As a body they are loyal and hard-working men, and they have numbered among them many men of much ability and character. Nevertheless it is idle to talk of these services as likely to maintain British traditions unless the British element in their composition is really considerable. This is an exception to the saying that a little leaven will leaven the whole mass; it requires a lot of leaven. It is because the Indian officer knows that British standards will be applied to his work and conduct, and that he is sure of fair treatment, that he is able to do his duty with courage and confidence. Sweeping Indianisation of these services, so often urged by Indian public men, will destroy this confidence, for they will not be merely *Indianised*, but they will be *Orientalised*. The people who will best understand the distinction are the Indians themselves. Furthermore, public servants must ultimately follow the line of the Government that employs them, and the Indian advocates of wholesale Indianisation of the services are simultaneously calling for the almost complete Indianisation of the Government itself. If these two changes are to take place,

the Administration must soon be completely Oriental. The extreme nationalist politician will say: 'Let it be so; this is just what we want.' But these gentlemen make the large and comfortable assumption that the British Army and Navy will very kindly maintain order among them and protect them from outside foes, so that they may become rich and prosperous while the British nation has no part or lot in the policy followed, or in the civil administration of the country. It is idle to suppose that the British Army, with the Indian Army officered by Indians, can hold the north-west frontier of India and preserve order in the large cities and over huge countrysides if there be no large British element in the civil administration. It is idle to suppose that the great force of Indian police, 200,000 strong, scattered over this vast country from Peshawar to Cape Comorin, and from Malabar to the Chinese frontier, can possibly hang together under Indian command. The courage and loyalty repeatedly displayed by the police of all ranks are contingent, and solely contingent, upon the certainty that the man who does his duty faithfully will have the support of his British officer. It is not due to stupidity or the lack of courage on the part of an Indian superior officer that this is the general feeling; it is simply due to the inherent disunion amongst Indians which would lead the officers of various races, castes and creeds to be suspicious and distrustful of each other, would destroy all confidence and substitute an atmosphere of intrigue. How could the small British Army maintain its front on the frontier if the people for 1000 miles in its rear could not be depended upon to secure its communications and supplies? It would be a country teeming with spies, hostile emissaries, and local agitators stirring up mischief amongst masses of ignorant and credulous men.

Objectors may point to Egypt as a country where self-government has been granted while the British garrison is maintained. But the end of the experiment in Egypt cannot be seen, nor can the circumstances of Egypt and India bear comparison with each other; it is the confusion of the races of a continent with the nationality of a single country that always obscures judgment upon Indian problems.

Hitherto I have been examining the views held by educated Indians with aspirations for nationality, aspirations which are legitimate and laudable enough in themselves, though not in present circumstances realisable. But when one turns to India outside the intelligentsia the state of things is quite different. One is dealing now with large masses; these have no sense of Indian nationality, and not even aspirations towards it. They may have been tempted by promises of nationalist orators, but not because these promised nationality, but because they held

out hopes of cheap food and clothes and freedom from taxes. With these masses the feeling of confidence in the British officer—temporary excitements apart—has been proof against much calumny. Indeed, it is the most conclusive proof of this confidence that the reputation of the British for justice and fairness has not been dissolved under the cataract of vituperation so long poured upon it in thousands of articles in the Press, and by numbers of itinerant preachers. The great cultivating castes, of whom but few seek English education, retain their faith in the sahib as their protector, and these account for over half the population. The whole of the depressed classes openly ask for the continuance of British officers in large numbers in the services. The great trading communities, however much individuals amongst them may join the Swaraj camp, know perfectly well that their safety and prosperity depend upon the maintenance of impartial British control. The Parsees of Bombay most appreciate this, though even that community has put up some political firebrands. The artisan and small shopkeeper class in the towns and the factory hands are, it may be readily admitted, not so sensible to British influence, for they are not in such direct contact with British officers as the rural population, but they have no inherent feeling hostile to it; they are easily excited to riot, but their wrath is not racial, and is generally directed against a section of their own countrymen; it is very seldom directed against the European as such. The midsummer madness of Amritsar, excited by the most mendacious agitation that ever moved a multitude, was of short duration. The European may be the victim of religious fanaticism or anarchical conspiracy, or of a violent seditious agitation, but he is seldom or never the victim of pure race or colour prejudice, and any hostile movement directed against him on race or colour grounds has always proved to be quite evanescent.

An innate sense of justice towards others is the great characteristic which has made and preserved the British name throughout the world, and though this particular quality may not be developed in a particular man in respect to his fellows, yet no human being that ever breathed has not appreciated the difference between justice and injustice administered by others in respect to himself.

Again, charges of corruption are very rarely made against any British officer of the higher services. In the very rare cases in which such a suspicion has grown up in reference to a British officer, he must, if not guilty, at least have been very indiscreet. Against Indians in the Provincial services such charges are by comparison very common. These are very often quite false, but there have been notorious instances to the contrary; and the fact that they are freely made in the one case and not in the

other indicates the general attitude of mind of the public regarding them. The Briton's detachment from family, religious, caste, and racial disputes is the greatest protection to him, while the Indian's liability to accusations of prejudice or favouritism, however undeserved, is a most serious handicap in his case. Few people in England can realise the extraordinary difficulties with which an Indian Minister under the reforms is faced. If he uses his power and patronage for the benefit of his own community, he is called a gross nepotist by all other communities. If he strives to be impartial, he is proclaimed a traitor by his own people. It is almost impossible for him to win general confidence. If he says what he thinks, the tribunal which judges him is not the sober opinion of reasonable constituents, but the editorials of extremist newspapers. The Englishman can afford to ignore vituperation of this kind, but the Indian finds it well-nigh impossible.

It is by many signs and tokens, rather than by the spoken or written word emanating from the few, that a reply must be sought to the question 'Is our presence wanted in India?' That we are required there none but a few fanatics will deny. That we are wanted there, in the sense of being appreciated, the actions of the people, even if their voices are not heard, are eloquent testimony in our favour. If it were not so, how could solitary Englishmen go out into the districts, or European planters live on their estates? That India is kept peaceful by British administrators with British bayonets behind them is absolutely true, but the British administrators and the British bayonets would be far too few to preserve the general peace over this vast territory unless India herself wanted the British administrators and the British bayonets. If there were really a 'national' desire to expel the British, there could be no loyal Indian Army and no loyal Indian police. When an Indian officer is posted to a district or a subdivision to replace a British officer there is no general rejoicing, except in the columns of newspapers. When a British officer replaces an Indian in a similar charge the people generally do not conceal their pleasure. An anarchist on the night before his execution for murder said that in his next reincarnation he would like to be born an Englishman. Another noted anarchist, wounded to the death when his little party had been surrounded by a small body of police under British officers, and firearms had been used on both sides, at the moment of surrender, fearful of ill-usage, said: 'Remember you are British.' This is testimony to the British character from the mouths of avowed enemies of the British race.

If I were asked a series of questions by a young Englishman full of doubts as to the choice of an Indian career, the conversation might be something like the following:

Question: 'Am I required in India?'

Answer: 'Your presence in India is certainly required if India is to continue as a single State. The history of India before the war proves this, and the history of India since the reforms confirms it.'

Question: 'My presence may be required in India, but am I really wanted there? Am I appreciated?'

Answer: 'Your presence in India is wanted by the vast majority of the population. If it were not so we should not be able to stay there. Even in the case of advanced politicians, if the departure, bag and baggage, of the British were the inevitable consequence of a decree signed by twelve prominent Indians, there could not be found twelve prominent Indians to sign it, for, in the first place, each signatory would mistrust the others, and, in the second, each would feel that he might be signing his own death warrant.'

Question: 'But is it not the fact that the Indian is held down from his national and natural destiny by alien domination?'

Answer: 'India cannot have a *national* destiny until she has first become a nation, and her *natural* destiny is such constant internal upheaval as effectually prevents her from becoming one.'

Question: 'What are my pecuniary prospects in India?'

Answer: 'Not so good as was formerly the case when living was much cheaper, but not so bad, after recent improvements, that you can be certain of doing better elsewhere.'

Question: 'What is my security that I shall be fairly treated, and that if I do well I shall not be cast adrift?'

Answer: 'Your agreements will be put into a legal contract, and you will have an independent body in the Public Service Commission specially charged with the fair treatment of members of the public services to whom you can appeal; and lastly—and upon this you must insist—your appointment and the control over you are vested in the Secretary of State as the mouthpiece of the British Parliament. Your guarantee will then be as good as any British subject has against a complete reversal of the social system.'

Question: 'But what if in 1929 further reforms are granted to India involving transfer of the departments that are now reserved?'

Answer: 'No such transfer will be able to affect the rights which you had when you entered the service, and Parliament may be trusted to see that your rights are not prejudiced by any change that may be sanctioned.'

There remains the question of the services falling within the 'transferred' field which the Lee Commission have recommended to be provincialised. Englishmen entering those services will be

servants of the Local Government. Their security will be materially strengthened by the appointment of a Public Service Commission, and by the legal contracts under which they will be engaged. The constitutional position will be that it is left to the responsible Minister to decide how many British recruits he wants for these services, and to offer such terms as he can to secure them. If they are not forthcoming, he might either do without them altogether or else apply to the Secretary of State to recruit them, in which case they would enjoy the same security as members of an all-Indian service entering on the reserved side. The position is entirely experimental, and it remains to be seen whether Local Governments will be able to find recruits of the type required; if not, the situation will have to be reconsidered.

To sum up, whether the reforms remain as at present, or are extended or contracted, Great Britain cannot maintain peace and order in India unless a substantial proportion of the men in the public services are British.

She will not be able to obtain men for these services of the required type and ability unless they are properly paid, and are assured that their work will be judged by British, and not by Oriental, standards. The extent of Indianisation recommended by the Lee Commission represents the maximum compatible with the safety of India until she is completely transformed from the India of the present day. That this is so is naturally a matter for regret by those Indians who desire to see a single Indian self-governing nation emerge from the hotch-potch of races, creeds and languages of which the population of India is composed. It is no more a reproach to the Madrasi, the Bengali, or the Mahratta that they cannot unaided jointly govern the whole of India than it is a reproach to the Germans or the French that they cannot unaided jointly govern the whole of Europe. Europe has had no desire to become a single State. Political India has such a desire, but she can only realise it by the continuance of the circumstances which have created the wish. It may be asked: 'What then becomes of the Dominion status held out to India as her goal?' It remains a goal, but it is attainable only by such fusion of races and such obliteration of dissensions as are impossible at present, and not discernible in any proximate future. But even such progress towards that fusion and that obliteration as has been achieved has been solely due to the single control of an alien paramount Power, which by maintaining peace, by introducing Western political methods and education, and by offering the medium of a common language, has enabled at least a simulation of unity to be created. When the Extreme Left of the Labour Party say: 'Give India her independence,' they have not the slightest knowledge of the consequences which would ensue from

such a step. The result would be very far removed from the Utopia of their dreams. It would be, to use their own bugbear, 'the re-creation of Tsarism of the worst type,' from which India is saved by British rule, and to which she would revert if that rule was withdrawn.

British youth seeking an Indian career may rest assured that their presence will be welcomed by millions, and that, while they are maintaining the standards of British justice, they are also thereby affording to the people of India the only chance, slender though it may seem at present, of coalescing into single nationhood. A federation of Indian States, to which some pin their political faith, would without British aid be more difficult than a federation of the whole of Europe, or even a federation of the Balkan States. But I would say to an undergraduate thinking of an Indian career: 'Do not consider yourself as a missionary; it conveys an unpleasant suggestion to India of a superior young man coming to bring light to darkness.' There is plenty of light there, but it wants to be more evenly diffused. Rather think of the problem as an Empire problem, not in the sense of Imperial domination, but of the application of British detachment, courage, and sense of justice in order to continue an edifice thus far laboriously erected, with Indian goodwill and co-operation, by your ancestors and your own people. This edifice of peaceful progress is one on which Indians of all shades themselves set great store. A few among them imagine that this building can be completed by them without your aid, but the vast majority know that this is impossible. The few may loudly vituperate; but the many will silently applaud. When the last chapter of the history of the British connection with India comes to be written, at least let it not be said that because Great Britain could not produce fifty or sixty men a year, good men and true, to carry on the great work, the edifice erected by their fellow-countrymen ended miserably in a Tower of Babel.

REGINALD CRADDOCK.

THE OUTCASTES OF INDIA: THEIR HOPE OF FREEDOM

DURING the recent discussions on Indian politics the claims of the outcastes of Hindu society have received scant recognition. Yet they are a large and important body. It is estimated that they form about one-sixth of the total population, and as the large majority of them are agricultural labourers, they produce by their labour more than half of the wealth of the country. The indifference with which this valuable community has hitherto been regarded can only be ascribed to their political helplessness. They have no votes, and, with very few exceptions, would be unfit to use them. For the last thousand years they have been the slaves or serfs of India, treated with great harshness and branded by the Hindu religion as untouchable and, in some districts, as unapproachable. 'Old deeds of sale in South India used to state, 'You may sell or kill them.' This legal slavery was abolished by the British Government in 1843, and in 1863 the Penal Code made it a crime punishable with imprisonment to buy or sell a slave or unlawfully to compel a man to work against his will. But the majority of the outcastes are still practically enslaved by debt, and the stigma of untouchableness, which has done more than anything else to degrade them, still remains. Nearly all of them are miserably poor, and many of them are utterly cowed and broken in spirit by the treatment they have received. A typical Travancore outcaste on the Malabar coast, in the south-west, has been described as 'the picture of servile fear'; and a visitor to Malabar, describing his experience among some of the outcastes in these parts, said that 'the shrinking fear was so abject, and the cries of miserable fright were so piteous,' that he dared not approach the miserable hovel in which they lived, though he was bent on an errand of mercy.

That, however, is not a true description of all the outcastes. The Tamil Pariahs of the Madras Presidency, though tyrannised over by their masters, are not lacking in courage and ability. The recruiting officer of the Madras Sappers and Miners told me some years ago that the company of Pariahs was the best in the corps. And the corps has always had a high reputation for bravery and

efficiency. Lord Wolseley once said that the Madras Sappers and Miners were one of the bravest Indian regiments he knew, and that his Madrassi servant (an outcaste) knew no fear where loot was concerned. This estimate of their courage is certainly confirmed by the astonishing steadfastness which both the Tamil Pariahs and the Talugu Malas and Madigus show under persecution when they become Christians.

In North India some of the outcastes come from a still more vigorous stock. The Chuhars of the Punjab are a fine, sturdy race, many of them over six feet in height. When I visited them in 1913 I was surprised to see the difference between them and the outcastes of South India. In Tamil and Talugu villages the outcastes would often come and bow down, with their foreheads to the ground, and clasp my feet, in spite of all my efforts to prevent their doing so. But the Chuhars of the Punjab, on the other hand, men, women and children, came and shook me heartily by the hand. Some would crowd round and shake hands three or four times over, smiling and laughing and frankly claiming the rights of Christian brotherhood. In some villages I was asked to dinner by the Church Committee and entertained with much dignity. There was no fear, no cringing, anywhere. They treated me as an honoured guest. When I wanted to pay for the carts that brought my luggage from the railway station at one of the villages, and for the milk and eggs and firewood supplied to me, the people would not hear of it and were quite offended at the suggestion of payment.

The fact that the outcastes differ so widely in race, language, customs and character has hitherto made it difficult for them to combine for the assertion of their rights; and till the last few years they have never thought of doing so. They accepted their miserable lot with hopeless apathy and despair. But there are signs now that the outcastes all over India are beginning to develop a class consciousness, and that the bond of a common suffering is drawing them together in a combined effort to improve their position.

During the recent visit of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to India the third 'All India Conference of the Depressed Classes' was held two miles south of Delhi. Thirty thousand delegates from the outcastes of all India met together to discuss how they could win their freedom. The huge marquee of poles and matting was packed to its utmost capacity. Those who could not find accommodation within gathered outside, and there they sat, representing the 60,000,000 outcastes of India, day after day, listening to speeches and passing resolutions. A European visitor, who attended the Conference, describes the sight of the crowd, seen from the platform, as 'literally awe-inspiring.'

A loyal address sent from the Conference to the Prince of Wales, who visited Delhi while the Conference was in session, met with a sympathetic reply. The outcastes were so delighted that they determined to approach the Prince personally. This they were allowed to do during one of his journeys through the outskirts of the city. The vast crowd was massed on some rising ground on each side of the road along which the Prince was to pass. The Chairman and Secretary of the Conference, with the Executive Committee, stood near the road under the huge red-and-white Conference flag, with a thick carpet of white jasmine and red roses covering the space in front of them where the Prince was to halt. When the Prince arrived there was a perfect roar of welcome from 30,000 throats, and loud and continuous cheers were given for the King, the Prince of Wales, and the British Government. Then the Chairman presented the following address:

On behalf of the members of the All-India Depressed Classes Conference, permit me to thank your Royal Highness for the interest your Royal Highness is taking in the uplift of the depressed classes in India, and for the sympathetic message received yesterday by this Conference. May I request your Royal Highness to convey to His Imperial Majesty our message that there are in India sixty millions of human beings who are untouchables, and that these should be raised if India is to be really fit for *swaraj* [self-government.]

The Prince warmly thanked them for their kind and enthusiastic welcome and wished the communities they represented all prosperity and well-being.

This Conference is a fact of profound significance in the social and political life of India. It marks the beginning of a revolt among the depressed and down-trodden classes against the injustice and inhumanity with which they have been treated in the past. This spirit of revolt has existed in some parts of India for many years. Even as far back as 1913, when I visited the outcastes in the Punjab, I was greatly impressed by the way in which many of them spoke to me about their disabilities. They described their servile condition with a deep and passionate resentment. On several occasions in different villages, when I was giving addresses on subjects totally unconnected with social or political matters, men rose up after my address and inveighed with a bitterness and vehemence that startled me against the oppression to which they were subjected. And I found the same thing in private conversation. It was not so much their poverty as their slavery that they resented. One curious indication of their feelings was the fact that the most popular hymns among some of the Christian Churches were lyrical versions of the imprecatory Psalms.

But the Conference indicates a widespread movement toward freedom on the part of the outcastes all over India as a result

the forces that have been at work during the last fifty years to rouse them out of their apathy and despair.

Foremost among these forces has been the educational work of the Christian Churches. The outcastes have seen large numbers of their own community being educated in mission schools and rising to good positions in Church and State. In the mission high schools and colleges their sons have sat side by side with the sons of Brahmans and other high-caste Hindus. In girls' schools their daughters have been the teachers of the children of their masters.

Conversion to Muhammadanism has also opened for many of the outcastes a door of escape to a position of self-respect. About two-thirds of the population of East Bengal are Muhammadans, many of them converts from the outcastes. Many of the Muhammadans in the Punjab and the turbulent Moplahs on the Malabar Coast are outcaste converts. The difference between the treatment these people received as Hindus and their position as Muhammadans could not fail to react upon the whole community. As Hindus they were despised and untouchable; as Muhammadans they were members of a great brotherhood, within which all are theoretically equal.

The just and sympathetic policy of the British Government has had a similar influence. British law has freed the outcastes from slavery and given them the right to equal justice. In Madras a British officer has been detailed to protect their interests, and in many provinces special grants have been made for outcaste schools.

Then again, the opening up of new fields of employment both in India and in other countries, has given greater freedom and better wages. Hundreds of thousands have gone to the mines and factories of India and to the tea and coffee estates of India and Ceylon during the last fifty years; and until quite recently many thousands went abroad as indentured labourers to Natal, the Straits Settlements, Fiji and British Guiana.

The Great War has been another stimulating influence. A regiment of infantry was raised from the outcastes of the Punjab, and large numbers from all parts of India served in the Labour Corps in France and Mesopotamia, earning high wages and seeing the world. When they went back to their villages and told what they had seen and done, new ideas began to stir in the minds of their fellow-outcastes.

Upon the top of all these causes of unrest has come the Reform Act of 1919. It has found the outcastes already awaking out of their state of despair and beginning to feel aspirations for a better and happier life, with a few educated leaders who are able to give expression to their demands. These leaders view with fear and

dismay the prospect of political power passing from the hands of the British, who have treated them with justice and worked for their uplift, to the hands of the Hindu castes that have denied them the ordinary rights of humanity and kept them in a state of poverty and degradation.

This fear was expressed clearly and emphatically by the representatives of the outcastes who gave evidence in Madras before the Lee Commission. They stated that their improved position as a community had been mainly due to the efforts of the British Government and the European services, and that they were afraid that if those European services were diminished they would not only get no further improvement, but would lose what they had already won. They declared that even in the Law Courts under British rule the outcastes often did not get a fair hearing when there was a Hindu judge. They were not even allowed inside the court, but had to make their statements and give their evidence outside to middlemen, who passed them on to the judge in the court.

The representatives of the outcastes in Bengal in the same way stated that—

the continued experience of the depressed classes handed down from generation to generation unmistakably shows that their interests are not safe in the hands of so-called high-caste officers,

and urged that—

every step taken towards responsible government, either in the shape of 'increasing association of Indians in every branch of the administration' or in any other way, should, of necessity, be accompanied by every conceivable caution.

In the same way, the farewell address presented to Lord Willingdon by the representatives of the outcastes of the Madras Presidency spoke warmly of the efforts made by the British Government, especially by Lord Willingdon, to improve their condition, and expressed the hope that the British element in the government would not seriously be weakened.

It may take a long time before this movement comes to maturity and can make its influence felt upon the political life of India. But even now it ought not to be regarded as a negligible quantity. When considering what are the wishes of the Indian people with regard to the future government of the country, we cannot reasonably ignore the fact that in British India, excluding the Native States, there are 40,000,000 outcastes who strongly protest against any form of government in which their interests are not safeguarded, and state emphatically that their interests are not safe in the hands of the Brahmans and high-caste Hindus. The claims of the outcastes are substantially the same as those of

the Muhammadans. But while the Muhammadans have votes and communal representation, the outcastes have neither. In British India, excluding the Native States, there are, out of a population of about 247,000,000 in round numbers, 123,000,000 Hindus (*i.e.*, members of recognised castes), 60,000,000 Muhammadans and 40,000,000 outcastes, the remaining 24,000,000 being divided among the Buddhists, Sikhs, Christians, Jains, Parsees, Jews and aborigines. But under existing circumstances the high-caste Hindus dominate the situation. The extent to which this is the case in Bengal is shown by the statistics given in the memorandum of the outcaste leaders laid before the Lee Commission.

In Bengal [they say] there are three so-called high castes, namely, Brahmans (1,200,000), Kayasthas (1,000,000), and Vaidyas (88,000), who occupy at present the foremost position not only in public services, but also in all other public spheres, out of all proportion to their numerical strength. More than 95 per cent. of the total number of posts under Government, superior or subordinate, are monopolised by them, although they constitute only two millions of people in Bengal, *i.e.*, one eleventh of the Hindu population, or one twenty-third of the total population of Bengal. It has been calculated by the Calcutta University Commission that sat some years ago that the average number of students in the different colleges of Bengal is about 26,000. Of these 26,000 more than 20,000 come from these three castes. The newspapers are almost entirely owned and controlled by men of these three castes. The professional agitators also come from these three castes. In these circumstances, it can be very easily understood, 'Indianisation' does not mean the due share of all the various communities of Bengal in the different branches of the administration, but the strengthening of the already unduly strengthened hands of these three castes.

It may be argued that the same kind of thing might have been said of the political situation in England from the days of King John to the beginning of the nineteenth century. The agricultural labourers, who formed about half the population, were disfranchised, and political power passed by successive stages to small privileged classes at the top of society. Freedom slowly broadened down, not only from precedent to precedent, but from the few to the many, and it took about six centuries before the agricultural labourers and the working classes of England generally acquired any share of political power.

That is true, but the difficulty in India is that we are trying to combine the political ideas of the twentieth century with the social conditions of the thirteenth. The leaders of this movement among the outcastes are reading *Mill on Liberty*, like the rest of the educated Indians. Will they be content to wait even a hundred years before the outcastes attain a fair share of political power and the removal of their grievances and disabilities? In the memorandum sent to the Lee Commission by the representatives of the outcastes in South India it was insisted on that—

whatever system of government may be established in India, it is a matter of paramount importance that not only the primary rights of citizenship, but also the necessary conditions of progressive development, should be secured to the depressed classes.

This is necessary, the memorialists maintained, not only in the interests of justice, but in the interests of national progress itself, because it is impossible for the country to progress when there are grievous wrongs suffered by one section of the community and when that section remains permanently backward. That is absolutely true, and until it is frankly recognised both by the British Parliament and by Indian politicians political progress along the lines of popular representative government is impossible. The strong new wine of modern democracy cannot without disaster be put into the old skins of caste and serfdom.

At the same time the task of raising a large community of 60,000,000 people from the depths of degradation to which the outcastes have sunk during centuries of slavery and oppression is an exceedingly difficult one. History shows that great movements of this kind nearly always issue in violence. Human nature in India is fundamentally the same as in other countries. The Hindu masters will not more readily part with their power than employers in Western lands; the Brahmans will not without a struggle remove the degrading stigma of untouchableness that is closely bound up with the system of caste on which all Hindu society is based. The outcastes themselves will not naturally carry on the struggle for freedom in a spirit of patience and self-control. The temper of the imprecatory Psalms is much more likely to be dominant than that of the Sermon on the Mount. Several incidents that have occurred during the last few years give warning of the dangerous forces that are latent in this new movement. About thirty years ago in the district of Tinnevely, in the extreme south of the Madras Presidency, the Shanur caste, who were then excluded from the Hindu temples, asserted their right to enter them. Their claim was resisted, with the result that there were serious riots, which led to much bloodshed and destruction of property before they were suppressed. And during the last few years there have been several local riots in South India due to attempts on the part of the outcastes to use the public roads that pass through the quarters where the caste people live. And the savagery and atrocities that marked the Moplah rebellion on the Malabar coast were largely due to the fact that many of the Moplahs in the districts where the rebellion broke out were outcaste converts to Muhammadanism.

And even if a long and bitter struggle for freedom could be averted, if the caste people had the wisdom and humanity voluntarily to give up their power over the outcastes, grant them free-

dom, and become their benefactors instead of their oppressors, even then liberty and prosperity would be doubtful blessings to the majority of the outcastes, without education and moral training. Some years ago I was discussing the labour problem with a very enlightened Hindu gentleman in Madras, who was a large employer of outcaste workmen in a hand-loom weaving factory. I asked him whether it would not pay him as a business proposition to raise the wages of his weavers. He said that he would gladly do so if he could, but that it would ruin his business. 'I give my men,' he said, 'twelve annas [one shilling] a day, and my factory is idle for one day in the week besides Sunday, because my workmen are all drunk. If I gave them a rupee [rs. 4d.] they would get drunk for two days, and I should be ruined.' His answer puts in a nutshell the danger that lies ahead of this movement. 'The rights of humanity,' which the leaders are claiming, will be of little avail without the moral discipline needed to use them properly.

The most hopeful feature, therefore, in the movement at the present time is the powerful influence of the Christian Church upon large masses of the outcastes in different parts of India. Where the educational work of the Church is strong and vigorous among the outcastes the results are very remarkable. Intellectual, moral and religious progress goes hand in hand with material well-being. The spirit of the Gospel inspires many of the outcastes to bear persecution patiently and, at the same time, enables them to grow up into a vigorous, progressive community, and to develop a surprising capacity for self-government.

The diocese of Dornahal, in South India, is a striking illustration of this. There we see a strong Christian Church of 120,000 members drawn almost exclusively from the outcastes, increasing at the rate of 12,000 a year, with over 1000 primary schools, thirteen boarding-schools, two high schools and one college, educating in all over 24,000 outcaste Christian pupils, and staffed by over 1000 teachers, all raised up from the outcastes. And this large, progressive Church is ministered to and governed by about eighty ordained priests and deacons, drawn from the outcastes, parochial, district and diocesan councils, mainly composed of Indian members drawn from the same community, the whole presided over by an Indian bishop. There has been no violence on the part of the outcastes against their masters. On the contrary, bitter, unjust persecutions have been borne with surprising patience. And in many cases the hearts of the masters have been changed from hostility to goodwill by the honesty, sobriety and faithfulness of their Christian servants.

I give this illustration because I can write about it from my personal experience; but the same account could be given

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of the work of the Christian Church in other places. It is in the rapid extension of work of this kind among the outcastes all over India that the hope of the future lies. Divorced from moral and spiritual training, the movement of the outcastes towards freedom is fraught with grave dangers both to the outcastes themselves and to society as a whole. Guided, educated, inspired, by Christian teaching, it may well lead to the regeneration of India.

HENRY WHITEHEAD.

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SOCIALISM AND BANKING

DURING recent years the Socialists have been taking, a very considerable interest in the subject of banking, and the relation of the banks to the State. This is a somewhat new feature and calls for earnest consideration on the part of those who do not hold Socialist principles.

Socialism, according to the classic definition, is 'the socialisation of the means of production, distribution and exchange.' For a proper understanding of this definition, we must realise that socialisation means collective ownership as distinct from individual ownership, and as the means of production, distribution and exchange really include all forms of wealth, we can shortly describe Socialism as the complete abolition of the private ownership of all wealth. Some Socialists will be inclined to contest this definition on the ground that they only wish to apply Socialism to that portion of wealth which is capital. This leads us to the necessity of still more definitions. Wealth can conveniently be defined as anything which has exchange value, while capital is that part of wealth which is used to produce more wealth. It is quite true that all wealth is not used as capital, but as there is practically no kind of wealth that could not be used as capital, it becomes clear that a complete Socialist system would involve the abolition of the private ownership, not merely of all capital, but of all wealth.

Of necessity, therefore, Socialism means the abolition of the joint stock and other banks, and it may be wondered why it is only recently that Socialists have devoted any considerable attention to banking. The explanation is a fairly simple one. The Socialist in the past has come into contact with the capitalist in his capacity as manufacturer or distributor of goods, and has had but little contact with him as banker. Accordingly the burden of ordinary Socialist propaganda before the war was concerned mainly with the brand of capitalist with whom the Socialist was most familiar, and he was inclined to regard as unimportant, and frequently to ignore, the brand of capitalist with whom he was unfamiliar. When I was a prospective candidate for a constituency in the Midlands, a well-known Labour leader,

who came down to speak for the sitting Socialist member, referring to some lectures which I had been giving on 'Banking and Foreign Exchanges,' made the remark 'that the bank and foreign exchanges did not concern the working man.' This is a fair example of the mental outlook of prominent Socialists who failed to realise the influence of these factors on wages and cost of living.

The gigantic financial operations which the war made necessary in all the belligerent countries and the consequential effects upon currencies, exchanges and banking systems, have for the first time led a great many people to take an interest in the problems involved, and many Socialists and others now appear to regard banking as the master of industry, and not its servant.

At the same time that this interest in banking has been aroused a considerable change has been taking place in the Socialists' ideas with regard to the nationalisation of industry. They have observed the numerous failures of nationalised enterprises; many Socialists during the war, and still more during the past year, have had the opportunity of being members of a Government, and they have discovered some of the difficulties involved in attempting to conduct industries on the lines of a Government department. As a consequence there is not quite the same measure of enthusiasm for nationalisation which there used to be, and in fact many who call themselves Socialists now only desire to nationalise those services which are fully developed and which they claim to be monopolies. If this feeling against nationalisation amongst Socialists should grow, the *raison d'être* for a party whose central principle is Socialism would vanish, and it would seem that for this reason some of the more astute leaders are exaggerating the importance of banking in relation to industry so that they may be in a position to assert that the solution of all our social problems will lie in the public ownership and control of the banking system.

Only a few years ago Socialists were very generally of the opinion that under their system there would be no need for either money or banks, but the experience of the Socialist experiment in Russia seems to indicate the contrary. There, under a system which was intended to be, and for a time was claimed to be, a complete system of Socialism, it was still necessary to continue a monetary system, and to retain a banking system, and though the Russian case is not necessarily conclusive, it seems very probable that under any system of Socialism which can be devised the advantages of retaining a monetary system more than counter-balance the disadvantages.

Before proceeding to consider further the relationship of Socialism to banking, it is perhaps necessary to devote some space to a consideration of the functions of money and of the way in

which a banking system works. So little consideration has been given to these matters that it will not be out of place to mention a few of the elementary factors.

Money has three important uses: it is a means of exchange, a measure of value, and a simple way of saving.

As a measure of value it is not a fixed thing in the way a foot-rule is a fixed measure of length, because the foot-rule remains invariable, whereas money itself fluctuates in value. Nowadays money usually consists of two forms: namely, one or other of the precious metals, or some form of printed paper. The advantages of the precious metals are that their value does not vary rapidly; suitably alloyed, they are very durable; their bulk is small in relation to the value; and they are esteemed as valuable in every part of the world.

The precious metal principally used is gold, which complies better than others with these conditions. Its high value is due to the difficulty of getting it, and its consequent scarcity. Any considerable change in the cost of production or the quantity available for currency purposes would of course vary its value as measured in other commodities, and it is this fact which makes it, or any precious metal, imperfect as a measure of value. Obviously however the value of gold is but little susceptible to arbitrary variations.

Paper money is used in two ways: it may be merely, as in the case of a Bank of England note, a certificate for so much gold, the existence and availability of which it guarantees, or it may be itself a money having a value assigned to it by law.

It may be wondered how a piece of paper which is intrinsically valueless can have any value, but if the paper in the form of notes is limited in quantity, if it is made an offence to imitate it, and moreover the successful imitation is made almost impossible, and if by Act of Parliament it is made legal tender, it will acquire a utility value which will depend upon the total amount of paper money, its rate of circulation, and the demand for its use which arises from the production and exchange of commodities and services.

Let us now briefly examine the banking system, which we can perhaps do best by considering a bank balance sheet in its most elementary form, as follows:

LIABILITIES.		ASSETS.	
	£		£
Subscribed capital	1,000,000	Cash	3,500,000
Notes issued	3,000,000	Securities	2,500,000
Deposits	6,000,000	Loans to customers	4,000,000
	<u>£10,000,000</u>		<u>£10,000,000</u>

Suppose that, on account of the state of trade in the district in which our imaginary bank is operating, business is very active, and that most of the manufacturers have tied up their resources in book debts and in stocks of partly completed goods and are short of ready money to buy further raw materials and to pay wages.

Let us also assume that the total credit the manufacturers want between them is 5,000,000*l.*, which, it will be noticed, is considerably in excess of the bank's cash resources. Nevertheless, the bank agrees to make the loans and does so by crediting the manufacturers with deposits to that amount and debiting them with loans, so that the balance sheet then appears as follows :

LIABILITIES.		ASSETS.	
	£		£
Subscribed capital	1,000,000	Cash	3,500,000
Notes issued	3,000,000	Securities	2,500,000
Deposits	11,000,000	Loans to customers	9,000,000
	<u>£15,000,000</u>		<u>£15,000,000</u>

Everyone has obtained the loans he desired, the bank has provided the loans merely by making book entries. Then the manufacturers, to pay for raw materials, start using the loans by drawing cheques, which go to other customers of the bank, so that all that happens is that one customer's deposit is decreased and another's is increased, and the bank's balance sheet remains unaffected. When however cheques are cashed to pay wages, there is a decrease in the amount deposited with the bank, and an equal decrease in the amount of cash held by the bank ; obviously there is a limit to the amount of cheques which the bank can cash at any one time. The cash so obtained, when paid out in wages, is spent in the shops, and the shopkeepers, who are all customers at the same bank, pay the cash back into the bank shortly after they receive it, and perhaps by next pay-day the bank's cash resources are fully restored. For simplicity of argument it is assumed that everyone has an account at our imaginary bank.

A bank's power to lend in the way we are discussing is limited by the amount of cash available to meet the temporary withdrawals resulting from the loans. It will be seen that, acting in this way, it has performed a very useful function, because it has enabled manufacturers to continue working when otherwise they would have been compelled to stop and to discharge their work-people.

It must be borne in mind however that the limitation

mentioned above is not the only one, for in the event of any kind of panic or alarm far more money might be drawn out at any one time than that which was merely necessary for the manufacturers' wage bill, and the cash payments which the other customers of the bank have to make.

For this reason banks, from their practical experience, have had to adopt some formula as to the relation between their total cash resources and the total of customers' deposits and notes issued, and the usual ratio appears to be about one to seven.

In addition to a creation of credit by banks in the manner indicated above, it is possible to create credit by the issue of notes either by a bank or by the State.

The issue of notes by the State or by banks acting under the authority of the State has during recent years been a very usual means of creating credit. Such an issue of notes is practically the same thing as a forced loan. The State pays no interest, and at first sight this appears rather attractive, because the Government of the day can place itself in funds without levying taxation, and it does not have to pay interest on the funds it obtains, as it would do in the case of an ordinary loan.

What happens however is that the purchasing power thus placed in the hands of the State competes with the purchasing power which individuals obtain as a result of their labour or commercial operations, so there is a very largely increased demand for goods and services without any corresponding increase in the volume of goods and services available for purchase, and the inevitable consequence is a general rise in prices.

Of course there is the same tendency for prices to rise when bank credits are created, but as the object of bank credits is almost invariably to facilitate an increase in the supply of commodities, the credit created is very rapidly balanced by an increased supply of commodities, and therefore there is no permanent rise in prices. The State, on the other hand, generally uses the credit which it has created by the issue of paper money for non-productive purposes, so in that case there is nothing to stop the rise in prices.

The evils of such a creation of credit, or inflation, as it is popularly called, are manifold. All commodities do not rise in price in the same ratio, and the same is true of the payment for personal services in the form of salaries and wages, and as a consequence inequalities immediately arise. The State may seek to cure the evil which it has caused, but finds that it is unable to do anything except possibly to pass restrictive legislation which may ultimately aggravate the trouble.

Practically every country in the world has experienced this

kind of disturbance during the last ten years ; in some countries, *e.g.*, Germany, Russia, and the smaller European countries, the position got completely out of hand, and Governments which feared to impose adequate taxation found themselves obliged to inflate indefinitely, until at last paper money depreciated more rapidly than it could be produced, and steps which were almost revolutionary in character had to be adopted to bring about a restoration of financial stability.

While it may be possible to apply a stimulus to trade during a period of 'slump' by the skilful application of some measure of inflation, yet it is unfortunately true that every attempt to do this has resulted in disaster because it has always gone too far, owing to the fact that Governments have lacked the moral courage to risk the unpopularity involved in checking inflation at the right time. This makes every careful student of finance an opponent of nationalised banks, since he realises the danger which exists if politicians seeking popularity fail to exercise that caution which is essential if the creation of credit is not to lead to evil results.

The relationship of the German Government to the Reich Bank was such that the Government was able to force the bank to grant it ever increasing credits to balance its Budget, and the bank in turn, in order to meet the demands upon it, as a consequence of the credits granted to the Government, was forced to print ever increasing quantities of paper money.

In order to prevent a recurrence of this, the Dawes Report recommended, and our late Socialist Government during the conference in London last summer found itself forced to agree, that a new bank of issue should be established in a position of complete independence *vis-à-vis* the German Government, or, in brief, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Philip Snowden shared prominently in the decision to denationalise the power of credit creation in Germany.

The significance of this decision in the matter of German banking is evidently not yet adequately appreciated, because as recently as December 11 last Professor Frederick Soddy is reported in the *Morning Post* to have stated :

If money were issued by a public authority for use for exchanging the products of industry, for facilitating barter, for enabling people to purchase, instead of being issued for usury, if it were used abundantly to keep pace with the progress of science instead of being held by bankers, the major problem of our internal disorders, our unemployment and our poverty, our class hatred at home, would disappear.

It would take an article much longer than the present to deal adequately with the errors in this statement, but it must be pointed out that the main object of banks is not to hold their

resources, but to place them at the disposal of the commercial community, and the primary instinct of selfishness in the bankers makes them lend freely because it is by lending that they earn their profits. On the other hand, banks are subject to another influence at work, namely, the desire for security, because they realise that what they are lending is other people's money, or the credit based on other people's money, and therefore a bank has to apply certain tests before it makes a loan. It has to consider whether the individual asking for the loan is honest, and then, if satisfied with his honesty, it has to consider whether he is competent, and being satisfied of this it next has to apply its mind to the problem of deciding whether the honest, competent individual is likely to make a success of the enterprise for which he is asking financial facilities from the bank. These tests it is the duty of the bank to apply, because, if it fails to do so, vast sums would be lost, to the prejudice of the bank, and, what is much more important, to the prejudice of the whole community.

In addition to these individual tests the bank has to apply two further tests, first, the extent to which it has already lent in other directions, because, for the reasons explained above, there are limits to what a bank can lend, and, secondly, the bank has to consider whether the future trade prospects of the moment are such that there is reason to believe that enterprises, otherwise sound, may fail because general conditions are adverse.

If all banks were controlled by the State, it would still be necessary for all these tests to be applied if disaster were to be avoided, but the danger is that the Government is at all times under the control of individual politicians who as politicians are desirous of avoiding unpopularity, and therefore, for reasons which have nothing to do with finance, the Government might abstain from applying these tests, with evil consequences to the whole community.

From the practical point of view, we have to realise that the trader who is seeking financial assistance requires, as a rule, a very prompt decision, and everyone who has acquaintance with the methods of a Civil Service in this or any other country will at once realise that in all probability so much red tape would be introduced that decisions, instead of being prompt, would be dilatory, and as a result traders would be hampered in a way which would paralyse enterprise and initiative.

The nationalisation of banking would certainly also have a very restrictive effect upon liberty. Every trader would be compelled to have his account at the State bank because no other bank would be available, and the Government of the day would thus be placed in the position of being able to apply coercion to every trader, if for political reasons it desired to do so. The

manufacturer who had a dispute with his workpeople might find himself coerced to agree, for political reasons, to a bad settlement because of the threats to withdraw financial assistance. Equally, a trade union might be coerced in exactly the same way, because it might be prevented from drawing on its funds for strike pay.

Again, since the provision of financial accommodation would be under the control of a State department, members of Parliament would be constantly bringing pressure to bear upon the Ministry concerned to give accommodation to constituents, and traders would in many cases obtain the financial assistance for which they asked, not primarily because of the economic merits of the scheme for which they wanted the money but because of the influence or the pertinacity of their member of Parliament.

The agitation in support of nationalisation of banking has had considerable impetus given to it by two groups of people, namely, the readers of Major Douglas and Mr. Orage's book *Credit Power and Democracy* and the members of the League of the British Commonwealth, the President of which was Mr. J. R. Clynes, and the Chairman Mr. Frederick Thoresby, who has stood first as a Liberal and later as a Socialist candidate for Parliament.

The book *Credit Power and Democracy* apparently sought to prove the same thesis as Professor Soddy, and apparently its argument was that goods were being produced at a rate greater than purchasing power, and in consequence there was always an unabsorbed supply of goods, which was alleged to be the fundamental cause of unemployment. This curious theory appears to be derived from the fact that the amount of wages paid for the production of a commodity is less than its sale price.

The difference of course represents the profits of the manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers, and as these people must spend their profits in one way or another, the fundamental principle of the book is really a fallacy.

The proposal to which this fallacy gave rise was that credit should be created at a rate sufficient to bridge the alleged gap between the value of the goods produced and the purchasing power which came into being as a result of the production of the goods. In short, the proposal was one for unlimited inflation.

The principle of the League of the British Commonwealth, judging from its literature, is a little more difficult to discover, but probably it is the same as that enunciated in *Credit Power and Democracy*. The League would apparently give everybody who was reputable the right to borrow money from a bank at a very low rate of interest, and therefore the proposal of the League

would abolish all the tests which a bank to-day very properly applies, except the initial test of honesty.

This brief examination of the problems involved in the banking system, while not suggesting that improvement is impossible, will, it is hoped, be sufficient to show that transfer of banking to the State would involve grave dangers to the community.

HERBERT G. WILLIAMS.

FAITH-HEALING

IN the following remarks I do not wish to introduce any discordant note between the Church and medicine, for each has its assured position. Formerly the two professions were united in the same person, but they have wisely drifted apart, and for definite reasons connected with scientific progress, as when the ecclesiastics affirmed that the earth and all the celestial bodies were created 6000 years ago, and that in six days the order of Nature was all settled, that the earth was not round but an extended plane, that the sky was the firmament and the floor of heaven through which persons had been seen again and again to ascend, that the sun and the stars revolved round the motionless earth; then priestcraft and doctoring became separated, and it is best they should be. For a quarter of a century and more there has been a gradually increasing interest in the curative value of suggestion, often, some say erroneously, known as spiritual healing or faith-healing. In 1908 there was a Church of England Committee to inquire into the matter; in 1910 there was a Committee of the British Medical Association, which did the same thing from the doctors' standpoint, and there is another to-day; in 1920 a committee of forty bishops and others investigated spiritualism, theosophy, and the healing of Christian scientists, and it recommended the licensing of healers. In 1924 another Church of England Committee, appointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury in 1920, reported against the licensing of healers, though it admitted that some of the clergy laid claim to 'therapeutic powers'; but it considered they would, if licensed, be compelled to abandon their important special calling and would expect to make a living out of healing, although 'unqualified' professionally. Further, it was thought that the poor, when ill, might be deprived of proper medical care and be in the hands of quacks, also that the legitimate medical charities would inevitably suffer as a consequence. This last Committee consisted of seven bishops (the Bishop of Oxford was Chairman), eight clergy, and six medical men, and their report is sold by the S.P.C.K. at 6d. Throughout the period of its investigation the Bishop of London continued to preach for the revival of the apostolic gift of healing 'without

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the aid of material means'; but the Committee only regarded his views as a protest against materialism.

The first consideration in regard to faith-healing is to realise the *interdependence* of mind and body. Material impressions acting from outside through the senses can produce conscious modifications; on the other hand, conscious volition, which is a mental process, can cause muscular movements and bodily actions. We, therefore, realise there is *interaction* between the mind and the body, and particularly do we realise the influence of the emotions upon all the vital functions, especially upon the heart, for we use the adjective 'cordial' in common speech to signify goodwill; and further, to indicate what we mean, we place our hands over our hearts to express sincerity and affection. 'I love you with all my heart' also explains in popular language the association of mind and body. John Hunter, the great surgeon and anatomist, experienced intense emotion when passionately repudiating adverse criticism, and died from heart failure in the board room of St. George's Hospital. Hume died suddenly of joy on hearing of the restoration of Charles II. The messenger who ran to announce to the chief magistrate at Athens the victory of the Greeks in the battle of Marathon died after shouting: 'Xaïpére' ('Rejoice'). Sudden death has resulted when a player at the gaming table was collecting his *coup*, and not long ago in the newspapers we read of a woman dying of laughter in a cinema. Everyone knows the effects of fear; in some cases an attack of jaundice has followed nervous fear, and we are aware of the influence of the emotions upon the digestion. The sudden change in the colour of the hair in a single night from black to white or grey, as the result of a serious emotional experience, is also well known, and the long continuous disappointment or vexation which has ended in the 'decline,' or tuberculosis, is also familiar to most people. A strong emotion either by auto-suggestion or hetero-suggestion—i.e., a suggestion made by others, which is in the end an auto-suggestion—is also known in its physical or bodily effects, so that we can say an emotion may suspend, modify or excite the organic functions of the body and may result in death. If we get a religious emotion, the strongest known 'urge,' definite *stigmata* may be left upon the body as the result. The blood-vessels are modified to such an extent by a strong emotion that they will allow the blood to transude, and so promote a hæmorrhage.

Our purposive life in following our different occupations is a series of conscious acts: we are conscious when we attend to things; but attention upon any one subject cannot be continued for more than about thirty seconds, and only one thing can remain at the same time in the field of consciousness or in the focus of attention, so the conscious part of the mind is small and

limited, and we are forced to admit that what we are conscious of is constructed out of what we are unconscious of.

If my focus of attention, or in other words my conscious mind, is small, the sub-conscious or fore-conscious area is larger, and both may be plotted in circles, one outside the other. What gets into the inner, smaller circle of the conscious mind has connections and associations with the larger circle round it of the sub-conscious mind. If I think of an illness the small circle of my conscious attention is occupied, yet I link up with it the pain, disability and suffering previously experienced; and the nurse and doctor who afforded me relief together with the place where I was treated all tend to come in, as they are associative links (with their feelings), but they are on the margin of consciousness in my sub-conscious mind. There is yet another part of my mind, which is larger still and outside the other two, but is often denied a place in the mind because it does not reach consciousness. This is the unconscious mind. We are aware of this in the delirium of fever and indeed in dreams, and I may add also in the carrying out of the vital functions. I am not aware of my heart-beats, nor of my respirations, nor of my digestion unless these are obstructed by disease, yet they all rise into consciousness when the regularity of their action is inhibited. They are nevertheless in my unconscious mind, though ordinarily not revealed in consciousness, so that we are constrained to state the mind must not be limited to conscious actions alone. The circulation, the secretion, the contraction of the so-called involuntary muscles are all unconscious, yet they can be influenced, as stated, by abnormal conscious processes such as worry, anxiety, fear, surprise, joy and other emotions; for extremes of these have stopped the vital functions and caused sudden death. It is thus clear that the vital functions are modified, directed, and controlled by the unconscious mind, and suggestions reaching this part of the mind, such as those from the environment, or through the manner and the influence of another person by sympathy or by hypnotism, can and do control the vital functions. We know that in sleep, when the conscious mind is at rest, and when the reason is inhibited, the sub-conscious mind is active in our dreams, and difficult mathematical problems have been solved in this condition which no amount of volitional exertion can accomplish. We can go to bed desirous of waking at a particular hour in the morning, and at the exact minute the sub-conscious mind has remembered to arouse us. During wakefulness we may forget a name or a line of poetry, and no effort of will seems able to recall it, yet when we have ceased consciously to seek for it, it is remembered. This is a very familiar occurrence, and people will often say, 'Never mind; it will recur to me presently,' and it does, even when the mind is

fully occupied with other things. This sub-conscious mind seems to run on undisturbed by distracting attempts. We have thus evidence from experience of the conscious and the sub-conscious mind. There is also the knowledge of the existence of the unconscious mind. During an illness a girl who had in early infancy lived in Wales, but who knew no Welsh, was heard to speak the language distinctly. Ribot said it was the unconscious mind that produced inspiration. The sum total of our mental tendencies inherited from our ancestors, combined with the influence upon us of our early education, gives us 'unconsciously' our personality, and we must accept the existence of this great unconscious area of the mind which controls all the vital functions. The chief point, and the basis of my remarks, is that each of these sections of the mind can be influenced by suggestion, direct to the conscious mind, and most often indirect to the other two. Suggestion and belief are the fundamental elements in faith-healing, which is my subject, although approached after a somewhat lengthy but necessary preamble.

Unfortunately, the clergy, lawyers, doctors, and teachers have used psychological terms so freely and so variedly that much difficulty has arisen in their several interpretations, and I might be allowed to define a few terms so as to explain my own position.

Health is defined either negatively as (1) the absence of the 1500 diseases that find a place in the nomenclature of the medical sciences, or (2) positively as the unity of all the vital functions—in other words, the regular, unbroken and free use of all the bodily organs, so correlated as to secure the harmonious unity of the whole. This delicate correlation, the fine balance or equilibrium of all the organs of the body, is a *tendency*, inherent in all living tissues, and doctors call it the *vis medicatrix naturæ*. It is the natural power resident in the body to defend itself against the invasion of enemies from without or from within. It is the power of natural recovery, and all physiologists recognise that the body does possess this power of neutralising and of controlling harmful influences. It is its power of defence against disease, which, when the body is attacked, can resist further progress. Its presence is confirmed by the appearance of *anti-toxins* in the blood, as also by the (phagocytic) destructive action of the white blood corpuscles, which first attack, then engulf, and finally digest the foreign bacteria. This tendency towards equilibrium, or health in the life of all the organs of the body, is the natural vital resistance to disease, the *vis medicatrix naturæ*, and, as all of us know, the mind has a most wonderful influence upon this inherent tendency to heal and to recover.

Disease.—The more we know of departures from health, the more do we understand about morbid conditions, and the more do

we realise that their existence is a real thing, having a regular evolution, progress and termination, and being characterised by organic or *structural* changes in definite organs of the body. There are diseases of the lungs, heart, brain, digestive organs, bones, muscular system and others. It is admitted there are many other diseases described as *functional*, i.e., when the derangement or irregular action of the part is such that the disturbance or disorder is only temporary, but, as is well known, the delimiting frontier between structural and functional is vague and indistinct; all we can say is that the interruption of function is so slight and temporary in functional diseases that no definite evidence of anatomical or pathological change can be discovered in them.

The study of diseases, their origin, classification and symptoms, their diagnosis, usual course, duration, prognosis and treatment, has entailed upon all medical men a considerable amount of application, much perseverance and great diligence. This study has moreover to be continued for a term of years, for it is impossible to qualify under five or six years at the least, and the financial outlay is also heavy. It is, therefore, clear that in the cure of disease some ability, considerable skill, and much experience are necessary, for its successful treatment, and, in order to be a useful practitioner, resourcefulness, self-confidence, a reassuring manner, and sympathy are further necessary qualifications. It is a serious responsibility to undertake the treatment of disease, and without a very complete knowledge of anatomy, physiology and pathology relief to the sufferer is impossible, and so the general treatment of disease by unqualified persons, however good their intentions, is certain to end in disaster; the sufferings of the patient may be considerably aggravated; a serious nervous lesion may be mistaken for rheumatism; the early stage of consumption, which is the curable stage, may be overlooked, as have been diphtheria and cancer at the only stages when relief is possible; failing sight may become incurable blindness; and acute disease may become hopelessly chronic. All these results may happen to the patient if faith or spiritual healing is indiscriminately invoked. It is in the case of physical and structural diseases that the medical man is not only helpful, but also necessary, and in which the faith-healer is not only useless, but often mischievous; yet the faith-healer claims to relieve and to cure purely physical ailments, which require skilful physical treatment and selected material remedies for their relief.

Nevertheless, there are functional states in which the mental aspect predominates, and when the influence of the mind upon the body is recognised to be of service, and here the presence and the manner of the skilled physician together with the spiritual

healer may afford definite assistance. In the cure of mental ailments the power of suggestion, the hopeful outlook, the reassuring support and the feeling of sympathy all tend to promote a return to health. The so-called 'gift of healing' is thus a real factor in the cure of disease. The great point is to know when to use this, and how, and it is generally accepted that this question should be decided by the medical attendant. I make no reference here to psycho-analysis, as it is a dangerous practice except under experienced advisers, and should not be adopted by the patient from a layman.

It may be well to refer to the difference between the physical, mental and spiritual aspects of man. The physical side relates to purely bodily organs, to their action and interaction, to their mutual dependence and to their efficient functioning. The mental side is concerned with the sensations, feelings and the emotions, with the criticism and comparison of ideas, and with the action of the will, or volition. The spiritual, so far as I may venture to describe it, is the mentality that is employed in contemplating high ideals, in appreciating the ethical and religious life, and in discussing and considering moral values. It is the mind when directed in these pathways. The physical, mental and spiritual all belong to man; all three are necessary, and not any one can be dispensed with. It is possible to cultivate the body so as to become a modern Hercules or an Apollo, but to allow the mind to be dwarfed; and it is possible to cultivate the mind, yet be a moral degenerate, or to cultivate the mind and be a permanent weakling physically. All three aspects must have their full nourishment and means of growth, and their relief when affected must be separately considered, if restoration is to be successful.

Of mental treatment, direct suggestion is the form most often practised; most doctors who practised during the war in nervous and mental diseases had experience of what was described as mental healing through direct suggestion, although in some instances partial or light hypnosis was first induced, then suggestions were made indirectly to the sub-conscious mind, and this method was often very successful in restoring lost memories. We are all of us at this very moment, although not aware of it, receiving indirect suggestions from the environment, from persons near and around us, from former memories and from the so-called 'atmosphere' of our surroundings.

During the war I had a case that was restored by suggestion from functional blindness after several months in hospital. I had several speechless cases restored, also some deaf soldiers, and several lame and halt from functional paresis. All of them believed in me, and accepted my assurance of recovery, and were restored by direct suggestion.

Mental healing, therefore, is, firstly, an appeal, or a suggestion which the patient believes in, and he or she becomes convinced of the cure. They come with faith, and with the convinced belief they will be restored. It is, psychologically speaking, an idea becoming an act and an idea which need not be true or logical, but must be believed in; the idea thus becomes the strongest motive force in restoration, and when the idea is accepted the result is attained, for restoration occurs and the idea has been successful. There must be conviction on the part of the suggester and belief on the part of the person acted on. The physiological explanation is that in functional diseases the power of the will is weak or inhibited; it is partially in abeyance: *i.e.*, some of the energy of the neurons is latent and not acting. I feel I cannot cross the road; my effort of will fails to take my body across, though I try. The healer stimulates this latent energy so that it becomes free to cure the disease, and by the exercise of will-power through this latent energy a cure is secured, and if the will-power remains the cure is permanent. Sometimes the stimulated *will* is beyond the level it can continue to maintain, and relapses occur; *i.e.*, the neurons are unable to maintain the stability of the delicate protoplasmic material they have assimilated, and energy is again too soon released: the result is a relapse. The recovery in disease by means of spiritual healing is psychologically the result of an idea reinforced, repeated, and adopted by the sufferer with faith, and there is no difference between the cases that recover by purely medical treatment and those that are cured by religious means, though the results obtained by the latter means are more likely to be permanent or more permanent. My influence as a doctor will naturally last so long as I can exercise it, but a cure effected in the name of the Almighty or of God will last, because the influence is enduring and continuing; but I do not personally regard this as a miracle in the sense of being supernatural. I prefer to regard the so-called miracle as the unbroken continuity of order rather than a breach of natural order and a supernatural occurrence. Indeed, the word 'miracle' does not occur, I am informed, in the original Greek of the New Testament, only a sign, *σημεῖον*—*θαύμα*, a wonder—and *δυνάμεις*, mighty deeds (Scott Lidgett), but Christianity does not depend upon the acceptance of miracles. It is not remarkable therefore that priests and religious persons who have strong wills and an emphatic and a sympathetic disposition should be considered, after the explanation of cures given above, to have the 'special gift of healing.' In consequence such persons attract to themselves a multitude of sufferers, among whom there must be some who are capable of being actually cured of chronic and long-lasting functional infirmities which had been refractory to every other form of treatment applied by the

ordinary medical man who is the orthodox healer, yet who has failed to give relief. It is in such cases that a faith-healer, so called, succeeds.

Whenever there are many prescriptions or remedies for the same disease, it is legitimate to argue that none is always efficacious, and in faith-healing we have numerous prescriptions, under different nomenclatures, yet not any one of which is always successful. For instance, we have—

1. Cures by relics, when the cure is effected by holy emblems seen or touched;
2. Mind-cures, the effect of the mind of the healer on the patient;
3. Christian science cures, by the direction of the mind to the Divine, disease being unreal and due to sin, a very dangerous view, because a young member of a family ill from, let us say, tuberculosis is considered to have sinned and will be despised as a sinner rather than pitied and helped and treated;
4. Spiritualistic cures, effected by faith in departed spirits;
5. Mesmeric cures, by the 'magnetic' influence from healer to patient;
6. Direct faith-healing, by confidence in the healer on the spot;
7. Prayer and faith, as at Lourdes, based on faith in God and the Virgin; and also
8. M. Coué with direct suggestion.

It may be remarked in regard to the religious emotion that such a powerful 'urge' as this is often stronger than the will, as when the will fails, such a strong emotion as this may cause paralysed muscles to act which have been completely uninfluenced by the power of the will. 'Take up thy bed and walk' is a familiar example, and there are many modern repetitions of this miracle, to which Lourdes and other shrines bear witness, the influence of direct suggestion being the chief factor, the two necessary mental states being conviction on the part of the healer and susceptibility or receptivity on the part of the healed.

All ideas of a religious character have a tendency to become 'dominant ideas,' and definitely to influence the organic life. In some of the cures at Lourdes and other shrines, where there are impressive surroundings, they do tend to influence the vital functions; in other words, to influence the *vis medicatrix nature*. Further, the great impression made by multitudes of people and the psychological effect of large crowds also tend to exercise an influence which cannot be accepted as religious in origin, because it is partly the influence of the 'mass mind,' and this influence is a far greater power than can possibly be exercised by a single individual or even by an inward religious motive acting alone in

the sufferers. The desire on the part of the clergy for a corporate effort of the whole Church to carry on healing missions is a dangerous tendency because it borders upon 'mass suggestion,' and it is not religion. I confess I am not in favour of special exhortation for healing in the Prayer Book, to which great crowds of sick people would be attracted, and which they would be encouraged to attend, for it would to many be an inevitable doom of disappointment, failure, and grief; at Lourdes and Holywell and at such pilgrimages as include visits to the tomb of St. Louis, to Siena or to Assisi, only about 5 per cent. ever get well—some authorities state only 1 per cent.—and not all of these permanently, which indeed is a sad and disappointing result. If only such a percentage of cures were to be claimed by the large voluntary hospitals they would soon languish for subscriptions and support, their death-knell would indeed be sounded. It would be the end of all voluntary help for them. Further, in the case of reputed cures in great crowds it is impossible to follow up the cases; it is not that doctors are unwilling to examine them, but that the cases vanish and their verification as cures becomes impossible. It may be remembered that the head of the Emmanuel movement held great meetings at St. Andrew's Church, Aberdeen, in 1922, and at Bradford in September 1924, but there was a great difficulty in individualising the cases and following up the results. Mass meetings and healing missions have, it is generally agreed, made it impossible to claim for them any large measure of success, and it is a mistake to state that great revivals of faith or definite and permanent progress in the Christian life have resulted from healing missions. Personally, I feel convinced, however, that the influence of prayer is able to modify, as well as to direct and control, the *vis medicatrix naturæ*, and I know there is a mental power to effect this in the case of some sick persons but within certain limits only, for prayer is a most powerful means of suggestion. It is the strong expression of a desire with the full conviction of a favourable answer. It implies a confession which in itself is a relief from repression and from mental conflicts, and it is also a thanksgiving which is an emotion of joy with a thrill of gratitude. Prayer brings peace, resignation and trust; to doubt its efficacy is not only to shake the foundations of Christianity, but also to contradict psychological laws, although we know, as stated, there are limits to its powers for intervention in disease; and just as the doctors' consulting rooms often have awe-inspiring mechanical devices for conveying electrical charges or for the examination of the tissues by means of lamps or the time machine for measuring the mental reaction, so also the healing priest has 'unction' and the laying on of hands and the invocation of the Deity, associated with a

striking ritual and an appeal to the highest emotional fervour the human mind can experience. The Committee which sat from 1920 to 1924 resolved that no sick person should look to the clergy to do the doctors' work. It desired to discourage those who advanced extreme and extravagant claims as to healing, and it stated that to rouse undue hope was to court disappointment and disaster. It stated emphatically that in spiritual or faith-healing the restoration from bodily illness was not the final aim of the healer, but the elevation of the spiritual and mental life of the patient. Healing the spirit should be the primary aim of the faith-healer, that of the body the secondary. Some members of this Committee were against the revival of the mystic superstition and the supernatural magic implied in the benediction of oil and regarded it as the reappearance of a formality which was rejected at the Reformation, for unction is only practised in a few of the Anglican churches to-day, though it is freely used among the Roman Catholics, and in some separated sections of the Oriental Churches.

I agree fully with this report, and I consider it to be a grave error for the clergy to set themselves up as healers with no training or education in the art, which can only be acquired after a long study.

ROBERT ARMSTRONG-JONES.



THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES

FROM the earliest times of ancient Greece philosophers and poets taught men to believe in a celestial music, which, though unheard by mortal ears, yet rings out in mighty tones through the vastness of the universe. This curious, even fantastic, idea is to be traced back to the sixth century B.C., to Pythagoras, who, as we know, was venerated by the entire ancient world of Greece and Rome as one of the greatest of philosophers and teachers, and of whose fame Horace was only expressing the generally accepted estimate when he bracketed him with Socrates and Plato:

Pythagoran Anytique reum doctumque Platona.

Even if Pythagoras cannot be said to have invented the science of arithmetic, yet no name is more closely associated than his with the beginnings of the theory of numbers; and it was in basing speculation upon a numerical analogy—the analogy between the planetary distances and the intervals of a musical scale—that he arrived at the idea of a vast transcendent music embracing the whole universe with its ‘harmony.’ From him, as its source, the idea seized on the imagination of poet after poet, and found such ample expression in the literature of succeeding ages that by our day the phrase ‘the music of the spheres’ has become proverbial even to the verge of being hackneyed.

Before we examine more in detail the meaning of the phrase I think it may be of interest to quote in illustration some passages from our own great writers as showing to how wide an extent the general conception has prevailed in the thought and language of one country at least. To begin with Chaucer (*The Parlement of Fowls*, 58 ff.):

And after showed he him ¹ the nine spherès
And after that the melody heard he
That cometh of thilkè spherès thrice three
That well is of music and melody
In this world here and cause of harmony.

¹ The reference is to the meeting of Scipio and his father in Cicero's *Somnium Scipionis* (*vide infra*).

Shakespeare (*Merchant of Venice*, v., 1) makes Lorenzo say to Jessica:

‘There’s not the smallest orb which thou behold’st
But in his motion like an angel sings.’

Let us next recall two passages from Milton, the first from the hymn *On the Nativity*:

Ring out, ye crystal spheres!
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the bass of heaven’s deep organ blow;
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony;

the second from *Arcades* (62 ff.):

... the celestial sirens’ harmony
That sit upon the nine enfolded spheres.

Sir Thomas Browne (*Religio Medici*, ii., 9) characteristically denies to the music all sense effect, merely intellectualising it:

There is a music wherever there is a harmony, order or proportion, and thus far we may maintain the music of the spheres; for those well-ordered motions and regular paces, though they give no sound unto the ear, yet to the understanding they strike a note most full of harmony.

Similarly Dryden (*Sir Martin Mar-all*, v., 1) speaks of ‘the harmony of the spheres’ as something ‘to be admired and never heard’; and Thomas Campbell (*Hallowed Ground*) writes:

... the harmonious spheres
Make music, though unheard their pealing
By mortal ears.

Among more modern writers I may quote Carlyle (*Fr. Rev.*, I., iii., 6): ‘The Sphere-music of Parliamentary eloquence begins,’ and again (*Heroes*, Lect. iii.), ‘The Greeks fabled of Sphere-harmonies: it was the feeling they had of the inner structure of Nature’; and Browning (*La Saisiaz*, 154):

... human lisp as echo of the sphere-song out of reach.

Recognising, as we must, from such typical passages in our great writers, how firmly this idea of the music of the spheres is rooted in the poetic mind, we are naturally led to ask concerning the nature and the place of these spheres, what kind of strange, mysterious musical instruments they are, and what kind of music it is which they produce.

In order to answer these questions we must go back to the earliest conceptions men formed of the universe in which they lived. To

us, who from our childhood have been familiar with the fact of the sun's being one star among the innumerable host of stars, and the centre of a system of revolving satellites, called planets, of which our earth is one, the old-world view which regarded the earth as the centre of the created universe seems so strange as to be almost grotesque. Yet, as we know, the earliest attempts to describe the universe put the earth at the centre of all things as the most obvious and natural fact of experience. It is true that Pythagoras, according to Aristotle (*De Cælo*, ii., 13), taught the existence of a central fire round which not only the sun, moon and stars, but twin earths also revolved—our earth and a counter-earth, the Antichthon—and that it was to this central fire that they owed the light which, reflected from them, made them visible to us. The central fire was, of course, no datum of experience; it was invented in order to suit a theory, the awkward fact that neither it nor the counter-earth was ever seen by man being accounted for on the ground that the earth by its revolution was always turned away from them. Aristotle, however, in recording this egregious theory, by no means accepted it, for he says that the earth is not moved at all.

The conception of the universe which was generally held among the ancient Greeks, like everything that survived in Greek science, literature and art, passed to Rome, and so on to the Europe of the Middle Ages. It placed a motionless earth at the centre, and, revolving round it, the heavenly bodies in the following series: nearest to it was the moon; then in order of increasing distance Mercury, Venus, the sun, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn; and finally the fixed stars. The machinery by which these bodies were carried round appears particularly cumbrous, and even childish, to minds familiar as ours are with the abstract conceptions of matter and energy. Each of the planetary bodies was supposed to be fixed in an invisible and transparent sphere, which, as it revolved, carried its brilliant passenger with it. Thus there were seven spheres for seven planets, including in that term the sun and the moon. Above the seven planetary spheres was the eighth sphere, which carried the whole array of the fixed stars. To these, as we shall see, yet a ninth was added. The spheres—Dante's *eterne ruote*—were, of course, concentric; Milton describes them as 'enfolded'; they formed all together a sort of nest of spheres fitting one into another, if we may borrow a prosaic simile, like the skins of an onion.

Such, then, was the Greek conception of the universe as a system of revolving spheres with the earth at the centre. It subsequently became generally known as the Ptolemaic system, so-called from the astronomer Ptolemy of Alexandria (circa A.D. 100). It held the field for many centuries, finally, though

tardily, giving way to the Copernican heliocentric system. Shakespeare, writing as much as half a century after the death of Copernicus, still speaks of—

the glorious planet, Sol, . . . enthron'd and spher'd
(*Troil. and Cress.*, i., 3)

while Milton in *Paradise Lost* seems, for whatever reason, still to be vacillating between the rival systems, though by that time Copernicus had been dead 124 years.

It was to meet the demands of astronomical observation that it became necessary to postulate a ninth and even a tenth sphere in addition to the original eight. This outermost sphere was the 'crystalline' sphere, or *primum mobile*, Milton's 'First Moved' and Sir Thomas Browne's 'First Movable.'

Now it was the teaching of Pythagoras that the celestial spheres emitted musical tones as a necessary effect of their rapid and uniform motion. It is these tones which are the music of the spheres. This is the music which Dante heard in Paradise, and which to Milton was a 'ninefold harmony.'

Plato, writing in the fourth century B.C. and accepting, as any well-informed Greek would, the current theory of the movements of the heavenly bodies and of the music so produced, embellishes it with poetic ornament. Thus, according to him, the tone produced by each sphere as it revolved was due to the voice of a presiding siren. 'Upon each of the circles,' he says (*Rep.*, x., 617), 'stands a siren who travels round with the circle, uttering one note in one tone.' We may see the Platonic cosmogony set forth in detail in the *Timæus* (38), where the origin of the spheres and of the planets is described, though their serial order differs from that given by other writers (e.g., Cicero, to whose version of the Greek account of the universe I shall have occasion to refer later on), especially in regard to the place in that order of the sun.² It is unnecessary here to discuss such differences, or the disputed question whether the planets had motions of their own independent of those of the spheres which carried them. Plato, of course, is putting forward no novelty of scientific speculation in speaking of the spheres and their motions; he is for the most part only repeating what was already accepted as truth, if not as mere commonplace.

After Plato Aristotle; but it will be convenient to reserve for the moment further consideration of his account of the Pythagorean teaching. In the meantime we pass on to some later expositions of such teaching.

The elder Pliny (A.D. 23-79), who sacrificed his life to his scien-

² Thus in the *Timæus* the sun is fixed 'in the second sphere above the earth'; in the *Somnium Scipionis* of Cicero it is placed in the fourth.

tific curiosity in the great eruption of Vesuvius which overwhelmed Herculaneum and Pompeii, expounds the Pythagorean theory (*Nat. Hist.*, ii., 22). There are distances between the planets, and there are intervals in the musical scale; and there is an analogy, or rather a correspondence, between the two sets of facts. Pythagoras, he says, applying musical relations accordingly, calls the distance separating the moon from the earth a tone; that separating Mercury from the moon half that space—that is, a semitone; that from Mercury to Venus about as much; thence to the sun a tone and a half; that from the sun to Mars a tone, as far as from the earth to the moon; thence to Jupiter a semitone; that from Jupiter to Saturn a semitone; and, finally, thence to the sphere which carries the fixed stars a tone and a half. In this way seven tones are completed; and this, he says, the Pythagoreans call *diapason* harmony,³ as being a sequence of musical sounds in definite orderly relation to one another 'extending through all' the notes.

Censorinus (*De Die Natali*, xiii., A.D. 238) also gives an account of the Pythagorean system. He states, in agreement with Pliny, that Pythagoras taught that the whole universe was created on a musical principle, so that the seven planets are at distances in correspondence with musical intervals. The planetary spheres, as they are at different altitudes above the earth, produce by their revolutions sounds which similarly differ in pitch, sounds so concordant, he says, that they create the sweetest melody. This melody, however, is inaudible to us, owing to the magnitude or massiveness of the sound, and the narrowness of the human ear-passage, which is thus unable to receive it. He quotes Pliny almost word for word; but he differs from him in one important particular. The diapason harmony of Censorinus is constituted by six tones, and not, as Pliny's, by seven. He agrees with Pliny that the Pythagorean interval between the earth and the sun corresponds to three and a half tones, that is, a perfect fifth; but he differs from him as to the interval between the sun and the heaven of the fixed stars. According to Pliny this interval corresponds to another perfectly similar three and a half tones—a second perfect fifth; according to Censorinus the interval is only two and a half tones—a perfect fourth.

Macrobius (*circa* A.D. 400) gives a very clear and definite account of the music of the spheres. This he does in his commentary on the dream of Scipio contained in the sixth book of Cicero's *De Republica* (16 ff.). Cicero introduces Scipio, the conqueror of Hannibal, as holding converse with the spirit of his dead father in a dream or vision. Under his father's guidance

³ The Greek 'harmony' is, of course, entirely different in meaning from that which we understand by that term.

Scipio beholds the vast mechanism of the revolving spheres, and from him he seeks an explanation of the wonderful sights and sounds that break upon him. The scene reminds us of the similar meeting between Æneas and his father, Anchises, which is related in the sixth book of the *Æneid*, and which, indeed, may have been suggested to Virgil by it. Scipio describes the spheres in their order. There are nine of them, the ninth, limiting and containing the rest, being the supreme God Himself.

While [he says] I was gazing in amazement at the sight, I said as soon as I had recovered myself: 'What is this sound, so powerful and yet so sweet, which fills my ears?'

His father replies that the sound is due to the action of the spheres themselves, for it is impossible for motions on so vast a scale to go on in silence. Yet men, he objects, do not hear it; how is that? Men's ears, it is replied, through being glutted with the sound have grown deaf: 'It is the dullest of your senses,' just as the people who live at the cataracts of the Nile are devoid of the sense of hearing, owing to the vastness of the noise. Here you have a sound caused by the extremely rapid revolution of the whole universe; is it then to be wondered at that your ears cannot take in this celestial sound? Macrobius in his commentary goes on to explain that a series of sounds is produced as the whole of the spheres revolve, the outermost revolving sphere, the eighth, that of the fixed stars, since its revolution is the most rapid, producing the highest note, and the first, that of the moon, being the least rapid, the lowest. The seven planetary spheres, from Saturn to the moon, move from west to east, in the opposite direction, as Plato had already taught, to that of the eighth. Moreover, though all eight revolve, yet, Macrobius says, there are only seven notes, Mercury and Venus producing the same tone since their orbits are equal in time.

Here at least then we have a simple and straightforward account of the music of the spheres; they revolve round the earth as centre; necessarily they revolve at different velocities, since they are at different distances from the centre, and accomplish their revolutions in the same time. Each sphere in its revolution produced its own note, whose pitch was determined by the velocity of the sphere's motion, so that a complete scale—a 'diapason harmony'—was created by all the spheres.

Among other writers who have discussed the Pythagorean teaching I might cite Boethius (A.D. 480-524, *De Musica*, i., 27) as well as Cassiodorus (A.D. 490-585, *De Art. Lib.*, v.); but enough, I think, has been already said to make the main features of the theory clear. I think, however, that some further treatment of the question of the audibility of the music of

the spheres is desirable. If the spheres in their revolutions produced musical tones, and musical tones of such great intensity, why were they not heard? We have seen the answers given by Cicero and Censorinus to this question. The human ear is incapable of perceiving them, either because it has been stunned into this special deafness or because of its physical and original incapacity to respond to so powerful a stimulus. And we have had Sir Thomas Browne explaining in his mystical way that this music is of a purely intellectual nature; it makes and can make no impression on the sense of hearing. In maintaining this view, Sir Thomas Browne, who knew his Aristotle, was, as I shall now proceed to show, but reproducing in his own way the conclusions of that philosopher.

Finally, then, we turn to Aristotle. Aristotle starts by admitting (*De Cælo*, ii., 8, trans. Grote) that 'the circles are moved, and the stars, being themselves at rest, are fastened in the circles, and carried round with them.' Then he asks the question in set terms (ii., 9), 'If the vast bodies of the stars were carried round . . . as all men say they are, they must necessarily make a prodigious sound which would reach here to us, and would wear us out. . . . Why do we not hear this immense sound?' He replies by giving first the answer of the Pythagoreans: that 'we have been hearing it constantly from the moment of our birth'; that 'we have no experience of an opposite state, or state of silence, with which to contrast it'; that 'men cease to be affected by it, just as blacksmiths from constant habit cease to be affected by the noise of their own work.' (We see here the source whence Cicero drew his reference to the Nile cataract.) The explanation, however 'graceful and poetic,' is necessarily rejected by Aristotle as inadmissible:

They ought to explain [he continues] upon their hypothesis, not merely why we hear nothing, but why we have no uncomfortable impression apart from hearing. . . . The impression produced here by the sound of the celestial bodies must be violent beyond all endurance.

Having thus demolished the Pythagoreans, he goes on to give his own answer to the question:

There is good reason [he says] why we neither hear nor suffer anything from them, viz. that *they make no sound*.

Thus even as early as the fourth century B.C. the music of the spheres would have received its quietus had not the imagination of the poet, then as always, triumphed over the reason of the philosopher.

W. J. FOXELL.

The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY cannot undertake to return unaccepted MSS.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER



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THE LABOUR PARTY AND THE TRADE UNIONS

AN eminent divine was heard to remark recently: 'I do not belong to any political party; but if the Labour Party stood for the encouragement of labour I should certainly join it, for I believe in the dignity of labour and in the obligation which is upon every citizen to give of his best, whether by hand or by brain, for the good of the community.'

Immediately after the war the Labour Party had a great opportunity of enlisting the sympathy and support of a vast number of people of varied political traditions in a national programme of labour and reconstruction; it allowed this opportunity to go by, and adopted instead an attitude of slavish adulation of Bolshevism and international Socialism, which alienated the vast majority of sober-minded British people who placed the

welfare of their country, irrespective of class, before everything else, with the result that a very general tendency to discriminate between 'labour' and 'the Labour Party' became increasingly evident.

With 'labour' the Conservative Party has always been in close touch and sympathy, and this is more than ever the case at the present moment under the intensely sympathetic government of Mr. Baldwin; but with 'the Labour Party' there can be no agreement in regard to the principal planks of its platform, or in regard to the methods by which it would secure some of its objects. Hence it has become customary to speak of the Labour Party as the 'so-called' Labour Party, or the Socialist Party. But there is no doubt that the Labour Party secured a useful asset in adopting this denomination for its official title, even though it does not accurately define its objects and principles. The same may be said of the Liberal Party, which undoubtedly in the past secured many adherents by the magic of its name who did not take the trouble to ascertain whether that name was not, in fact, a misnomer. There is a lot in a name, as I discovered not long ago, when the mother of a little girl who was attending a Communist Sunday-school remarked: 'I quite approve of the school; I am a communicant myself.'

In view of the importance of the London County Council elections on March 5, it seems opportune to study somewhat closely the organisation of the Labour Party, its close identification with political Trade Unionism, and its relation to Socialism and Communism.

MEMBERSHIP OF THE LABOUR PARTY

The Labour Party consists of all its affiliated organisations, namely, trade unions, Socialist societies, trades councils, and local Labour Parties, together with those men and women who are individual members of a local Labour Party who subscribe to the constitution and programme of the party, and who, if eligible for trade union membership, are trade unionists.

The financial backbone of the Labour Party organisation is the contribution in affiliation fees from the trade unions, amounting for the year ending December 1923 to 47,983*l.* 19*s.* 6*d.* The amount of the fee is 3*d.* per head. Trades councils and local Labour Parties contribute an annual affiliation of 30*s.*, irrespective of numbers; the total sum received under this head was 829*l.* 9*s.* 10*d.* The Socialist societies are affiliated on the same basis as the trade unions, *i.e.*, 3*d.* per member; the total contribution under this head was 401*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*

It will be seen, therefore, that the financial support from sources outside the trade unions is comparatively insignificant.

The voting strength is based on the proportion of one vote to every 1000 members, or fraction thereof, in the case of the trade unions and Socialist societies, and one vote for each affiliated local Labour Party or trades council. The numbers resulting from this allotment of votes are:

Trade unions	2870
Local Labour Parties and trades councils	315
Socialist societies	38

which again shows the outstanding predominance of the trade unions. Local Labour Parties and trades councils are trade union organisations. The membership of the forty-three parties affiliated in 1924 showed a total of 6,673,692.

PARTY OBJECTS

Among the party objects laid down in the Report of the Annual Conference of the Labour Party, 1924, are the following:

1. Co-operation with the General Council of the Trade Union Congress, or other kindred organisations, in joint political or other action in harmony with the party constitution and Standing Orders.
2. To secure for the producers by hand or by brain the full fruits of their industry, and the most equitable distribution thereof that may be possible, upon the basis of the common ownership of the means of production and the best obtainable system of popular administration and control of each industry or service.
3. To co-operate with the Labour and Socialist organisations of other countries, and to assist in organising a federation of nations for the maintenance of freedom and peace, for the establishment of suitable machinery for the adjustment and settlement of international disputes by conciliation or judicial arbitration, and for such international legislation as may be practicable.

TRADE UNION ORGANISATION

As regards (1), it seems unnecessary to stress the point that the trade unions are the driving force of the Labour Party, and that what is euphemistically termed 'co-operation' really implies giving effect to the policy dictated by the Trade Union Congress through the machinery of the National Joint Council, which in 1924 was composed as follows:—Chairman, A. A. Purcell, M.P.; General Council of the Trade Union Congress, four representatives; Parliamentary Labour Party, five representatives; Executive Committee of Labour Party, four representatives; secretary, Right Hon. Arthur Henderson, M.P.

The trade unions pay the piper and can therefore call the tune. They hold in reserve the power of direct action, which has shown an equal readiness to assert itself whether invoked by the authorised leaders or by unrecognised agitators or shop stewards,

and irrespective of the political character of the Government in office.

The trade unions further have a privileged position which enables them to wield a despotic power within the State which is a perpetual menace to the liberty of the subject.

This despotic power was conferred on the trade unions by the Trades Disputes Act of 1906, when Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman was Prime Minister.

The Attorney-General, in introducing the Bill 'To provide for the Regulation of Trade Unions and Trades Disputes,' said:

The right of peaceful persuasion had been impaired, and funds contributed principally as provision against sickness or misfortune had been held liable for claims founded upon the acts of unauthorised agents. The law of conspiracy, as interpreted by the courts, operated unfairly against combinations of workmen, and this the Government proposed to remedy.

Dealing with the law as to picketing, he said

that the Bill would enact in express terms the right to *persuade peacefully*. As to the law of agency, no conduct was to be made the foundation of a claim for redress out of trade funds unless it was perfectly clear that what had been done had been authorised by the governing body of a union. He was aware that representatives of Labour would prefer a general declaration that no action should ever be brought, but the House should hesitate before it endorsed a proposal of that kind.

Lord Robert Cecil asked the Government not to make an exception, whether in the law of conspiracy or in the law of agency, on behalf of one special class of men, however many votes they might command.

On the second reading, April 25, Mr. Bowles denied that the Bill would benefit the working class generally.

Mr. Rufus Isaacs, in supporting the Bill, said that 'the trade unions could be trusted.'

The most significant episode during the passage of the Bill through Committee was the complete surrender of the Government to the dictation of Labour in the amendment proposed by the Attorney-General on August 3 by the insertion of a new clause as follows:

An action against a trade union, whether by workmen or masters, or against any members thereof on behalf of themselves and all other members of the trade union, for the recovery of damages in respect of any tortious act alleged to have been committed by or on behalf of the trade union, shall not be entertained by any court.

This clause practically endorsed the Labour proposal against which the Attorney-General in his opening speech had cautioned the House. The new clause was carried; the third reading took place on November 9, and the Royal assent was given on December 21, 1906. The passing of this measure into law heralded the

triumph of autocratic proletarian rule; personal liberty was at an end, violence and intimidation of the grossest character were tolerated under the pretence of peaceful picketing, the individual could get no protection from the police or redress from the law, the boycott was legally established as an effective instrument of torture, and the life of the community was held to ransom; such outrages as the holding up of His Majesty's mails were suffered to go unpunished, and Bolshevik shop stewards called a lightning strike of electricians in the service of the Office of Works with impunity in order to compel the employers to discharge a workman who had ceased to pay the membership subscription to his union.

The wife of a South Wales miner told me that her husband's job was coupling up the trucks which carried the coal from the 'face' to the foot of the shaft; he was ordered to 'ca' canny,' but declined to work slow. When he reached the pit's mouth he found a gang of men awaiting him. She said: 'He was chucked into the canal and informed that the next offence would be followed by a visit to his home.' 'Of course,' added the wife, 'he had to give in, as he did not want to see his home wrecked and his wife and children boycotted.'

England is certainly not a free country for the working man.

THE UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE ACT

The Unemployment Insurance (No. 2) Act, which became law in 1924 under the Labour Government, was a fitting supplement to Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman's Trade Union Act of 1906; if it was not actually framed with a view to facilitating a general strike, no one can deny that such must be the inevitable result. It provides that men who strike because their employers have broken an agreement are eligible for unemployment benefit, and further that men who strike because their employers do not comply with the trade union rules of the district are also entitled to benefit. Moreover, under the Act men who do not actually strike, but are thrown out of work in consequence of a strike, are eligible for benefit. Although these provisions do not absolutely entitle strikers to unemployment benefit in all circumstances, it is clear that they open the door to the gravest abuses. The object of the Government was perfectly clear; it was to prevent the working class as a whole from feeling any inconvenience as the result of a strike, and thus prevent any pressure from within the trade unions being brought to bear against the declaration of a strike in one or more of their affiliated bodies which without the protection of this Act would cause loss of work and suffering in other trades not immediately concerned. It was also quite openly intended to bring employers under the subjec-

tion of the trade unions, and thus place those bodies even more completely above the ordinary law than they had hitherto been.

The stage is now set for testing the efficacy of the machinery which has been created in anticipation of the series of strikes which are in contemplation, and which have had their 'kick-off' in the strike of the electricians employed by the Office of Works.

THE POLITICAL LEVY

The political levy is a source of considerable revenue to the trade unions, and is freely utilised for political objects with which many of the members may be in utter disagreement. The Miners' Federation of Great Britain, numbering 800,000 members, collects from all its affiliated miners' associations the whole of the political funds subscribed by their members; it remits one half and retains the balance, out of which it pays the election expenses of a large number of parliamentary candidates.

The National Union of Railwaymen, numbering 291,445, also contests a large number of seats, and makes grants which are in addition to the salaries drawn by members of Parliament. At the end of 1922 the National Union of Railwaymen had a balance of 66,000*l.* in its political fund, of which it voted 10,000*l.* to the Labour Party for use during the General Election of 1923.

The National Union of General Workers, numbering 100,000, takes similar action by supporting the Labour Party organisation in various constituencies which are contested by the Union's candidates, and pays the election expenses of those candidates, as well as making addition to their parliamentary salaries.

The following political fund account of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain for the year ending June 30, 1923, is a fair example of 'the way the money goes'—money which is obtained by a levy, and not by voluntary contributions:

Payments to members of Parliament.	£	s.	d.
Total expenditure, including election expenses for fifty-three seats, and 10,000 <i>l.</i> affiliation fees to the Labour Party	14,968	3	4
	71,859	9	4
Total income from districts, less return for local purposes	£	s.	d.
Debit balance transferred to Balance Sheet	41,591	6	2
	30,268	3	2
	£71,859	9	4
<i>Parliamentary Fund Balance Sheet shows a</i>			
balance as at June 30, 1922	106,115	16	5
Debit balance as above deducted	30,268	13	2
Leaving credit balance of	£75,847	3	3

Various deductions from this, including repayment of loan and prepaid affiliation fees to the Labour Party, reduce the cash at bank to 61,470*l.* 16*s.* 10*d.*

How enviously the executive officers and officials of Conservative and Liberal associations must scan these figures, and wish in vain that they had the power and the machinery to levy contributions from the classes which are not swallowed up in trade unions! And how true it is that

with the Socialists their political faith is their religion and their daily bread, whereas with the older parties it is a dose of physic, to be taken reluctantly when they are in fear of an epidemic in the shape of a general election.¹

Theoretically no member is required to pay to the political fund; but practically in the most politically active unions, such as the miners and the railwaymen, it is almost impossible to escape. Exemption from the political levy can only be secured by lodging a formal objection, and even then the member's money is sometimes taken as part of the general levy, and the political contribution only refunded after long delay and compliance with wearisome formalities involving postal expenses. In fact, the procedure in such cases rather resembles the collection of income tax: the Inland Revenue gets your money first, and any rebate which is due may be obtained after complying with certain formalities and suffering considerable delay.

TRADE UNION ACT, 1913, AMENDMENT BILL

On March 14, 1924, Mr. W. Greaves-Lord, in a masterly speech on the second reading of the Bill for amending the Trade Union Act of 1913, exposed in considerable detail the evil practices which had grown up in connection with the political levy; he showed how the second reading of the 1913 Bill had been opposed, and how the view of the Conservative Party then was that those members of a union who were desirous of supporting a political party by the use of a trade union political fund should be required to 'contract in,' instead of those who objected having to 'contract out.' It was fully recognised that the Act might become an engine of oppression. First, there was to be a ballot, and that ballot was to determine for all time whether the machinery of the union was to be used for collecting political subscriptions or not; thus between 1913 and 1921 several hundred thousand men who joined various unions found themselves committed to the acceptance of the use of the union machinery for political purposes without ever having been given an opportunity of voting against it in secret ballot. Experience had shown how well justified was

¹ Rev. Prebendary Gough.

the fear expressed at the time of the second reading of the 1913 Bill that the 'contracting-out' clause would be no real protection to the individual; and Mr. Greaves-Lord proved his case in this connection up to the hilt. He further proved conclusively how, in some cases, the general funds of unions had been drawn upon for political purposes, and the accounts so mixed up that the auditors were unable to arrive at the true state of affairs. In such circumstances it is not surprising that the rank and file of the union—even if they dared to face the music—should hesitate before challenging any item of the accounts.

The amendment Bill provides that the ballot shall decide whether the machinery of the trade unions shall be used, and that, this having once been settled, it shall be perfectly free to every member who desires to subscribe to the Socialist Party to say so in writing, and that he shall then remain liable for the political contribution until he withdraws his adhesion; but it shall not be incumbent on members to notify their objection to the political levy in order to obtain exemption unless they have previously of their own free will agreed to it. It is further provided that payment for the political levy shall be on a separate contribution card, and that from start to finish both in the registered and in the unregistered trade unions, from the moment that contribution is paid, it shall be clear that it is a payment for a political fund, and it shall be kept in the lodge or branch of the union in a separate account.

This Bill, which is already long overdue as a measure of justice and charter of freedom for the working man, did not run its course to a third reading before the Government went out. It will be brought in again early in the present session.

TRADE UNION BALLOT BILL, 1921

The Trade Union Ballot Bill of 1921 was intended to provide that when a ballot of trade union members is taken on questions relating to strikes it shall be conducted by officials and under a system of secrecy. It obtained a first reading on April 19; the second reading was moved on June 10, but the Bill was dropped after a debate: presumably Mr. Lloyd George had received an ultimatum from the Labour Party which he felt unable to ignore.

The Bill was introduced in consequence of the flagrant abuses which had attended many of the strike ballots, rendering them actually of no value as evidence of the real wishes of the men; intimidation had become the order of the day, and there was in many cases no pretence of maintaining the secrecy of the ballot.

Enough has been said to show how dangerously the trade unions have been allowed to encroach on the freedom of individuals, to contract themselves out of the operation of the ordinary

law, to exercise the most merciless tyranny over their members, to prevent legislation tending to protect the individual, and to perfect an organisation by means of which they can hold the entire community to ransom. It is an unhealthy state of affairs, and it tends to become more and more dangerous as the Communist element progressively worms itself into the membership and the executive of the unions.

THE SUPPLY OF SKILLED LABOUR

The attempt of the Coalition Government to induce the building trade unions to increase the supply of skilled labour required to meet the housing difficulty by introducing a proportion of semi-skilled men from the ranks of the demobilised soldiers was met with a decided refusal to co-operate in an excellent scheme for the benefit of the whole community. A plumber who was working in my house at the time said: 'The trade unions are killing us; in a few years' time there will be scarcely any skilled labour left in this country.' The actual position is that in the ten years from 1913 to 1923 there has been a loss of 1000 carpenters, 10,000 bricklayers, and 25,000 painters. It is perfectly clear that in the building trade this state of things is not due to lack of employment. The plumber was not far wrong.

In the engineering trade, however, the case is different: the supply of labour is in excess of the demand, as it is in many other trades; and this deplorable state of affairs is largely due to the persistent strikes which have paralysed industry by raising the cost of production to a point at which the goods produced cease to be marketable, and loss of trade and unemployment ensue.

NATIONALISATION

We come now to (2) under the heading of 'Party Objects':

To secure for the producers by hand or by brain the full fruits of their industry, and the most equitable distribution thereof that may be possible, upon the basis of the common ownership of the means of production and the best obtainable system of popular administration and control of each industry or service.

Although more than one of our leading politicians, under pressure of circumstances, have coquetted with a strictly limited policy of nationalisation, it seems probable that the very thoroughness with which the subject has been discussed has exposed its inherent rottenness and made its economic fallacies patent to everyone except those whose view is distorted by ulterior aims or by a fanatical idealism.

It is natural to inquire how it is that the Labour Party, which

certainly contains a large number of able men, can continue to maintain this fallacy as a leading plank of its platform. Surely they must realise that the substitution of an expensive and inefficient bureaucracy under nationalisation for an economic and expert administration under private ownership can only raise the cost of production, reduce output, lose markets, and in the end bring industry to a standstill. Perhaps they feel towards this particular fetish somewhat as many professing Christians feel towards the aspiration 'Thy kingdom come!' The last thing that they really desire, is that this aspiration should be realised in their time, as it would put their scheme of life badly out of joint. Perhaps they shut their eyes to the inevitable consequences (actually realised in Russia), and see only a glorious vision of unlimited bureaucratic power, billets for themselves and their friends, and the practical extirpation of the hated *bourgeoisie*, for even if the working man is no better off the capitalist will be 'downed.' Hatred of the capitalist, as seen through Marxian spectacles, blinds them to the fact that without the capitalist, without his initiative, his resourcefulness, his organising powers, his administrative ability, his enterprise, his cash, and his credit—without these, there can be no industry, no employment, no wages, no sharing of profits. What has the Soviet Government to show for its fatal experiment in State Socialism?

INTERNATIONALISM

No. (3) of the objects of the Labour Party, in the order in which we have enumerated them, is—

To co-operate with the Labour and Socialist organisations of other countries, and to assist in organising a federation of nations for the maintenance of freedom and peace, for the establishment of suitable machinery for the adjustment and settlement of international disputes by conciliation or judicial arbitration, and for such international legislation as may be practicable.

If we omit the words 'the Labour and Socialist organisations of' in the above sentence, it will read, 'To co-operate with other countries and to assist,' etc., and the result will be a statement of the objects of the League of Nations. But as it stands it is condemned by the taint of class consciousness; and the advertised internationalism is *anti-nationalism* in disguise, with class hatred as its inspiration.

Mr. Baldwin, in his great speech at the Constitutional Club dinner on January 29, said:

We find that men who talk most freely about, and who really believe in, universal brotherhood, do so before they have any conception of that brotherhood at home which it is essential to attain before you can strive

with any prospect of success for that wider brotherhood which we desire as much as they.

The Labour and Socialist International requires its members to consider themselves bound by the resolutions to which they are pledged by a majority of votes; the influence of the International in the national political life of every country is thus assured. Any person, however, who holds an office in the International is expected to resign that office when he joins a Government. Thus when Messrs. A. Henderson, M.P., J. R. MacDonald, M.P., J. H. Thomas, M.P., Sidney Webb, M.P., and H. Gosling, M.P., became members of the Labour Government in 1924, they ceased to be members of their respective committees in the International; but they would none the less consider themselves bound to direct the policy of their Government in accordance with the resolutions of the International. For instance, they could not have taken up a strong line to restrict alien immigration or to protect British industries.

The weak point about any of these international obligations is that the British members have to accept the vote of a majority or withdraw, and that, being British, they will consider themselves bound to stand by their undertakings, however detrimental they may be to their own country, and they may be strong enough politically to enforce them at home, although in other countries there is not the slightest chance of many of the resolutions of the International becoming the law of the land. Thus the German Internationals are perfectly safe in voting for Free Trade, because they know that it will never be adopted in Germany, while the resolution in favour of it will absolutely tie the hands of the British Labour Party. Similarly, the Germans can safely vote for free immigration, because they know perfectly well that any German Government would prevent the entrance of any immigrants into Germany whom they desired to keep out, whereas the fact of the resolution being passed by the International would always prevent British Socialists from supporting any legislation for keeping out undesirable aliens, and indeed they might be relied upon bitterly to oppose its active operation; being in fact usually in sympathy with the aliens whose one object in visiting this country is to upset the social order.

We know from experience that the German Socialists, when it comes to the test of a national crisis, will sink all their international obligations and adopt the purely national view of their interests as Germans first. Two examples will suffice. The great international strike of the Seamen and Firemen's Union organised by Mr. Havelock Wilson, in conjunction with the German Seamen's Union, as a protest against the evil conditions under which the rank and file of the mercantile marine of both

countries had to serve, had the bottom knocked out of it by the defection of the Germans after the strike had been declared in the United Kingdom. The Germans basely deserted their allies and made terms behind their backs with the German owners, seeing in the isolated action of the British Union a glorious opportunity to snatch an advantage for themselves and for the Fatherland. I do not think this veteran trade union leader has any illusions on the subject of German Internationalism.

Before the war German Socialists professed exactly the same aversion from war as they do to-day; war was to be prevented by the class-conscious Socialist proletariat of Europe combining to make it impossible; these professions were for European, but more especially for confiding British, consumption. On the outbreak of war, however, the German Socialists hastened to identify themselves with the governing class: their robust nationalism at once obliterated their international idealism; but in their attempt to win the approval, or at least the sympathy, of the Italian Socialists, they met with a severe rebuff. Signor Della Seta, on behalf of the Italian Socialists, informed Herr Sudekum at an interview in Rome (September 1914) that the conduct of the German Socialists in not trying to avert war, but, on the contrary, expressing their approval by means of an address to the Kaiser, was much to be deplored.

German hegemony [said Signor Della Seta] represents a greater danger than Tsarism, which is trying to prevent the German irruption. The German motto is 'Germany above all,' and German Socialism has failed to oppose it. You speak of German civilisation being endangered, but we fail to see such civilisation while Belgium is attacked and Louvain destroyed.

The complete surrender of the British Socialist Government to the Russian Soviet and the immediate consequences are fresh in everyone's memory; our Kerensky met his Lenin and succumbed to the extremists; the country, with no uncertain voice, decided that it would not be ruled as a province of the Soviet International.

COMMUNISM

It must be recorded for what it is worth that it is stated in the Annual Report of the Labour Party, 1924, that

Relations with the Communist International were non-existent. Only on the death of Lenin had any communication passed, but in the telegram sent on that occasion the differences of principle between the two Internationals were mentioned. The Secretariat had received repeated demands to take up direct with the Communist International the question of their treatment of Socialists in Russia. The Secretariat had always refused to intervene directly in these matters.

The question of the admission of Communists into the Labour

Party was very fully debated at the Labour Party Conference, 1924; but before dealing with this it will be instructive to study the official view of the Executive Committee on the subject. The Executive Committee draws the following distinction between the Labour Party and the Communist Party:

The Labour Party seeks to achieve the Socialist commonwealth by means of parliamentary democracy.

The Communist Party seeks to achieve the dictatorship of the proletariat by armed revolution.

The Labour Party realises that . . . this country possesses almost a wholly enfranchised adult population, and a Parliament and system of government that will respond to the direction of the working people so soon as they express intelligent desire for change through the ballot-box.

The Communist Party believes that Parliament and other administrative authorities are simply machines that should be exploited to their own destruction; that there is no hope in the masses of the people rising to the height of their political responsibilities; and that therefore, so soon as the minority in the community feel that they are sufficiently powerful to revolutionise the present political and industrial system, they are justified in using power, armed and otherwise, to achieve that purpose. Pending the speedy conversion of the masses, should they disagree with this procedure, the correct position is that they should be held down by force, deprived of liberty of speech, organisation and Press, and such expressions in the direction of freedom of opinion will be dealt with as counter-revolutionary symptoms.

The Labour Party holds a fundamental objection to tyranny quite apart from the social, political, or industrial standing of the tyrant. In its opinion political intelligence wisely directed is more enduring in its results than coercion, no matter how well intentioned. It objects to the limitations at present suffered by masses of the people, but aids and welcomes their increasing desire for a fuller and freer social life. The advances made during its short existence form the justification for steady and continuous effort in the direction of securing the suffrages and support of the greater masses of the nation. Socialism that will secure the freedom under which men and women can develop their finest faculties and lead to a still higher social organisation must essentially be based on freedom.

These fundamental differences have hitherto been held as sufficiently diverse to justify the exclusion of the Communist Party from the ranks of the Labour Party.

These lucidly expressed views of the Executive Committee of the Labour Party cannot fail to command the respect of every right-thinking man and woman, though opinions may differ as to the best means and methods of giving effect to them.

The Labour Party Conference, 1924, had before it the recommendations of the Executive Committee on the Communist question in the form of two resolutions:

1. *That the application for affiliation from the Communist Party be refused.*

2. *That no member of the Communist Party shall be eligible for endorsement as a Labour candidate for Parliament or any local authority.*

There was also the following resolution, submitted by a local branch :

3. *That no member of the Communist Party be eligible for membership of the Labour Party.*

An extremely interesting debate was opened by Mr. Hodges in favour of the resolutions, a wide field was covered, and the speeches were generally of a high order and much to the point.

Mr. William Paul, in a very able speech against the resolutions, made several excellent points. He remarked that :

There were on the platform gentlemen and right honourable gentlemen who had helped to organise the Council of Action, which was an attempt to enforce the will of the working classes upon Mr. Lloyd George when all parliamentary protests had failed in the House of Commons. Now, inasmuch as these gentlemen had organised the Council of Action, he did not see how they could rule out the Communists as being unfit to sit among them.

Truly a shrewd thrust !

Mr. Saklatvala made a good point when he said :

If the delegates to-day passed the resolution, they were not putting a bar against the Communist Party : they were putting a bar against Labour Party organisation.

Space does not permit of further quotation from the speeches made in this debate, and it only remains to record the resultant voting :

Resolution No. 1 :

For	3,185,000
Against	193,000

Resolution No. 2 :

For	2,456,000
Against	654,000

Resolution No. 3 :

For	1,804,000
Against	1,540,000

It will be seen that the majority in favour of excluding individual Communists from membership of the Labour Party (Resolution No. 3) was remarkably small, and it will probably be reversed this year.

Unless the Labour Party and the trade unions make a much more determined stand against the party of violence than they have hitherto done, and unless their authorised leaders absolutely proscribe in future any such activities as were so pertinently adverted to by Mr. William Paul, the public must be forgiven if it declines to be convinced and continues to regard the Labour Party as the Socialist dog which is wagged by its Communist tail.

Nothing, indeed, could be more significant than the resolutions recently passed by several local Labour bodies. Stepney, Whitechapel, Limehouse, and Bethnal Green are clearly not in

sympathy with the exclusion of Communists from the Labour Party. In Mile End at a meeting of the local Labour Party on December 19, Mr. John Scurr, M.P., in the chair, a member of the Executive Committee moved the adoption of the Report of the Labour Party Conference, remarking that, although the Committee did not agree with the decision in respect to the Communists, they must be prepared to make sacrifices in order to carry out the constitution. Comrade Prouth thereupon moved the following amendment :

This meeting of the Mile End Labour Party refuses to expel any delegate who is a member of the Communist Party ; and being a member of the Communist Party shall be no bar to any delegate who is nominated as a delegate from any affiliated body.

Further, we do not refuse to endorse any Communist standing as a candidate for the London County Council, borough council, and parliamentary elections.

We are determined to make the Mile End Labour Party a strong political weapon by showing a united front, and not expelling accredited trade union delegates and individual members.

The Chairman announced that if this amendment were carried he would resign the chairmanship and would cease to represent Mile End.

On the vote being taken fifty-eight were in favour of the amendment and thirty-three against.

Mr. Scurr then announced his resignation, saying that from now the Mile End Labour Party does not exist, but will be an appendage of the Communist Party.

A general meeting of the members is to be called to consider the situation.

At a meeting of the North Southwark Labour Party on December 18, to consider the adoption of the Report of the Labour Party Conference, an amendment was moved to the effect that no action be taken until the report of the sub-committee appointed to consider the question of membership of Communists had been considered. There was intense excitement, and finally the vote on the amendment was taken, with the result that forty were in favour and forty against. After taking the vote four times with the same result, the Chairman gave his casting vote *against* the amendment.

The Executive Committee of the Hampstead Labour Party at a recent meeting decided, by five votes to four, to recommend to their members that they should adhere to the decision of the National Labour Party.

At a meeting of the Rusholme Labour Party Mr. George Lansbury made it perfectly clear that he was not in favour of excluding Communists.

The Bellingham Branch of the Independent Labour Party—

protests against the mean and ungenerous action of the Parliamentary Labour Party in excluding Comrade Saklatvala from its meetings, and calls upon it to reverse its decision in consideration of the valuable services rendered by him to the Labour movement and the cause of the workers.

The foregoing extracts are surely sufficient evidence that the pious resolutions of the Labour Party to abhor Communism and ostracise Communists are little more than academic, and carry small weight with the more lively spirits in many of the affiliated branches. The recent attempt of the British representatives on the Council of the International Federation of Trade Unions to cultivate closer relations with the Russian Communist Red International shows which way the left wing of the British trade union movement is going; on this occasion the British were in a minority.

We are justified in concluding that the Labour Party and the trade unions have fashioned a weapon and perfected an organisation which will ultimately be controlled absolutely by the Communists, unless the trade unions call an immediate halt to their suicidal policy of 'direct action,' and completely purge themselves of their Communist allies.

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL ELECTIONS

The London County Council exercises jurisdiction over an area of 117 square miles and a population of four and a half millions of people. London local government is broadly in the hands of—

1. The London County Council.
2. The twenty-eight metropolitan boroughs and the City Corporation.
3. For Poor Law purposes, twenty-eight boards of guardians.

The Socialists, having been decisively beaten at the recent parliamentary election, are now placing all their hopes on capturing the local government bodies, and the first and most important of the contests in this connection is the coming election for the London County Council on March 5.

Under a Socialist and Communist local government all individual freedom would come to an end, municipal trading would be the order of the day, and the community would probably be rationed. All means of transport would be municipalised, as well as the electrical supply. Inefficiency, overstaffing, and costly administration would break the backs of the ratepayers, and ultimately destroy the class which provides the funds necessary for carrying on the government and administration. It is worthy of

note that the Municipal Employees' Association (trade union) numbers 40,000 members; this number is of course not for the London area alone.

The effort which will be put forth on this occasion by the Socialists and Communists will be one of unparalleled intensity. It has already been mentioned that we may look forward to a concerted strike campaign; and it will be remembered that during the last railway strike the Coalition Government, under Mr. Lloyd George, mobilised the resources of the country to meet the attack on the community. Not least among those resources was the machinery of local government, through which the distribution of coal and food, and the milk supply, was successfully administered. If the Socialists and Communists can capture the machinery of local government, they will have secured a position in which they can entrench themselves and direct the incidence of hardship consequent on a great strike, so that it will fall most heavily on that portion of the community which is not of the favoured class. Mr. Neville Chamberlain and Sir W. Joynson-Hicks have made it quite clear that they are ready to take off their gloves and come to grips with the trade unions which are hostile to the community. 'If it is necessary,' said the latter, 'to fight for our trade and Constitution, the Government will give you a lead; I am not prepared to sit idly by and allow sedition to stalk through the land.'

'We are yet only at the beginning of a long struggle,' said Mr. Baldwin in his speech at the Constitutional Club (January 29). '... The only thing that can save democracy and make it function as it should is that it should be educated to the point that it can appreciate the problems with which it has to deal.' This education can be carried out from day to day all through the year, and not merely by a spasmodic effort on the part of canvassers on the eve of an election, if only suitable workers can be found in sufficient numbers.

It rests with us in our great party [said Mr. Baldwin] to work without ceasing in our various vocations as we are able either by giving ourselves or by giving our money to help to educate our people in politics and in economics, which in this country are very much one and the same thing. ... And, in conclusion, I would only add this: Our party has in the past had many great leaders. But I do not think that any of us can do better even in these days, three generations afterwards, than draw our inspiration in social politics from Disraeli. You will all remember the alternative title of one of the greatest of his novels: *The Two Nations*. Our task to-day, as his dream was then, is to make those two nations in England into one.

F. G. STONE.

PARTY POLITICS AND THE BRITISH EMPIRE

THE subjects of this essay are the American Revolution and party politics. My narrative is prosaic, with heroes and villains reduced to ordinary men engaged in the game of politics. The story remains, however, dramatic, for the stake is a magnificent dominion, and it is the tale of an Imperial issue being tossed about by personal ambition and for partisan advantage and of propaganda addressed to prejudice and ignorance. Politics is a fascinating game, though the playing of it split the British Empire.

The trouble came to a head when George Grenville attempted to round off the new colonial policy which was intended to bind the Colonies more firmly to the Mother Country. The blame for an ill-considered innovation has been laid on the shoulders of George III., Grenville, Charles Townshend, and others; but all the politicians of Westminster, whatever their political leanings, must bear their share of the burden of blame, if blame there be. The policy grew out of the conditions that had been developing for several generations, and was the product of many minds concentrated on the difficult problem of Imperial efficiency. During the war of the Austrian Succession and the Seven Years' War British politicians became incensed at the open smuggling of the colonists and their trade with the enemy. The natural reaction of Imperial muddlers was the decision to enforce the Navigation Acts, and particularly the Sugar Act. This was a severe blow to the commerce of the northern Colonies; yet the responsible Minister was one supposed to be their greatest friend, William Pitt. The failure of the colonists to raise their quota for the Army gave rise to an opinion universally held among the governing set that the Imperial Government must keep, for the protection of the new possessions, an army in America, and that the colonists must be compelled to pay a part of the expense. Finally the important and momentous phases of the new policy that looked to the imperialisation of military affairs, Western lands, and Indian trade were partially put into force and their broad outlines fully developed during the period of war. Thus while George III. was still Prince of Wales, British political opinion

concerning the reform of colonial administration had become crystallised; and after the Treaty of Peace in 1763 there could have been formed no Ministry with the hardihood to risk refusal to continue building up the system already started.

How the unanimity of opinion was broken down belongs to the story of politics. The new colonial policy was embodied in several legislative Acts and administrative Orders by the Grenville-Bedford Ministry during the years 1764-65, the most notorious being the Stamp Act. The measures appealed to the average politician of the time as wise and salutary and in accord with the thought which he and his fellows had developed during the past two decades of war. There was therefore no opposition of moment in Parliament and very little from the agents of the Colonies.

The members of Parliament owed their seats to political conditions existing in Great Britain. The American Colonies were distant and were viewed in a narrow and parochial perspective. Laws affecting them were passed without much attention and with no thought of American psychology, concerning which members of Parliament took no pains to inform themselves. From their inattention they were rudely awakened. The Colonies were thrown into an uproar. The Stamp Act had raised a hurricane of emotion. The question of a change in policy could not be ignored. The Rockingham Ministry listened to the eloquence of William Pitt and repealed the obnoxious measure. In so doing they made a colonial problem a paramount issue.

The significance of the repeal of the Stamp Act lies in the consciously perceived division of partisan opinion on matters touching colonial government. Two distinct lines of thought with well-developed arguments gradually emerged out of the discussion, and politicians ranged themselves on one side or the other as personal interests or partisanship dictated. The most generous and statesmanlike policy came out of the faction led by William Pitt, and its principal defender was Lord Shelburne. These two men had caught a partial vision of the Empire as it was actually going to develop, and urged upon Parliament the cultivation of mutual esteem and commercial interests as the true method of uniting the members of the Empire. One of the most enthusiastic followers of Pitt's Imperial point of view was George III., and it was his desire and that of his followers to make the magnetic leader Prime Minister in 1765, when Rockingham was brought in. A year later this desire could be realised, and Pitt, by that time Lord Chatham, formed his second Ministry with Lord Shelburne in charge of the Colonies. From the correspondence of the latter the policy of the Ministry may be discovered. Shelburne realised that, to bring peace, colonial ambition must

e afforded an outlet ; and this he determined to accomplish by building up as rapidly as possible the new acquisitions, particularly the region lying between the mountains and the Mississippi river. New Colonies were to be founded, and the troops, as long as they remained in America, were to be distributed throughout this distant territory to protect it and foster its settlement. It was expected that money for these new undertakings would be obtained by the sale of land. The plan of land sales in a modified form was actually put into operation when the Colonies became independent.

For such a policy there was whole-hearted support from Chatham's followers, from the King and some of the Court faction, such as Lord Mansfield and the good-natured North. The old Whigs, led by Lord Rockingham, whose spokesman was Edmund Burke, were always 'Little Englanders,' and their attention was directed to their English constituencies. Generally speaking, very few of them were in favour of appropriating money to build up the overseas dominions, which they expected sooner or later would become independent. At this time they were in opposition, and their leaders were unwilling to accept a 'Pittite' programme.

The real leaders of the Opposition were the members of two other factions, the Grenvillites and Bedfordites, both responsible for the passing of the Stamp Act. They were never to forget the humiliation of the repeal of their measure, nor were they ever to forgive the Colonies for bringing it about. Their prejudice was accentuated by their duty as members of the Opposition. In the eighteenth century as well as the twentieth it was regarded as the first duty of the Opposition to oppose. Party prestige and party honour requires it. The Opposition worked out their line of argument. Shelburne's proposal to settle the West rapidly was interpreted by them as visionary, and no less visionary were his ideas of bonds of mutual interest and goodwill. These men prided themselves on being realists in politics. Their counter-proposal was to prohibit, or at least limit, settlement west of the mountains. Economy, always an argument of the Opposition, demanded that there be no expensive operations ; and they could point to the outrageous expense of maintaining an army at posts scattered throughout the wilderness far from the base of supplies, a policy for which they themselves had been originally responsible. Better far to concentrate the Army in the well-settled Colonies, where they could be used, if need arose, to overawe rebellious subjects. Coercion was their realistic policy, far more effective, in their opinion, than fostering love through favour. Then, too, they were, like all politicians, opportunists ; and they made the utmost use of colonial unrest and of the radical views expressed by American extremists. It was the game

of politics they were playing, just as it is played to-day with scarcely any refinement after a century and a half of experience.

Historians have signally failed until recent years to understand the importance of Lord Chatham's Ministry. To find out its broad-gauged Imperial programme required research. Had Lord Chatham remained in good health, the first result would have been a liberal and statesmanlike policy which might have satisfied the colonists. A second consequence, no less important, would have been the further development towards the modern responsible Cabinet under a Prime Minister. Instead of the latter the very opposite occurred. With the illness of Chatham begins the period—extending till 1782—of practically independent department heads, later censured by Lord North, who was one of the victims of the system. A Cabinet meeting resembled an assembly of ambassadors, each Minister seeking to deceive his colleagues by withholding information and hoping to gain advantage in the game of compromise. Out of this condition came the Townshend taxes. A clash between Shelburne and the Chancellor of the Exchequer ended in this disastrous expedient, a compromise between the so-called visionary and realist. The former's policy was approved, the concrete Act of the latter was passed. Compromises are characteristic of English politics, and they end, as in this case, in the mutilation of the principles of both protagonists.

The beheaded Chatham Ministry was from the beginning of 1768 gradually metamorphosed. First a place was made for the followers of the Duke of Bedford, mistrusted by the King and despised by almost everyone. Chatham and Shelburne resigned. The Duke of Grafton, who had become the chief Minister, determined to repeal the Townshend taxes, but his Cabinet by one vote retained the tax on tea. Other changes in the Ministry followed : North took Grafton's place ; the followers of Grenville, after the death of their chief, joined the Ministerial forces. Thus there had been brought into the Cabinet two factions which had never really enjoyed the King's confidence and had been responsible for the Stamp Act. From prejudice they were prepared to interpret every outbreak of disorder in the Colonies as a vindication of their former policy.

North and his immediate followers were kindly disposed toward the Americans and talked of repealing all Acts affecting the overseas provinces that had been passed since 1760, and they actually did promote measures of a conciliatory character. Against such a submission to the policy of Pitt stood the anti-colonial Ministers who were intriguing to overthrow the genial North. The sending of the East India tea ships was their measure. The famous Boston tea party followed ; the news of it reached London

late in January 1774. It might well have been a case for humour and then for serious consideration. The Colonies had by their continuous agitation, however, got on the nerves of Parliament, and so instead of laughing the members were seized with mob hysteria. The Grenvillites and Bedfordites in the Ministry knew how to take full advantage of this condition. The mild demands for moderation or for mature consideration were unheard amidst their loud appeals to patriotism and national pride. In the name of their country's honour they unloosed the hatred they had nursed ever since the Stamp Act had been repealed, and for a time they held the leadership in a frenzied Government. Their demands for force and punishment were passed into law in the form of the Boston Port Bill and other coercive measures. An Imperial issue had been transformed into an irrepressible conflict. Prejudice, personal ambition, incapacity, ignorance, stupidity had brought this about. The game of politics had ended in war.

In Imperial questions the British Parliament is not the only court of appeal. Politicians thrive in all parts of the Empire, and the colonists know the rules of their game as well as those who move the pawns at Westminster, and they understand the psychology of their own pawns even better. Between 1748 and 1776 successive British Ministries thrust a perplexing problem in Imperial administration into the arena of the party politics of every American Colony, where it was more hotly debated than in the Mother Country. The contest was unequal, for the leaders of the Americans were superior men. It is not often that a country is served at the same time by three such geniuses as Washington, Franklin, and Jefferson; and they were surrounded by many men of high purpose and great ability. To find a group of public men living in a small territory comparable in character, public wisdom, and popular leadership to the revolutionary patriots of a single Colony, Virginia, it would be necessary to seek in the golden age of Athens. This personal equation belonged to the Imperial problem, but British Ministers did not understand it.

As late as 1764 there was no well-marked desire for independence among the Colonies. In fact just the contrary was apparently true: they were proud of belonging to the British Empire, and almost all their economic interests drew them to the Mother Country. Yet in twelve years this feeling of content and goodwill was broken down and the Declaration of Independence was published. The outcome may have been of advantage to the world. Determinists say it was inevitable, but this may be doubted.

Englishmen of the eighteenth century did not understand that the Americans, though speaking the English language, were

no longer English. The majority of the inhabitants were of English stock, but they had been for several generations separated from their kin, had maintained little intercourse with them, and had acquired a new mental and spiritual attitude. To these original settlers were added, early or late, people of non-English origin—Scotch, Scotch-Irish, Irish, and Welsh, all harbouring a hatred of the English, and the Dutch, Swedish, French Huguenots, and German, all indifferent to English rule. These were rapidly amalgamated, and with generous nourishment from free land all underwent changes, physical, mental, and moral.

The English-speaking people of the New World came predominantly from the middle and lower classes; most of them belonged to Nonconformist Churches and were accustomed to the atmosphere of protest against the State Church of England and the social conditions it supported. The growth of a new consciousness among the people can best be watched upon the frontier, that borderland ever pushing westward between white civilisation and Indian barbarism. Here was the cradle of the new nation; here new instruments of government were developed or old ones remodelled; here a European people shook off the Old World traditions, the Old World conventions, the Old World class divisions. Here were woven those ideas that bound the diverse people into a new nationality, which, like a youth glorying in his manhood, eagerly waited for an opportunity to test its strength. Imperial politics offered the opportunity; British Ministers incapable of understanding the new and foreign psychology aroused the young giant.

There is some excuse for the British Ministers' errors of judgment, for the social and political conditions of the Colonies lay outside the circle of their experience. Even the most friendly politicians, William Pitt and Lord Shelburne, had a very imperfect understanding of this new America. Men like Lord Hillsborough, Lord Suffolk, Lord Sandwich, made no effort to penetrate the mystery of the strange phenomenon. Why should they bother about such 'banditti'?

Just at the time when the new colonial policy was inaugurated, the Colonies, particularly the northern, were suffering from the usual economic depression following a war. A period of gloom had settled over the financial circles and was not dissipated until 1770. Thus conditions were most favourable for agitators. The slump in trade had been increased in intensity by Pitt's effort to stop the smuggling of colonial merchants in the West Indies, where molasses was purchased to be distilled into rum in Massachusetts and Rhode Island. 'Free rum' came near to being the political slogan of the patriotic party, as it was an important motive. 'I know not,' wrote John Adams in his old age, 'why we

should blush to confess that molasses was an essential ingredient in American independence.' George Grenville saved the blushes of present-day America.

The agitation over the Stamp Act gave an impulse to the division of the people into two parties. Up to this time, and even for a few years afterwards, there were no true parties in the Colonies, and particularly none of national extent. In each Colony there existed political groups always in a state of flux. There was the group in power, composed of the colonial officials and their wealthy supporters; opposed were those not in the favour of the Governor, a group varying in composition from time to time. Then there was the economic antagonism of creditors and debtors, a division of the people always important in politics. A grouping somewhat similar was territorial in character, the richer eastern counties *versus* the poorer western. Ranging themselves with the debtors and westerners were the mechanics of the cities, easily manipulated by the politicians and responsible for most of the violence that accompanied every colonial protest. The rivalries of local politicians were the cause of such fierce contests that one historian has wittily remarked that the American Revolution 'was not so much a struggle for home rule as to determine who should rule at home.'

The protest against the Stamp Act was probably justified, for it would have caused hardship in a new country thinly populated. The lawyers and newspapermen, who were especially affected, were able leaders. Their only object was to induce Parliament by protest and economic pressure to repeal the Act. In this they succeeded. In America their success went beyond their expectations. Living in the seaboard towns, they were conscious of the diverse interests separating the Colonies and had little reason to believe in the possibility of united action. The national sentiment of the western country, where colonial boundaries offered little or no obstruction, gave to the Radicals' appeal its continental character; the Stamp Act agitation was a spark to inflame a nation. A contemporary newspaper has pictured the result:

But presently the British (no the American) Spirit of Liberty was aroused, it caught from Brest to Brest, it run, it flew thru' all the Colonies like a stream of Light from Heaven, surprisingly uniting them in a most determined Opposition to the Stamp Act and that wretched State of Vassalage to which it was designed to reduce us.

The eighteenth century colonials were as much masters of the art of arousing the emotions of the people by propaganda as are their descendants. Certainly a Samuel Adams or a Patrick Henry required no learned treatise on the subject. Their success in 1765 led them on to seek further triumphs. In succeeding years they continued to make fervid appeals to liberty and freedom, indefinite

symbols and abstract ideas; they repeated again and again their eloquent apostrophes with a knowledge of mass psychology equal to the skilled advertiser of a patent food; they denounced their opponents in the unmeasured terms of religious fanatics. The British Ministers were never consciously tyrannical until after the Boston tea party, when all sense of moderation was lost. Yet every official act, whether by Parliament or by colonial Governors, was so misinterpreted as to prove the British Government's intention to reduce Americans to political slavery. The facts in the 'Boston massacre' (an insignificant street riot), the reasons for the sending of the tea ships, and the acts of the British soldiers in the battle of Lexington were violently distorted to arouse the populace. That bogey of the Puritans, the appointment of an American bishop, was materialised. The toleration of Roman Catholics in the province of Quebec was represented as the beginning of a diabolical scheme to compel Bostonians to worship in the Church of Rome. The Radicals were at length consciously working for independence.

The masses in America were parochial in their outlook, ignorant of Imperial conditions, and restive under all evidence of external authority. It was therefore easy to implant in their minds an image of the British Government that did not accord with the facts. The preaching of prominent Americans, who were loyal to the Mother Country, was unheeded. The British Government's efforts to propitiate the colonials by repealing in a half-hearted way the Stamp Act and later the Townshend taxes could not exorcise the spirit that had entered the soul of part of the people. Thus the Stamp Act propaganda developed, as is the habit of propaganda, in a direction unexpected and unforeseen in 1765. In eleven years loyalty to the Crown, which had been practically universal, had been broken down; the Americans had become hypersensitive to agitation of an anti-Imperial character. When the minds of the Americans were in this condition the British Ministry, under the leadership of the Grenvillites and Bedfordites, chose to put into operation their policy of coercion against Massachusetts; they would compel Boston to obey by the use of military force. The other Colonies, incited by the fear of slavery which had been evoked, determined to stand with their recalcitrant sister. American nationalism had been made self-conscious through the stupid acts of the British and the propaganda of the patriots. A situation had arisen that made it difficult for either party with satisfaction to *amour propre* to withdraw. Anger and passion were permitted to have sway. Blood was shed at Lexington. After that event developments moved rapidly, and a majority of the colonials were easily persuaded to accept the final platform of the extremists—the Declaration of Independence.

CLARENCE WALWORTH ALVORD.

IMPERIAL UNITY

It is true, I believe, that an ever-increasing number of people in Great Britain and overseas are becoming thoughtful and anxious as to the future relations of the present component parts of the British Empire. That Empire has had a wonderful development in the past, and now occupies such a commanding influence and position in world affairs that many have settled down to the comfortable conviction that the future of the Empire shall continue as in the past, but with increasing vitality, and that the forces already developed within its limits will of themselves maintain and perpetuate its unity and solidarity.

They point to the binding forces of race and language, of tradition, history, literature and common institutions, to the unanimity of thought and action heretofore experienced, and to the wonderful unity and spirit evoked by the Great War, as irrefutable evidence that there need be no worry for the future, and that little remains but to 'carry on.'

These people take little or no account of the far-reaching changes that have occurred in the constituent parts of the Empire itself, and no account of the different conditions and atmospheres of the old and more static Mother Country from those of the young, rapidly expanding and mobile populations of the overseas divisions, and no account of the effect of the propinquity and penetration of neighbouring and interested nationalities upon the latter.

Contained in these three categories are certain facts the existence of which it is not wise to ignore, and the effects of which practical statesmanship must seriously consider. What a contrast, for instance, in the political relationships between the overseas possessions and the Mother Country when we compare the present with those existing three score years ago! Gradually, step by step, the process of emancipation from the limitations and controls of Downing Street has gone on. Responsible and parliamentary government, judicial, financial, fiscal and economic control, enlarged participation in common Imperial concerns, consultation and mutual decisions on great international relations, a national status on an equality basis with foreign nations, right of

ambassadorial representation at foreign courts—all these have followed in succession as the subordinate colonial possession has graduated into potential nationhood. All that remain of the old political ties of empire are the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council and a common Sovereign represented overseas by the Governor-General.

In working out these changes the overseas countries have gradually concentrated upon their own problems of development. For nearly three-quarters of a century they have tested their powers and proved their efficiency, developed municipal institutions, school and university systems of education, parliamentary government, judicial machinery, and great transportation facilities, and have bred captains of industry and statesmen, scholars and scientists, who rank favourably with the best in the world. In the great economic and personal sacrifice of the world war they won the love and admiration of a sorely beset world for bravery, ability and sacrificing service.

In this process they have developed a distinct national consciousness and conceived national ideals. They feel a just pride in their past achievements, look forward to the future and welcome with the full spirit of youth the thought of entering into its conquest and possession.

To the utmost limit of independent control short of absolute sovereignty they have obtained, and wish to keep these privileges and powers. It comes with something of a shock that narrow indeed is the crossing to absolute independence. We well know that to go one step further and assume sovereign functions would mean the disappearance of the British Empire, and that in its place would be substituted a congeries of weaker, widely dispersed, and separate nations, bereft of the prestige and influence of solidarity, and in its weaker sections burdened with costs of adequate defence, and menaced everywhere by strong and, in some quarters, by covetous Powers.

Will they all, or will any one of them, take that step now or in the remoter future? Jarring temperament and lack of tact in some administrator, misunderstandings caused by long-distance communication, suspicion of neglect or lack of consideration of one Government for the other, may easily lead to the crossing which knows no return.

We must remember that in the meantime the basis of government has greatly changed from the past, and that any alteration in the present Empire relations must be in accordance with the views of a vastly enlarged deciding body.

Only a few hundred years ago the destiny of the overseas settlement lay solely in the will of the King, later in that of the King and his barons, and later still in the King and a Parliament

elected by a mere fraction of the people of the realm. Now, equally at home and abroad, practically the whole adult population possesses the franchise, and by it the question of future relationship must be decided. If a question is to be properly determined by testing the opinion of so vast an electorate, it follows that adequate and full information must be disseminated as to the issue involved. When the issue is Imperial we are faced with the unwelcome fact that at present comparatively few of this enormous and widely distributed electorate have any adequate conception of what the Empire is and what it may become, and what vital interests for its members and for world civilisation depend upon the conclusion reached. The necessity for an Empire-wide discussion and propaganda receives added force when we take certain other influences into account which tend to weaken the ties which have hitherto held so strongly.

The wide distances which separate the overseas Dominions from the old home, the peaceful penetration and connecting interests of contiguous nationalities, and the influx of foreign immigrants, often not only alien, but hostile, to Britain and her institutions, continually tend to dilute and weaken the old bonds and to suggest other ideals and policies. The early days in which the mass of the populations overseas lived in easy memory of the home and districts from which they or their fathers had come have passed, and now generations intervene between the original settler and his descendants. The personal legend remains, but each year grows more distant and shadowy.

Owing to lack of Empire understanding and co-operation, the stream of emigrants from the Motherland has not been directed towards the overseas Colonies and Dominions, and the weakening of the old ties has not been repaired by the continuing accretion of British blood and the influx of British personality. If but a fraction of those who have left the old country, and have gone to build up foreign and often alien races, had been guided into the wide overseas areas, what a different tale would have been told and what an inestimable stimulant and strength given to Empire sentiment.

Her three millions of seventy years ago lived side by side with thirty millions of the United States, then decidedly anti-British and only less decidedly unfriendly to Canada as a British colony. To-day Canada's nine millions are bordered by 120 millions in the adjacent country. The ill-concealed hostility of the earlier period has softened into relations of singular cordiality and appreciative friendship. But in all these years the influence of the United States has not operated to reinforce and cement the political and social ties that bind Canada to the Mother Country.

On the contrary, increasing trade and facilities of transit

and communication have all contributed to form an intimacy of acquaintance and interest between Canada and the United States. No barrier of language or creed is encountered, and there is a surprising likeness of purpose and ideal and common aims. United States politics and policies interest Canada and often materially affect her. The faces of United States statesmen, their municipal, State and Federal chiefs, their industrial leaders, their preachers and teachers, and the heroes of their sport and film productions, are familiar to Canada and daily appear in her newspapers. In short, Canada is conscious of an ever-present and pervading atmosphere at once aggressive and friendly, which in these later days is seldom nationally hostile, but is constantly suggestive of the great predominance of the American as contrasted with the Canadian or with the British social and national personality.

While in all this there is no apparent propaganda, and while the old appropriative spirit of fifty years ago has almost entirely disappeared, and while the best thought in the United States desires no annexation and views with friendly eye Canada's development along her own lines, yet inevitably and surely this peaceful penetration and increasing intimacy tends to weaken rather than strengthen the bonds of Empire.

If in the foregoing I have sketched very briefly the things which do not make for the continuance and unity of the Empire as at present constituted, it must not be thought that for a single instant I despair of its permanence and solidarity. My aim has been to trouble those who are asleep, to point out the hindrances and perils that tend to thwart and threaten permanency, and to awaken all of us to earnest thought and co-operative effort.

The remaining ties that now link us together are likely to endure long.

First, the retention of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council as the supreme court of appeal for all parts of the Empire has so thoroughly justified its utility and advantage in respect to questions of high constitutional and economic importance, and has so typically emphasised the judicial unity of the Empire, that there is not now, and probably never will be, any serious attempt to abolish its functions. Any criticism that has been heard concerns the widening and strengthening of the Committee by making it more effectively representative of the Empire as a whole.

Secondly, more than appears on first sight, the existence of a great common system of jurisprudence acknowledged in principle and applied in practice throughout the Empire, ensuring liberty and justice to all and administered free from legislative or executive influence, constitutes an inestimable factor in the unification and solidarity of the whole Empire.

A third tie is the existence of a common parliamentary system, evolved through long centuries of struggle and dearly bought experience, based upon (a) a broad and elastic suffrage, functioning through representatives elected thereby under laws and regulations which are effective in securing the direct and honest opinion of the electors; (b) direct responsibility of the representative to his constituency, and of the Government to Parliament. The emigrant from one part of the Empire to another is sensible of no change in the atmosphere of government, and he finds the same safeguards and guarantees for person and property, the same liberty of speech and action, the same quick public reaction, that characterised his old home environment, and becomes at once a citizen of the new home. In the higher plane of constitutional matters, this fact of a common basis and practice of government obviates strain between the different Governments and contributes to peaceful and agreeable relations between them.

Finally and above all, the fourth tie is a common constitutional King, not subject to change and election by successive parties, the symbol of the unity of the Empire, and around whose person cluster the traditions and the history of the race. Under him the peoples administer their affairs with full power and absolute freedom from interference. The clash of opinion and of interests, the antagonisms of contending policies, the strife and vicissitudes of parties, the conduct of international relationships, go on unceasingly, and results grow therefrom, but none of these involve the Sovereign. His impartiality remains undisturbed, and against him no criticism or incrimination is to be directed. He is, and remains, an impartial Sovereign for every race and creed and nationality in the Empire.

If we contrast this with other systems of national headship, and take into account the fact that ours is an Empire which embraces a diversity of peoples and a range of development running from barbaric crudity through all gradations of advancing civilisation to the maximum of the highest, we easily conclude that for the most advanced of our member nations our form of headship is preferable and that for the less advanced and backward it is essential. Conceive what would happen if for this were substituted a republic, with a President elected by the dominant party and deposed when his party lost power. How long would the overseas Dominions give allegiance to a party leader possibly holding views diverse from their own? How soon would the great Eastern dependencies lose all reverence and loyalty for the temporary President substituted for the unchanging Sovereign?

It is a testimony to the Empire system that, whilst kings and emperors have been toppling in all directions, no voice has been raised within the world-wide Empire for criticism or for

change. But to the old ties mentioned above, we must add new ones.

First, we must jealously and determinedly assert and preserve the diplomatic unity of the Empire. It is impossible to have four or five or more different members of the commonwealth of nations each expressing a foreign policy of its own and each negotiating on the basis of the possession of absolute sovereignty. Such action would begin with a lack of harmony and end in confusion. It would reduce to comparative impotence the smaller, and would seriously impair the influence of the larger, nation members. None of these members possesses alone the naval and military power to enforce their contentions. Without unity Great Britain, with her dependencies and colonies, would suffer immeasurably in prestige, though still, by virtue of her population, her resources, her Army and her splendid Navy, she would remain a Great Power and wield a weighty influence among the nations of the world. It is clear that the assumption of an independent foreign policy by the overseas Dominions would at once rend asunder the most potent international influence for good that the world has ever seen, and would multiply the already heavy burdens that each part of the Empire has now to bear in making and maintaining the costly equipment necessary for security.

The contemplation of the result of disunion shows it to be impracticable and unwise. There must be one voice speaking for the whole and through its predominant member. The method of arriving at agreement on matters of foreign policy presents some difficulties which frank consultation can easily overcome if only the will to do so is strong and commanding. The wonderful advances in methods of communication, already made and still to be perfected, render possible the meeting of the leading statesmen of the Empire at one table, and the advantage of such conferences will well repay any expense they may entail.

An objection which is made to unity is that diplomacy may sometimes fail to avert possible war, and that what the overseas Dominions fear is the eventuality of being drawn into war. To this there are two answers. In the first place, the risk of war is there in either case, but the danger will be less if all parts of the Empire speak and act as one. In the second place, the League of Nations, of which the British Empire is the mainstay, renders war less probable, and as it grows to full stature will practically eliminate war in the settlement of international disputes. To realise this vision of peace much depends on the unity of purpose within the Empire and the voice by which it is expressed.

It would be ten thousand pities if one or all of the overseas Dominions should demand sovereign power in dealing with foreign peoples and thereby lose the advantages of union and

imperial or destroy the possible achievements of a united British commonwealth. And I do not believe that any one of them desires that result.

Secondly, union being admitted, we must next work out a common system of naval defence of the Empire, shared in by all the constituent members on a basis to be agreed upon, and capable of use in common defence under one supreme management. Each member nation could, at its option, contribute its proportion in equipment or an equivalent money payment towards the general expenditure. The ships, of whatever description, submarine, surface or air, could be built on schedule plans so that all units would fit into the general scheme. The *personnel* could be recruited and trained in all parts of the Empire. In time of peace the equipment of each nation could be under its own management.

Heretofore the Mother Country has shouldered the whole expense of the naval protection of the Empire, with the exception of aid given mainly by Australia and New Zealand and, to a slighter degree, by Canada and South Africa. The Mother Country has done this without murmur whilst the overseas settlements and colonies were in their infancy, and bears the vast proportion of this defence even now, when several of these colonies have developed into strong and progressive Dominions and are rejoicing in their newly gained national status. It is neither just nor right that the British taxpayer should any longer bear the disproportionate burden, nor is it fair that some overseas Dominions should shirk their reasonable share of the common defence while others tax themselves therefor.

If these Dominions were sovereign States they would be obliged to make large expenditures to ensure even moderate systems of defence. With their present populations, they could not possibly maintain armaments that would ensure complete security. Combined and co-operating, the Empire defence would be amply efficient for complete security, and the cost to each member would be far less. This does not mean that the Mother Country would demand at once an equal division of expenditure, based on population and resources, but she would depend upon increase as the Dominions grew in wealth and population.

As the League of Nations succeeds in its great endeavour to diminish the competition in and size of armaments and to provide security by the submission of international disputes to the permanent Court of International Justice, with adequate sanctions for the judgments of that court, the cost of defence will, we hope, gradually fall, and its burden become eventually comparatively light.

In the third place, an equally important and vital necessity is the framing and working out of a common Empire development

policy, to include (1) the settlement of the unsettled and habitable lands overseas with the surplus British stock which now and for the future will of necessity seek for homes and employment abroad; (2) the encouragement of productive enterprise and activity in developing the rich resources so generously provided by nature in the overseas countries, and so useful and vital to the sustenance and continued prosperity of the Mother Country; and (3) the promotion of trade and commerce between the various parts of the Empire along lines to be settled by mutual conference and organisation.

How grievously and foolishly have the Governments of Great Britain and the Dominions erred in the past in their neglect to grapple with the subject of migration within the Empire in a mutual and energetic way, and what incalculable loss in British power and resources has resulted therefrom. Man-power of the finest type in the world, capital in almost inconceivable amounts, every form of human energy, has flowed in a constant stream from the British Isles, and the great bulk of it has gone to enrich and develop foreign and alien nations, while all the time the waste places of our great Empire estate, abounding in the richest resources, lay untouched, unexplored and uncultivated. Had even a moiety of these priceless forces been diverted to Empire possessions, what a different aspect would have been presented to-day!

We are glad to note that better counsels are now in prospect, and that common needs and common efforts are hereafter to be employed to find homes for Britishers under the British flag, to bring into productivity the wonderful resources within the Empire, and to develop and distribute them for the upbuilding and prosperity of all its parts.

The fact that the overseas Dominions lie apart, and that the channels of communication must be by water rather than by land, renders them not the less part and parcel of the same great national estate. The difficulties to be overcome may be enhanced owing to distance, but it only requires greater efforts in organisation and co-operation to overcome them.

Some people seem to fear that such a policy would set other nations against us and thus injure Empire foreign trade. But the first duty of a man is to make himself 100 per cent. efficient; thereby he is in a position to contribute the best service to the community and the nation. The first duty of a nation is to develop the greatest possible efficiency, material and spiritual, within itself, and thus fit itself to be of the best possible benefit to the world of nations of which it forms a part. The potent and beneficent rôle played by Britain in the past has been based upon her innate strength in developed power and resources, and for her influence in the future, just and peaceful as it is to be, the

Empire cannot be too strong and resourceful in itself. We may rest assured that other nations are using, and will continue to use, every means to develop their own resources and build up their own dominions.

The British Empire is so distributed and endowed that almost every conceivable want can be largely, if not wholly, supplied within itself. The opportunity for the employment of labour and capital is abundant, and it is our responsibility to make use of this opportunity, which can be done by migration settlement for co-operative development, and by increasing trade interchange within the Empire. The practical question now is, How are these things to be brought about?

As to settlement, a great step forward has been taken by the recognition of the principle of joint interest, joint selection and joint supervision. A community of interest between the Government at home and the Government overseas has been established. At home a surplus of man-power, lack of employment and heavy cost of maintaining the unemployed face us while overseas uninhabited spaces call for settlement. Every successful immigrant relieves the home exchequer and furnishes an additional producer and consumer in the overseas country. Britishers change habitation, but remain within British limits, and assist in expanding and strengthening British influence and institutions. So far as the Governments can pool expenditures and in mutual conference develop organisations to select, train, transport, receive and allot immigrants to selected places, and there advise, supervise and assist them in their earlier and more difficult days, an economic gain is achieved.

As to Empire development, the matter is more complicated, and calls rather for private and corporate co-operation than for operations of Governments.

What is essential is the creation in men of capital of the will to direct their investments to British territory, to consult and co-operate with business men of local experience in the sections they propose to operate, and personally, or by their trusted agents, to visit and inspect the territories in question. The bane of the investor in the past has been on the one hand the skilful scheming, dishonest promoter, and on the other his own credulity. An Empire Development Commission, sitting permanently in London, composed of reliable experts from overseas and representatives of capital in Great Britain, whose duty it would be to gather information, receive propositions, examine and test their merits, and advise intending investors, would be a most useful, and is an almost essential, agency. The Governments might well assist in the appointment and pay the expenses of such a body. This might be preceded by, and a resultant of, a convention of repre-

sentative men from all the distinctive portions of the Empire to sit in deliberation upon the best methods to be adopted for its development.

When we approach the problem of the promotion of trade between the various parts of the Empire we are met with difficulties, especially when the tariff is invoked as one of the means of effecting what all agree is desirable. Britain still worships Free Trade, even though the idol has been somewhat disfigured by Protectionist markings since the days of Cobden and Bright and the writings of John Stuart Mill. All the overseas Dominions have emancipated themselves from its rigid doctrine, and now practise Protection of varying degrees of strength, and show no signs of reconversion. Yet the overseas Dominions, not forgetful of their parentage, have softened the action of their protective tariffs by the grant of preference to the Mother Country and to each other. Though in pursuing this policy they gain some advantage to themselves, yet the inspiring and the sustaining motive has been, and is, goodwill and favourable treatment within the family itself.

Canada was the pioneer in this policy. In 1897 and 1898 British imports were given a preference of 33½ per cent., which, with some changes and diminutions, has been since continued.

For twenty-five years and more Canada, and for a less period the other Dominions, have continued this preference without any return. The McKenna duties, imposed in 1923, gave the first opening to the overseas Dominions on preferential terms, though on a very limited list of articles, and the late Imperial Conference resolutions confirmed the principle therein adopted and gave promise of possible expansion.

The action of the MacDonald Government, however, in 1924, relegated matters to the old basis, but coupled therewith the abolition of what had been already granted and the denial of the future extension contemplated in the resolutions.

There the matter rested until the accession of Mr. Baldwin on a platform which approved the resolutions of the Imperial Conference and authorised the Government to safeguard key industries, the sole limitation being that its legislation should not enhance the prices of the staple foods of the British people.

The action of the Labour Government caused much discontent in the Dominions and raised the question as to the continuance of preference treatment in its present form. Important industries in the Dominions are more or less handicapped by British competition, whilst in Great Britain no advantages are given over foreign and competing nations.

The recent verdict of the British electorate and the mandate asked, and overwhelmingly given, to Mr. Baldwin, open a new and more hopeful phase of the question.

On the senior and predominant partner of to-day rests the major responsibility. The Dominions prefer British trade, they pass by near neighbours to purchase from Britain, they give large preference to encourage British imports, they possess the Imperial sentiment, and they desire and are ready for the fullest co-operation.

What is the answer to this? Will the spirit for unity under discouragement gradually wane and finally die? What would insular Britain be without her overseas Dominions now and in the future?

These are questions not meant to irritate, but to arrest attention and compel consideration and lead to intimate and concentrated co-operation for the development and permanence of our great Empire inheritance.

Clearly there are many ways by which Imperial development and trade can be stimulated and achieved. Favouring tariff treatment is only one. But it should not be excluded even though it involves some sacrifice on both sides. It is not for the overseas Dominions to demand now and as a *sine quâ non* a complete all around preference, nor for the Mother Country obstinately to say, 'No, we will have none of it.' Reasonable people, animated by goodwill and common aims, meeting around the conference table, can, I believe, arrive at agreement on a moderate list of articles a preference on which would be mutually beneficial.

Preference aside, there remains a wide field to be explored out of which very substantial results may be obtained in stimulating and increasing the interchange of Empire commodities.

For example, there is the problem of ocean transport, a percentage reduction in which would be as helpful as a tariff preference. If this could be effected in the carriage of staple articles of food, primary production would be increased, with added profits to the producer and lessened cost to the consumer. Applied to grains, fruits, meats, dairy products, cattle, and the great staples of manufacturing industries, the gain would be enormous, and the producer would be given a favoured position over his foreign competitor.

A second example is the present system of buying and marketing, in which the uncertainties of supply and demand, the operation of speculators, the superabundance of middlemen, and the waste of distribution and handling deprive the producer of much of his rightful share and add greatly to the cost to the consumer. Here is a wide field for the application of practical and scientific methods by which immense economies are possible with equally favourable preferential results to Empire participants.

A final example is the factor in overseas production caused by the high rate of interest paid by the primary producers overseas

for their capital to bankers and money-lenders. So rich an Empire should be able to devise means by which producers could obtain advances at reasonable rates, which, applied on a large scale, would greatly increase and cheapen production and lessen prices to consumers.

A word in closing as to two elements which enter into this question of Empire relations, and which most powerfully and favourably affect its solution.

The one is the great achievement in the past, the other the illimitable possibilities of the future. What we need is an adequate conception of the former and a clear, long vision of the future coupled with a profound conviction that we of to-day are privileged trustees responsible for the present administration and subsequent transmission of the great estate.

But it is not enough to contemplate the Empire of the past. We must also form right concepts of the Empire of the future, with a clear and long-sighted vision.

To-day the Mother Country leads far ahead with her massed civilisation, her developed wealth, her preponderant man-power. But every year the importance and value of this estate will gravitate more and more to the Dominions and possessions beyond the seas. When, a century hence, Canada has her seventy-five millions, New Zealand her five millions, Australia her fifty millions and South Africa her twenty-five millions of white people, with all the wealth and prestige thereby implied, the potency and significance of the Empire will be better understood. But surely we of the present have sufficient vision to appreciate the possibilities and a will strong enough to make these possibilities into certainties. We are trustees to-day who stand midway between the achievements of the past and the infinitely greater possibilities of the future. The destinies of Empire are in our hands. May we be inspired with the self-sacrificing wisdom to assure success.

GEORGE E. FOSTER.

INDIAN UNREST

I.

IN the September issue of the *Round Table* there appeared a suggestive analysis of the unrest in India from the pen of a shrewd American writer who has had first-hand knowledge of political and economic questions in many parts of the world, including the Philippines and China; this experience gives to his views on the Indian problem an exceptional interest.

This writer argues that the present discontent in India springs from the poverty of the people, and that their resentment at the hardness of their lot is analogous to the passion which produced the French Revolution at the end of the eighteenth century or Bolshevism in Russia in our own time. According to this view, it is not political, but economic hardships which are the cause of Indian unrest, and he believes that the feelings engendered are so strong and so widespread that a catastrophe will occur unless the British Administration itself forthwith undertakes drastic and comprehensive schemes for alleviating the grinding poverty of the Indian masses.

This is certainly suggestive; it implies that all the 'reforms' of the present century, the Morley-Minto reforms as much as the Montagu-Chelmsford scheme of dyarchy, have been steps in the wrong direction. It is an interpretation of Indian unrest which has not received much attention in recent years, and I think it deserves serious consideration.

First of all, what are the facts? That the majority of the people of India are miserably poor is certainly true. I do not mean by that that they have grown poorer than they were one or two hundred years ago; on the contrary, miserable as is the condition of most of them to-day, I am satisfied that the condition of their ancestors under the Moghuls, under the Marathas, and under the Honourable East India Company was even more miserable. All I do mean is that the working classes of India are miserably poor compared with the working classes of Western Europe and America at the present day. If they were to be compared with the working classes of Anatolia, Arabia, Persia or

Afghanistan, I am not at all sure that the verdict would be the same. Poverty is a comparative term; there is no absolute standard of well-being.⁶ What is moderate comfort at one place and time is poverty at another. In Western Europe and America the standard of well-being has risen rapidly in the last century, so that conditions which would have appeared tolerable enough to the French peasant before the Revolution and to the English miner one hundred years ago would now appear to all of us intolerable. But it is perfectly natural that the educated Indian should compare the conditions in which his own working classes live, not with those prevailing in Arabia or Persia to-day, or with those that existed in Europe a century ago, but with those prevailing in England now, and when they are so compared he is right in describing them as wretched and deplorable; and I do not think it unreasonable that he should blame the English Administration for having allowed the Indian worker to stagnate at the Asiatic level of well-being while the European workers were raising their standard of life. But there is little to be gained by assigning praise or blame for what is past. The important thing is to consider the efficiency of the drastic and comprehensive schemes by which it is proposed to alleviate the poverty of the Indian masses.

First of all, let us try to define the nature and dimensions of the problem which we have to solve. The Indian Empire is an agglomeration of countries equal in area to the whole of Europe exclusive of Russia; and the population of the two areas is approximately the same, between 310 and 320 million souls. But the economic conditions in the two sub-continent are vastly different. The population of Europe supports itself at its present level of well-being by importing from overseas food and raw material in return for the varied products of its skilled manufactures. This, as we now know to our cost, is a condition of unstable equilibrium. Any cause which disturbs the delicate mechanism of international exchange threatens to bring European prosperity crashing to the ground. The economic life of India is not so easily disturbed. India grows all its own food; its one great staple industry is agriculture; no Western country supplies any parallel to the overwhelming predominance of agriculture in India. Two hundred and twenty-four millions, or 71 per cent. of the population, are supported by agriculture; if to this be added the pastoral and hunting occupations the percentage rises to 73. For reasons which I need not detail, the Census Superintendent thinks even this an underestimate. We should probably be within the mark if we asserted that 75 per cent. of the population, or three persons out of four, in India are supported by agriculture. Look at the picture from another angle, so that

we may realise how completely rural is life in India. Only 10·2 per cent. of the population live in towns; 89·8 live in rural areas. And as the Census dignifies with the name of town urban areas of less than 5000 inhabitants, we are well within the mark in saying that 90 per cent. of the people of India live in the country, and only 10 per cent. in towns.

Now here is one very important factor in the poverty problem of India. Agriculture is at best a hard and toilsome calling, and though an agricultural people may often attain a fair level of well-being, they are rarely affluent. But no peasantry can be even moderately prosperous if they have not sufficient land to till. This is the radical trouble in India. The people are so thick upon the soil that there is not enough land for all. The farms or holdings on which a family has to be supported are incredibly small; they more nearly resemble what we in this country should call allotments than farms. Writing of Bengal, the Census Superintendent says:

There are 24,496,800 acres of land under cultivation in British territory in Bengal, and the number of actual workers in cultivation—ordinary cultivators, farm servants, field labourers and growers of special products—in British Bengal is 11,060,629. This means only 2·215 acres per worker. It is in such figures as these that the explanation of the poverty of the cultivator lies. The cultivation of less than 2½ acres of land cannot employ a man for more than a comparatively small number of days in the year. The cultivator works fairly hard for a few days when he ploughs his land and puts down his crops and again when he harvests them, but for most of the year he has little or nothing to do. The cultivated area in England and Wales is just over 26,000,000 acres, and according to the Census of 1911 the number of male workers in agriculture was 1,253,859. . . . These figures give some 21 acres per worker, ten times as much as in Bengal. In the United States of America and in South Africa the number of acres per worker is of course much larger.

Such figures as these make it very clear that the Bengali cultivator has not nearly as much work to do as will fill his time. That is the root cause of his poverty. Nor are these remarks true only of populous Bengal; they are typical of agricultural life all over India:

The work done by the average cultivator in the Punjab does not represent more than about 150 days' full labour in twelve months, and even in the occupied days the idea of the Indian cultivator of what constitutes a full day's task is well below that prevalent in more progressive Western countries.

To state the problem in our own terms, we may say that the operatives in the staple industry of India are always working short time, and they are working short time because there are

more men in agriculture than the land can employ. In this the great industry of India population has outrun the means of subsistence.

The writer in the *Round Table* does not shirk this conclusion.

It seems probable [he says] that the Law of Malthus is manifesting itself in spite of disease, pestilence and famine. In 1872 the population was 206 millions and in 1921 it was 319 millions, an increase of 113 millions or over 54 per cent. in fifty years.

This increase of population occurred in spite of a death rate which was more than double that of the United States and Great Britain. But, as the writer observes:

it is only these high death rates which prevent the population from multiplying so rapidly as to bring the whole country to starvation. Even the economic remedies proposed will be mere palliatives unless there is a great decrease in the birth rate.

Here then is one of the acknowledged conditions of an increase in well-being in India. There must be a decline in the birth rate. But in order to realise frankly the difficulties we have to encounter let us recognise that a social revolution is implied in a decline in the birth rate. The begetting of children at the earliest possible age is a religious obligation upon Hindus, and early marriage is the rule in every section of the Indian community. Seventy-seven per cent. of the women of India are married before they are twenty years of age. It is calculated that the average age of marriage in Bengal is about twelve and a half for girls and rather under twenty for men.

An Indian writer in a book on the population problem in India says:

Everybody marries, fit or unfit, and becomes a parent at the earliest age permitted by nature. For a Hindu marriage is a sacrament which must be performed regardless of the fitness of the parties to bear the responsibilities of a mated existence. A Hindu male must marry and beget children—sons if you please—to perform his funeral rites lest his spirit wander uneasily in the waste places of the earth. The very name of son 'Putra' means one who saves his father's soul from the hell called Puta. A Hindu maiden unmarried at puberty is a source of social obloquy and of damnation to her ancestors.

Now by reciting these facts I do not mean to imply that we must fold our hands and do nothing to ameliorate the terrible poverty of the Indian people, but I do say that, as things are, any improvement in well-being will certainly be followed by an increase of population; and this increase of population must again produce a fresh pressure on the means of subsistence. No remedies can be anything but temporary palliatives unless we can beget

along with them a changed attitude of mind which will amount to a social revolution. The writer whom I have already quoted appears to be satisfied that an improvement in the standard of living would certainly be followed by a decrease in the birth rate. I cannot agree. It is true that some such correlation seems to exist in Europe. But then Christianity has never made the begetting of children a religious obligation; indeed the implication of the Church's teaching is that the married state is not the one to be most highly commended. There is no sentiment among the people of Europe which would make the limitation of the family odious, and I am not satisfied that the decrease in the birth rate in Western Europe may not be explained by the postponement of marriage and by methods of birth control which are now familiar to all classes of society. If this is so—and the question is at least an open one—then an increase in the population is in India inevitable until the people are converted to the Western opinion regarding limitation of the family.

I have at some length drawn attention to one cause of the poverty of India because it is of dominating importance. But there are others. Though there is no room for more workers on the land, there are other sources of wealth which might with great advantage be developed in India as they are in Western Europe; and to work these other opportunities of wealth production there is at hand a large supply of labour in India which is at present running to waste. In his book *Wealth and Welfare of the Punjab* Mr. Calvert writes:

There is a vast waste of female labour, due primarily to custom and prejudice. In most other countries the proportion of female labour to the whole is high; while its efficiency is equal to the tasks performed, the contribution to the national dividend resulting from this forms an appreciable part of the whole. If there were in Western nations a movement aiming at the exclusion of female labour from all except purely domestic tasks, the movement would endanger the whole economic fabric and, if successful, would involve those countries in ruin. The Punjab discards what in England and elsewhere is an absolutely necessary element in the maintenance of their civilisation. The fact that there are tribes such as the Brahman and Rajput which do not allow their women folk even to work in the fields is alone sufficient to explain their poverty. The work of women as clerks, shopkeepers, post and telegraph operators, factory hands, etc., and in connection with the fish industry, market garden, pit tops, etc., has no counterpart here. In the course of generations the loss from this waste alone must have made material progress almost impossible. No European country could maintain its present standard of living without the assistance derived from female labour.

There is one other general cause of poverty to which I feel bound to allude. It may broadly be described as inefficiency of production or, better, the inefficiency of industrial organisation. Industry in India is for the most part still conducted on those

archaic lines which prevailed in England before the industrial revolution. What is known, in some quarters, as the capitalist system is not yet established in India, though its approach is plainly discernible. A few outposts have established themselves in Bombay, Ahmedabad, and on the Hugli, but the great mass of the workers are still untouched by it. The distinctive characteristic of the Indian organisation of industry is that the labourer is a small man working on his own account, and not a wage-earner. If he is a peasant tilling a small holding, he puts in his own seed and works with his own tools and draught animals—i.e., he himself supplies the capital necessary for production, and at the same time he and his family supply the labour. If he is engaged in industry in contrast to agriculture, if for instance he is engaged in the textile industry, he is equally a small man working on his own account; he is a master, not a wage-earner. He owns the loom in which with incredible toil he weaves a few yards of cotton cloth, and he supplies the yarn. He works in his own cottage, not in a factory, and all the labour is performed by himself and his family. He has not to beg for permission to work from a capitalist who holds the means of production under lock and key. To the European wage-earner these may sound ideal conditions, but in fact the Indian peasant or artisan lives in conditions of poverty which would be intolerable in Europe, and his output is beyond all comparison less than is the output per worker in capitalistic countries. The reason for this is not far to seek. The small man working on his own has a very small stock of capital—he cannot buy the latest and most efficient machinery; he is ignorant and cannot ascertain the condition of the market. He can only go on working as his neighbours do. Consider the position of the hand weaver who is slowly being starved out of existence by the relentless competition of the power loom. He is an ignorant rustic; he hardly knows why there is no longer any demand for his labour. He does not know of any market beyond his village; he has no opportunities of learning of the mechanical improvements by which the efficiency of his loom could be increased enormously, and he continues to ply his craft in the fatiguing and inefficient fashion in which it was practised a thousand years ago. In these circumstances the output of wealth cannot be as great as in a society in which industry is directed by men possessing technical skill, commercial knowledge, and administrative ability. Between one society and the other there is the same difference as there is between a mob and a highly disciplined army led by competent officers.

I have suggested that the poverty of India may be assigned, as to the greater part, to three causes, viz., because—

1. The majority of the Indian workers are chronically under employed.

2. Only a small proportion of the women of India are engaged in the production of wealth.
3. The industrial organisation of India is inefficient.

Let us now examine the measures by which it is proposed to relieve the poverty arising from these three causes. They are reduction of expenditure upon the Army and the civil administration; improvement in methods of railway transport; assistance to agriculture; the encouragement of industry and manufactures; technical education; the modification of the whole University system; improved sanitation; and, last of all, a good, thumping tariff to protect Indian industries. Now to those who have ploughed through the tedious literature upon the poverty of India thrown up in the last thirty years there is nothing strikingly fresh in this lengthy list. What is perhaps new is that all these measures are presented together: they are the planks of a new platform which the Government of India is invited to adopt. I am going to suggest that the measures proposed will prove good or bad, valuable or useless, only in so far as we secure the cordial, the zealous co-operation of the people in working them. At the core of every economic problem is a moral or human impediment. If you can quicken in the hearts of the people the will to improve their condition, the merely material obstacles in their way are easily surmounted. I do not feel much doubt but that the measures proposed and others which have not been mentioned would greatly alleviate the poverty of the Indian masses if the people themselves were inspired by the determination to improve their conditions and were prepared to make the necessary sacrifices of custom, prejudice, and *quasi*-religious beliefs. The remedies suggested by the analysis I have attempted above of the root causes of Indian poverty are patent enough. They are—

1. The adoption of birth control to prevent the ever-recurring subdivision of agricultural holdings.
2. The larger employment of women in the production of wealth.
3. The acceleration of the growth of modern industries.

Now of these, the first two at least postulate a complete change of view on the part of the Indian people. They must abandon the belief that the begetting of children at the earliest possible age is a religious duty; they must overcome their dislike to seeing their women employed upon any but domestic work. Even for the last a great change is necessary. The industrialisation of India is being held back by the reluctance of labour to leave the familiar countryside. High wages do not tempt the hind to brave the strangeness of town life, and all the industrial centres of India cry out, and cry in vain, for more labour.

As long as the mental outlook of the Indian masses remains what it is now no economic remedies imposed from above, *i.e.*, put into operation by the officers of Government, will bring lasting relief. To do any real good the hearts of the people must be quickened so that they will work out their own salvation, or at the least co-operate in their own salvation. Here we come to a question which is not economic at all, but psychological. Who will put a new spirit into the people's hearts? What prophet will call breath into the dry bones so that they stand upon their feet an exceeding great army? We want an Indian Raiffeisen to work like the dauntless burgomaster of Flammersfeld, but on a far larger scale. We want a Gandhi who will join to his great power of moving the people an elementary knowledge of economics. I do not think it possible that the Government of India should undertake this rôle. But they might prepare the way of the prophet and make his paths straight before him. And the manner in which they could prepare the people to receive a new economic gospel is that for which the people of India are themselves clamouring, *viz.*, a very wide diffusion of education. My own view is that the sort of education needful for an agricultural people would be something rather different from the excessively literary education which prevails in our own urban kingdom and which has hitherto served as a model for India; but I do not propose to enter here into that thorny controversy. The merit of almost any sort of education is that it makes people ask for more and better education. I look upon education, therefore, as the leaven to set up that intellectual fermentation which would make the Indian masses strive to better their condition. But I would not wish that ferment to be without direction or purpose; that would only magnify to enormous size that aimless and bitter discontent which is poisoning public life in India to-day. The Government of India should at the same time as it extends education enunciate an economic policy; it should openly assume responsibility for elevating the lives of the Indian people to a higher plane; in its programme it should, I believe, include many of the items which are set forth in the *Round Table*. And such a policy, courageously avowed and honestly carried out, would elicit a great deal of private help and voluntary effort from Indians. There is a great deal of public spirit available for good causes in India, but most of it just now is misdirected and running to waste in fomenting racial animosities. I cannot guarantee that from among these voluntary workers would arise that great economic prophet whom we naturally long for. But minor prophets, each working within the bounds of his own province or linguistic area, are not beyond the bounds of reasonable expectation.

This of course is a gigantic policy, and I have only hinted at

what might be attempted ; but these two remarks I may make in conclusion :

1. I believe that such a policy can only be carried out after consultation with Indians and largely through the agency of Indians themselves.

2. Such a policy must be inspired by a determination to raise the Indian people to a high place among the nations, a determination as sincere, I had almost said as passionate, as that which inspired the makers of modern Japan.

THEODORE MORISON.

INDIAN UNREST

II

A GREAT deal is being said and written to-day about the unrest in India and its causes. The discussion has so far yielded little in the way of results, for much of it is based on Western lines of thought and reasoning, and takes small account of the varying and elusive phases of Eastern psychology.

The Indian agitators, who for years have found the spread of unrest among their countrymen a pleasing and often a profitable occupation, are not as a rule endowed with a sense of humour. But one thing they do enjoy is frightening the British lion by the spirits they call up from India's vasty deep ; and when the lion is terrified by what they know to be a mere bogey the greater is their joy. Therefore, the more attention is paid to them by serious people here and in India, the more they are encouraged to persevere with their mischievous game. They often have their tongues in their cheeks when the British Press and the British authorities here and in India are saying and thinking that, for instance, '*India* is stirred to the depths of her national feeling by the humiliation caused by the Kenya decision.' Not one in a thousand of the Indian masses has ever even heard of Kenya, and the small proportion of the Indian *intellectuals* who take any interest in the question know in their hearts that the 'grievances' of Indians in Kenya are either purely fictitious or are petty trifles as compared with the almost intolerable hardships inflicted on the lower castes by their 'twice-born' fellow-countrymen in India. The proposal to segregate Indian colonists in Kenya has been given up, but in every town and village of India such segregation is rigorously enforced, and in Southern India woe to the outcaste who ventures into the public places reserved for the Brahmin. The separate communal franchise as between Europeans and Indians, which is denounced in Kenya because it prevents the swamping of the white vote, is insisted on in India by Muhamedans, Sikhs, Mahrattas in Bombay, non-Brahmins in Madras, and various other communities, as essential for the protection of minority

rights against the tyranny of a majority. The exclusion of Indians from the acquisition of proprietary rights in the Kenya highlands, reserved for European settlers by a long-standing agreement, finds a parallel in the legislation of British provinces and native States in India which prohibit alienation of land to non-agriculturists, including British residents. All these facts are notorious, but the Indian Government, instead of exploding the fallacy, lend a sympathetic ear to the cry. Perhaps they reason that it has little genuine foundation and will soon die of 'its intrinsic inanity.' Sometimes their tolerance is justified by results; more often it is not. The saying 'The shallows murmur while the deeps are dumb' covers many phases of the spurious agitation that has been disturbing India in recent years; but the shallows will continue to murmur while they realise that their noise will be listened to by those set in authority and may possibly evoke in time a sympathetic response from the dumb depths below.

Thirty-five years ago, as a young magistrate in India in a jungle station, I was invited by some Indian friends to attend a meeting of the local pleaders, schoolmasters, traders and clerks who were discussing the propriety of sending delegates to the approaching session of the National Congress, then in its infancy. A few of the speakers worked up a vivid picture of their grievances which called for redress. The chief one was the provisions of the Arms Act, which they attacked as an unwarrantable interference with the liberty and dignity of free citizens. Now in this particular district there was a virile and lawless rural population, among which murder and robbery were rife, and were only kept in check by limiting the distribution of firearms. I pointed out to the speakers, who were timid urban folk, most unlikely to use arms effectively for self-defence, that the repeal of the Arms Act would place their lives and goods at the mercy of their predatory neighbours. They readily agreed, but in justification of their claim quoted a vernacular proverb: 'If the child does not make a noise, the mother will neglect it.' They enjoyed the mere fact of making a noise. Indeed, many of the grievance-mongers are like children who, having started to cry without reason, become louder and louder in their self-pity as they hear the sound of their lamentations, and thoroughly enjoy the luxury of being miserable.

These remarks are merely by way of discounting the undue importance often given to unreal causes of unrest, which if left unheeded would often die away as speedily as the doleful but unreasonable lamentations of the self-pitying child. The problem is to know when to take them seriously and when to disregard them, and this may be illustrated by a few specific cases.

In 1908 Lord Morley was Secretary of State for India; General Sir O'Moore Creagh, an officer of unusual knowledge of the Indian peoples, and later Commander-in-Chief in India, was Military Secretary at the India Office. Revolutionary agitation in Bengal was then almost as acute as to-day, and the vernacular papers were full of incendiary incitements, which then, as now, led to the murder of Europeans and loyal Indians by conspirators of the unbalanced student class who were the dupes of sinister wirepullers in the background. Sir O'Moore Creagh regarded the incitements as 'froth, mere froth.'

When Lord Morley had to make a statement on the subject of seditious newspaper extracts in Parliament he used words to this effect: 'Some people may ridicule these writings as mere froth. They may be froth, but they are froth flecked with blood.'

Lord Morley was right. It is the extreme licence allowed to a Press that has not yet learned any sense of responsibility that has created most of the unrest among the intelligentsia, particularly the raw and undisciplined students in the Bengal colleges, among whom the promoters of revolution and murder find their most ardent recruits.

Another example will reinforce this argument. The malignant agitation of 1919 against the recently passed Rowlatt Act, intended to assist Government in the task of combating 'revolutionary and anarchical' crimes, was almost entirely manufactured by the Indian Press. Emissaries were then sent all over the country to stir up the town mobs, and in places the rural folk, by every form of falsehood and calumny. Among the most active of these emissaries were students from various schools and colleges, and some of these were subsequently convicted of an active share in the rebellion and murderous outrages that ensued, for the seditious Press and the emissaries between them succeeded in bringing about from Peshawar to Calcutta widespread disturbances, amounting in places to 'open rebellion.' This was the opportunity for Afghanistan and the frontier tribes of the North-West, who are always ready to pounce on the rich plains of India, which for centuries they have regarded as their natural prey. In fact, both the Afghans and the tribes had been approached by some of the revolutionary leaders in India. The Amir's action showed a true knowledge of Indian psychology and of the arts of propaganda. To quote from the Viceroy's public proclamation of May 10, 1919:

The Amir has proclaimed to his people that in India neither men's property nor their religion is safe; that three men are forbidden to speak together; that Muslims are excluded from their mosques and Hindus from their temples. Every man in India knows that these statements are false.

Relying on such misstatements, the Amir has called on Hindus and Muhamedans (in India) alike to show their allegiance. He has also caused it to be falsely stated that Sikhs have fired on British troops, that Germany is about to recommence war, and that the English have been destroyed.

The Viceroy has also proof that the Amir has caused to be prepared false leaflets and proclamations of this kind for dissemination in India and has made plans to corrupt such newspapers as were willing to be bought.

Thousands of these incendiary leaflets were intercepted in India. Further, the Afghan envoy in India was instructed from Kabul

to obtain allegiance from Hindus and Muhamedans. Afghanistan shares the feelings of the Indians and is determined to support them. *If you get the chance please get exciting articles inserted in the newspapers.*

The instructions gave a list of the four newspapers most likely to serve the purpose. They were at the time most hostile to the British Government; they are still in existence and claim to be authentic exponents of Indian public opinion.

All this propaganda was speedily followed by the Afghan invasion, which, though encouraged by the revolutionary party in India, was speedily repulsed. But an army of 250,000 men had to be mobilised for the purpose.

These episodes are now matters of history, but they show what a prominent part a section of the Indian Press, backed up by seditious Indians, plays in the manufacture of artificial unrest.

In India to-day there are symptoms of unrest which, whether genuine or spurious in their origin, are seriously retarding its healthy progress. In this respect India is not different from most of the world, and especially the Eastern world.

India, or rather the small fraction of India that thinks of such matters, sees its two great Oriental neighbours, Russia and China, convulsed by revolution, Russia groaning under a ruthless tyranny, China relapsing into an anarchy like that of India in the eighteenth century and the prey of rival war-lords. Its lesser neighbours, Persia and Afghanistan, have been badly shaken by dynastic intrigues and internal rebellion. Indian, though it too has felt the upheaval of the Great War and the shocks of external aggression, internal rebellion and widespread revolutionary plots, remains still the most stable, one might say the only stable, Power in Continental Asia. Hence it is to-day more than ever the object of attack by the sinister forces that are seeking to bring about the Universal Revolution. During the war unrest and disorder in India were sedulously fomented among all sections of the population by the Turco-German combination in close alliance with seditious Indians at home and abroad, with

the powerful anti-British elements in Afghanistan and among the frontier tribes. Those efforts achieved little, for the authorities in India were then vigilant, while the Indian peoples, excepting the small disaffected section, remained passively or actively loyal.

We have now come to an understanding with Afghanistan; German influence for the time being has been eliminated; Turkey, by the summary abolition of the Sultanat and Khilafat, has lost what influence she had on Indian Muslims. But the secret and sinister influence of Bolshevism has taken their place. In India since January 1919 Bolshevik propaganda has been sedulously working, and not without success. Many people dismiss this danger lightly by saying that Bolshevik principles, being communistic and atheistic, make no appeal to Muslim races or to the Indian peoples. That is quite true, and that is why the Bolsheviks working in Central Asia and India do not push their Communist programme, but work on the real or imaginary grievances of those whom they are endeavouring to corrupt. *The Times* of February 7 contains the following significant cable from Riga:

A few days ago Kalinin arrived at Tashkent. . . . Kalinin promised that the campaign against religion and private traders would be abandoned in these territories.

These are concessions to Asiatic feeling. In pursuance of their object the Bolsheviks have had for years numbers of Indians in training in their schools of propaganda at Samarkand and Tashkent. As far back as 1920 Eliawa, the Bolshevik Commissary for Eastern affairs, boasted at the Congress at Baku that they had hundreds of trained Indian Bolsheviks working throughout India—even at Delhi itself—under the very noses of the authorities, that their secret associations in India had thousands of members, and that their Indian subscriptions amounted to thousands of pounds annually. In March 1921 I brought these statements to the notice of a number of members of both Houses at a meeting in Westminster Palace. Eliawa no doubt exaggerated, having the usual Oriental desire to make one's flesh creep. But that the movement was even then making headway in India is clear from two facts: Gandhi in 1921 publicly stated that he personally would prefer Bolshevism to British rule, and the Bengali B. C. Pal, in addressing Bengali students, commended to them publicly what he termed 'the Divine ideals of Bolshevism.' Probably the Mahatma and his lieutenant now know more of Bolshevism, and have altered their views in regard to it. The many Indian revolutionaries who during the war made Berlin, Constantinople and Kabul their 'spiritual homes,' and the bases for their nefarious designs against India, subsequently and after the war transferred their allegiance to Moscow. Since then they have been flitting

about between Moscow and Berlin, and making flying visits to Kabul and to Bokhara—now a Bolshevik outpost in the East. They are in close touch with the revolutionary party in India. This was clearly established a few months ago in the Allahabad High Court judgment in the Cawnpore conspiracy case. That was a Bolshevik plot to foment rebellion in India by creating fictitious unrest in various sections of the population, and was engineered from Berlin by a Bengali calling himself M. N. Roy. Four men, Hindus and Muhamedans, were convicted and sentenced to six years' imprisonment.

Is it unlikely that the same Bolshevik propaganda is at work among the hundreds of Bengalis, chiefly students of the urban middle class, who are implicated in the revolutionary movement which is to-day causing such anxiety to the authorities in India, and which the All-India Assembly indirectly encourages by refusing either to admit its existence or to arm the Government with the statutory power to eradicate it? Is it unlikely that the same sinister influences are supporting the Akali Sikhs in their truculent attitude? For the Bolsheviks, as we know, are quick to identify themselves with any subversive movement in any country, East or West. India for years has had a special attraction for them, and in their treaty with Afghanistan a few years ago permission was given to them to establish consulates or nuclei for propaganda at Ghazni and Kandahar, close to the frontier tribes and North-West Indian border. Though these are not yet formally established, there is good reason to believe that the Bolshevik agents are at work among the tribes, particularly the colony of Muslim fanatics at Chamarkand, and also within our Indian border.

We may now turn to the causes of unrest, genuine or spurious, and the agencies promoting unrest in India itself. The first point to note is that since 1919 some of the most prominent members of two powerful and highly organised political bodies, the extremist National Congress and its Muslim counterpart, the Khilafat Committee, have avowedly set themselves to subvert British rule as at present established.

At the Congress and Muslim League meetings at Nagpur in 1920 rebellion, when conditions should be favourable, was openly mooted. Gandhi then told his audience that before the battle with the British Government was ended they might have to pass through a sea of blood. Since then probably 10,000 lives have been lost in the Moplah rebellion alone, which broke out eight months later, and which, in the words of Lord Willingdon, then Governor of Madras, was 'an inevitable outcome of the propaganda associated with Mr. Gandhi.' At the same Nagpur Congress Lajpat Rai, of the Punjab, claimed the right of armed rebellion against a 'bloodstained and revolting Government.

Later on Muhamad Ali, the Khilafat leader, said they would drive out (by non-co-operative methods) 'the British thieves by the same aperture by which they entered India as thieves.' The language used at the subsequent meetings of the Congress has been, if possible, even more incendiary. Is it surprising that language of this kind repeated from scores of platforms, and published broadcast through the Indian Press, has created among sections of an ignorant and credulous population the belief that the British power was broken and that the British authorities were frightened of the extremist agitators? The natural result was that lawlessness and rapine soon got the upper hand in many localities, as they always will in an Eastern country when the arm of authority shows signs of weakness.

While the Hindu-Muslim *entente* lasted under the leadership of Gandhi and the Ali brothers, this lawlessness took the form of murderous attacks on the officers and supporters of the 'Satanic' British Government. That unnatural union was dissolved when in 1922 Gandhi and the Ali brothers were brought to tardy justice, and when the appalling outrages by Moplah fanatics on tens of thousands of their Hindu neighbours in Malabar opened the eyes of many Hindus to what would be their fate in a Khilafat kingdom or republic. Later on the eyes of Muhamedans were similarly opened to what would be their fate as a minority under Hindu *swaraj*.

The growing tension between the rival religions has within the last two years made the streets of a score of great cities, from Kohat and Amritsar to Lucknow, Calcutta and Gulbarga, run with blood shed in communal strife, which has only been checked by the intervention of the British soldier, the British police officer and the British magistrate. Never has the rôle of the impartial British authority as the sole mainstay of order and justice in a land split with feuds and factions been more triumphantly vindicated. This is the view of all sensible Indians. But they are, as a rule, afraid to speak out. One of them, however, has stated the position with rare force and truth in a Calcutta paper quoted in the *Daily Telegraph* of September 22, 1924. He wrote:

It is only the fear of a superior power that can ever stop the hatred of one community for the other. That fear has been removed in consequence of the efforts of the British Government to devolve its responsibility upon others. There is nothing now to prevent us cutting one another's throats, as we used to do before British supremacy established itself in India.

Here we have the key to one main cause of Indian unrest. Fortunately the remedy is still in our hands, but for how long? One of the greatest difficulties in suppressing the appalling outbreaks of racial and sectarian feuds in the last two years has

been the paucity not only of British troops, reduced in the last two years from over 70,000 to under 60,000, in deference to the views of the All-India Assembly, but of British magistrates and police officers, who, being detached and unbiased, are in the best position to prevent sectarian outbreaks and to bring the law-breakers to justice. Their number is now under 1500 for the 250 millions of people in British India, and is being steadily reduced to meet the ambitions of the Indian oligarchy, without reference to the needs and wishes of the Indian masses, who look to them for protection and impartial justice.

So far reference has been made mainly to the external agencies—foreign intrigue, Bolshevik propaganda, anti-British agitation in the Press, in the councils and on the platform, sectarian strife—which foment unrest and disorder among populations naturally docile and law-abiding, but appallingly ignorant and easily swayed by false and mischievous propaganda.

The question may now be examined from the standpoint of the classes mainly affected. Here the surprising fact meets us that those who have the most legitimate ground for discontent with their lot, owing to social or economic hardships, are the slowest to complain, while the classes who have benefited most by the economic and political conditions created by the British Government are often the most virulent in their hostility.

Take first the fifty millions of depressed classes or outcastes. Their position is well described in the official Report on the Moral and Material Progress of India in 1923-24, recently presented to Parliament :

At present large numbers of them are compelled to reside, in conditions of almost animal squalor, beyond the purlieus of cities and villages. They may not draw water from public wells, they may not enter the houses of people belonging to the 'touchable' (higher) classes, and in some provinces they may not even use the public streets. They are denied the use of temples and inns; their children are not customarily admitted into the ordinary schools, and where admitted are made to sit apart from others, who would be polluted by their mere touch. These disabilities, though primarily social, extend to the minutest operations of daily life. . . .

But what stands most in the way of the depressed classes is the social tradition observed by the great majority of the caste community. In theory many of the most galling disabilities under which the outcastes labour have already been removed by legislation or by administrative enactment. But in practice they persist.

This is a horrible picture of the deliberate social degradation of over fifty millions of people by their own countrymen. It has been described in more detail in Bishop Whitehead's admirable article in the February number of the *Nineteenth Century and After*. And, as he clearly brings out, the main agencies for the

uplift of these fifty millions, who have hitherto suffered in silence, are the British official and the Christian missions.

Some of the Indian politicians do lip-service to the redress of the miserable lot of the 'untouchables'; but as a rule they find the 'grievances' of the 20,000 Indians in Kenya more useful for arousing racial feeling. They are in fact afraid of alienating orthodox Hindu sentiment. To do Mr. Gandhi justice, he has more than once emphasised the fact that *swaraj* is impossible while more than one-fifth of the population are treated as below the brute creation. At the recent Belgaum Congress he advocated the removal of 'untouchability.' But mark the sequel. A few days later a great meeting of orthodox Hindus was held in Bombay, where it was laid down, and correctly, that the untouchability of the outcastes was an integral and essential part of the Hindu religion, and one speaker suggested that anyone who attacked it, even Gandhi himself, deserved to be lynched. So the matter stands now. But there are signs that the 'submerged' one-fifth will not accept it for much longer.

Next come the great rural masses, including with the untouchables 94 per cent. of the population, mainly illiterate, simple, kindly folk if left to themselves, and free from racial and sectarian hatreds, unless these are deliberately stirred up by the cry of their religion or immemorial customs being in danger. Economically their position has steadily improved, especially within the last thirty years. This has been largely a result of the railways and great irrigation works constructed with British capital by the British Government, which have done so much to avert famine and steady prices in seasons of scarcity, and give them access to good markets for their surplus in times of plenty. The rise in prices of agricultural produce has on the whole immensely benefited the producer, and the great majority of the rural population are producers. In some provinces, such as Bihar, Bengal and parts of Madras and the United Provinces, the population is pressing heavily on the means of subsistence; in others, such as the Punjab, Sind, parts of Bombay and of the United Provinces, there is little or no congestion and much room for expansion by the great irrigation schemes now in hand. But even where there is acute congestion, it has not, in the writer's opinion, in any way created serious unrest against the British. Any suggestion for the limitation of the population by the methods familiar in the West would arouse a storm of discontent that would overwhelm those who suggested it, for it would conflict with the very root ideas of Indian society and Indian sentiment. The peasant proprietor and the ryots holding direct from Government have undoubtedly prospered, and among them there is little or no genuine discontent against British authority; indeed, their

attitude to the British official is nearly always friendly; but there is often bitter feeling against the money-lender and other urban classes who exploit them.

The position of the agricultural labourer and of the tenants, millions of whom are unprotected by legislation and often grossly oppressed by the agents of absentee landlords, is less satisfactory. They suffer rather than profit by high prices, and the bad years 1918-19 and 1920-21 hit them very hard. It was at this stage that the Aika movement, a Jacquerie uprising against the landlords, arose in parts of the United Provinces, Bihar and Bengal, where conditions are worst. It was in a way parallel to the movement of the Russian peasants in 1917-18, which, favoured by the Bolsheviks, gave them the lands of the nobles and the Church. It was perhaps encouraged in India by Bolshevik influence, but it soon died away with the return of better seasons and easier prices. Fortunately, even agricultural wages have, since the war, risen at least as rapidly as prices. These classes on the whole, though living on the margin of subsistence, remain in a state of 'pathetic contentment.' But they still look to the British Government to secure them fair play. The Government is doubtless anxious to do so, but fears to antagonise the strong vested interests of lawyers, landlords and capitalists, who now dominate the Legislature and speak in the name of India. Hence the recent attempts to give security to tenants in certain provinces have been much whittled down. The British official is now almost driven to think first and last of the Indian politician; the masses are the last to be considered, if at all. The rôle of *gharib parwar* (protector of the poor) is passing away, though the need is as great as ever. Our strength in India has lain in the fact that the rural masses have trusted us. Our growing weakness is due to the fact that we are giving them cause to mistrust us.

Coming to the urban classes, the lot of the factory hand, the skilled and casual labourer and the domestic servant, has on the whole steadily improved in recent years. Wages, which were miserably low, had to be raised a few years ago, after the war, to meet the enormous rise in prices. Since then prices have dropped considerably, but wages have not; and while the housing conditions in Bombay, Ahmedabad, Calcutta, Cawnpur and other great industrial centres are still shocking, the general position, though not quite satisfactory, is better than it was. The trade union movement has begun to spread in the big towns, but so far it has not made much progress. Most of the labourers are rural folk and return to their villages for part of the year. But the great unorganised masses of ignorant, excitable people, living on the margin of subsistence in the big towns, offer a strong temptation to the unscrupulous agitator. It is by working on

their feelings that the rebellions and murderous outbreaks of 1919 in Delhi, Amritsar, Ahmedabad, etc., were brought about; while in 1921 it was they who were worked up to commit the disgraceful excesses in Bombay at the Prince of Wales' visit in November 1921 when fifty-four people were murdered and several hundred seriously injured by the mobs. Those outbreaks, like the Malabar rebellion, were the direct result of Gandhi's non-cooperation propaganda.

It will be seen that, in my opinion, among all the classes enumerated there is normally no unrest or dissatisfaction with British rule. In fact, in their own dumb way they recognise what the British Government and the British officials are doing for them in maintaining security and promoting progress, and they would wish to see that position maintained. They have no solid grievance against the Government. Life and property are, on the whole, well protected; their religions and their customs are most carefully respected. Taxation in India, though so unevenly distributed that the poor man pays more than his share, while the landlord with a rent-roll of hundreds of thousands from the land pays nothing at all as income-tax or super-tax, is extremely light as compared with any other civilised country. The total State revenues, central and provincial, come to about 150,000,000*l.* sterling, or 12*s.* per head of population, against 16*l.* per head in Great Britain, and of the 12*s.* only some 8*s.* represent taxation. It represents less than one-tenth of the annual incomes in India, against over one-fourth in Great Britain. The cost of defence comes to 40,000,000*l.*, or 2*s.* 6*d.* per head for 320 millions of people. In Great Britain last year it was £4 per head, in the United States 2*l.* 10*s.*, and even in Japan, a relatively poor country, it was nearly 1*l.* 10*s.* per head.

There is surely no cause for grievance here. Indeed, the British taxpayer might complain that he is made to pay for the naval defence of India's 5000 miles of seaboard and 360,000,000*l.* of foreign trade, for India contributes only 100,000*l.* yearly to our Naval Budget of 55,000,000*l.*

There is one class left, the urban *intelligentsia*, among a large section of whom we have for years found acute discontent and bitter criticism of our rule. This class is mainly the creation of our rule and has almost a monopoly of Western education, for less than 1 per cent. of the whole population have some knowledge of English, and only 7 per cent. are literate in their own tongues. This class has prospered exceedingly under that rule, having almost complete control of the learned professions, the Bar, medicine, education and journalism, which have grown up under our administration. It also has a predominant share in the Government services—judicial, executive, educational, etc.—in

which little technical knowledge is required, and that predominance is being more and more resented by the rural classes and masses. It now aspires to complete mastery of all the great services by driving out the small body of less than 4000 British officials, who in the Civil Service, police, engineering, forest, agricultural, medical and veterinary services, have given India such civilised progress as she has attained, and who, in the words of Mr. Lloyd George, form the 'steel frame' that alone holds the jarring elements of India's 320 millions together. Owing to the domination of the All-India Assembly and the provincial legislatures which Mr. Montagu's undemocratic schemes of reform gave to a small oligarchy, representing less than 1 per cent. of the population, and its control of the Press and the platform, it is rapidly achieving that object. Of all the above services only the Civil Service and police are guaranteed, under the report of the Lee Commission, a substantial British *personnel*, and even in those services it is to be reduced to one-half. This class has grown enormously in wealth, in influence and in numbers, but contributes little to the revenues of India, owing to the unequal system of taxation, and almost nothing to its defence.

One would expect to find the members of a class so privileged satisfied with the position created for them under the British Government. But it is among them, that racial hatred and antipathy to the British are most common, and from them that the revolutionary movements derive nearly all their recruits.

What are the causes of this phenomenon? They would take long to explain. But it may be said that they are due partly to traditions of privilege and self-confidence in the higher or literary castes, and partly to Western education, both of which tend to cause resentment that the British should still control the destinies of India's diverse races, castes and religions. The members of this class fail to realise that in historical times no indigenous power has ever succeeded in establishing any form of national government in India; and that they, being a small, unmartial urban minority, are not likely to succeed where the men of the sword have failed. The prevalent unrest among the *intelligentsia* is, briefly, the product of a bad educational system, almost exclusively literary, based on false history and false economics. That system turns out annually tens of thousands of half-educated young men, whom the learned professions cannot absorb, who, from defective education and caste tradition, are unfitted or unwilling to take to the agricultural, industrial and commercial pursuits which are crying for Indian brains and capital, and who, under the influence of specious agitators, attribute their difficulties and their failures to the British Government. For those who wish to study more deeply the causes of discontent among this class a perusal of the Rowlatt

report of 1918, especially the chapters dealing with Bengal, where the situation is most acute, and the report of Sir Michael Sadleir's Commission on the Calcutta University, is recommended. We cannot but feel sympathy for these victims of a system for which we ourselves are in a large measure responsible. Can we go on regarding the tragedy with folded hands, while thousands of young men are being drawn into revolutionary societies and tens of thousands of young lives are being blighted? The remedy lies in tackling the admitted failure of our educational system. Here is the real root of Indian unrest. Will any Government in India and here have the courage to tackle it? *Hic labor, hoc opus est.*

M. F. O'DWYER.

THE LAND AND THE PEOPLE: OCCUPYING OWNERSHIP

THERE can no longer be any doubt that the nation is at last awaking to the importance of the land and is taking an increasing interest in the agricultural situation, an awakening which will be welcomed by all who realise the importance of the rural side of our civilisation.

For almost the first time a Conservative Government has *really* put agriculture to the forefront in its programme, and a happy combination controls the Ministry of Agriculture. In Mr. Edward Wood and Lord Bledisloe we have men with a profound understanding of the rural situation, men who put agriculture before politics. The new Minister let no time elapse in convening an agricultural conference and it is to be hoped that much may result therefrom, but even if the results are disappointing it was the right thing to do.

The daily papers have had, since the election, numerous articles and letters upon the subject of 'the land and the people,' so that it is not the writer's intention to enter in any detail into what has happened in the past, but rather to concentrate upon the development of occupying ownership (*i.e.*, the ownership by the cultivator of the land he occupies) as one of the most important means of improving the whole state of agriculture and the social and economic condition of the countryside.

The excellent article by the Central Landowners' Association in *The Times* of December 16 ably refuted the statement that the landowners had 'robbed the *people*' of their lands by pointing out that the people of England as a whole had never owned the land.

Confusion exists in regard to the common land system, which existed before enclosure, and the comparatively modern 'commons.'

Under the former the 'commoners,' not the community, had the vested rights in the land cultivated, rights which were recognised by every Act of Enclosure, whereas our comparatively modern 'commons'—just like the Yellowstone Park or the Yosemite in America—are areas set apart for the use of the people, and could be described as belonging to the State or people.

In the days long past, before the land was cultivated at all, the people (everyone) undoubtedly had the right to hunt over it, but that can hardly be described as ownership.

A fundamental mistake that many people make is to regard the land as a finished product from the outset, whereas in its prairie condition it is raw material, and, in general terms, cultivated land, whether grass or arable, is a manufactured commodity.

The French 'habitants' of Canada were wont to use the phrase 'to make the land.' The pioneer who settled in the remoter parts of the country cut down the trees, grubbed up the stumps and *made* the land; the real pioneer sold his partially 'made' farm as soon as the district became more populated and again went into the wilds to repeat the process.

To-day the process can be seen going on in the Dominions. New land for settlers can be obtained in its virgin state for 1*l.* per acre, which will cost from 20*l.* to 40*l.*, and even more, to bring into a state of cultivation.

In England, more than in most countries, the landowner has done his share in *making the land*.

The landowner's capital invested in farmhouses, roads and farm buildings, in hedges, ditches and draining, far exceeds the farmer's capital invested in stocking and working the farms. In other words, the aggregate value of the owners' improvements is much greater than the working capital put into the agricultural industry by the farmers.

As an illustration, I know an estate which, when sold a few years ago, realised 8000*l.* less than the owner's grandfather had spent in draining the land and in making roads and bridges. Yet it was considered a good sale.

This is an important side of the question to remember if justice is to be done to the landowner.

And be it noted in passing that Henry George—the father of the doctrine of Land Nationalisation—always admitted the landowner's title to 'consolidated capital,' *i.e.*, to the capital sunk in improvements.

It serves no good purpose to bring accusations of robbery (more or less vaguely based on past legislative action) against one section of the rural community, a section, too, which, wisely or unwisely, bore the brunt of the great agricultural depression of the 'eighties, to which the townspeople were supremely indifferent. In the same way it creates misapprehension to describe the Enclosure Acts as base measures for robbing the people, or even individual people, of their land, since every Enclosure Act recognised the rights of thousands of small holders.

The writer is not defending the *effect* of these Acts; the results

are indisputable—large numbers of individuals were dispossessed of their land.

Years ago Disraeli, with his accustomed shrewdness, pointed out that the large landless proletariat was a danger to the nation.

We see, then, that large numbers of agricultural labourers and others, who before enclosure had a direct interest in the land, lost that interest owing to their being obliged to sell the small parcels of land allotted to them under the specific Enclosure Act, often to meet the expenses thrown upon them by the Act, or from other causes. There lies the evil of the Enclosure Acts.

The old common-land system had to go. Under it the allocation of land was unscientific, unpractical and inconvenient. A new allocation was in every way desirable. High farming under it was impossible, and it became imperative to change the whole system when the increasing urban and manufacturing population demanded a much greater production of food from the cultivators of the soil. To meet the case Parliament passed the Enclosure Acts.

Again let me insist that these Acts in themselves were not evil and did not constitute robbery; but the way in which they operated was disastrous to the countryside, and particularly to the social side of rural life.

These baneful results could have been avoided; they were avoided in German enclosure, where special measures were taken to safeguard the ownership of the smaller allottees. So that to-day we see in Germany, on an agricultural area barely twice that of the United Kingdom, no less than five million occupying owners. In Germany the Enclosure Acts were used as a means of increasing and consolidating occupying ownership; in England they disastrously reduced the number of men with a direct interest in the land.

n. The great need is for a vastly larger number of people to be given that direct interest in land which comes most effectively when the cultivator owns the land he farms. In other words, it is essential to develop occupying ownership in this country, and thus to undo the evil caused by the way in which our Enclosure Acts were carried out.

An ever-increasing number of those who ponder the agricultural situation regard the development of occupying ownership as one of the most effective means of improving the industry, and of strengthening the social and economic life of the countryside.

It is noteworthy that over two years ago the Liberal Party definitely adopted occupying ownership as a plank in their policy. Surely it is one of the curious contradictions in politics that the Liberals should have pronounced in favour of ownership before the Conservatives!

Three main objections to the policy of occupying ownership are still put forward by those who oppose it:

(1) That tenant farmers have no wish to buy the farms they rent.

(2) That it is unsound from the economic point of view.

(3) That it would render nationalisation more difficult.

The answer to the first is that it is quite true. Nor is this to be wondered at, seeing that most farmers hold their land at rents far below its economic value—not only so, but they have complacent landlords who do the repairs that they ought to do themselves (and *did* before the agricultural depression). Our farmers are short-sighted in their attitude in regard to occupying ownership; logically they should be the first to demand the creation of a sound and comprehensive system of land purchase. It must be clear to everyone that the break up of the large estates will continue—the present rate of death duties ensures this—so that farms will be coming on the market in increasingly large numbers; this means that every year thousands of farmers will be faced with the alternative of breaking up their homes or buying under unsound conditions and in competition, perchance, with unscrupulous speculators. All this, beside entailing hardship for many families, is bad for the industry. If our farmers are unable to see this, and to realise that the security they demand can most effectively be given by ownership, then their views on the subject, in their own interest as well as in that of the whole industry, should be disregarded.

The second objection—an ancient one—is that it is unsound economically for farmers to sink, in buying land, capital which could be more profitably employed from every point of view as 'working capital.' Case after case is pointed out where the farmer has been crippled, perhaps for life, owing to his having put so much capital into the purchase of his farm that he was left with insufficient capital to work it properly. The very cases cited are in themselves the best answer to those who put them forward as objections. These unfortunate tenant farmers—for they *are* unfortunate—have been compelled to buy their farms under the worst conditions; with no land bank to help them, they had either to find the purchase-money out of their own capital or, at all events, to find 30 per cent. of it, and raise the remaining 70 per cent. by mortgaging the farm they had just bought. Here we come to the root of the matter: to weigh down the newly purchased farm with a mortgage is financially unsound. In fact, to resort to mortgage in any circumstances is unwise; it is emphatically the most unsatisfactory way in which to obtain credit. The value of the land may go down, but the amount of the mortgage remains the same. The new owner—by the sweat

of his brow—may pay the interest on that mortgage for ten, twenty, thirty-years, yet the amount of the mortgage remains the same. It is a millstone that drags him down, for, being a permanent loan, it is generally only paid off when the mortgagee calls in the money, which often happens at a most inconvenient moment to the borrower.

What a contrast is presented by the man who buys his land under sound conditions—conditions which are world-wide. It is only in England that they do not exist. This man borrows 80 per cent., or even 90 per cent., of the purchase-money from the land bank; but this is the soundest way in which to borrow, since each year, in addition to the interest, he pays a certain amount of sinking fund, so that each year his liability is lessened, and his margin of safety increases. At the end of twenty-five years, or thirty-six years, or forty years, as the case may be, he owns an unencumbered farm, and all this is done without the farmer having to pay crippling annual charges. Over the whole period he pays only a fair rental for the land, and he has the satisfaction of owning it at the end. This is a process that is beneficial also to the landowner; at all events, in countries where the system exists there are no complaints from the owners.

The third objection comes from those wedded to the doctrine of land nationalisation; it is only natural that they should object to an increase in the number of owners. It is easier to 'abolish' a small number of large owners than a large number of small owners.

It is not supposed for one moment that it is possible to shake the faith of the nationaliser in his 'doctrine,' or to induce him to support a measure that has been proved by years of successful results in other countries. Yet a closer study of facts during the last few years has greatly modified the views of most nationalisers: *now* they recognise that it is impossible by Act of Parliament to nationalise all industries at a given moment; they state that industries must be nationalised only as they become ripe for nationalisation. A little further study may convince nationalisers that agriculture will be the last industry to ripen for nationalisation (if, indeed, it ever does so ripen). In any case, they *must* recognise that many years will elapse before the land and the industry could be nationalised, and a still longer period before the 'beneficial' effects of it could be felt.

But it is essential to do something here and now; many nationalisers are honestly anxious to see our land producing more and employing more people: they think the great barrier is *ownership*. This, however, is the wrong diagnosis; the great barrier to the development of the industry is not *ownership*, but our present system of occupying tenancy

In no country in the world do so many farmers rent the land they cultivate, or so few own it, as in England.

Let us envisage a state of things—such as exists in most other countries—under which our landowners have voluntarily sold the greater part of their estates, keeping only a few tenants and farming themselves the remaining portion effectively on a commercial basis. The farmers, through the medium of the land bank, have largely become occupying owners.

The first general result would be that the original owners would become less dependent on rent and more dependent for income upon what they produce (all to the good), and the farmer would have no landlord to turn to with requests for things he should do himself. The next result would be an added incentive (the present distinction between owner and tenant having largely disappeared) for all agriculturists to come together and to say, 'How can we organise our industry so as to draw from it our maximum legitimate profit?' If they are sensible—and there is little doubt that they would be sensible—they would clearly recognise the claims of the consumer and would approach organisation from a national rather than from the industrial standpoint alone.

A fact to be remembered is that it is hard in the case of an industry producing the elementary necessities of life to take a narrow point of view; for in the long run what is good for the industry will be good for the nation. But in so large a question it is essential for the leaders of the industry and the Government to get together and somehow to devise a policy that will possess at least some element of permanence, and so restore confidence in the mind of the cultivator. Never was there so favourable an opportunity, and the present Government has proved its right state of mind by convening a conference of a type and for a purpose which up to now has no parallel in the history of this country. It is to be earnestly hoped that the members of this conference will recognise clearly the importance of occupying ownership as one of the great reconstructional measures to be urged, and will not allow themselves to be blinded by any of the old objections, which will be found to be unsound when closely investigated. Even if the results of the conference prove disappointing, owing to excessive compromise, it will still be open to the Government to establish in England the system of occupying ownership which has brought prosperity to the industry in other countries. It is not too much to say that, wherever agriculture is highly developed and flourishing, there occupying ownership dominates. It is futile to argue that the system of tenancy suits English farmers best; our farmers when they migrate still remain English, but overseas they generally become occupying owners. But let us be

quite clear. Occupying ownership under wrong conditions will bring no benefit to the industry; indeed, it would prove worse than our present system of tenancy; but occupying ownership under *right* conditions is the first step towards the salvation and development of our agriculture. What are the right conditions?

1. Proper machinery to enable the farmer to buy his land. This generally means a land bank which deals only with long period loans. Varying methods of providing credit are in successful operation in different countries, and should be carefully studied in order to arrive at the form most suited to the needs of this country.

2. The creation of an effective system of short-term loans—credit societies in one form or another—for providing the farmer with temporary advances of working capital.

3. A special branch of credit to enable the really good working man to become a small owner. This is most important. The lack of this provision is undoubtedly one of the chief reasons why working men have not taken much greater advantage of the Small Holdings Act.

4. Industrial credit for providing groups of farmers or co-operative societies with capital for starting large enterprises—such as sugar factories, bacon factories, creameries, etc., together with proper safeguards against unwise expenditure being taken.

It is true that Government has passed certain legislation within the last two or three years in regard to the provision of credit—this after decades of desultory talk on the subject.

But the problem of credit has not yet been sufficiently envisaged as a *whole*: the measures referred to do not go far enough; the land purchase system was open only to farmers who had bought farms between the years 1917 and 1921.

Really it cannot be described as a system of purchase, but rather as a somewhat unsatisfactory effort on the part of Government to make up for its action in repealing the Corn Production Act.

Coming to the short-term credit, the percentage that has to be produced by the locality is so large that little recourse is being made to the 'machinery' provided.

And behind all this there is an unwilling Treasury, that fails to realise that money advanced to finance a sound system of credit (whether long or short) is money soundly invested.

If a land purchase system is to be effectively worked in this country, the other sides of credit here referred to must be developed simultaneously.

The adequate provision of credit is a large question, and it has been neglected in this country for so long that the Government now must be directly connected with the creation of any comprehensive system.

At the same time Government interference and control should be reduced to the minimum. The first object should be to place the industry in a position to obtain credit, and when obtained to administer the loans itself; the Development Commission might hold a watching brief for the Government. One way of securing this would be by the creation of a great central agricultural bank for all purposes of credit (save, *perhaps*, the long-term loans for land purchase). A Government guarantee of interest would enable such a bank to get the needed funds. It may be said that it would be an unwise precedent for Government to guarantee any bank in such a way. The reply is that the conditions are exceptional; agriculture for many years has been starved of capital; it has not attracted capital largely because of the uncertain attitude of Government towards land and agriculture.

Our agriculture must be built up in the interest of the whole nation. It cannot be built up unless it can command more credit and more capital.

From this point of view the suggestion of a Government guarantee is not unreasonable, and there is another reason: nothing could do more to secure continuity of policy on the part of Government than such a guarantee.

From the strictly financial point of view it has obvious advantages. It is a method that has been largely and successfully resorted to in other countries.

With Labour in power—owing to the doctrines held by that party—we would undoubtedly see much bureaucratic interference and the Government attempting to do for the industry things that the industry could and should do for itself.

Such a policy would still further demoralise the farming community: it would check the initiative of our good men, and would confirm the indifferent farmers in their lack of action and in their inclination to leave to others the tasks they should undertake themselves. For this reason it is of supreme importance for the present Government to keep the agricultural problem in the forefront as one of the chief questions with which it has to deal, and not to rest content until a solution has been found. Perhaps no Government has been better equipped than the present one to deal with this difficult matter on non-party and non-theoretical lines, but rather from the social and industrial point of view.

It is along such lines only that sound advance and lasting improvement can be made, and the industry placed in a position to work out its own salvation.

CHRISTOPHER TURNOR.

THE EXCHANGE OF POPULATIONS IN THE BALKANS

THE exchange of populations, as a method of settling the problem of minorities, has been condemned in many quarters as a barbarous and dangerous innovation in international politics. The question must not be treated theoretically, but considered with reference to the special circumstances of each case. My object is to show that, in the cases in point, the exchange, if not desirable in itself, was probably inevitable as being the only practical solution.

Down to the nineteenth century the minorities question usually presented itself under the aspect of religious rather than racial minorities. When the minority became troublesome or antipathetic to the State, the solution usually adopted was the drastic one of suppression or expulsion. Spain in the fifteenth century expelled first the Moslem and then the Jewish minority, who were forced to emigrate respectively to Morocco and Turkey. The Protestant minority in France in the seventeenth century was compelled, by the Edict of Nantes, to emigrate to England and Holland.

In the Ottoman Empire the minorities question has a long and tragic history. During the earlier period of the Turkish conquest the Government wavered between the alternative policies of 'Islam or the sword'—several times proposed by fanatical Ministers under Mahommed II. and Selim I.—and 'toleration on sufferance.' As the Christians constituted practically the whole of the commercial and industrial, and a considerable portion of the agricultural, population, considerations of economic expediency finally won the day; and the religious minorities, Greek-Orthodox, Armenian-Gregorian and Latin-Catholic—Mahommedanism at that time not recognising the existence of racial minorities—were allowed to subsist on the basis of ecclesiastical and parish autonomy.

In the nineteenth century, the spirit of nationalism, until then concealed under the cloak of religion, broke out among the subject races. Those parts of the Empire where these races were in the majority—Greece, Serbia, Bulgaria and Roumania—revolted

and became independent. But considerable Christian populations still remained, as minorities, within the borders of Turkey. It was then that the Young Turks woke up to the fact that the minorities had evolved from religious into national minorities. Fearing that their continued existence might bring about further disruption, and realising the impossibility of effective assimilation on the part of the ruling race, the Turkish Government embarked on a new policy of eradication, with the object of creating a homogeneous State. The new policy was applied wholesale during the decade 1914-24, when war conditions were especially favourable, with the result that to-day there are practically no minorities left outside the walls of Constantinople.

As a consequence of the territorial adjustments brought about by the Great War, minority problems have been infinitely multiplied. The statesmen of Europe have done their best to devise theoretical safeguards for protecting the elementary rights of the minorities in the new or aggrandised States of Central and Eastern Europe. The object of the various treaties for the protection of minorities in Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Roumania, Greece, Turkey, etc., is to enable the minorities to go on living in the country of their birth as subjects of an alien State while preserving their racial and religious individuality.

But there are cases where it has been recognised by the interested parties that past events have created a situation which cannot be remedied by the above means and where, in consequence, it is necessary to seek for a more radical remedy. Either large masses of the minority have already been compelled to emigrate, and their place has been taken by other settlers, so that the repatriation of the former and their restoration to their original homes becomes a material impossibility, or else racial animosity has reached such a pitch that the very existence of the minority in the midst of the hostile majority is constantly menaced.

Sometimes both the above factors are found combined; such is the case as between Greece and Turkey and Greece and Bulgaria.

In such cases the radical solution adopted has been that of a formal exchange of populations, which is simply the old form of wholesale expulsion surrounded by certain guarantees as regards the right to dispose of movable property and the liquidation of the estate left behind by the emigrants.

This system of solving the minorities question which we meet with in the Near East again falls into two types: the type of so-called voluntary emigration, represented by the Turco-Bulgarian Convention of 1913 and the Greco-Bulgarian Convention of 1919, and that of compulsory emigration, represented by the Greco-Turkish Convention of 1923.

The first of these Conventions provides for an exchange of the Moslem and Bulgarian inhabitants along the whole of the Turco-Bulgarian frontier to a depth of fifteen kilometres. Although emigration was nominally to be voluntary, it was interpreted on both sides as compulsory, and even the limit of fifteen kilometres was not observed. As the result of this exchange, 9472 Bulgarian families from Eastern Thrace and 9714 Moslem families from Bulgaria were mutually transferred. The valuation and liquidation of property provided for in the Convention was, however, never completed, owing to the breaking out of the European war.

The Greco-Bulgarian Convention of 1919 also provides for voluntary emigration. But, a large number of the persons affected having already emigrated as a consequence of the Balkan wars and their property having been occupied by new settlers, in practice these persons will have no choice.

An exchange of populations between Greece and Turkey was first suggested by M. Venizelos in 1914 as a way of solving the difficulties which had arisen at the beginning of that year between the two countries. Relations had become strained owing to the refusal of Turkey to recognise the Greek annexation of the Ægean islands opposite the Anatolian coast. In order to put pressure on the Greek Government, the Turks proceeded to expel the Greek inhabitants of a large number of towns and villages in Eastern Thrace and on the Western Anatolian littoral, installing in their place Moslem emigrants from Macedonia. These Greeks, amounting to 270,000, were forced to take refuge in Greece.

It was useless to expect that these refugees would ever be allowed to return, and even if the Turkish Government had given its consent, it is more than doubtful whether they could ever have been reinstalled in their homes, seeing that these had already been occupied by Moslem emigrants. The only solution was therefore to accept the *fait accompli* and to regularise the situation by an agreement which would have enabled the property abandoned on both sides to be properly liquidated, and also isolated communities which had remained behind, and were in danger of annihilation by the surrounding population, to be removed under proper safeguards. It was with a view to negotiating a settlement on these lines that M. Venizelos went to Brussels in the summer of 1914 to meet the Grand Vizier Said Halim Pasha. But, before any agreement could be reached, the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia intervened and abruptly terminated the negotiations.

In point of fact, a partial exchange of populations had already taken place. Some 100,000 to 150,000 Moslems had quitted Greece, and 250,000 Greeks had come over from Turkey. No attempt was made, however, to settle the property claims on

either side, and the emigrants simply stepped informally into each other's shoes.

A similar situation, this time on a much larger scale, arose after the Smyrna disaster in 1922. Over 800,000 Greeks and Armenians from Anatolia took refuge in Greece during and immediately after the operations, while the whole of the Greek and Armenian population of Eastern Thrace, another 200,000, trekked over into Greek territory before the country was reoccupied by the Turks in accordance with the terms of the Moudania Convention. Thus the position, when the delegates of the belligerents met at Lausanne to discuss terms at the end of that year, was that there were over a million Greek and Armenian refugees in Greece for whom neither land nor houses were available.

Had an agreement been possible for the repatriation of these refugees to Turkey, the exchange of populations which was subsequently decided upon would not have been necessary, as the Greek Government had no particular interest in getting rid of the Moslems of Macedonia, who were an agricultural population for the most part occupied in the production of high-class tobacco. But the Turks, having successfully rid themselves of practically the whole of their minorities, an object for which they had been working ever since 1914, were dead against the return of the refugees.

It was inevitable, in the circumstances, that M. Venizelos should revert to the old idea of an exchange of populations. Under the arrangement the Moslems of Greece (excepting Western Thrace) were to be forced to emigrate, thus making room for the refugees. This proposal was accepted by the Turkish Government and embodied in the Greco-Turkish Convention signed at Lausanne in January 1923.

From the Greek point of view the solution was on the whole advantageous. At the moment when the Convention was signed the total number of Greeks left in the whole of Turkey (exclusive of Constantinople) did not exceed 115,000, and of these barely 50,000 were still living in their original homes, the rest being refugees and deportees scattered over the length and breadth of Asia Minor. It is hardly possible to imagine that, after the bitter animosity aroused between Greeks and Turks as a result of the Anatolian war, these scattered remnants could have gone on existing in the midst of an intensely hostile Moslem population. The exchange probably saved them from extermination. Thus Greece, by accepting the compulsory emigration of these remaining 115,000 Greeks, obtained in return the right to expel her Moslem population, without which the settlement of her million refugees would have been an impossible task. What is rather

surprising is that the arrangement should have been so easily acquiesced in on the Turkish side. The 350,000 Moslems of Greece were still *in situ* at the time of the Lausanne negotiations, and their forcible expulsion, in the way in which the Greeks had been expelled from Turkey, was not a thing to be apprehended, if only because any such action would have exposed the large Greek population of Constantinople to immediate reprisals. On the other hand, it must be remembered that Turkey, what with the enormous drain on her man-power during the war and the expulsion of the Christians, must have lost at least three millions of her population. Whole districts in Eastern Thrace and Anatolia had become depopulated. The abandoned lands and houses of over a million Greeks and Armenians were available. It was therefore sound economic policy to get those waste regions resettled as soon as possible. This consideration, added to the fact that there was bound to be continuous friction in Greece between the Moslem population and the Greek refugees, many of whom had had to be quartered on the Moslem villages, doubtless determined the Turkish Government to accept the exchange as proposed.

The Lausanne Convention has a much wider scope than its two predecessors, the Turco-Bulgarian and Greco-Bulgarian Conventions, and certain provisions of this curious instrument are therefore worth examining in detail.

First, as we have seen, it differs from the previous two in its fundamental principle, which is that of compulsory instead of voluntary emigration. No option is left to the individual, who is forced to leave the country as soon as he receives notice from the Mixed Commission, the international emigration authority set up under the Convention.

Secondly, the criterion which, according to the Convention, determines whether a person is exchangeable or not, is one of religion and not race; that is, the exchange is not one between Greeks and Turks, but between Greek-Orthodox Christians and Moslems. This, to a person not conversant with conditions in the Near East, may appear strange. But the test of religion was in the present case well chosen as being the one least likely to give rise to difficulties of interpretation. Thus it avoids such thorny questions as, for instance, whether the Pomaks (Slav-speaking Moslems of Macedonia) or the Cretan Moslems, whose mother-tongue is Greek and who are of undoubted Hellenic origin, are really Turks. These instances are sufficient to show how difficult it might have been to apply the criterion of race in practice.

That this is so is proved by the one exception which has been made to the rule by the exemption of Moslems of Albanian origin

from the exchange. This exemption is not mentioned in the Convention itself, but rests on a special declaration made by the Greek delegate, M. Caclamanos, at the Lausanne Conference. By this declaration Greece agrees that the compulsory exchange shall not be applicable to her Moslem subjects of Albanian origin. The Mixed Commission, which has been entrusted with the task of deciding who are the persons of Albanian origin entitled to exemption, has found it a very tough nut to crack. Thus a conflict has arisen as to the exact origin of the Moslem inhabitants of Chamouria, a district in Epirus, opposite Corfu. By religion Moslems, by descent Greek Epirotes who were converted to Islam in the seventeenth century, they are linguistically Albanian, and by political sympathy Turkish, as is shown by the desire of many of them to emigrate to Turkey and by the fact that, during the numerous Albanian insurrections against Turkey, they have invariably sided with the Turks.

Even the religious test is not, of course, entirely free from ambiguity. Thus in Turkey there are persons of Serb, Roumanian or Arab origin who belong to the Greek-Orthodox Church and therefore, according to the strict wording of the Convention, are exchangeable. At the same time there can be no doubt that this is due to an oversight in the drafting of the Convention, as there is no connection between these people and Greece to justify their forcible transfer to that country.

Another question which has given rise to much dispute, and has had to be referred to the Hague Tribunal, concerns the interpretation of article 2 of the Convention, which says that all Greeks 'established' (in the French text '*établis*') at Constantinople before October 30, 1918, are exempt from the exchange. Reference to the Minutes of the Lausanne Conference leaves absolutely no doubt as to the intention of the draughtsmen of the treaty, which was to exempt all Greeks resident at Constantinople before the date in question, which is that of the Mudros armistice. The Turks, however, now pretend, in spite of the very categorical statements made by Ismet Pasha on the subject at Lausanne, that 'established' means only persons registered as citizens of Constantinople. This would have the effect of excluding from the benefits of the exemption a very large number of persons—some fix it as high as 70,000—who, though resident, were not registered, registration not being an essential condition to residence.

The Convention provides for valuation by the Mixed Commission of all the estate left behind by the emigrants. Some idea of the size of this task may be gathered from the fact that this provision applies to all Moslems and Greeks having emigrated from either country since October 18, 1912, the date of the beginning

of the Balkan wars. The number of persons involved is about 1,700,000, that is, about 350,000 families, most of whom had real property of some sort, and the area affected stretches from the Adriatic to the Caucasus. When to this one adds the fact that the owners have already emigrated and are therefore not on the spot to give information to the assessment commissions, that the great majority have no title-deeds, and that the land records in many districts in both countries have been destroyed, those familiar with the details of land valuation will be able to judge for themselves of the material difficulties of such a task.

In theory, the valuation is necessary, first, in order to ascertain which of the two countries is the creditor as the result of the exchange—the exchange being equivalent to a compulsory purchase of the properties by each State—and, secondly, in order to enable each country to make its new settlers grants of land or money equivalent to the value of what they have left behind. In practice, it is extremely doubtful whether the thing can be done at all without an enormous expenditure of time and money. The best course would be for the two Governments to cry quits and to devote the money which they would have to spend on the valuation to settling their refugees.

One of the most important results of the wholesale migrations of the last ten years has been materially to alter the balance of races in the various provinces affected. The Greco-Turkish exchange being practically over, it is worth while to take stock of the situation as it now presents itself.

To take Turkey first. In Asia Minor the Greek and Armenian populations have completely disappeared, except for a small number of Roman Catholics who do not come under the exchange. In Eastern Thrace before 1912 there was a mixed population of Greeks, Moslems, Bulgars, Armenians, etc. The proportion between the various races, according to the Turkish official figures of 1902, was—Greeks, 45 per cent. ; Moslems, 39 per cent. ; Bulgars, 9 per cent. ; Armenians, 4 per cent. ; others, 3 per cent. To-day the Moslems compose 95 per cent. of the population, the Greeks and Armenians have completely disappeared, and Bulgars do not exceed 1000. The rest are Jews, Gypsies, Europeans, etc.

Another profound change is the practical disappearance of the Greek-Orthodox and Armenian Churches from Turkey, except within the area of the city of Constantinople, which remains the seat of the Œcumenical Patriarch. Out of the forty dioceses of the Œcumenical Patriarchate in Turkey thirty-six have been extinguished, bishops and flock having been exchanged.

Turning to Greece, we find that Macedonia has been hellenised to an extent which, without the exchange, would have been hardly possible in so short a time. In 1912 the proportion between

the various races inhabiting what is to-day Greek Macedonia was—Greeks, 43 per cent. ; Moslems, 39 per cent. ; Bulgarian Exarchists, 10 per cent. ; others, 8 per cent. To-day, after the settlement of the Greek refugees in the country and the departure of all the Moslems and part of the Exarchists, the proportion is—Greeks, 88 per cent. ; all others, 12 per cent.

In Western Thrace, where the Moslems are exempted from the exchange, the proportion is as follows : 1912—Greeks, 37 per cent. ; Moslems, 47 per cent. ; Bulgarian Exarchists, 14.5 per cent. ; others, 1.5 per cent. To-day—Greeks, 62 per cent. ; Moslems, 28 per cent. ; all others, 10 per cent.

The conclusion to be drawn from the preceding figures is that the emigrations and exchanges, in spite of the great suffering and loss of human life they have entailed, have at least had the compensating advantage of creating a more homogeneous population where before there was a perfect tangle of races and religions. It is to be hoped that many causes of political friction between the countries concerned will thus tend automatically to disappear.

A. A. PALLIS.

SOCIALISM AND BANKING: A REPLY

IN an interesting article in the February number of *The Nineteenth Century* Mr. Herbert G. Williams examines the growing interest which is being taken in banking by the Socialist Party. He mentions that this party is pressing for the nationalisation of banks, and, in particular, the Bank of England; and remarks that this movement 'has had considerable impetus given to it' from my book *Credit Power and Democracy*, with its commentary by Mr. A. R. Orage.

Now this is a misapprehension. It is true enough that the Socialist Party is pressing for the nationalisation of banks, together with many other large undertakings, and it is perhaps true enough to say that that party has devoted some additional attention to this matter as a result of the book which Mr. Williams has been kind enough to mention; but the impression that there is any suggestion of nationalising banks in that book is incorrect.

But I do not think Mr. Williams is alone in this misapprehension, nor do I think, on the other hand, that the fault is entirely with the book in question. It has become a habit to regard, almost without further examination, any criticism of the present methods by which the business of the world is carried on as being *ipso facto* a plea for the nationalisation of the industry criticised. The common antithesis, in fact, is the so-called private *administration* of business *versus* the so-called national *administration* of business.

There is room for a good deal of discussion on this question, which, if stripped of many of the irrelevancies with which it is surrounded, really resolves itself into a question of centralised or decentralised administration. It is even possible that a certain amount of industrial unrest can be attributed to questions of maladministration, and more particularly to over-centralised administration, resulting in a feeling of helplessness on the part of the individual to remedy technical defects, such helplessness producing either irritation in the case of the keener spirits, or perhaps, more usually, loss of interest in the work in hand. So far as this may be true, it is more prevalent in Government departments than anywhere else, although by no means absent

in such large undertakings as the railway companies, and such attractions as careers in these organisations offer are largely based on economic security. Any other argument which can be deduced from them is adverse to what is commonly called nationalisation.

But the point which I wish to make in this connexion is that the real issue in regard to banking is only very indirectly concerned with administration at all. It may be put in this way.

Whether banks are nationalised or whether they are administered on their present quite efficient lines, the matter with which they deal is public credit. This credit functions as money. The present banking system lends credit to individuals; that is to say, it assumes *a priori* that the credit with which it deals belongs to the banks. It must be borne in mind that these loans are *new money*, just as truly as though new Treasury notes were printed. The question at issue may be quite broadly stated by inquiring whether this credit does so belong to the banks, in which case they are correct in lending it, or whether it arises from the organisation of individuals, which for want of a better term we call the nation, and that therefore it belongs to individuals in their capacity of tenants-for-life of nationality, and is not properly lent to them, but (in order that the business of the world may be carried on smoothly) should be given to them, the banks being paid, of course, for their valuable services as trustees.

Now there is no practical solution, as far as I am aware, to this inquiry along the lines of orthodox ethics, although even along these lines it is possible to put up an unanswerable case in connection with the basis and consequent logical ownership of the purchasing power which bankers create. Broadly speaking, the ethics on which, equally, orthodox finance and orthodox Socialism proceed, fail to recognise what may be called 'the unearned increment' of association.

In any case, however, the pragmatic line of attack is infinitely preferable. If the present methods of credit control and distribution produced satisfactory results; even if there was any probability that the present methods could be continued without carrying in their train a catastrophe of the first magnitude, there would be a good deal to be said for leaving matters very much as they are. Industrial unrest on the one hand and international politics on the other are sufficient evidence that there can be no question of leaving things as they are. The choice is not between stagnation and change, it is merely between varieties of change.

A consideration of the practical side of this matter most conveniently starts, not with the banking system, but with the price system. Prices are the agency through which credit-purchasing power is returned to the banking system, which, as

Mr. McKenna has so lucidly explained in his addresses as chairman of the Midland Bank, creates all but an insignificant fraction of the purchasing power in this country. Prices have two limits, the upper limit being governed only by what the purchaser will or can pay, and the lower limit being governed by the cost of production. Bankers and business men are very apt to forget the lower limit of price, and this forgetfulness takes the form of assuming that if the community's purchasing power is restricted, prices will indefinitely fall—a proposition which the last few years of deflation in this country should be sufficient to confute. The fact is that when prices have fallen approximately to the cost of production, any attempt further to depress them by orthodox financial methods merely arrests production and removes the article of production from the market.

Modern productive methods depend more and more upon the use of power and of machinery. Factory cost of production includes sums in respect of these items, as well as costs which are incurred for wages and salaries. In so far as the machines, etc., which go into the cost of production of articles produced by their aid have already been paid for, and the payments have been used to cancel bank loans, the price of production, even without profit, is collectively in excess of the ability of the public to pay. This matter would require more space to deal with fully than is available at the moment, but to put it in its shortest form, the rate of flow of prices from the producing system is greater than the rate of flow of purchasing power, and this difference is measured by the disparity between bank credits created minus bank credits cancelled by repayment, and prices created minus price values destroyed, and it will be seen that the difficulty arises fundamentally from the necessity, under existing arrangements, of repaying bank loans. To say, as does Mr. Williams, that the effective bridging of this gap between collective prices and collective purchasing power involves unlimited inflation is merely to misuse words.

The outcome of the process of orthodox finance is a constant tendency to what is erroneously termed over-production. In spite of the patent need for goods and services of every kind, a need by no means confined to the destitute classes, and in spite of the ever-growing ability of the productive system, simply as a system, to meet this need for goods and services, we are constantly faced with periods of trade depression and such social phenomena as housing problems and wheat famines, to take only two of many examples. That is to say, the economic problem is not a technical or productive problem; it is, as the business man would say, a selling problem, or, as the economist would say, a problem of distribution. At the present time the situation is

partially met by the stimulation of what is probably unnecessary and undesirable, namely surplus production for export (over and above exported product exchanged for consumable goods) in order that the money distributed by this means as wages and salaries, which is mainly derived from bank credits, may be applied to the purchase of commodities already existing in the country. This is a process which merely consists in mortgaging future production in order to buy present production, and at the same time raises up the most formidable problems of international competition for export markets.

No question of administration enters into this problem at all. Whatever views may be held on the question of private or Civil Service administration, so long as the system which is administered is similar, the results of this administration will not be substantially affected; and it is not too much to say that a grasp of this proposition is the most formidable menace to orthodox Socialism with which that doctrine can be confronted.

C. H. DOUGLAS.

THE VIVISECTION OF DOGS: A REPLY

IN the January number of *The Nineteenth Century* there was an appeal by Dr. Snow on behalf of the Dogs Protection Bill. Some day or other the Bill may come again before Parliament; but, as things are, we are bound to remember what happened to it in 1919 and 1924. It slipped through a second reading in March 1919 without opposition. This mischance is to be attributed partly to the inexperience of some new members, who were not thoroughly familiar with the procedure of the House of Commons, partly to a curious moment of stupidity which came late in the afternoon when a discussion on a great political matter was ended. The Bill, when it had slipped through a second reading, was referred to Standing Committee E, consisting of some forty members; and some eight or ten more were added to the Committee for the special purpose of considering the Bill. Some 'cleverness' seems to have been exercised over this adding of more members, and a protest was made by one or more of the Bill's opponents. It was a strange experience of the methods of the House of Commons to attend at a meeting of Committee E on April 2. This meeting (I quote from notes which I made at the time) was rather a nightmare. Some good things were said against the Bill, but the attack was ill rehearsed, ill arranged, ineffective. The gentleman representing the Home Office was strangely unfamiliar with the text of the Act, and wholly failed to give a proper account of the administration of the Act. One had a sickening sense that nothing on behalf of physiology and pathology had really been studied, thought out, or mastered; the whole business was amateurish and haphazard. On the other side was a little body of members who seemed thoroughly well drilled. Plainly, there was no need of physiology. On April 3, in the morning, the Bill was rushed through Committee E by a majority of only four votes.

On Friday, June 27, the Bill was defeated in the House of Commons, by a majority of 104 to 62. A three-line whip was sent out by the Government against it. If they could have rejected the Bill on May 23, when it came up for third reading, this would have been done; but the Bill had passed the report stage, and they could not reject it; they could only amend it on

May 23. So they moved a wrecking amendment, which was carried by a majority of 146 to 69, and made the Bill absurd; and they were still free to bring about the rejection of the Bill on June 27.

In 1924 the Bill fared no better in the House of Lords (March 25). Except Lord Banbury and Lord Lambourne, nobody spoke in favour of it. The speeches against it made by Viscount Knutsford, Lord Rayleigh, Lord Mildmay, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Parmoor, and Marquess Curzon were unanswered; and the second reading of the Bill was rejected without a division.

Things standing thus, we may feel fairly sure that the Bill, if it is to come again before Parliament, needs better support than it had in past years. Parliament has heard enough, and more than enough, of old instances already disproved, of unfounded assertions and of mere abuse.

The reasons against the Bill have been stated many times by witnesses before the Royal Commission, in Parliament, in the Press, and in the publications of the Research Defence Society. It would be absurd here to state them again. If anybody cares to read what the Research Defence Society has published on the subject, I hope that he or she will write to the Secretary of the Society, 11, Chandos Street, Cavendish Square, W. 1. Some assertions in Dr. Snow's article seem to need comment.

1. He says that the word 'vivisection' is revolting. I agree with him. As Lord Moulton told the Royal Commission, it is a mere nickname, a mere catch-phrase, invented for purposes of prejudice. It conceals the fact that ninety-five out of every hundred experiments have nothing to do with any sort or kind of surgical operation on any animal; it conceals the use of anæsthetics; and it conceals the special conditions endorsed by the Home Office on every Certificate A and Certificate B. I would, therefore, call it a revolting word. But there is another word which I find more revolting, and that is the word 'anti-vivisection.' And here, surely, Dr. Snow agrees with me. In one of the anti-vivisection magazines, in July 1918, he said:

We all know to our cost, and it goes emphatically without saying, that the terms 'anti-vivisection,' 'anti-vivisectionists,' are most offensive in the estimation of the public, of the Press, of the average educated lady or gentleman, of the ordinary borough councillor, peer, bishop, or M.P., with, of course, here and there a brilliant exception. We and our propaganda are extremely unpopular, and are disliked excessively, I may say loathed.

2. He tells us, on Lawson Tait's authority, of a dog who bled very little when his leg was amputated for disease. On this vague story he constructs a false theory that a dog's arterial system is

'profoundly distinct' from our own. I have come across another version of this story in one of the anti-vivisection magazines, October 1919: 'After amputation of a dog's leg only a little blood flows where a human would die from hæmorrhage.' What is the use of this sort of talk at this time of day?

He also tells us that a dog and a man are differently susceptible to this or that poison. It is the old anti-vivisection *cliché*—hedge-hogs and prussic acid, elephants and salt, pigeons and opium, goats and nicotine, etc. Nobody takes it seriously. Professor Dixon put the facts clearly in his evidence before the Royal Commission, December 4, 1907. He was asked about some wild statement that pigs are absolutely insensible to morphia, and he answered: 'How was the morphia administered? All sorts of statements of that kind are made; one is continually coming across them. For instance, they say henbane is not poisonous to hogs, and it is to hens; but that is not true, of course. It is poisonous equally to both of them, if it is given in the correct way. Some drugs given by the mouth are not absorbed, and people then say they are not poisonous.'

3. 'The dog dies under chloroform almost immediately.' Here Dr. Snow is quoting not from the Royal Commission of 1906, but from something which a veterinary surgeon said to the Royal Commission of 1874. This old *cliché* turned up, in October 1919, in one of the anti-vivisection magazines: 'Man, unless with fatty heart, can ordinarily inhale chloroform and live, whereas dogs promptly die from its vapour.' It would be hard to find any assertion more grossly opposed to the present methods of anæsthetising animals. We may couple with it Dr. Snow's statement, 'Sir Henry Morris has expressed his opinion that morphia is not an anæsthetic.' This assertion utterly falsifies Sir Henry's clear statements to the Royal Commission on this subject. He carefully explained to the Commission that morphia is not an anæsthetic in small doses, but in large doses is an anæsthetic.

4. Dr. Crile's experiments were made in 1895; that is a long way to go back in the hope of finding a scandal. The only thing which matters here is the fact that Colonel Lockwood (Lord Lambourne), who was a member of the Royal Commission, said in the House of Commons, on the day on which their Report was published, that the Commissioners, after carefully searching through the whole question, believed that the animals used in these experiments were absolutely senseless, and without pain. (*Parliamentary Debates*, vol. 35, No. 20, p. 1045.)

5. 'Science has shown rabies and hydrophobia to be antiquated superstitions, and no more.' What is the good of answering this sort of rubbish? If a man says that the earth is flat, the Geographical Society does not take him seriously; if he says that

the moon is made of green cheese, the Astronomical Society does not take him seriously.

6. The reference to Sir Edward Sharpey-Schafer is altogether misleading (see his evidence before the Royal Commission, June 12, 1907). The reference to Brachet's two cruel experiments conceals the fact that they happened about a hundred years ago. I looked up Brachet once, when I came across him in one of the anti-vivisection journals; the experiments were then eighty years old. The reference to Carrel is notable for the fact that his name was misspelled, and he was described as 'of Chicago.'

7. The reference to Sir Frederick Treves must be compared with the letter which he published in *The Times*, April 1902. It is worth printing here:

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to a letter in *The Times* of April 9 signed by Mr. Trist as Secretary of the London Anti-vivisection Society. In this letter it is stated that I have testified as to the fallacy of vivisection.

My solitary utterance on the subject of vivisection is contained in an address delivered at Birmingham in October 1898 (*Lancet*, November 5, 1898). Speaking of the suturing of intestine, I said that I had found that operations upon the intestines of dogs were useless as a means of fitting the surgeon for operations on the human bowel.

Those who are familiar with the controversial methods of the anti-vivisection party will not be surprised that certain of my remarks have been cunningly isolated from the context, and have been used (in advertisements, pamphlets, and speeches) to condemn all vivisection experiments as useless. The fallacy of vivisection can hardly be said to be established by the failure of a solitary series of operations, dealing with one small branch of practical surgery. No one is more keenly aware than I am of the great benefits conferred upon suffering humanity by certain researches carried out by means of vivisection.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

FREDERICK TREVES.

8. 'The enactments as to anæsthesia may perhaps have prevented a certain amount of animal suffering; but they are easily evaded by any who desire to do so, by reason of the many exceptions tabulated.' Here, after much floundering in 'platform facts,' Dr. Snow ventures on a desperate assertion which nobody can hold for true, unless it is somebody who is profoundly ignorant of the administration of the Act. Indeed, this is the sort of thing which recalls Miss Cobbe's book *The Nine Circles*. She said in her preface to the book: 'So far as it has been possible, the use or absence of anæsthetics has been noticed in regard to all the experiments cited in this book.' In October 1892 the Church Congress in Folkestone held a debate on experiments on animals. In this debate Miss Cobbe's book was mentioned; and Victor Horsley spoke of it as follows:

I have taken the trouble to collect all the experiments in which cutting operations are described as having been performed by English scientists and in which I know anæsthetics to have been employed. These experiments are twenty-six in number. In all of them chloroform, ether, or other anæsthetic agent was employed. But of these twenty-six cases Miss Cobbe does not mention this fact at all in twenty, and only states it without qualification in two out of the remaining six. When we inquire into ~~the~~ twenty omissions in the twenty-six cases, we find in the original that again and again Miss Cobbe has, in making her extracts, had directly under her eyes the words 'chloroform,' 'ether,' 'etherised,' 'chloroformed,' 'anæsthetised,' 'During every experiment the animal has been deeply under the influence of an anæsthetic,' and so forth.

There is no room here to say more about Dr. Snow's article; and there is no need to say anything about the administration of the Act, and the reasons against Lord Banbury's Bill.

STEPHEN PAGET.

THE ATOM AND THE CHEMICAL ELEMENTS

THE research work of the last twenty-five years has thrown an extraordinary light on the nature and composition of the atom, the unit of the material universe. It has shown, for example, that the atom is not, as was believed, the fundamental unit, but a little world in itself of complicated and delicate structure and of astonishing motion. The results of this work are of great importance in the elucidation of other scientific problems. The age of the earth, the mechanism by which the chemical elements came into being, the number of these elements and the possibility of their transmutation, all these and other cognate subjects have been illuminated by a study of atomic structure. Some day practical results will drop like fruit from this tree of theoretical knowledge. Meanwhile the results are of great interest for their own sake, and are a notable achievement of the human mind. Man may be but a temporary sojourner on a minor planet of one of many millions of suns, but at least he is informed about the material composition of the vast universe in which he has been placed. He knows, for example, that it is composed of not more than ninety-two different materials, the chemical elements, and eighty-seven of these he has already discovered on his own small world.

The new knowledge has supplanted the old, not by destroying it, but either by making what appear to be only minor changes in it or by adding to it altogether new ideas. The older conceptions have not been scrapped but extended, and made vivid. Workers at the present time are constantly being astonished by the insight of men who, years before their speculations could be tested experimentally, appeared to anticipate the results of modern inquiries. Thus the idea that matter might be composed of minute indivisible particles called atoms was known to the Greeks, and has since been a hypothesis in chemical theory, but it was not till 1908 that the physical existence of a single atom was demonstrated experimentally. Again, as long ago as 1816 Dr. Prout put forward the idea that the atom of hydrogen was the unit used in the building up of the atoms of all other elements. This is wrong, but had Prout imagined that the atom of hydrogen was composed of two parts only, and declared that these parts, and not their sum, were the fundamental units, he would have been right. Prout, so

to speak, said 'half a crown' when he should have said 'two shillings and sixpence.'

The sole constituents of all the atoms of all the elements are believed at the present time to be but two. One is called the electron, a mobile unit of negative electricity, with a mass that is negligibly minute compared with that of the lightest atom. It is always moving, and its velocity is gigantic, varying from about 50,000 miles per second to nearly the greatest velocity known to science, 186,000 miles per second. The discovery of the independent existence of the electron was made in 1897 by Sir J. J. Thomson at Cambridge. The other constituent is called the proton, the entity which remains when the atom of hydrogen has been deprived of the single electron with which Nature has endowed it. Like the electron, it moves with almost incredible velocities, but it differs from the electron in possessing mass and in being positive, not negative, electricity. Its discovery is due to the researches of Sir Ernest Rutherford and his co-workers in Manchester about 1912.

All atoms are believed to be built up on one single plan, which appears to be very simple. The massive positive electricity is situated near the centre of the atom, like our sun near the centre of the solar system, and although its parts are in violent motion, they keep their courses within a very small volume. Surrounding this massive nucleus are the electrons which play the part of planets round a central sun. They have the remainder of the atom's volume in which to move. Often one or more of these electrons leaves the little system in which it is revolving and joins that of another atom, but no electron ever, it is believed, strikes or enters into the nucleus round which it revolves. The number of revolving electrons in an atom is not, as might be imagined, a very large one. It varies for different atoms from one to ninety-two. The number of protons or positive units of electricity in the atom's nucleus is larger; it varies for different atoms from one to two hundred and forty. But it has been found that the nucleus contains negative as well as positive units of electricity, and, as these units are exactly equivalent, the actual positive charge which the nucleus bears is not the number of its protons, but, of course, that number minus the number of nuclear electrons. The nucleus at the centre of an atom of gold, for example, contains 197 protons and 118 electrons, so that its net positive charge is 79. This number of net positive charges, which is also the number of planetary electrons, is found to be the most characteristic property of an element. No element but gold has the number 79. If it were changed to 78, 80, or any other number, it would no longer be gold, but another element. Each element, then, has its own particular number of this kind, called the atomic number, and, as

it has been shown experimentally that 1 is the lowest and 92 the highest of these numbers, there can only be ninety-two different elements in existence within these limits. It is very probable, however, that no element of greater atomic number than 92 exists anywhere, because the study of radio-activity shows that if such elements could be formed at all they would be extremely unstable. Hydrogen is the lightest element known, and its atomic number has been found to be 1. On this view it *must be* the lightest element in existence. Its nucleus has a positive charge of one; it has one planetary electron. Helium is the second lightest element. Its nucleus has a net positive charge of two; it has two planetary electrons. Lithium is the third lightest; it has three planetary electrons. Iron stands twenty-sixth in order of lightness of atoms. Its nucleus has a net positive charge of twenty-six; it has twenty-six planetary electrons. Uranium, the heaviest of elements, stands ninety-second in order. Its nucleus has a net positive charge of ninety-two, and it has ninety-two planetary electrons. All numbers within this range have been identified with elements on the earth except 43, 61, 75, 85 and 87. These, then, are elements still to be discovered. Their chemical and physical properties are already known, for these can be predicted with fair accuracy, and the physicist has an instrument, the X-ray spectrometer, which will register their presence unmistakably in the presence of other substances. But these elements are probably very rare, and hitherto no one has been lucky enough to find them.

It follows from what has been said above that if we can alter the net positive charge on the nucleus we can achieve the dream of the alchemist and change one element into another. Until recently this has been but a dream, and the men who from time to time have professed to make gold or platinum out of the baser metals have always failed to do so. They have been for the most part self-deluded egotists; a few have been impostors; none have been scientists. This transmutation or transformation of one element into another is now known to be a genuine fact. It occurs spontaneously in nature in a few of the very heaviest of the elements; it may also be brought about artificially in a few of the lightest elements. But it occurs on a minute scale only, and it is completely free from the sensational accompaniments with which professing alchemists regale us in the daily press. The facts that make these statements possible have been revealed by a study of the radio-activity of the heaviest chemical elements—the radio-elements.

A radio-element is one which possesses, in addition to the properties of a normal element, the power of emitting spontaneously α - or β -particles. The first of these is a material par-

ticle equal in weight to four atoms of hydrogen which is expelled from the centre of the atom with a velocity of about 10,000 miles per second. This almost incredible velocity is surpassed by that of the β -particle, another name for the electron. The β -particle's velocity may be from 50,000 miles per second to nearly the velocity of light, 186,000 miles per second. The importance of these atomic explosions is that they afford the investigator a glimpse of Nature's workings in the nucleus of the atom. These workings, however, are spontaneous and are beyond the control of man in any way.

A definite fraction of the total number of atoms comprising the radio-element breaks up every second. The consequence of the expulsion of either an α - or a β -particle is that the residual atom is completely different from that from which it results, or, what is the same thing, from an atom that has not broken up. A radio-element consequently contains always at least two kinds of atoms: those that have broken up and those that have not. The unchanged atoms comprise the parent element; the residual atoms comprise the product. The product is perfectly distinct from its parent in physical and chemical properties, and can easily be separated from it by the ordinary methods of analytical chemistry. If now the product happens, like its parent, to be radio-active, a certain fraction of it will disintegrate per second to form a third substance, and this body, if radio-active, will produce a fourth, the fourth a fifth, and so on, till a substance is reached which has not the power of disintegrating, when the series of elements abruptly ends. Such a series is called a disintegration series, and three of these are at present known. In a disintegration series each element but the last is the parent of the one that follows, and, except the first, the product of the one that precedes. The elements that head the three series are the rare elements uranium, thorium and actinium; the element that terminates each series is the common element lead.

These results were obtained between 1902 and 1913, and have never since been disputed. Transmutation is consequently a fact, but it has this drawback to the 'practical' man, that it is, on the whole, a slow process, and that it cannot be modified in the least degree by any change of external conditions. The process may go quickly or slowly, according to the properties of the element which is breaking up, but it always proceeds according to one settled plan. In a given interval of time, a second say, a definite fraction of the atoms comprising the radio-element breaks up, and this fraction cannot be varied. It is the same whether there be millions of millions of atoms or whether there be a few thousands only. No chemical combination with other atoms, no physical agency such as enormous temperatures or pressures, seems able

to affect the value of this fraction at all. For the best known radio-element, radium, the fraction is $\frac{1}{2308}$ per year. This means that if we were to weigh out 2309 units of weight to-day, in a year's time 2308 would remain absolutely unchanged, and 1 would represent the weight of products into which the radium had broken. Expressed otherwise, 99.95 per cent. of the radium fails to show any sign of radio-activity in the course of a year, so that the radio-activity of radium is due to a very small fraction of itself. Most radio-elements break up more rapidly than radium; five break up more slowly. Uranium, for example, breaks up so slowly that, it has been shown experimentally, nearly five thousand million years are necessary for half of it to break up. These results lead to an estimate of the time that has elapsed since the crust of our earth became solid. At that time very probably the uranium in it crystallised from solution free from lead. Since lead is the end product of the uranium disintegration series, it follows that a lump of uranium will take five thousand million years to become half uranium and half lead. No such ore has been discovered, but ores containing a tenth of the above amount of lead have been found in the oldest geological formations. A tenth of the five thousand million years appears, in consequence, to have elapsed since the crust of the earth became solid. This estimate of time agrees satisfactorily with that demanded by geologists.

The greatest objection of the 'practical' man to transmutation, however, is that it stops just before it becomes really interesting. The production of a common element like lead from rare substances like uranium or radium is of no use to him. It would be excellent if the process could be reversed. But the process cannot be reversed. It proceeds always from heavier to lighter atoms owing to the fact that an α -particle having a mass of 4 is expelled at each step. But the atoms of gold and platinum, and even mercury, are lighter than those of lead, the descending order of atomic mass being lead, mercury, gold and platinum, so that if radio-activity did not cease with lead these rare elements would be spontaneously produced from it. But again the 'practical' man is baulked. The natural process stops abruptly at lead.

Artifice, however, might succeed where Nature fails, and some recent experiments in Germany may be described and commented on here. Dr. A. Miethe, the Professor of Photo-chemistry at the Charlottenburg Technical College, Berlin, passed a high-tension discharge through pure mercury vapour for many hours continuously, and discovered that in certain circumstances the mercury at the end was contaminated by a small quantity of gold. This amount was very small, rarely exceeding one part in a hundred million parts of mercury, but, by using a large quantity

of mercury and prolonging the current for many days, the experimenter obtained sufficient gold not merely to give the characteristic behaviour of this element towards chemical reagents, but even to show its colour and streak. Careful tests proved that there was no gold in the mercury or other parts of the apparatus before the current was passed. It was consequently concluded either that the gold had entered the mercury in some unexplained way or that it was actually produced by transmutation.

Time is the great sifter of evidence, and if Dr. Miethe's work is genuine it will soon be confirmed by the experiments of others. Meanwhile it may be said that transmutation of this artificial kind ought to be possible unless present views of atomic structure are radically wrong. We have observed that the fundamental property of an element is the excess of positive charges of electricity over negative in the nuclei of atoms composing the element. This number for mercury is 80, that for gold 79. Eighty positive charges may become seventy-nine in two ways: by losing a positive charge or by gaining a negative one. The former of these possibilities is unlikely; not so the latter. There is a possibility that an electron (a negative charge) might be successfully conveyed to, and absorbed by, the nucleus of a mercury atom, and if this occurred the electron would transform that atom of mercury into one of gold. This was possible in Dr. Miethe's experiments. The high-tension electric discharge which he used consists of swiftly moving electrons. In his apparatus these would collide with atoms of mercury. A very small proportion of the electrons would penetrate the outer layers of the atoms and be directed on to the nuclei. The majority of them would not do this, partly because the nucleus is a very small target easily missed and partly because the energy necessary to reach the nucleus might have been lost in encountering obstacles. But as soon as the electron had penetrated the protecting barriers it would fall into the nucleus unless, for some reason, the usual behaviour shown by positive charges of attracting negative charges does not hold here. The moment the electron is captured by the nucleus of mercury that nucleus becomes a nucleus of gold.

The artificial disintegration of atoms of a few of the light elements is a piece of scientific work on the same high plane as that which unravelled the disintegration series. It has been carried out by Sir Ernest Rutherford and his colleagues at Cambridge, and differs in principle from Dr. Miethe's experiments. From what has been said above of the structure of the atom, it is obvious that disintegration may only be effected by attacking the nucleus of an atom. Changes of temperature and pressure do not alter the nucleus, but there has always been the possibility that it

might be disrupted if it were struck, like a target, by a projectile; and this actually was found to occur. Sir E. Rutherford used as projectiles the swiftly-moving α -particles emitted by the radio-element radium C. When these were directed on to atoms of some of the lighter elements like boron, nitrogen, fluorine, sodium, aluminium, and phosphorus, it was found that atoms of hydrogen, travelling at a high velocity, were released. These atoms were detected by the light emitted when they struck a screen coated with crystals of the sulphide of zinc. Each little flash of light corresponded to the impact of a single atom, and could be observed in a dark room by an experimenter with good eyesight.

There has been some discussion as to whether these atoms of hydrogen come from the nucleus which has been struck or from the α -particle which is striking. The evidence favours the former conclusion but by no means decisively. The atoms which, when struck, break up, releasing hydrogen, most easily have masses relative to that of hydrogen of the form $4n + 3$, where n is a whole number. Thus sodium weighs 23, aluminium 27 and phosphorus 31. Bodies whose masses may be represented by the form $4n$, like oxygen (16), silicon (28) and sulphur (32), are artificially broken up with the greatest difficulty, if at all. These results are to be expected theoretically. Atoms of the class $4n + 3$ may be regarded as compounded of n α -particles and three hydrogen nuclei, and when they are bombarded by the projectiles one or more of the hydrogen nuclei are detached from the n α -particles. Atoms of the class $4n$ are supposed to be compounded of n α -particles only, and, in consequence, have no hydrogen nuclei capable of being detached in the bombardment.

Last month work on this subject was carried a definite step further. Mr. Blackett, working in Cambridge, showed photographically that when the nucleus of an atom of nitrogen is struck by an α -particle not only is the nucleus of a hydrogen atom broken off, but that the α -particle and the residue of the nitrogen nucleus join together to form the nucleus of a new atom that must be oxygen. The element of atomic number 7 has been partly transformed into the element of atomic number 8. This is the first demonstration of the process opposite to that of disintegration, namely, the building up of a heavier from a lighter atom.

This work is still in its infancy, and who can say what its final issue will be? Up to the present it has been carried out on a very small scale only. It has been calculated, for example, that, although an α -particle when directed at aluminium encounters 100,000 atoms of that element in its path before it stops, only about one α -particle in a million gets close enough to a nucleus of aluminium to cause its disintegration. We have thus to

provide a million projectiles, each of which has the chance of encountering 100,000 targets, to register a single hit! There is, of course, no discernible possibility of improving this shooting for there is no means of correcting fire. Naturally the more projectiles we can bring to bear on the target the more disintegration will be produced, but it must be borne in mind that the projectiles are the α -particles from radium C, an element which is extremely rare. Artificial transmutation, it may therefore be said, is now an undisputed fact, but it has revealed so far no sensational accompaniments.

There is one further point in connection with this work upon atomic structure. A knowledge of its workings has modified somewhat the chemist's idea of an element. The text-books told, and still tell, us that an element is a 'body that has not been decomposed,' or is 'something to which we can add, but from which we can take nothing,' or a 'body which increases in weight with every chemical change.' These definitions being provisional, are bound to be unsatisfactory. They take their stand, as Sir William Crookes pointed out, on the limitation of human power and not on any attribute of the thing to be defined. They are indeed confessions of human impotence. Nevertheless the student of chemistry knew well enough what an element was: it was an assemblage of atoms, each of which had identical properties. For, of course, if some atoms were different from others, some day one lot would be separated from the other, and what had been called an element would then be proved to be a mixture of two elements. The idea that atoms comprising an element might be different in some properties, though identical in most, and yet not capable of being separated into various lots, was never regarded seriously. Sir William Crookes, with great foresight, had suggested a vague idea of this kind, but, since there was no experimental method of testing it, it was regarded as speculative. Yet this idea is now undisputed fact. The older definitions of an element still hold, but it is now much better to define an element as an assemblage of atoms each of which has the same atomic number, that is, has the same number of positive charges in the nucleus in excess of negative. But—and this is the new point—the atoms of a given atomic number need not be identical in all properties. Actually they are identical in all chemical properties, and hence cannot be separated by chemical means, and are identical in all physical properties except two, namely, in the nature of their radio-activity, if they happen to be radio-active, and in mass. Consider as an example the element lead, which has an atomic weight of 207.2. This element cannot be separated into its constituents by any chemical or physical means hitherto tried, yet it is known to be composed of constituents chemically identical, weighing, in

order of importance, 208, 206, 204, 207 and possibly 205 and 210. The study of radio-activity revealed this complexity in an apparently simple element. It was stated above that each of the three disintegration series was found to terminate at lead. The weight of the lead resulting from thorium was calculated to be 208, and this value was also found experimentally, and from uranium and actinium leads weighing 206 and 207 respectively were found. These leads, produced separately by natural transmutation, are identical in all properties but mass; once mixed, they could never again be separated, because each possesses identical chemical properties.

Dr. F. W. Aston, of Cambridge, has devised an apparatus, called the mass spectrograph, by which the different masses composing a single element may be sorted out, and, in the last few years, has shown that the property mentioned above, and first found for lead, is one possessed by a majority of the chemical elements. Magnesium, for example, is composed of three constituents, weighing, in descending order of importance, 24, 25 and 26. Each of these is an assemblage of identical atoms, and is, on the older definition, an element. Yet, on the new definition, these are not three elements but one element, for each has the same atomic number: 12. Many elements are complex in this way. Dr. Aston has shown that the most complex is the rare gas xenon. This element has no less than nine masses in its composition: 124, 126, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 134 and 136. On the other hand, many elements have one mass only; examples of these are oxygen, sulphur, arsenic and bismuth. This coexistence of different masses and single atomic number may be explained without difficulty. The atomic number is a difference, the difference between the number of positive and negative charges in the nucleus. An atomic number of 54, for example, might be composed of 136 positives and 82 negatives, 134 positives and 80 negatives, 124 positives and 70 negatives, and so on. But as each of these positives has a mass of 1, and the mass of all the negatives is negligibly small, it follows that theoretically the mass may be anything. Actually it is comprised within limits differing at most by 12. The reason for this is that outside such limits the positives and negatives will not hang together to form a stable nucleus and consequently an atom that has a real existence.

The chemical elements as we know them have probably been built up from simple units over long periods of time by the powerful physical agencies at work in a hot star. The atoms of hydrogen and of helium, the lightest atoms known, are probably these units. They are the bricks, so to speak, in the edifices of the other elements. The different atomic masses which an element possesses exist because Nature has reached her end in different

ways. For example, she can build up magnesium in three ways, giving us the three different atomic masses 24, 25 and 26, but the first is more easily done than the second, and the second than the third, and we know this because the first is more plentiful than the second; and the second than the third. In a hot star all three would be gases and would mix freely. Once mixed, they cannot be separated, and so on the earth to-day we find the metal magnesium the mixture it is.

Only a few elements, and those the heaviest, appear to have been produced by the process opposite to building up, namely, by breaking down. These are all radio-active. And one recent interesting result is that the different masses which comprise these elements appear to obey the same laws as apply to the masses of elements produced by building up. Whether the very same article is produced by Nature by breaking down as by building up remains for the future to disclose.

A. S. RUSSELL.

THE BIRD LIFE OF POLAR SPITSBERGEN

FOUR hundred miles north of the most northern land of Norway Spitsbergen stands, in the vast silences near the Pole.

It is a land visited by few, and usually imagined as a dreary waste of snow and ice. Yet in Spitsbergen one can bask in pleasant sunshine, on warm, dry hillsides, and gaze across a magnificent panorama of sea, hill and valley, with soft tints upon the hills and a multitude of flowers blossoming around one.

The population of Spitsbergen, which is little less than Scotland in size, is just over a thousand in all. It consists entirely of miners, of almost every European nationality, who live in scattered mining camps, all of them along the sea-board of West Spitsbergen, and work in coal galleries where the temperature is always below freezing-point, even on the warmest summer's day.

This population scarcely affects the bird life of the archipelago, but numerous Norwegian sealing sloops every summer sail up these Arctic coasts so far as the ice will permit and harry the birds. The quest of these sloops is mainly the eggs and down of the eider duck, but the geese suffer even more. They are of no value to these hunters for their down, and as their flesh is excellent for the pot, they are shot whenever possible. Spitsbergen, although assigned to Norway by the Treaty of Versailles, has not been taken over by the Norwegian Government, and thus no game laws can be enforced.¹ It is a pity, for the time cannot be far distant when much of the bird life of that Polar archipelago will be exterminated.

Three species of geese, pink-footed, brent, and barnacle, in summer frequent the cliffs, grassy islands, or wide valleys of Spitsbergen. Formerly plentiful, they have now become scarce everywhere, although the barnacle goose, from the inaccessibility of its nesting sites, has probably suffered least of any. There are island groups in Spitsbergen named Anser Islands (one imagines because of the geese colonies which formerly frequented them)

¹ Since this article was written the Spitsbergen Treaty has now been ratified by all the Powers who are party to it, and Norway has therefore complete sovereignty over Spitsbergen.

where not a solitary goose is to be seen. Of the three species of geese the brent has suffered most. It is now almost absent from islands where, even a few years ago, it was plentiful. On one such island, during the summer of 1921, but a single brent goose remained. Its companion had been shot by the crew of an egg-gathering sloop anchored near, and it was being hunted assiduously by a handsome Viking at the time of our visit. The only island where we found this small goose in any numbers was Moffin Island, in 80 degrees north latitude, and even here not more than half a dozen pairs remained, very shy from much persecution. Perhaps because of this molestation, the brent goose is leaving the islands, where it used to nest gregariously, for the valleys of the mainland, where it nests in single pairs scattered over a wide area. But while it is comparatively safe there from its human enemies, it is liable to attacks by the Arctic fox, for, unlike its larger relative the pink-foot, it is not sufficiently powerful to hold its own with Reynard.

The brent goose lays its white, highly polished eggs in a slight depression scraped out amongst shingle, in a typical oyster-catcher's nesting site or amongst moss and scanty Arctic vegetation. It shares some of the valleys with the pink-footed goose, though the two species do not nest together.

The pink-footed goose is a larger and more powerful bird than the brent, and, like it, has two distinct types of nesting sites: lonely valleys, where it nests on level ground, and rocky headlands by the sea. Inland it does not apparently breed in colonies, but on the wild sea headland of Vogel Hook, on Prince Charles Foreland, we found a colony of considerable size. Here the birds were nesting on rocky ledges, some of them inaccessible, amongst the scurvy grass which showed green against the lingering fields of snow and ice. At the time of our visit (June 30) some of the goslings were just hatching out, being brooded closely by the mother-bird while the gander stood on guard beside the nest. The pink-foot, like the brent, has been rendered wary by much shooting, and rather than return to their nest a pair of these birds called away the sole gosling that had been hatched, deserting the other eggs that were on the point of hatching out.

The barnacle goose is a cliff dweller during the nesting season. Some of the nests are in situations that would be chosen by a raven in this country; others are upon the top of the cliff, but placed where they are difficult of access. It has been ascertained that when stalked from below the geese are wary, but when approached from above sometimes sit very close, so that they can actually be photographed on the nest.

Of all the bird visitors to Spitsbergen the little auk is, I think,

the most numerous; certainly it is the most vociferous. Almost every rocky valley and every sea cliff have their population of these quaint little birds. They seem to be engaged in a perpetual contest as to which can whistle the loudest. For this distinction the keenest competition exists, so that the human intruder is almost deafened by the volume and stridence of the sound. A favourite pastime among little auks is to fly above, or across, their nesting cliff in hundreds or even thousands. The birds do not fly in one great company, for the population of each part of the cliff seems to have its own particular beat. The result is that many flocks of birds are flying in different directions and in circles of various sizes at the same time, yet each keeping station. The little auk is about half the size of a razorbill, which bird it resembles in manner and nesting habits. One egg is laid deep down in a cranny amongst the stones, often upon ground that is still frozen, and the parent bird at times sits so closely that it can be approached and even touched in its nesting hollow. Unlike the razorbill and guillemot, which carry their catch in their bill, the little auk brings back its food for its chick in its cheeks, so that these bulge in the most curious fashion. Up to the time we left Spitsbergen (July 22) no little auks had apparently taken their young to sea. How the chick is shepherded to the ocean is difficult to understand, for the youngster has in some way to be transported across acres of formidable 'scree,' where, one might imagine, it must certainly meet an untimely end. Once safely in the glen, the nestling is probably carried down a turbulent glacier stream to the sea below.

With the little auks Brännich's guillemots were often found nesting. The common guillemot does not breed so far north as Spitsbergen, and its Arctic relative is distinguished from it mainly by its stouter bill. There are great colonies of these Brännich's guillemots in Spitsbergen, but they are not so plentiful as the little auks, nor are they so vociferous. It was a never-to-be-forgotten experience to stand beneath the great cliffs of Vogel Hook and watch the unending procession of guillemots flying in from the misty spaces of the Greenland sea. Often the fog hung so close about the cliffs that the guillemots, approaching below the clouds, were compelled to rise into the mist curtain and seek their nesting ledges and expectant mates through a thick, clammy fog. One heard their clamour in the clouds; the birds themselves were invisible.

Often an Arctic skua wheeled near the colony. Sailing leisurely, at a great height, on powerful wing, this bird pirate remained on the keen look-out for any guillemot that was returning to its family with its catch. Its victim sighted, it descended like a thunderbolt upon the luckless bird, pursuing it

this way and that and frequently, though not always, compelling it to drop its catch of fish or prawns, which the skua swooped upon and seized in mid-air.

On the low, rocky islands of Spitsbergen Mandt's guillemot nests, never in any great numbers. Mandt's guillemot is the Arctic form of the black guillemot of Britain, which it closely resembles. It is very tame, and permits of near approach, especially when swimming on the sea. I have seen a number of these plump birds, with their scarlet legs, asleep on an ice-floe; they seem impervious to the cold.

The Arctic or Spitsbergen puffin usually frequents the same nesting ground as Mandt's guillemot. Somewhat larger and more brightly coloured than our own puffin, this bird lays its egg beneath stones or in the crevices of a cliff. Since the Spitsbergen soil is always frozen beneath the surface, it is unable, like its British relative, to make a burrow, and there are no rabbits for it to evict from their rightful homes. It is far less plentiful than the British puffin, and never seems to nest in large colonies; half a dozen pairs were the most we ever saw breeding together.

The graceful fulmar petrel, on the other hand, nests in Spitsbergen in very large numbers. It does not, as in Scotland, frequent the most sea-girt cliffs, but makes its summer home far up the valleys, often out of sight of the sea. When on the wing the fulmar is a bird of silence. Its flight is graceful, and noiseless as an owl's. It is long before the ornithologist becomes accustomed to seeing an unending procession of fulmars—all flying by themselves and not in flocks, like the little auks—winging their silent way from the valleys to their fishing grounds in the Greenland ocean, or returning to their families high up on some dizzy ledge far up a glacier-filled glen.

Although the ptarmigan is present in Spitsbergen, it does not, curiously enough, nest at nearly such great altitudes as the fulmar, a striking reversal of the order of things in the British Islands. Above the snow-line, with glaciers all around, and the eternal ice-cap beyond it, the fulmar seeks a snow-free ledge on which to deposit its single egg. The more stupendous the cliff the better, for then the birds are secure against the attacks of the Arctic fox. In flight the fulmar is tireless. It is in its element in a gale at sea, skimming with easy buoyant motion above the waves, and often sailing along in a trough between two great breakers that momentarily threaten to engulf it. A friend of mine tells me that a fulmar, distinguished by its unusual colouring, followed the sloop in which he sailed the whole way from the Norwegian coast to the South Cape of Spitsbergen.

An instinct unknown to us humans must enable the fulmar to find its bearings in the trackless wastes of the Greenland ocean,

and while yet hundreds of miles from land to steer its unerring way to the nesting valley far up an invisible and remote coast.

Seagulls are not common in the Spitsbergen archipelago. The only British representative is the kittiwake, which is found on most of the headlands. One of the most vivid impressions that I retain of Prince Charles Foreland is a kittiwake carrying a long piece of sea weed in her bill across the wastes of unbroken snow to a nest somewhere out of sight beyond the incredibly dreary horizon.

The large glaucous gull—which is a winter visitor to the most northerly parts of Britain—is seen everywhere along the Spitsbergen coasts, but is nowhere numerous. This gull may be said to be the Arctic representative of the greater black-backed gull, for it is a large and powerful bird, with distinctive metallic note, which preys upon the eggs and young of guillemot and eider duck, often nesting amongst a colony of either of these species. Its nest is sometimes placed on the shingle in the shelter of one of the large uprooted trees which in places strew the coast of Spitsbergen, having been carried thither on the trans-Polar current from the rivers of Siberia, or from more southerly lands by the Gulf Stream.

The beautiful ivory gull is perhaps the most Arctic of any of the birds of Spitsbergen, and its nest is hard to reach, for it is built usually upon the islands of a frozen sea.² The birds themselves sometimes cross Spitsbergen from their breeding ground in the east and north to the ice-free fjords of the western coast, and most delightful do they seem in their plumage of unrelieved white. The rare Sabine's gull I thought I saw on two occasions, but certain identification was not possible, for the bird passed quickly on the wing.

Of the tribe of the terns, or sea swallows, there is present in Spitsbergen but a single representative: the Arctic tern. This graceful bird nests on most of the suitable islands of that far northern land. Its nesting is little later than in Britain, for fresh eggs are found during the last week of June. It attacks with ferocity the skuas that venture near to its nesting colony, and these piratical birds quail before the onslaughts of their small opponents.

Two species of skuas are found in Spitsbergen. By far the more common of the two is the Arctic or Richardson's skua. The smaller long-tailed or Buffon's skua is occasionally seen.

Richardson's skua is dimorphic. In Britain the dark form

² The Oxford Arctic Expedition of 1924 found the nesting grounds of the ivory gull in North East Land, and some beautiful pictures of the birds on their rocky ledges were obtained by Mr. Nial Rankine, who was fortunate enough to photograph the rare Sabine's gull also.

predominates; in Spitsbergen the light variety is the one almost invariably seen. No part of the desolate coast seems too bleak and snowy for it. On Prince Charles Foreland on the last day of June it circled above the virgin expanse, awaiting the melting of the snows, so that it might scrape out its primitive nesting hollow on some snow-free knoll. Elsewhere, on islands where eider ducks nested in considerable colonies, the skuas were quick to attack any unguarded nest. Throwing aside the protecting down with a few lightning strokes of the bill, the skua would quickly suck one egg after another, rifling the nest before the return of the unfortunate owner. Buffon's skua, which we saw in several localities, did not appear to be nesting. This bird, smaller than Richardson's skua, has almost the most graceful flight of any bird I have seen. It does not move quickly, yet even against the wind the flight seems an effortless thing, of supreme beauty and grace.

Waders are few in Spitsbergen. The purple sandpiper is perhaps the most plentiful and widely distributed, and no island or low shore is without its population of this sober-plumaged bird. The turnstone nests in one or two districts, and dunlin and sanderling occur, but they are both rare. In a few of the valleys the ringed plover nests, choosing not shingle beds, as in this country, but gently sloping hillsides such as the true dotterel in Scotland might frequent.

To Spitsbergen every species of bird, with the single exception of the ptarmigan, is a summer visitor only, and May has come before the first of the purple sandpipers reach the shores of that Polar country. These active little waders inhabit the land between tide-marks until the snow has melted from the tundra sufficiently to allow them to nest. From the third week of June to the middle of July, the date depending largely upon the elevation and character of the ground, the purple sandpiper scrapes out its small nesting hollow amongst the Arctic lichens and lays its four pear-shaped eggs. Both birds share in the incubation of these eggs, and I have seen the 'relief' being effected, but the cock is the less nervous of the two, and does the greater share of the work. The purple sandpiper is one of the most confiding birds at his nest. He continues to brood his wife's eggs until you are almost upon him, then rises from the nest and flutters a few yards, as though in the last stages of illness or suffering from the most severe injuries. Squeaking pitifully, he drags himself along, hoping that his realistic performance will distract your attention from the eggs. But should you be heedless of his beguilements and stand your ground, he will soon tire of his antics, give himself a shake, and walk back to his nest. Many times he will repeat the manoeuvres for your benefit, and his excited notes may call

up his mate to the scene. She, however, displays little concern for the safety of the eggs, and leaves to her mate the lion's share of the work of deception.

The turnstone, when his nesting site is invaded, is more vociferous than the purple sandpiper, but lacks his courage and contents himself with flying overhead, uttering a succession of loud, very shrill whistles. A hiding tent is necessary if you are to observe closely the family life of the turnstone, and on an island of Liefde Bay, in the north of Spitsbergen, I spent two days watching, from such a contrivance, a pair of turnstones at close quarters. The birds at once accepted the tent as a natural feature of the landscape, and paid no attention to the large telecentric lens of the camera menacing them so near. The turnstone in its nesting plumage is a handsome bird, the male being the more brightly coloured of the two. His white crown, white breast with its black gorget, mottled back, and scarlet legs, made him a conspicuous object against the sparse vegetation of that Arctic isle. Both he and the hen took turns in incubating the three eggs that lay in a very slight depression scraped out in the wind-swept soil. Once while the hen was sitting a passing Arctic tern, out of sheer rudeness, so it seemed, swooped suddenly down upon the sitting turnstone, and I had the good fortune to record on a photographic plate the tern poised in mid-air while the turnstone looked up at it in wonderment.

On this island there nested, besides the turnstones, a number of eiders and several pairs of that charming bird of the high north, the grey phalarope. The phalaropes are a small family of birds. They are represented in the British Isles by the red-necked phalarope, and the most curious habit of the family is the usurpation of the characters of the male bird by the hen. The cock bird, once his larger and more brilliantly-plumaged wife lays the eggs, takes sole charge of them, and his lady never deigns even to visit them to see how they fare. I suspect the cock is bored by his long brooding; certainly some of those husbands that I had under observation seemed to be only too glad to have a spell away from their wives' eggs.

Almost every tarn of Spitsbergen had its pair of these black-capped birds with brick-red breast. They showed little fear of man, swimming near him or searching for food along the water's edge. They appeared, and in this they are unlike the red-necked phalarope, to be equally at home in sea-water or in fresh, riding the waves of the fjord with great buoyancy or swimming with quick, restless motion on the placid surface of some small fresh-water pool.

I have said that almost everywhere in Spitsbergen the eider duck is harried by the Norwegian sloops. Its relative, the king

eider, is rarely seen at its nesting haunts, for it does not, like the common eider, breed in colonies, but nests singly over the tundra, usually beside a fresh-water tarn. The eggs of the rare king eider are much smaller than those of the common species, and are not often taken by the egg-collecting sloops.

In Scotland the red-throated diver is an exceedingly wary bird at its nesting haunts. In Spitsbergen, however, where it is widely distributed, it is occasionally so tame as to allow itself to be approached to within a few feet. One individual, indeed, savagely attacked anyone venturing to walk up to it. The black-throated diver I identified on a lagoon on Prince Charles Foreland; it is, I believe, the first occasion on which the species has been recorded from so far north.

Perhaps the two most hardy birds of the Spitsbergen archipelago are the snow bunting and the ptarmigan. The snow bunting frequents the mining camps, where it is known as the snow sparrow, and is the only bird with a song in these Arctic regions. Of the ptarmigan I have little to say, for when we of the Oxford University Expedition journeyed to its haunts, it was nowhere to be seen, having apparently migrated *en masse*. It is interesting in being the only bird to winter in Spitsbergen, forming, so it is said, tunnels in the snow, and ranging through them during the months of darkness to feed on the plant life that is preserved beneath the snowy covering.

SETON GORDON.

A TOUR IN MOROCCO

MOROCCO—the humped left shoulder of the massive continent of Africa—is, if not within a stone's throw of Western Europe, certainly within easy cannon range of it; and across this narrow mouth of the Mediterranean, between Gibraltar and Tangier, it is said that the great migrations of birds to and from the continents pass. The geographical position of the country is prominent and advantageous, and in close proximity to European life and civilisation. Moreover, a considerable part was in fact played in the history of Western civilisation by the ancestors of the people who inhabit Morocco. During the Middle Ages they held sway over most of Spain, and their centres of learning were famous for philosophy and science and art. So high was the national prestige that some held that Europe did not end until the Atlas mountains. Evidence of the contemporaneous fame of the race is seen in Chaucer's knight 'who had served in Morocco,' or Shakespeare's 'noble Moor,' or in the supposititious authorship of *Don Quixote*. Even the Cid, the national hero of Spain, was half a Moor. Words such as 'algebra,' 'alchemy,' 'alcove,' 'almanac,' 'alcohol,' tell their origin; and through this channel we have inherited our nine figures of arithmetical notation. The remnants of Moorish architecture in Cordova, Seville, Granada, still excite admiration, and in the enchanting precincts of the Alhambra we can sigh over a culture and romance that once embellished its *patios* and gardens.

But when we turn to modern times, most people will be found to be very ignorant about the Moors and their country. One friend, on my mentioning Casablanca, thought that I was referring to a celebrated chess-player; and a Scotchman, whom I happened to ask if he knew anything about the Moors, replied that 'they were no good in Kincardineshire.' Even with the better informed, Tangier stood for the country and Othello for the nation. But this ignorance is not so astonishing, because on the expulsion of the Moors from Spain and their confinement to Africa four centuries ago they fell into a state of rapid decay, and ceased to be a people of any importance in politics or culture or art. And with this decline there developed a rigid and fanatical policy of exclusiveness to

all European influences, which has but recently been broken. All Christians visiting the land had to disguise themselves, and continued residence involved their becoming renegades to faith and morals, manners and dress. Even to-day the desire of the natives for isolation from the 'unbeliever' is obvious, and we may be thankful if they do not spit behind us at our shadows. There are still sections of cities that are forbidden ground, and one may never enter a mosque.

Thus Morocco became an inaccessible, unknown country. The names of places—Fez, Atlas, etc.—acquired a fabulous sound. Only an occasional enterprising merchant or explorer visited the land. It was with the Moors of Barbary that Dick Whittington had his successful venture with his 'cat,' or trading vessel of that name, and Robinson Crusoe is made to commence his dangerous experiences on the coast of Morocco. Travellers or ransomed captives brought back wonderful tales or gruesome accounts, it might be of picking apples in the garden of the Hesperides, tended by the dusky-skinned, ebony-tressed daughters of Atlas, or of having caught sight of the image of Caliban's mother. The land grew as mysterious and terrifying as it was unknown.

It was therefore not without some apprehension that we penetrated the interior regions of this country, much of which is uncharted, still less subdued or 'pacified,' as the expression is, by the European Powers under whose protection it is. We were close on the heels of the conqueror or surveyor or engineer who was in the act of rescuing districts from the unknown, or on the spoor of lions that had retreated to further jungles. Even elementary information was lacking, and newly made maps were eagerly scanned. Fighting was going on in North Morocco, not far from Taza. There, a rifle shot would not have surprised us. It was not improbable that we might be at least kidnapped; and we speculated on our individual prospects of being ransomed. And might we not hear at any moment that the Sahara was in revolt, or that an army of Berber warriors was descending a pass of the Atlas?

The weather, which in Morocco, where a tourist is constantly motoring, is especially important, was atrocious. There was much rain and wind and some snow. Nearly always a damp blanket of clouds hung low and heavy over the country, wrapping it as a woollen burnous does an Arab, body and head, the hood even being seldom thrown back, disclosing a bit of the face of heaven. Occasionally there were a few hours of clear sky; but even then a fog of vapours exhaled from the saturated land. It was also very cold. We started on our motor journeys dressed like

Eskimos, and when we reached our hotel in the evening we hurried past the *conciierge* to warm our hands on the nearest stove or hot-water pipe. This was depressing, and a great disappointment, for we had gone to Morocco with the idea that it was a winter resort. But this proved entirely fallacious as regards Cis-Atlantic Morocco. We should, like the swallows, have gone as far as Senegal. As it was, surrounded by floods, we soon found ourselves immersed in consular reports on the rainfall; and we cried and laughed over our plight and at the thought of our friends in Britannia and Hibernia envying us the sunshine and glamour of Mauretania.

But our visit was short, and it might be said that the climatic conditions were unusual as well as disagreeable. Yet I heard no protest against our condemnation of them: rather did I observe smiles of incredulity when we, in our ignorance, gave utterance to anticipations of a change for the better; and I found that the only period recommended universally was the last fortnight in April.

We soon met with accidents on our journey, mainly owing to the bad weather. The bridge of boats between the treacherous sedgy banks of the River Kus at Laraiche was broken, and with much difficulty a transition was effected over its wide flow of water. In a small boat attached to a ring that glided on a rope spanning the breach between the pontoons, we hung like a spider to its last thread, and so grappled our way in the swirling current to the further side. Delayed and ill fed, we reached Rabat at nightfall, having motored through a flooded plain on a road recognisable at places only by unsubmerged telegraph poles and other lofty signs, and with a gale scouring over the open, desolate land, and ever within sound of the roar of the enormous waves of the Atlantic Ocean on the long, flat, bare coast. Roads and habitations wisely do not hug this shore. No inlet or height or feature breaks its dreary monotony, save a marsh or shallow lagoon. And from its edge stretch out far-reaching plateaux of reefs over which in the distance and near roll the raging waves. Their limitless array, their gigantic green volume, the splitting and blanching of their hard crests, the thick sheets of high-flung foam, and the sea of spume on the reefs, and, above all, the deep-drawn, thunderous boom that bellowed peal after peal from the throats of these massed billows, were an awful exhibition and vocalisation of the might of the full swollen broadside of the Atlantic.

There may have been roads and chariots in Morocco in connection with Phœnician settlements and Roman cities, but otherwise there has been no wheeled traffic there, not even a barrow, until a few years ago, nor any roads. Now there are

railways; and many steam-rolled roads have been made in straight lines across the country, so that we had seldom to make a detour on to the rough caravan tracks, or *pistes*, or over the open plain, or to choose a path for ourselves. Considering their great length through wild areas, these roads are very good. It has been an amazing jump, from no roads to many, from the backs and paces of mules and donkeys and dromedaries to automobiles and railways. Sometimes the new road ran near the old track, on which plodded droves of these animals with immense loads—all but the last straw; and the slow and straggling amble of the donkeys and the noiseless pad of the camels, and the poor slipshod folk that drove them, and the dirty, battered caravanserai into which they all huddled for shelter, in contrast with the smooth, hard-metalled road alongside, and the pace of the motor, with its party of 'unbelievers,' and the smart, luxurious hotel at the end of the journey, all these illustrated on close parallel lines the change that is coming over the land and its ways.

Of old a traveller had two camels: a *méhari*, or fast trotter for himself, and a pack-carrier. Our mode of transit was a large pale green motor to which was attached a trailer—a compact little beast of burden that held all our luggage. This foal, which followed the 'oil-drinking mare,' had itself no inside that could go wrong, since all its vital force was supplied by the bond to the matronly motor, but its springs and wheels and its swerving juvenile gait sometimes caused trouble. On the whole, however, we were well transported on our long diurnal runs. The people are not impressed by motors or machinery: 'You may have the earth,' they say, 'but we have heaven'; though an aeroplane, since it partakes of the magical nature of the traditional flying carpet of the East, somewhat excites their regard. Nevertheless, besides tourist cars, one sees great motor omnibuses and lorries, stuffed with natives, their heads or arms or feet sticking out at every possible aperture like chicken in cases brought to market, even the seatless roofs being covered with them. The loose ends of their turbans and the flowing white drapery of their garments can be seen waving in the air, as though they belonged to so many madcaps escaping from Bedlam in night attire.

Since there is at most places only one hotel suitable to European travellers, there is generally no option as to where to stay. It is therefore important to have rooms booked beforehand for the whole tour, and changes are seldom possible. Once started, a chosen course in all its stages must be pursued as inevitably as a letter in the post. Otherwise the mechanism and poise of all the tours throughout Morocco would be upset. My individual movements bore an essential relation to every other tourist. Each of us was a planet in one and the same system, and could not

deviate by a hair's breadth from his orbit without deranging the whole scheme and laws of a season's itinerary. Hence the carloads of tourists arrived and departed and passed one another *en route* with unerring regularity, and halted for refreshment at the same *fondaks*, and all partook together of the same dishes, and at night succeeded to one another's beds.

In this manner we went hundreds of miles from hotel to hotel, as though going from oasis to oasis. And excellent are these hotels of the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, decorated often in handsome Moorish style and supplied with every modern comfort, and with a French *cuisine*. A trip in Morocco, indeed, seems to consist largely of a sort of visitation of hotels. You 'do' them as religiously as you might 'do' the cathedrals of England, and report on them just as in a desert one would exchange information about the water, the fruit, the shade of an oasis.

But things did not always work out smoothly. We did not find the rooms that we had expected; and as there was no alternative hotel, it became necessary to explore every corridor to see if the situation admitted of amendment. I recall one occasion when the member of our party who looked after these arrangements suddenly under special adversity succumbed to a fit of abject Eastern fatalism. After some words had been exchanged between him and the manager, he was shown in the hotel book the very names of those who were in occupation of the rooms that we claimed. 'It is written! It is written!' he cried. 'Vain is it to contend against what is decreed in the book of fate.' 'I can do no more; it is predestined that others should supplant us this night'; and we even thought (for he is a good linguist) that we heard him feebly ejaculate something like '*Mektoob! mektoob!*' as he sank back in sultanian fashion on a divan of many-coloured cushions in the hall. Alarmed, we besought him, who had been our champion on so many occasions, not to leave us entirely to the will of Allah; and so, to our great relief, the book of fate was satisfactorily revised by the *maître d'hôtel*.

In the earliest historic times the inhabitants of Morocco were Berbers, the race which was spread over the whole of North Africa; but in the seventh century followers of Mahomet, coming from Arabia and Egypt, conquered the country and imposed their religion; and now most of the inhabitants are made up of Berbers and Arabs, or a blend of them; and it is the more difficult to distinguish between them because they are all Moslems. The descendants in North-West Africa of these two races are called Moors. During the centuries of their occupation of Spain and working in conjunction with the Spaniards they became a great people. But since their confinement to Africa, or owing to a

strong infiltration of negro blood, they have deteriorated. The negroes have gradually arrived from the south and the Soudan, or been imported as slaves. There are also many Jews. The religion of the entire population, with the exception of the Jews, who have been alternately persecuted and tolerated, is Islamism; and, under its powerful influence, the customs and manners and such civilisation and law as exists are Oriental. All the people, except the negroes and the many Moors in whom there is an Ethiopian strain, are fair-skinned; but their visages are much tanned by the sun. Wherefore it has been maintained that Othello was not black; but Shakespeare certainly describes him as such, and doubtless thought that the Moors were a dark-skinned race, as many do even to-day. Browning refers to 'the black face' of Luria; and 'blackamoor' is a common expression.

The country that we visited—from Tangier to the snow-clad Atlas mountains and from the Atlantic coast to the frontiers of Algeria—included most of the pacified districts of the Spanish and French zones.

It is a wide expanse of small plains and low hills, and is a dreary, ugly, uninteresting country. There is some good tillage ground, but most of it is rough waste, yet never on a scale large enough or even barren and sandy enough to be impressive like a desert or wilderness. The plains are not many miles in extent, and are separated by hills and depressions and rivers, and are seldom without some sort of scrubby vegetation. Nothing could be more monotonous and disappointing than the perpetual repetition of similar wastes. It is said that there used to be forests here, in which the elephant and lion roamed, but at present you will not see a tree in many a long day's run, unless it be a few mournful cypresses in a cemetery or fragile saplings planted by the French in single file along the new straight roads; and the people consequently suffer greatly from lack of fuel. Close to Marakesh there is a collection of palm-trees, but they were imported, and their foreign origin still gives them a false look, suggestive of a mirage. But the barren hills and the wide stretches of flat, gravelly ground between them are stippled with thorn bushes and dwarf palms and thistles and rushes and tufts of coarse grass. No vegetation would look better than these fungous blotches. Especially the truncated palm (*Chamerops humilis*) is a deformity and a mockery. I tried to console myself by remembering that its fibre is excellent for wadding sofas and mattresses. The colouring of the country was universally drab. The soil was dull yellow or red; the vegetation was not green, but livid or hoary; the rocks and stones were not grey, but tawny; and the rivers were muddy.

We now and then passed a small circular encampment or village of some twenty hovels a few feet in height and length, and made of bits of old matting or cloth perched on crooked sticks, and all enclosed by branches of thorn bushes and clumps of blue-green prickly pear. These villages are nearly unnoticeable in the scrubby scenery, and most of them are hidden away in hollows. Their miserable character is largely due to the fact that their occupants crave still to be wanderers on the face of the earth. The call of the Bedouin blood is strong in them; and so they live, even when in fixed abodes, under conditions suitable only to a nomadic people. They seemed very poor and famished and cold, and were certainly very thin; but I believe they are hardy. Their animals are as needy and thin. The cattle and horses and donkeys are nothing but skin and bone. The cows were almost udderless, and, I am sure, as milkless; the humps of the camels were low and flabby; the ears of the donkeys hung down; the lank bodies of the sheep made their slender legs look stout; only the goats were thriving: to their taste there was a perfect assortment of vegetation, and one gazed on herds of them with refreshing delight. The cattle have to nibble the short herbage with their lips, and have lost the use of their tongues; the wretched calves had not been licked into shape. Often the animals appeared to be pasturing on stones, their olfactory sense, I suppose, discovering stray, invisible blades of grass; and meat was always tough. Even the dogs, white and yellow and chocolate-coloured curs with sleek hair and cropped ears, were hideous and mangy and downcast, and lay about the villages, dead as well as alive. Beyond a jackal that crossed our path we saw no wild animals; there are not the necessary woods and jungle. There are many pretty birds, and hawks of various sorts are numerous. But most remarkable are the storks. These tall and dignified birds, with their black-and-white plumage and bright red legs, stand about the marshes and conspicuously nest in the towns on the tops of trees and pinnacles; and as you pass they clap their long mandibles with a sharp, clattering sound, amusing did it not turn our military companion pale on account of its likeness to the rattle of bullets from machine guns in the war. They are sociable birds, yet it is well to bear in mind that they are said to be the spirits of dead sultans and to like only followers of Islam.

In such a dismal country we rejoiced at the speed with which we travelled, and shuddered to think of the times when the length of a day's journey was determined by the ambulatory capacities of a mule. But, indeed, for these long, dull journeys the fastest motor on the best roads would not suffice. No one should go a tour in Morocco who cannot travel by air.

Into the bargain, we were not recompensed for these peregrinations by the goals that we reached. How different is it in India, when after a wearisome journey one in the end arrives at Agra or Benares or Amritsar or Udaipur. The approach to the towns is generally through a large, unenclosed, scattered cemetery that adjoins, like a suburb of tombs, the town walls. There will also be a rough space for fairs, and many straggling paths, broken cactus plants, heaps of offal and garbage, and big pools of dark slush. Then come the great yellow-red, mud-built, ungainly walls that surround every town, crumbling, and punctured all over with put-log holes, and eaten away at the bottom; but they are imposing from their bulk, and from the towers and bastions that sometimes diversify them; and the gateways are often fine. The interior of a town is a labyrinth of narrow lanes between high, bare, windowless white or yellow walls of houses, palaces, mosques, shrines; and here and there are gilded domes or towers bedecked with coloured tiles. One is not allowed inside the mosques, and I saw no handsome exterior, much less anything to rival the superb mosques in Cordova or Cairo or Jerusalem or Delhi; and if the mosques were opened, I doubt they would prove to be gems. Architectural features of beauty, indeed, are few. There are no artistic objects, old or new, worth purchasing, unless it be a goatskin tanned and manufactured the day before into a blotting-paper case or a cushion. There is, of course, much arabesque and filigree and mosaic work in important buildings; elaborate combinations of lines and curves and colours, yet with a tantalising sameness in variety, and without a touch of nature or humanity, harsh and cold and mechanical. Moreover, the mosques, minarets, shrines, palaces, *patios*, gardens, houses, walls, gates, streets, are all in their respective classes exact copies of one another. If a Moor enlarges his house, he adds another courtyard similar to what he had; and all *souks* are the same. There is very little original work, good or bad. The best examples of architecture are inferior copies of the work of the great days in Spain. Also, though there are many ruined buildings, there are few beautiful ruins. On account of their texture and style, the buildings do not retain, much less acquire, beauty under dilapidation and age, as is the case with classical and Gothic architecture. Moorish art requires to be in perfect condition. Its minute designs and colours must be intact; defaced arabesque, broken tiles, or fragments of tessellation are horrible. Also crumbling walls, windowless and boneless and intersecting no light or sky, do not make picturesque skeletons, as at Tewkesbury or Girgenti. Renovation is, therefore, essential; and the French authorities are doing good work in that respect.

We visited royal palaces and town mansions of rich land-

owners and merchants. These invariably consisted of courtyards with fountains and foliage in the centres and colonnades around, all profusely adorned with mosaics and carving. On to these opened the principal reception room, lighted only through the single lofty horseshoe-arched entrance — hence 'the Sublime Porte.' Its floor was thickly covered with mats and cushions, and in dim corners were vulgar specimens of European furniture, kept not for use but show, such as brass bedsteads, mirrors, chandeliers, and collections of 'grandfather clocks.' The last also signalise, as being tokens of honour, mortuary chapels; but as these timepieces are always motionless and dumb, they do not, I suppose, disturb the eternal repose of the dead. These strangely located objects are, I understand, presents from European friends in exchange for lions and ostriches. Upstairs were the women's apartments, with windows covered with trelliswork. Of course we saw nothing of their quarters except the flat roofs, where they sit and saunter, or of the Moorish ladies themselves, except a dark eye touched with antimony, or a henna-tipped nail, as they passed in the streets wrapped up in their voluminous drapery and *yash-maks*. These courtyards and surroundings were numerous and similar, one perhaps for each wife; and as we strolled through them I pondered on the fate of the red-haired Irish girl who once reigned in one of these stately prisons, and all of whose descendants are said to be witty. Outside the royal palaces there were extensive plantations and large embanked square tanks of still water.

In one of the spacious reception rooms, while we reclined on piles of silk cushions and were shyly inspected by a crowd of negroid children, tea was served in small tumblers engraved with gilt floral designs. It was very sweet, and flavoured in taste and scent with mint leaves, and had no milk. It was prepared in our presence with great care, if not solemnity. Although it was very good, I took only one cup, and this abstemiousness on my part may help to mar this article, because you must, it is said, take three cups before you can begin to have a glimmering of the inner life and mind of the Moor. Also, I do not believe that I ever drank camel's milk or repasted on pickled locusts. On this and other occasions I was charmed by the appearance and manners of the Moorish gentleman, the tall and elegant figure, the handsome features, the perfect deportment, and the inviolable dignity — 'gentlemen, albeit Moors.' Where there is Arab blood in horse or man, there will be grace and gentility. Amid Berbers and Frenchmen the stately Arab stands and walks like a god.

The Moors are also a sober, a brave, and a religious people. Mosque and college and shrine and daily calls to prayer proclaim their religious temperament; and they are not ashamed of their

devotions. If a Moor wishes to be 'not at home,' you are informed that he is 'saying his prayers.' This atmosphere was the human means of the conversion of Père Charles de Foucauld; and many noble lives of self-sacrifice as well as patriotism in different paths—military, civil, religious—have been passed by sons of France here, as in Algeria. Among them there is no more distinguished, all-round figure than that of Marshal Lyautey, who, after many years of spade work in North Africa, now wields his baton in the princely residency at Rabat, 'the camp of victory,' whence he gazes over the Atlantic Ocean; but, unlike famous fore-runners on this shore, he does not, I imagine, pine for still more worlds to conquer. He is the real Titan whose ability and energy and fortitude and tact have accomplished wonders in this land, and who now, in his declining years, bears the burden on his shoulders. He is a frail, mercurial man, keen and eloquent and humorous, and with a happy vein of luck also, like a Moorish *baraka*. He sits up at night, too, working hard; but is it by the light of a lamp of Aladdin that Lyautey sees? For it is difficult to share the faith that inspires and sustains him. I fear, moreover, that it is a one-man vision, and that when the light of the marvellous lamp goes out a noble man and his vision will die together.

While it is not, in my opinion, worth while to make a tour in Morocco, there are a few things of interest in this large and ancient country besides the crowds of strange folk and their ways, or a piece of grand scenery—as between Fez and Taza—or a patch of wild flowers. Indeed, the sight of a camel or a palm silhouetted on a distant horizon always enchants me, or almond blossoms, or orange groves, with their dark, glossy leaves and bright globes of luscious fruit, and, hard by, fountains of bubbling water.

A visit to a *souk*, or native bazaar, is a memorable experience. It is a large, but close, jumble of very narrow alleys, partly covered by branches and reeds, and packed on either side with tiny, one-storeyed shops or booths. The entire floors of these are elevated and constitute counters, on which the owners, squat cross-legged with all their goods displayed around them. You do your business direct from the street, hustled by the passing throng, who often share in your negotiations. The currents up and down of buyers and carriers and beggars, of every shade of dark skin, from coal-black to light copper, in turbans and profuse drapery, or almost naked with poodle-shaved heads hardly larger in girth than their necks, and each with his stick or staff, and the donkeys and mules laden with piled-up panniers, make even a wriggling progress difficult and stability impossible. The ground is filthy, and the vociferation deafening; and more pungent than anything is the foetid smell. One cannot but be relieved when the visit

is over, and one emerges to light and air and freedom from a threatened asphyxiation of all one's senses; and one ought, indeed, to be kept in quarantine for some time afterwards or at least deodorised. We had to apologise for going to luncheon with a friend immediately after a visit to a *souk*, where we had been delayed by some bargainings, for our recent whereabouts were unmistakable.

Then it was deeply impressive to be at the foot of Atlas, treading on the very toes of the old fellow who has been so often depicted tottering under the burden and the mystery of this unintelligible world, which he carries on his bare shoulders. Near Marakesh is the highest peak of this great backbone of mountains that has for ages separated an area of dwellings and colonisation from a vast desert, and a world of white men from a world of black men. The range is not unworthy of its ancient title and fabled office.

The large city of Fez, with its high walls and towers and fine gates, its mosques and shrines, its archaic colleges, its stout palaces and many gardens, and its remarkably fair-skinned population, bespeaks its religious and cultural and dynastic fame. I was sensible that here had lived great-grandsons of Mahomet and cousins of Haroun-al-Raschid. The situation also is striking. It nestles in a ravine watered by streams from hills converging at the corner of a wide plain; and white and yellow and grey houses and green or blue or golden-tiled towers, like an immense crumpled mosaic, climb up and down the little heights and hollows in the valley and along the edges and on top of the many channels of running water. And very picturesque is the sacred town of Moulay-Idriss. It is built on the top of a steep mount that stands up by itself in the middle of a narrow gorge between rugged, wooded hills. It is so perched and crowded as to look top-heavy. It contains the holiest shrine in Morocco, dating from the eighth century, but an unbeliever is not allowed to approach, much less see the shrine. A well-planned drive on the surrounding heights affords effective views; and the ruins in the plain below of Volubilis—a Roman colony—add to the historic associations of the district. Meagre though these remains are, they show the foundations of a large city in this far-Western region.

In Sale, Marakesh, Meknes, Fez, there are charming old *medersas*, or hostels attached to mosques, for the use of students. They are good examples of richly decorated Mauresque architecture. In them youths and old men live, simply and quietly, apart from the ambitions and intrigues and cruelties of the world outside, and unhampered even by any religious organisation. When these *medersas* were centres of life and culture, they might well have rivalled in beauty the colleges and quadrangles of

Oxford and Cambridge. Now they are in a state of great decay, but a monastic calm and dignity has not deserted them. Nowhere else in Morocco did I, even momentarily, think of 'buying the key' of a room.

But far the loveliest building that I saw was the hall of the tombs of the Saadian kings in Marakesh. Its proportions and twelve pillars and sepulchres seemed to me perfect.

During a short tour one could not examine the civil and military administration of the country or form opinions with any assurance as to likely political developments; but it would be ungracious to conclude these impressions without referring more particularly to the work of France in her great protectorate. Without this work the tour would have been impossible, still less have been accomplished with ease and security. I know something of *l'affaire Marocaine*, of the shocking conditions that prevailed throughout Morocco previous to France's entry on the scene, and of the European diplomacy by which the country was partitioned and France given the control of her immense territory there, and also of the view held by many that this diplomacy not only decided Morocco's fate, but also deeply and tragically affected Europe's national relations. 'The next European war will be waged over Morocco,' said Disraeli; and the *Panther* incident, when Germany was denied a place in the sun at Agadir, was one of the immediate causes of the Great War. It is, however, for our purposes sufficient to remember that a few years ago Great Britain agreed to France having a free hand in Morocco; and if the fishing rights in Newfoundland, which Great Britain received in return, are proving profitable, I think that she acted with discernment, and correctly measured the resources of the country, much coveted though its possession had been in the past.

Meantime France has undoubtedly used her authority and force and fulfilled her responsibilities well. The country, when she took it over, was in a miserable state of disorder; yet, although it was broken and weak, its conquest and pacification have been difficult. Indeed, the old Empire of Morocco, under its sultan, was no more than a very loosely federated collection of tribes, who were constantly acting independently under their local kaid and pashas, and whose subjugation by the French had therefore to be carried out bit by bit; and even now these magnates have considerable powers. But with determination and also great forbearance France has performed her task, and it is now almost completed in Cis-Atlantic Morocco. She has her foot on the camel's back; but is her hold likely to last? Will the country remain quiet? I noticed that the longer it was since a particular section of the people had been subdued the

more sullen they were. In the recently pacified districts we were most welcomed. The profound cleavage is religious. All roads may lead to Rabat, but the *mihrabs* still look to Mecca. Yet even in religion the Moors, while all are Mahomedans, have their tribal and local saints, or *marabouts*, at whose shrines they prefer to pray rather than in the universal mosque of Islam; and the recent abolition of the Turkish Caliphate may further weaken Ultramontanism.

The military achievements of France in Morocco have been followed or accompanied by an extraordinary amount of ameliorative and development work. A transformation of the country has been effected. Roads and railways and the telegraph and telephone and wireless have been stretched across this large area from corner to corner, and public offices and institutions are numerous; and all has been done in a dozen years by veritable leaps and bounds. In these matters the country has had no childhood or adolescence, but has jumped from naked infancy to all the trappings of full-grown manhood, from barbarism to advanced modern civilisation, from rough tracks to macadamised roads, from camels and mules to motors and trains. It has not had a carriage-and-pair or four-in-hand, or even a one-horse shay or gig stage. Its dark places, that have never known oil lamps or gas, are lit up by electric light. Improvements that it used to take generations to introduce have been imposed ready made. The French have vehemently sought to make up for lost time in a country that had for centuries been in a state of gross stagnation. And so there is a hurry-scurry atmosphere and intensive energy, as though preparing for an exhibition. Moreover, this general galvanisation of Morocco is being accomplished with marvellous thoroughness, if not anticipation. Under French direction I knew that, whatever plan or idea were adopted, it would be followed logically and completely and regardless of expense, if not sense. Good work would not suffice; there must be perfection.

In the large, uninhabited tracts of Morocco it is certainly important that a traveller should not lose his way, and signposts and notices of distances are helpful, but they positively encumber the wayside; each of the ten sections of every kilometre for hundreds of miles is marked by a stone. And here in a waste are erected all the appurtenances of a commercial centre that is to be. This remote outpost is some day to be a pleasure resort, so golf links are laid out. '*Prenez garde aux trains*' on a board informs us that there is a project of making a railway there. Present needs or justifiable prospects are less noticed than schemes. Wherefore, in this hustling and harnessing of the country, anachronisms and contradictions and absurdities abound. Many of the improvements are premature and inappropriate and

pretentious. The table is elaborately laid for a banquet, but where are the viands? Small, admittedly, as results can be as yet, is France satisfied that she sees a great future of prosperity and happiness? Out of the *moghreb* of old Morocco does she expect to evoke a sunrise? And is it a true or a false dawn that she descries? Is there any return whatever on the outlay? Has the date crop increased? Or has Morocco been described with truth as 'a colony laden with promises and barren of fruit'?

Of course, the tourist in Morocco as he whirls along the roads, raising a great dust, would be as big a simpleton as Æsop's fly were he to imagine that they have been made for his benefit or for traffic in any ordinary sense, or even for the encouragement of colonisation. With her dwindling population, France needs no colonies for emigration. Nor do I believe that this work has been undertaken on economic grounds. I saw no evidence of mineral wealth or industrial resources. Unlike the story of many African dependencies, this is not a case of 'red' rubber or ivory. So far at least Morocco has not been a success as a colony either of settlement (*de peuplement*) or of money-making (*d'exploitation*). On the contrary, it has been a most expensive affair. Primarily the big web of transit facilities which has been spun over the land is to enable military forces, on the slightest disturbance or provocation, to hasten to any corner of the protectorate; and it is also a part, doubtless, of her work of development on behalf of humanity and Western civilisation. Yet I noted at Rabat—the chief centre of government—that it was not the ringing of the bells of the Angelus that at noon drowned the chanting call of the muezzin to prayer, but a terrific, bombastic boom from French guns, denoting the conquest of the land. But far the strongest motive that at present actuates France's extravagant outlay in Morocco is the intention to provide strategic facilities for the recruitment and training and transport of an army for use in Europe. The Spahi regiments, the Foreign Legion, etc., are not merely for the protection of Morocco, but for the succour of France; and the native troops do years of compulsory service in France. In fine, Morocco and the other French dependencies in Africa are being turned into a reservoir with the help of which France hopes to become a nation of a hundred million men fit for military service. When a vast army of dark African troops has learnt the art of modern warfare, it is rather terrifying to think of the possibility of its falling on Europe.

In furtherance of this object, France deliberately cultivates a policy of fraternisation between her own sons and the natives of Morocco. She is not only tolerant of their language, religion, customs, manners, but neither on these grounds nor that of skin colour does she recognise any inequality or show aloofness in

social or professional life. The races are mixed in the African regiments; they feed and sleep together. It is a most remarkable achievement. Elsewhere 'conflict of colour' is with difficulty adjusted; here its existence is denied. And accordingly the races do approximate; the Frenchman dons the fez, and the Moor, as he enters the harbour at Marseilles, throws his overboard. The Spahi becomes half African, and the Moor takes to using suspenders. It will be interesting to observe what will be the result of this close, level association between peoples of very different grades of civilisation.

But leaving aside the purely military aspect of the question, France's development work seems to me excessive. One does not get this feeling in India, Egypt, Syria. Those regions and their improvement are in better proportion. When Morocco was closed and unknown, and its fame rested on ancient echoes and the tales of explorers and adventurers, it was deemed a great and rich country. But, now that it is accessible and unveiled, it turns out to be a poor and ugly corner of the earth. I never caught a glimpse of the garden of the Hesperides, much less of Hercules climbing trees in it; and I do not believe it is anywhere in the country. I doubt that the globes on the tops of the towers at Marakesh and Rabat are more than gilded copper. During the long drives on the dreary plains only a muddy river in a depression, or a couple of storks by a marsh, or the small white dome of a *màrabout's* shrine came as a relief. I recall with pleasure the good roads, and the thriving goats, and the lovely hall of the tombs of the Saadian kings, and the peaceful colleges, and the lustre of Aladdin in his palace; but on the whole I fear that my impressions are not favourable. For in truth it is a dismal, monotonous, lean land, with little of beauty or interest or richness or colour, no gold or ivory or spices or precious stones, a country neither of grass, nor flowers, nor trees, nor even desert. Oh! that stemless palmetto scrub! And the people and animals are famished and thin. Those humpless camels and milkless cows! It is Oriental life, but with hardly a particle of the glamour or romance of the East, and little sun; and what is Eastern life without the bloom and blaze of the sun? That perpetual burnous of clouds! That boom of the massed waves on the Atlantic shore! and the boom, too, of the French guns at Rabat! I think that we were all glad when we had reached the appointed end of our tour in Morocco.

KILLANIN.

THE SWEDISH ISLAND OF THE JAUNTING CARS

THERE is a beautiful legend told of the island of Gothland, in the Baltic, that every evening it rose out of the sea, and through the night floated on the surface, sinking again when the day broke, until one night a man landing on it lighted a fire; and since that time it has remained as it is to-day, fixed and solid earth.

About this island of Visingsö there is something elfish as you look down on it from the hills on the lakeside. The thick woods which cover all the middle part of it, rising from the water's edge, might be Lucian's forest growing out of the sea, and the flat fields at either end look no more than floating colours which the first ripple of a breeze would wash away. So unsubstantial it seems when you are near it; but seen from far away, across twenty miles of water, it lies on the lake like the dark upturned blade of a sword.

Every country is a fairyland as you come to it over the water, and in the distance every hill belongs as much to the clouds as to the earth. But on this island enchantment does not disappear when you put foot on its soil, as it disappeared in Gothland when the first fire crackled.

It is as real, though as unseizable, as the smell of its woods. Yet there is nothing fantastic, as in the fairylands that men imagine for themselves. This island, with its seven miles of fields and woods, its painted wooden houses, its cherry-trees at the roadside, its two churches, its ruin of a Renaissance castle, and its big black windmill at either end, is a little remote and strange. That is all.

There are but five miles of water between the island and the rest of the world; yet you seem to have travelled much further, and not altogether in space, to reach it. When you step ashore the summer is already a month older.

In this island the past seems very near and almost visible, and there is a perpetual and odd mingling of the comic and the beautiful which is not altogether of this world.

Enchantment has gently touched it all, even its simplest

things. It is in the soil and its fruits, from the sweet red potatoes and the brown mushrooms, the colour of the dead leaves in the woods where they grow, to the woods themselves, with the island's history written in their trees, the tall and slender oaks, planted to build ships when ships were still made of wood, the beech woods looking in the fulness of the still summer like walls of green stone, and the little wood of mulberry-trees planted that some Swedish queen from France might have silk dresses, but now in their old age, with great tangles of nettles about their feet, incredibly neglected and twisted and lean. These trees that grew to make a queen beautiful and now

Nez courbé, de beaulté loingtains,
Oreilles pendans et moussues,
Le vis pally, mort et destains
Menton foncé, joues peaussues.

I could believe that everyone would feel the enchantment, but feel it in a different way. To an Irishman surely it would be heaven, if heaven is a place entirely strange, yet full of the unexpected welcome of familiar things. He would have travelled a thousand miles and crossed two seas to come to it, and here in this one little place, in the heart of a beautiful but alien land, he would find the jaunting cars of Dublin, with their cushions of red plush, waiting for him on the quay. He would eat the sweet red potatoes, and call them the potatoes of Paradise. He would learn with wonder and delight that across the water was the church of another St. Bridget than his own, that Birghetta whose sons carried her body home on their shoulders all the way from Rome. In her church of cool blue stone they used to show one, in a Gothic oak coffer, St. Bridget's two skulls: her little skull when she was a child, her big skull when she was a woman. The coffer is not opened now, but two statues of her stand against the pillars of the church. In the one she sits with an open book on her knees, and laughter and kindness in every line of her firm cheeks, arched brows, bold nose, wise mouth and rounded chin—the very loveliness of good sense and good humour; in the other her head and chin are swathed in a nun's head-dress, the face and eyes are thrown up in ecstasy, but even then (is it in the mouth or in the nose that time has broken?) it is a face full of laughter.

America, with its queer, mixed soul of many peoples, eager for strange religions, has felt the enchantment of this little place, and shown it in a strange way. It seems that each must feel the enchantment differently, and here, where others might come, seeking for the old gods of the North, an American priestess of theosophy has brought her beliefs, her zeal for disciples, and her

diamonds, and has built for herself a house like a Greek temple gone wrong.

And to an Englishman the enchantment is of an island, like Gothland, adrift between the beauty of this world and the two fairylands, the fairyland of—

I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere,

and the nursery fairyland of—

Wynken, Blynken and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe.

The past is visible beneath your feet as you walk on this island, with a memory of ships and the very distant sea, as there is a ghost of a memory of ships in those frustrated oak-trees. Everywhere are the graves, twelve hundred years old, of the wandering Vikings. They stand in the middle of the fields above the rye and wheat, for no plough is allowed to touch them, and are covered now with tall grasses and yellow bedstraw, scabious and wild strawberries; and among the pine-trees their smooth mounds are as numerous as the waves of the sea.

At one end of the island is a little church only a few centuries younger than these graves, one of those churches which seem older than Christianity itself, still remembering pagan gods, and still keeping an odd domestic air, so that one might eat and drink in them as well as pray; a domestic air as of that time when there were no churches, and men worshipped the new God in their own homes.

There were oak leaves and syringa laid round its altar; its tower was full of the slow ticking of a clock, and its floor red-tiled, like an English kitchen.

The newest things in it were as primitive as the oldest: the trestle benches of the white, freshly planed pine; an altar of old, grey, carved wood in front, but behind, a packing case; the two glasses of wild flowers on it; and between them, crucified with three drawing pins on a black cross, a little Christ cut out of white paper.

But the presence from the past that chiefly fills this island is from a later time, a benign and prosperous presence, a count of the Renaissance who lived in this little island as more than a king. His enormous granite castle, built by Russian prisoners of war, and making the whole island seem no more than its garden, is a roofless ruin now. Across the water, overlooking the lake from the very top of the steep granite hills, is another castle of his, roofless also, but with its tall walls still standing, and empty windows through which the sky blazes like bold blue eyes. A

few miles beyond is yet another grey ruin on the shores of another lake, his also. And the lake is called Lake Bunn.

His houses are in ruins, but his church still stands (*his* church, for his name is on its spire in letters of gold), a church as luxuriant as a wild forest, with its painted and carved woods, its walls covered with frescoes of banners and trees, its flying wooden angels suspended above the aisles with candles in their hands, its row of wooden apostles standing under the gallery, as jolly a set of rustic old gentlemen as ever joined in the hymns at the top of their voices.

And here stands the painted wooden figure of the count himself. Others may lie on their tombs, graven in grey sleep, but he stands on the top of his, defying death and the ruin of his great houses by his cheerful, lifelike air. His wife is beside him, hands crossed on stomach, all curls and a prim sweetness; and he, with his round red cheeks and his chin tuft, his brushed moustaches, high, bald forehead and big blue eyes, stands as he might have stood for his portrait by the birch-log fire in his own hall. His sword is at his side; his left hand rests on his shield. In his other is by right a book—by right, for this regal man had his own printing press. He wears armour, but he is just too stout for it to look more than fancy dress. There he stands, still keeping, or having found again, the cherubic plumpness and innocence of childhood. So Mr. Pickwick might have looked had he been a count at the court of a Renaissance king. Even in this church the comic elves, but without a touch of 'freakish wickedness,' fill this enchanted island with their laughter.

If at night this church of the count is ever haunted (and he it was who saw with Charles XI. that ghastly vision in the council chamber, with the black-clad multitude and the bleeding body in the King's chair), then it is not haunted with—

Faces at the window dark,
Crouching, crowding, row on row,
Till all the church began to glow,

but with these wooden figures, as nurseries are jollily haunted in the children's tales, when all the toys become alive. Then the painted trees on the walls would rustle, and the flying angels light their candles, and the count and the apostles join together very loudly to sing in chorus such songs as are not sung in churches.

But it was hymns that we heard when we came down to the lake, theosophical hymns of the American priestess sung by a group of children on the quay. They wore the brightly coloured dresses of old Sweden. Behind them were the jaunting cars; and hidden among the woods was the count, standing ruddy and alive on his tomb, and the Vikings' graves, and the paper Christ on his black cross in the old church.

The day was very still. The white steamer gliding in was double to the tips of its masts in the glass of the lake. The island and its trees lay, as the saying is, dreaming in the sun. And what a strange, crowded, beautiful, incongruous dreamland it was!

CHARLES VINCE.

A LONDON GUIDE-BOOK OF 1808

LONDON in 1808 was a very different city from what it is to-day, and perhaps one of the most striking changes that have occurred is the great and ever-growing number of visitors who come to the metropolis. In 1808 there was no Wembley Exhibition to draw millions of provincials to London, nor was there the annual invasion of American and other oversea visitors, who, with guide-book in hand, visit the principal objects of interest in the capital of the Empire. In spite of the small number of visitors, the Muirhead and Baedeker guide-books of to-day had a forerunner in the early part of the last century.

The Picture of London was a little book of over 460 pages, measuring about five inches by four inches, which was published annually, and in 1808 was in its ninth edition. The title-page describes it as 'Being a correct Guide to all the curiosities, amusements, exhibitions, public establishments and remarkable objects in and near London.' The claim is ambitious, but the faded pages within the worn red leather cover—'price five shillings'—contain a mass of miscellaneous information about the city and its life. An examination of its maps and copper-plate engravings, the descriptive guide-book matter, the street directory and the A B C time-table of the departure of the stages or coaches to neighbouring towns and villages, gives a survey of London life which would be difficult to find in any other volume, and is interesting when compared with our own times.

A large map of London was included in the guide-book, and the small area covered by houses and the fields which bordered the city show what enormous changes have taken place in the last century. The area covered by London was then only seven miles long, with a width that varied between two and four miles. A footway led from Whitechapel to Stepney across the fields behind the London Hospital, Bethnal Green was almost surrounded by fields, and the open country stretched northwards from a point south of where Euston station now stands. The population of London had been increasing slowly in the eighteenth century compared with the enormous growth of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, for in 1700 it was 674,000, and in

1802 it had grown to 800,000, an increase of only one-third in a century. In the next 120 years a rapid change occurred, and the population had reached the huge total of 7,476,000, or over eight times as large as it was in 1802! The guide-book mentions that in 1700 the metropolis contained an eighth part, and in 1802 rather less than one-tenth, of the population of England and Wales. These figures compared with those of to-day, when London's population is one-fifth of that of England and Wales, show how the proportion between the inhabitants of the metropolis and the provinces has entirely altered.

One of the greatest changes that have occurred is in the means of communication within the London area. To-day there are fourteen bridges across the Thames, apart from tunnels, between the Tower and Battersea bridges, but in 1808 Westminster, Blackfriars and London bridges were the only ones existing. London Bridge was the old one from which the houses had been removed, but it was still so unsuitable for the traffic that plans were being prepared for a new one. The bridge acted as a kind of weir, for, owing to the enormous size of the sterlings or piles surrounding the piers, there was very little waterway. The result, particularly at low tide, was a violent rush of water through the narrow openings, which made navigation dangerous, and caused the loss of many lives each year.

The river was apparently still the main highway of London, for there were 8000 watermen for 3000 passenger wherries, and only 1100 hackney coaches. Sedan chairs were still used, as the author says there were 400 of these leisurely conveyances plying for hire, a means of locomotion more suited for the easy days of the early nineteenth than the hustling, strenuous life of the twentieth century. The fare for a hackney coach or a sedan chair was one shilling for each mile, which can be compared with the shilling fare for two miles of the pre-war hansom or the shilling per mile of the taxicab. Hackney coach fares were, however, subject to an increase of 25 per cent. if the price of oats should exceed twenty-five shillings per quarter. The river was used by the Lord Mayor in his procession on November 9, for he went in his gilt coach from the Mansion House to Blackfriars Bridge, and from there completed his journey in State barges belonging to the Corporation.

Those who were travelling a distance could hire 'handsome private glass coaches, post chaises or saddle horses' at the livery stables or principal inns. The charge for a private coach or post chaise, including the horse's keep, varied from eighteen to twenty-five shillings per day. There was, however, considerable danger in travelling outside London after dark. Travellers are warned that they are subject during the last stage before entering the city

to be robbed by highwaymen or footpads, or to have their luggage cut off from behind their carriage. Even in London the visitor was not quite secure, and he is advised, if attacked or assaulted by thieves, to call 'Watch!' loudly three or four times, which would bring the assistance of several watchmen. The author, however, states elsewhere that 'the watchmen, our guardians of the night, are old-decrepit men, mostly without arms, who have scarcely enough strength to use the alarum, their signal of distress.' It is evident that, although he boasts of the efficiency of the police and the orderliness of the people, a wise visitor would be careful where he walked after dark.

The book includes a list of the villages and towns near London, and the places from which and the times at which the stage coaches started, and nothing gives a clearer idea of the growth of the metropolis than this list of towns and villages, which are now absorbed in London itself. Thus Dalston could be reached by stage coaches which left the 'Flower Pot' in Bishopsgate Within and 77, Newgate Street, at every hour between 9 a.m. and 8 p.m. Those persons who wished to go to Dulwich could only start from the 'Pewter Platter' in Gracechurch Street at 11 a.m. or 4 p.m. (Sundays 10 a.m. only), or from the 'Cross Keys' at 4 p.m. Highgate, Hampstead, Lewisham, Putney and Woolwich are all 'neighbouring towns or villages' with a regular service of stage coaches, and a footnote explains that the coaches usually start about a quarter of an hour after the time stated.

Considerable information is given about the hotels, coffee-houses, taverns and inns, which are carefully classified in several groups. Practically all their names have disappeared, although the sites may now be occupied by some of the modern hosteleries. There is a list of seventeen hotels 'for the accommodation of families recently arrived in London,' followed by a long list of 'respectable coffee-houses' which were chiefly frequented by 'gentlemen of the law,' 'professional gentlemen' or merchants, brokers, etc., according to their locality and connection. The term 'gentleman' is only used when those frequenting the coffee-houses belong to the professions. Eating-houses where 'Dinners, Suppers, etc., are served or dressed at a short Notice, and at a moderate Expence,' were less numerous. The 'Cock' behind the Royal Exchange was celebrated for its gravy and other soups and the best of wines, while the barristers at Macnevin's Eating House, Clare Market, had 'excellent cookery and fine soups.' The last category was inns where mail and stage coaches put up. The 'Golden Cross,' Charing Cross, is still in existence, and in 1808 had a 'good larder, beds and excellent wines,' but the recommendation of the 'Cross Keys,' Wood Street, is even stronger, as it was 'long celebrated for the attention paid to

families and single gentlemen, who are accommodated in a very genteel manner on moderate terms.'

The author writes in glowing terms of the cleanliness of the streets and the excellent water supply, but the results shown by the mortality tables hardly bear out his statement. The death rate averaged about thirty-four per thousand of the population per annum, while to-day it is less than thirteen per thousand. Water was conveyed by *wooden* mains, from which half-inch lead pipes were connected with most of the houses, sometimes as high as the second floor, on three days in each week. The sources of supply were the Hampstead ponds (for the area immediately southwards), the New River and the Thames. The author complains very strongly that on Sunday morning many hundreds of men and boys bathe in the New River near Islington and thus pollute the water. At London Bridge two large water-wheels, turned by the river, pumped the water into a large, high tank, but as all the sewers emptied into the river, and no filtering system is mentioned for any of the water, the impurities it contained must have accounted largely for the high death rate. Many houses depended solely on wells for their water, such as may now be seen in Carlyle's house in Cheyne Row, where there is a pump in the corner of the kitchen which draws water from a well beneath the house, while beneath the garden there was a cesspool. There is little cause for wonder at a high death rate when such conditions prevailed. The greatest number of deaths was caused by 'consumptions,' but an almost equal number was attributed to 'convulsions.' There were nearly 400 deaths from mortifications, chiefly due to the absence of any antiseptic treatment, and in two years the deaths from small-pox had dropped from 1500 to 600, owing to 'the introduction of the inoculation for cow-pox' which Jenner had discovered a few years before. Free vaccination was given to all applicants by the Royal Jennerian Society, and in one year 5000 persons had been treated at their hospital near Battlebridge.

The guide-book contains many details of the food supply of London and the quantities consumed of each kind. The author complains of the nuisance of the numerous slaughter-houses, and the brutality of the drovers to the cattle driven through the streets, and states that, owing to the large number of cattle, it is dangerous to be in the streets that lead to Smithfield when there is a beast market. Bread was very seldom adulterated, but it was the usual practice to add water to the milk, and pumps were erected in many milk-rooms, so that the adulteration might be made easily. An interesting sidelight is thrown on the habits of the people, for a list is given of the provisions supplied to the 2400 naval pensioners at Greenwich Hospital. There is a generous

allowance of bread and meat, as well as two quarts of beer daily, for each old man.

One of the strangest sights that the visitor is recommended to see is a prison, of which there were no less than thirteen in London, excluding the sponging houses. The principal prison was in Newgate Street, on the site of the present prison, and the other important ones were the Poultry and Giltspur Street 'compters,' and the Ludgate, King's Bench, Fleet, Savoy and Marshalsea prisons, and the Coldbath Fields Penitentiary.

The horrors of prison life and the corruption of the officials are described, and a comparison of the misery of the unfortunate prisoners in those days and the clean, wholesome surroundings of the prisoners of to-day shows the change of public opinion about the responsibilities of the community towards those persons whom it imprisons. Most of the prisoners were debtors, owing comparatively small sums, who could only obtain their release by paying their creditors, or compounding with them, but as most of them could earn nothing in prison, they were confined for many weary years, and often until their death. The expense of every step in the proceedings was so great that 'not one debtor in ten ever pays his debt after he enters a prison.' The work of the philanthropist and prison reformer John Howard, whose monument in St. Paul's Cathedral bears the inscription 'He trod an open but unfrequented path to immortality,' had already made some changes. The Giltspur Street 'Compter' and the Coldbath Fields Penitentiary were in many ways conducted on the methods Mr. Howard had advocated. More space and air, and better conditions, distinguished these prisons from the others.

Newgate Prison had been almost burnt down in 1780 by the Gordon rioters, and the building had been completed two years later. It consisted of two parts, separated by the master's house, for felons and for debtors. Felons of 'the better sort' who could afford to pay could have a single room, but the remainder and the debtors were herded together in such an abominable manner that the author is moved to pity. The rooms measured twenty-three by fifteen feet, and in this small space twelve to twenty debtors were confined. 'It is difficult to conceive how the people in general exist on this side, crowded together as they almost always are in such numbers, and breathing constantly the same polluted air, for even their rooms have windows only toward the court. The debtors' allowance is ten ounces of bread, with a pound and a half of potatoes a day.' Strangers could visit the prisons by paying two or three shillings to the turnkey, and they are urged to contribute liberally to the poor's box, on which the poverty-stricken debtors relied largely for their sustenance. 'No

stranger who visits London should omit to view these mansions of misery. It has occasionally happened that a single twenty pounds, judiciously disposed, has set at liberty ten fathers of families.'

The Marshalsea Prison, in the Borough, was used for persons arrested for small debts, and as no proper food was provided, they had nothing but groats, which they often could not procure. A former prisoner, who had inherited an estate, had left 100*l.* per annum to be used in freeing prisoners whose whole debts, or compounded debts, did not exceed four pounds. The folly of imprisonment for debt was realised later, and the conditions in the prisons were altered owing to the efforts of John Howard and Elizabeth Fry. In the King's Bench and Fleet prisons, a prisoner could go out for a day or even reside outside the prison provided he remained within 'the liberties and rules' of a specified area near the prison. The poorer debtors could not afford this luxury, as two good securities had to be given, and a percentage on the debt paid to the marshal.

The postal system was very different from what it is to-day, but in 1808 it was considered 'one of the most perfect regulations of finance existing under any Government, and that the Post Office is the most important spot on the surface of the globe.' There was a twopenny post in London and an area about ten miles round, with six collections and deliveries daily in town, and two in the outer zone. When, however, letters had to be sent into the country, the postage varied according to the distance, and they were carried by 'mail coaches provided with a guard, well armed, at the rate of eight miles an hour.' Passengers could travel by these coaches by paying sixpence per mile. A single letter weighed a quarter of an ounce, but double, treble and heavier letters could be sent by paying postage *pro rata* to the weight. A single letter to Hampton Court, only fifteen miles from the General Post Office in Lombard Street, would cost fourpence, and a quadruple letter weighing one ounce cost two shillings and eightpence to send to Birmingham, and, for some unexplained reason, the charge was fourpence more to send a letter in the reverse direction. It is not surprising that our grandparents used the thinnest paper for their letters, and wrote across the paper in both directions, when the postage was so expensive.

When Rome ruled England, some sixteen centuries earlier, it was possible to communicate with York, Bath, and other centres as quickly as in 1808, and the coaches on many routes followed the great roads made by the Roman conquerors. There was some difficulty in posting foreign letters, as those for India had to be delivered to the India House, and for other parts of the world the letters had to be sent to various coffee-houses near the

Royal Exchange, where bags were kept awaiting the sailing of ships.

Many pages are devoted to the public amusements and galleries, and describe with elaborate details the musicians, actors and painters who were the favourites at the time. Six winter spectacles are mentioned, which include the Italian Opera, Drury Lane and Covent Garden theatres, and masquerades at the Pantheon, while amongst the summer spectacles are the Haymarket Theatre, Vauxhall Gardens and Bermondsey Spa. The habits of the people and the prices of the seats in 1808 were very different from what they are to-day. At Drury Lane the performance began at 6.30, the most expensive seat was six shillings, and it was customary in several theatres to admit the public at half-price about eight o'clock. Vauxhall Gardens were 'a delightful and much-frequented place of summer amusement, long the resort of the gay world, and is situated about a mile and a half from London.' There were many attractions in this rural resort. The extensive gardens were illuminated at night with 15,000 glass lamps, and in different parts of the gardens were a rotunda for wet weather, 'with an elegant orchestra,' a large open-air stage, with an organ, for vocal and instrumental concerts, and various pavilions and boxes for visitors, decorated with paintings by well-known artists. Fireworks on gala nights, and the 'best kind of refreshments, attracted five to sixteen thousand well-disposed persons.' So great were the attractions of Vauxhall that from May to August the gardens were thronged with a gay crowd, who stayed until the late hour of midnight or even early morning.

The British Museum, which had been founded about fifty years earlier, contained a strange collection of objects. The Rosetta stone—whose triple inscriptions in hieroglyphics, demotic and Greek, were still undeciphered—the Townley Greco-Roman statuary, and the Hamilton Greek vases and Roman antiquities, were among the chief treasures, and were mixed with a miscellaneous assortment of curios. The visitors had considerable difficulty in seeing them. The regulations required them to write their names and addresses in a book on Monday, Wednesday or Friday. Five companies of not more than fifteen persons each were admitted in one day, and at every hour from ten to two an attendant escorted them round the Museum. Compare the maximum possible number of 225 visitors per week with the many thousands who now visit this treasure-house.

The method of arrangement was as peculiar as the restrictions were irksome. One room contained some Mexican curiosities, two richly painted Egyptian mummies from Sakkara, a model of Laocöon and his sons, as well as one of a Chinese junk. In a

glass case were some miniatures of Charles I., Oliver Cromwell and others; beneath them was a model of a 'Persee' burial ground; while specimens of art, 'Raphael's China' and a collection of arms from different quarters of the globe, hung round the walls, made a heterogeneous jumble, a striking contrast to the well-ordered arrangement and instructive labels of to-day.

One hundred and sixteen years is a brief period in the life of a city like London, but no century has seen such changes as those that have been made since *The Picture of London* described its principal sights. Then there were no railways above or below ground, no motor cars or aeroplanes, no gas or electricity, telegrams, telephones or wireless. The world was at the commencement of what has been called 'the wonderful century' of scientific discoveries and invention. Just as we look back with amused interest upon the habits, recreations and occupations of Londoners a century ago, so in 2025 a writer may examine a guide-book of to-day, and criticise our city and our habits with equal amusement. A century hence all buildings may be flat-roofed, to allow the large aero-bus and the small private aeroplane to land their passengers, and the fog and soot nuisance may be solved by the substitution of tidal power or some other form of energy for the present wasteful and harmful use of coal. The writer of the guide-book of 1808 could no more visualise 1925 than we can predict what London may be like in 2025. But at each period there was, is and will be the same characteristic; the Londoner's pride in the past achievements and present position of the greatest city in the world.

W. HOWARD HAZELL.

THE RETURN OF MAN

IN the period following the Industrial Revolution, writers either reflected the dulness and complacency of the age or else, as with Gissing, expressed the restlessness of the human spirit, torn with scepticism and doubt, chafing against circumstance. The only way out was to get away from life into romanticism, after the fashion of Stevenson and Scott.

Dazzled by the dream of gold, the people submitted themselves to the machine, and were soon regulated in herds as machine-tenders. Their lives were restricted within narrow bounds, and there grew up in consequence a conception of the universe as a self-adjusting mechanism. The wonder and mystery of life vanished; personality was degraded, and the golden dream of industrialism was transmuted into dull, leaden lives.

Carlyle, Ruskin and a few other voices were raised in opposition to the trend of the time, but the nightmare stage of industrialism led other imaginative writers, ever responsive to the life around them, to pessimism and despair. Yet, in reply to their protests, they were assured that reason, common-sense and efficiency were on the other side. Solitary thinkers, like Matthew Arnold, faced with such arguments for industrial progress as the increasing swarms in our factory towns, vainly urged that what we required was not more life, but better life.

The extravagant hopes of general prosperity held out by the early economists of the industrial era were unrealised, and a feeling of disillusion had already grown up when the European war gave an added impetus to it.

The recoil from the war has been tremendous. Viewing the piles of shells and machine guns, the earthworks, tanks, and all the ghastly equipment, writers have felt the need for emphasising the superiority of the human spirit over the sullen mass of material which had been allowed to master it. Mechanically organised slaughter, with its calculations of 'man-power,' subordinated life to military strategy much as the huge industrial plants, run on mass production lines, dominated countless lives. But in the case of war those affected covered a much wider range and included many who were able to make an articulate protest. Thus it was

that after the tense war period it seemed the most important thing to many to assert the sovereignty of man over the machine.

The insistent claim of neglected personality has also made itself felt through the growing interest in psychology which writers have used as a weapon to rescue the individual from being crushed beneath the weight of an efficient mechanical order which allows for everything except the human soul.

It is through the medium of the novel that the case for man is now being presented. Each age has its dominant art form. For the thought of one epoch we look to sculpture and find embodied there the contemporary ideals. Then in succession we turn to architecture, to the cathedrals and castles, to the painters of the Renaissance, to the dramatists of Elizabethan times, and to the writers of the long heroic poems. But the loose, free and plastic novel is best suited for our needs to-day.

Our novelists have a wide scope, but not too wide, for readers are more and more demanding real people of flesh and blood, mind and character. The psychological novelist specialises in character study. He sets himself to track down the least little impulse and its influence on thought and action. Often, indeed, the books are so full of the analysis of complicated thought and motive that there is no room for anything to happen at all. It is absorbingly clever, but something essential is lacking. The reader feels as if present at a vivisection table where the heart is exposed for him to watch its beating, or the skull partly removed so that he may see the brain at work. Yet he gets tired of being always in the operating theatre.

To express personality, motive and action must be balanced. If there is to be emphasis it should be upon action rather than upon thought, as appears in real life. And we should be allowed to deduce some of the thought from the action taken. Just as the ordinary citizen is more interested in the finished house than in the architect's plan, so the probabilities are that he will be more interested in what is done than in the structure of motive which precedes it. What the cultivated reader does demand is real men and women, whose actions are consistent with their natures. But, quite apart from the manner in which psychological novelists present their characters, we may trace the general tendency to give weight to the individual and to react against the regulated routine which assumes that all people are cast in the same mould and that individual tastes and needs may be safely disregarded.

The gigantic efforts which were made during the last century to develop the technical side of wealth production demanded so much thought and energy that machinery was bound to loom large and to dominate and warp mankind. And even to-day we

find remnants of machine worship in quarters where we might least expect it. Mr. H. G. Wells in his encyclopædic researches into the past and the future, and also in his animadversions on the present, though he has contrived to take many sides and has often sounded a note of uneasiness on the subject of individual freedom, is, in the main, all for the regulation and supervision of common humanity. He is, too, a great believer in the speedometer conception of life. Maurice Hewlett summed up this view as a determination to make every place accessible in ten minutes and none worth going to. Ultimately, he suggested, speed would be only of use in getting away from places. Another side of the speeding-up philosophy may be observed when we see motorists scorching along in a cloud of dust, fondly imagining as they gaze through their goggles at the strip of road in front of them that they are seeing the country. Something of the graciousness and beauty which Maurice Hewlett brings to his writings is necessary to life, while the literary dyspepsia of H. G. Wells is in itself an indication of the harmful rush of modern existence.

Just as the captains of industry have endeavoured to shape life to their own limitations and to dragoon adults in body and mind, so the final experiment of stunting the development of children has also been tried.

In olden times an art was practised by which children were turned into dwarfs and freaks in order that they might while away the tedium of the lords and ladies who desired them. The Chinese are supposed to have placed children in vases when their bones and muscles were tender until they grew to the shape of the receptacle, the most curious shapes being the most valuable. Other engaging devices were practised under this Chinese 'Taylor System' to make these children better able to fit into the existing scheme of things! For them to grow up into normal men and women was regarded as the greatest calamity that could happen.

In modern times we have had quite a well-defined school which has worked with devotion to prevent children exercising their imagination. Fairy tales especially aroused these people to fury. For a child to read these was to unfit it completely for its duties in life. With deliberately crippled imaginations the children were supposed to be equipped for the struggle, though the prize held out to them as a reward could only be a warped life, for as the twig bends the tree grows. But the anti-fairy tale school reckoned without one factor: the child. Passing through a dingy slum recently, I saw a group of ragged children with a cardboard box filled with old polish tins, stones, rags and bits of wood. They were busy constructing fairy stories. If the experts take their 'fings' away from them the stories will still go on in their heads, even though there is no depraved old grandmother to listen to

their cry for a story, as there most likely would be. Much to the disgust of the high-brows, the children will have their fairy tales. And now at last the tide is turning. Fairy stories are being recognised as part of the legitimate heritage of childhood, and are returning to favour.

Men and women also will have their imaginative joys, their stories, and their meed of colour. The crude violent splashes of sentiment displayed by the cinema are in direct proportion to the repression and drabness of modern life. Humanity develops slowly, and, as Browning said, 'man is not man as yet.' But it is fairly evident that everywhere a big push is being made against all those repressive mechanical forces which have been tolerated so long.

The roots of this conflict go deep, and cut across political and economic views. William Morris wrote *News from Nowhere* as a counterblast to the highly organised mechanical civilisation foreshadowed in Bellamy's *Looking Backward*. In Russia to-day we have the struggle going on between those who, fantastically enough, wish to impose high-speed methods of production on the Russian peasant and to blot out all fairy tales from the children's minds as an educational 'reform,' and those who, with Maxim Gorky, demand a more complete humanity.

The growing realisation of human diversity and the right to development on unfettered lines are revealed by those novelists who, in expressing the thought of the time, have no concise and nicely finished plots all fitting together like jig-saw puzzles. The living material with which they deal cannot be so easily pressed into shape as was the case with the mechanical plots of the more formal school. Their books have an unfinished appearance; the edges are somewhat ragged. And in this the books correspond with life itself.

In determining to tear from life every shred of hypocrisy and everything that veils its meaning, the novelist is actuated by the great principle of sincerity. But this sometimes leads him to concentrate on the sordid and depraved side of character. Yet to stress what is vulgar and degraded in the name of truth is to present a distorted view of humanity. Hugh Walpole tells us in *Fortitude* that 'the whole duty of the artist consists in listening to the voice of God.' Walpole listens and hears. There is a mysticism about his message, but we feel its truth. Often in the tangle of life something noble, fine, generous and human flames out unexpectedly. It is inexplicable, and may be met with everywhere, from the dingiest slum to the proudest stuccoed villa. The rule-of-thumb man, who has accepted a mechanical theory of the universe, is irritated by this incalculable factor, but it persists.

Imaginative writers show us the trend of the age. Their work

is close to life. They attempt to drag out its innermost secrets, and naturally there are evidences of scuffle. Their writings are often crowded and feverish. The sense of wholeness and calmness is lacking. But, with all the fragmentary character of their work, they are succeeding more and more in expressing life, with its suppressions and oppressions, its longings and leaping hopes. They drag its secrets out one by one, and lay them somewhat incoherently at our feet. But the core of the mystery remains. Later we may have more calmness and beauty than is possible in the heat of the onslaught. Life may be calmer and more beautiful too.

On all sides attacks are being made on that machine civilisation, which once claimed so proudly—and truly—to be the banner-bearer of progress. Psychological writers are so busy focussing attention on the individual that there is some danger of their attempting to turn personality into a machine operated by buttons and levers which they label instincts and emotions. But personality remains so mysterious that we are spared any widespread acceptance of still another machine concept. Yet behind all the extravagances of theory are those human values which are being re-established, and the novelists by expressing much that is vital, and which eludes definition, will share in the glory of rehumanising the world when the grim machine gods which humanity has ignorantly worshipped are finally overthrown.

R. M. Fox.

MODERN LANDSCAPE AND THE TRADITION OF CONSTABLE

EVERY man who loves the countryside of England loves Constable. All his best pictures are in the National Gallery and in the Victoria and Albert Museum, together with scores of his sketches, drawings, and working studies; they are thus accessible to all, and their popular appeal is, we hope, as firmly rooted in the fine feeling of the people as in their own great merit. Their virility and calm, unhurried strength, their simplicity and charm and loveliness, will never be exhausted. A commentary upon the pictures is unnecessary and would be impertinent for those who already care for them: those who do not will be persuaded by no words; for the paintings of Constable, like all great works of art, rest not upon æsthetic theories, but upon the love of Nature for their understanding, and it is just in the love of Nature that those who do not appreciate Constable are usually deficient. These 'arty' and precious persons are given to saying that they prefer art to Nature; sometimes they are so hypocritical and so sophisticated as to add that they do so because, as Burke said, 'Art is man's nature.' But they will never be in harmony with the nature of those men who have loved Nature outside themselves so passionately as to have become artists. The mind of Constable, as of all great painters, is a sealed book to all abstract theorists; it is an open book to all open-eyed and open-minded men. Constable was born and bred in the country, and though he was twenty-four before he began to paint it, it was by no means at that age that he first began to observe it. His intimate knowledge and appreciation of all that he depicts is the chief secret of his success. Thomas Hardy says, in *Under the Greenwood Tree*, that those who live in the country notice the various shades of green in the trees; Constable certainly did, and provoked the question of Sir George Beaumont: 'But where do you put your brown tree?' We all remember, also, the story of his refuting to his own satisfaction the theory that the 'predominant colour of a picture should be that of a Cremona violin' by carrying a violin into the garden and laying it upon the lawn. Yet this fidelity to Nature was not dull; it was appreciative in

the highest artistic sense. Let anyone look at his sketches in the Victoria and Albert Museum and they will see how his mind worked. His studies of trees, especially of elms, show a feeling for all that is beautiful in them. Moreover, he composed his pictures with deliberate art; for instance, the dog in *The Hay Wain* was tried in four different places on the canvas. Nothing he did was ever cheap or common; all was founded on great knowledge and the great love which is the daughter of knowledge.

It is not, however, to describe or to discuss Constable's pictures, or to chronicle his career, that I ask the attention of anyone. My excuse for speaking of him is the curious and interesting state of modern landscape. As is well known, the love for landscape was of slow growth, and only came to maturity in the lifetime of Constable. The form it then took was, for historical reasons, of great interest, of a kind which made Constable, and not his yet greater contemporary Turner, the dominant influence in landscape painting. It is just a hundred years ago since *The Hay Wain* was exhibited at the Royal Academy; and in 1825 it was sent to Paris, and immediately (no less can be said) inaugurated a new epoch in the art of France. It is known to all that the whole Barbizon school of landscape—Millet, Corot, Rousseau, Diaz, Troyon, Daubigny—and their followers owed to Constable's paintings the first and decisive impulse which guided all of them in their outlook upon Nature and in their manner of painting throughout their careers; and Géricault is said to have repainted the famous *Raft of the Medusa* under the influence of Constable. It is thus clear that a universal trend of feeling for landscape was satisfied by Constable; his way of seeing, and his manner of painting, possessed the minds of the majority of painters, and was accepted by the majority of those who cared for pictures. But it is not less certain that this trend of feeling has died down, and that the influence of Constable has therefore died down also. This may be seen in any modern exhibition. What is the change that has come? What has caused it? Whither is it leading us? This is the question which modern landscape painting forces us to ask.

The art of any age is called forth in response to widespread tendencies of thought and feeling, and it is of the deepest interest to understand those tendencies. If we trace the rise to maturity of the feeling for landscape up to the age of Constable, and then contrast it with the very interesting changes that have come upon it in the century since his dominance was established, we shall, I hope, see more clearly the nature and meaning of the painting of our own day; perhaps also more clearly the nature

and meaning of 'Nature.'¹ For clarity, I propose to use the word 'Nature' in the arbitrary sense which excludes from it the life of man.

Man must always be chiefly interested in his fellow-men. But his bread and his meat, his clothing and his shelter, depend upon Nature outside himself; and it is doubtful whether, in any age not wholly savage or wholly degenerate, men have not also loved and admired the aspect and the life of Nature. Nothing but the sterilisation of the soul by abstract philosophy seems utterly to destroy a feeling so deeply rooted. In those who work upon the soil it seems often dormant, and certainly the ignorance of natural history among northern country folk seems not greater than the indifference to natural beauty; yet where a farmer stock is vigorous, as in South Africa, the artistic love of scenery awakens. The hunters of the Quaternary Age, more than 12,000 years before the Christian era, may, indeed, have painted mammoths and bisons and reindeer upon the walls of their caves in order by sympathetic magic to attract the living animals, their food; yet those paintings in the caves of Dordogne, of Altamira, of the Pyrenees, show a feeling for the truth and beauty of the subjects which can only arise from disinterested admiration and love. In the Stone and Bronze Ages, indeed, no natural form of any kind appears in art before the rise of maturer schools in Egypt and Babylonia—that is, for forty centuries art is nothing more than 'decoration.'

But by the time of the Assyrian Empire animals were powerfully sculptured, as we may see in the lion hunt of Assurbanipal II.—a work unsurpassed in antiquity save by the eternally unapproachable horses of the Parthenon. Yet so far there is no sign of a love of plants, or of the form of the earth, or of the colour and light of the world.

But the Greeks did care for landscape more than is sometimes realised. The technical opportunities of painting were however so inferior at that time to those of sculpture that the representation of landscape in plastic art was impossible. But in Greek literature the artistic feeling for the terror and the beauty of Nature is constantly expressed. At the mere name of Homer our minds remember the wind about the walls of Troy, Scamander in spate against Achilles; the grey and foaming sea beating on 'Ithaca's sheer coast,' or calmed under the rosy fingers of the dawn; the groves of Circe and the forests of Mount Ida; the meadow where Nausicaä played, the vineyards and orchards and leek gardens of Laërtes and of Alcinous. Who has forgotten the

¹ An admirable account of the evolution of landscape (with the usual allowance for homiletic refraction) is given in *Modern Painters*, vol. iii., chaps. xi. to xvi.

Garden of the Hesperides, or all the rivers, fountains, forests, hills, of Greek mythology? Who will ever forget the nightingales that sang in the Grove of the Furies at Colonus, or the Cicadas by the umbrageous river bank where Socrates and Phædrus talked of Memory and Thought? True, man was to the Greek the most beautiful and most wonderful existence in all Nature; true, he saw his own measure, his own shape, in other things, and he was, as our jargon concocted from his own great language has it, anthropomorphic; he saw the Dryad in the Tree, the Nymph in the Fountain, Poseidon in the Sea. Yet he did not, as we egoists do, impose his moods upon the simplicity of Nature. The 'pathetic fallacy' did not afflict him. He saw no dramatic irony, as he saw no eloquence, in the epitaph 'Them already the life-giving earth possessed, there in Lacedæmon, in the dear homeland.' But it is possible that, even if the Greeks had the technical opportunities, they would not in the nature of things paint the appearances of landscape; for the poetical, still more the mythological, love of Nature is not the inevitable or even main source of the pictorial love of it. Nor would the Romans, whose poets expressed the fondness for country life more than the Greeks ever did, be likely to desire paintings of the aspect of the country, which was easily accessible to them, and interesting chiefly for the practical pursuits, such as bee-keeping, which it afforded. The Romans were not artistic, and, like other inartistic people, they entrenched themselves upon the flinty eminence of the 'Romana Gravitas,' from which they frowned down upon the gifted Greek. Nor was there more hope for landscape—or for any art—during that terrible 900 years (from the age of Diocletian to the age of the Latin Renaissance) when mankind was virtually ruled by priests and the human intellect frozen into abstractions. Minds so torn between rapine and metaphysics that the dissolution of civil society was hourly threatened could have no leisure for opening its eyes to 'the facts of Nature, and so receiving their images simply as they are,' or for writing 'an Apocalypse or true vision of the footsteps of the Creator imprinted on His creatures.' These words of Bacon in the preface to the *Instauratio* could have no meaning for the 'fugitive and cloistered virtue' of a monkish artist so gifted as Fra Angelico, to whom the objectivity—that is, the manly humility and the reverence—of a Veronese was impossible; nor did the baronial hunter care for the beasts he chased so much as his Quaternary predecessor many years before. It is true that Gothic art is an advance upon Byzantine, because its invention and design is nourished by concrete nature, but its representations of men are morbid and of plants and flowers limited, though delightful and affectionate. Of any large sense of Nature as the home of man, or of Nature as itself great

and wonderful, the human mind was not capable until the Greek Renaissance of the fifteenth century thawed with the breath of new life the ecclesiastical preconceptions and burnt out with the fires of a liberated enthusiasm the apostacy of a thousand years.

We have dwelt upon this history because it displays those theological, abstract, political and social inhibitions which in the nature of things preclude man's love of the world about him ripening into fruit. They are inhibitions which may recur and operate at any time, which do operate upon most individuals, even in the most propitious times, and from which it should surely be the object of education to emancipate the mind.

The positive appreciation of Nature, in the manifold phases of which the most conspicuous and significant phase for painting has been the seeing of Nature through the eyes of Constable, really began at the Renaissance.

Speaking broadly, there have appeared three such phases, which may for convenience (though rather arbitrarily) be called the 'pagan,' the 'innocent' or 'rural,' and the 'sublime' or 'romantic' conceptions of Nature, each of which has a negative aspect as reaction against the abstract and theological, the urban and sophisticated, the jaded and bored and disillusioned states of mind into which society has fallen.

The Renaissance is often called pagan, with a ridiculous suggestion of opprobrium, or of defiant and licentious merit, according to the writer. Nothing could be more superficial than the description of the Greek or neo-Greek spirit as 'sensual,' or of the mediæval spirit as in a special sense 'spiritual.' The evidence is rather that in the Middle Ages men were more gross than in antiquity or since. Nor is the contrast between æsthetic and ascetic a real one. Art is concrete, but not sensual; or shall we say sensuous, but not sensual. Art is a spiritual activity, a way of seeing and experiencing with the eyes of the mind as well as of the body. It is not essentially different from any other way of recognition, such as philosophy or science. It cannot be purely abstract; it cannot be purely empiric, any more than bread can be produced by the millstone alone or by the cornfield alone. 'Perceptions without conceptions are blind; conceptions without perceptions are empty.' It is bewildering that since Kant—nay, since Plato—any educated man should talk the nonsense about art as hedonism or art as 'mental image' and 'self-expression' which the Press, in its assumption of a *charisma veritatis*, has talked for so many years. If art received new life at the Renaissance, it was indeed because Nature was accepted more whole-heartedly; and the word 'pagan' may be used for that acceptance as well as any other. But that acceptance was, in so far as art could use it,

æsthetic, and not sensual—or again, if you will, sensuous, and not sensual. The pleasure of consuming strawberries and cream is sensual; no art can compete in sensual satisfaction with that pleasure. The satisfaction of art is for the imagination. A work of art is born from the womb of the imagination, but its father is Nature, and it cannot be born of one parent alone. The great outburst of artistic creation at the Renaissance was, then, the result of a liberated passion for Nature in all its manifestations; and for the first time in history landscape arose to share with human life some part of the enthusiasm of men. The reasons for which this interest in landscape was then for the first time roused are largely obscure; but it should be noted that in literature it looms no larger than it did in Greece or Rome: the life of men was still heroic, cities still beautiful, and no Athenian could love Athens more than Spenser loved London with its fair rose gardens by the shining Thames, or Titian loved Venice with its aureate and rose-ensanguined marble rising like Aphrodite to the blue firmament out of the gleaming sea. Yet Shakespeare bethought him of the forest of Arden; and yet more, Titian remembered the mountains of Cadore, Giorgione the meadows and sycamores of Castelfranco, Veronese the acacias and cypresses of the Contado of Verona. Had they been sculptors, like the Greek and Gothic craftsmen, would these memories have been expressed? Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Keats, we should have had; but it is the high state of the technique of painting in Venice which gave us landscape art. True, the first independent landscape picture is by Patinir, the Fleming, upon whose original and peculiar mind it is interesting indeed to speculate. Venetian painting, and the works of the French school to which Italy gave birth when its own genius was exhausted, always rested upon mythology for its themes, or at least its titles; landscape remains the background for human life. But the interest in the life of men died down and the interest in landscape grew. Why did this happen? Partly, perhaps, the painters of Italy and then of France, rather oppressed by the colossal achievements of the predecessors whom they emulated, than inspired by fresh visions of human life, feared the sad fate of Corneille—'Après "Agésilas," hélas! mais après "Attila"—holà!' They therefore turned to the yet unexhausted field of landscape. Or was it they who were exhausted and found peace and quiet in painting subjects in which the past would not rival them? Certainly the pictures of Claude and Poussin, Guardi, and Canaletto are not remarkable for energy or fresh enthusiasm; the suggestion that the painters went to landscape as a refuge from severer tasks is not easy to reject. However that may be, it was of the greatest importance that both in France and Italy painters did turn to landscape; for when English patrons began in the

eighteenth century to embellish their houses with pictures on a larger scale they always bought pictures by Italians, and so bought landscapes. It is true that the very men who did so passed unnoticed the landscapes of Gainsborough and even the Italian works of Wilson; and later still, Constable hardly ever sold anything he executed, and would have been unable to subsist if he had not married a wife with a competency. Nevertheless, the existence in English houses of the works of Canaletto or Guardi and their school accustomed English patrons to the subjects, and so to the works of Wilson, Cozens, and their successors. The Dutch landscapes, though they unhappily influenced Crome and even Gainsborough for a time, were so dull and unnatural that it is very fortunate that they did not influence English patrons; and later artists went to Nature with fresh eyes unclouded by Dutch prepossessions.

Thus the last echoes of the great and comprehensive outburst of Venetian painting, running more and more into the channel of landscape art, was not without its effect in determining the taste of a much later age. But, as has been noted, that taste, though leaning to landscape in the absence of 'history,' did not lead to that type of landscape which is characteristic of Constable and of the whole development of the art since his day. The condition of feeling which led to the acceptance of Constable arose from other causes, which it will be very interesting to glance at once more and resume in a comprehensive survey, familiar as the various movements are.

As everyone knows, the essence of the feeling which culminated in the phase we are considering was the seeking of relief in 'the country' from the artificiality and sophistication of 'the town.' 'God made the country and man made the town,' so Cowper 'sang.' And the kind of poetry and painting which would ultimately satisfy the townsman's yearnings was a poetry and painting produced not by townsmen but by countrymen, intimate and near to the soil, giving the townsman, as Constable did, all that he could not create out of his own experience. Such had, however, not been the usual feeling in the eighteenth century; and it was just the excessive urbanisation of eighteenth century life which created the thirst for 'unspoilt' Nature. Pope had indeed thirsted (though hardly gasped) for Twickenham, and Horace Walpole for Strawberry Hill; but a place where 'Flora paints th' enamell'd ground' is more like a mediæval missal than like Nature. Dr. Johnson preferred to walk up Fleet Street, for 'he who has seen one green field has seen every green field.' Yet even he yielded to the new taste for so unurban a pursuit as sea bathing, and at the age of sixty went into the sea at Brightonstone. Those who lived in the country ceased to try to bring the

town into their parks, and 'went in' for landscape gardening, with which, as Fanny Burney would have said, they were 'much diverted.' The genteel who were 'the world' for Jane Austen ventured out of their shrubberies to design 'prospects' which should minister to what was then regarded as one of the chief of æsthetic pleasures, 'surprise.' Poets like Cowper, Grey, Thompson expressed the new feeling a generation before Constable. Literature moved, in fact, sooner than painting. What at last enabled English painters of landscape to make a living was, first, the desire for 'views' of country mansions and historic sites, and, secondly, the fashion of instructing young ladies in the art of sketching in water colours. It is a melancholy reflection that it was the latter occupation alone which enabled Cozens, Colman, and many others to live. But it is significant that it was prospects of natural scenery that the young ladies aspired to execute. It is true that the attitude to the country was sentimental, ignorant, and as patronising as the theology of Paley, whose approbation was given to a universe which ran 'almost as well as a clock.' The eighteenth century viewed with a tolerant disdain the 'enthusiasm' of a Wesley as of a Wordsworth; the attitude of polite society was (as Fanny Burney said of the conversation of Mrs. Siddons) 'sententious, elevated, calm and dry.' It was to be charmed, restored, and soothed, not to be excited or inspired, that the elegant and judicious went to Nature. At its most expansive, the sentiment delighted in the 'innocence' of Nature, which had preserved itself unimpaired since 'our first parents,' like 'the noble savage, ran.' All these feelings, the perennial relief of those who have 'been long in city pent,' and crave to escape '*fumum et opem strepitumque Romæ*,' as Horace did, and also the joy of freedom, the sense of quiet, air, space, silence, distance, together with the attraction for the homely cottage, the simple labour of the farm, were satisfied by the art of Constable, and will be satisfied by it as long as human nature remains the same. Especially the desire for *distance*, for the mystery and cool colour which distance lends, asks from landscape painting something which literature cannot give, and that desire especially became stronger as urbanisation grew. Henceforth, it may be expected, there will always be many who will feel like the slum child who said to Mrs. Barnett, 'It's the far-off I want.' But it is the union of many simple loves and yearnings that are satisfied by Constable. And in a very great and deep sense these sentiments are 'innocent,' and are in harmony with an enduring nobility inherent in the plain and honourable life of simple people labouring near to the simple and unchanging life of our Mother Earth.

Yet there are other feelings very different which supervened

on these ; Nature came to be regarded not only as 'innocent,' but as 'sublime,' and by one of the strangest ironies of all history the two streams of feeling united and were expressed in their most representative form by one man ; and that man was Rousseau. The apostle at once of the innocence and of the *sublimity* of Nature was he who left his children in the basket of a foundling hospital, who deserted his friends when they had no others to rescue them, who stole gold watches and accused children of the theft, who makes Morley speak of the 'orgies of a monster in the primeval ooze,' and made even Diderot 'almost believe in Hell,' who tells us that when he closed the public reading of his *Confessions* there was a silence and then someone shuddered ; this innocent and sublime nature, in 'perhaps the most seductive book ever written,' pours out an evangel of Nature which became the burden of his life, the dynamic of a revolution, the greatest single influence in the spiritual history of Europe for a hundred years. The rise of movements is one of the most marvellous facts in human life ; they are in the last resort inexplicable, and the spontaneous recurrence of them is one of the main fascinations in the study of history. For the greatest minds of the Generation of the Romantics were all possessed by the same enthusiasm, the same sense of the magnificence and sublimity of Nature, its aspect and its works, which united itself to the earlier feeling of the innocence and homeliness of the natural life. The rapidity with which the new enthusiasm for the sublime arose will have struck everyone : only a few years before the love of mountains and the taste for tempests was firmly established Switzerland had been reputed to contain 'no tolerable prospect,' and the resolution and intrepidity of the heroes who first climbed Blencathra, great as it was, did not save them from being so 'astonished' when they reached the top that they had to be bled. The greatest expression of the new passion was, as we all know, given by Wordsworth and Turner ; that it was a higher and richer conception of Nature all will admit. But the simpler view was not superseded by the greater. The problem which we set out to consider—namely, the dying out of the attitude of Constable among painters of landscape—is by no means solved by saying that his way of seeing has given place to Turner's, the simpler to the greater. He would be a bold man who should dare to hope that it will ever be so. What happened was very different. The new conception of Nature did not touch painters nearly so much as it influenced in its various forms the poetical, and, be it added, unhappily—in its revival of the Spinozan confusion, '*Deus sive Natura*'—the scientific, religious and political mind of Europe. Among painters Turner was unique. Moreover he was, though admired, misunderstood. He was called '*splendide mendax*,' and Ruskin, his great disciple,

has been misunderstood wilfully and deliberately until this day. No one seemed able to see more than a fragmentary aspect of Turner's mind, or to learn from him more than a particular trick of colour, of 'accent,' of design, of effect. None learnt at all completely what he had to teach, namely, to see Nature in a richer, fuller, and more intense way than any had seen Nature before. Some saw in him a follower of Claude and Wilson, a 'classic-Romantic' ; or a townsman who saw the *strangeness* of Nature, where Constable saw its *familiarity*, and they thought they also could 'compose' like him, they also could find Nature 'strange' (by being ignorant of her and sentimentally impressionable). Hence the most heartless designers, the most abstract egoists, have called themselves followers of the most passionate lover of Nature, the most observant and penetrating and exacting investigator of her life, who ever lived. Others saw in Turner only an emotional and vague colourist, and the 'Impressionist' school arose upon a basis of immature philosophy and inexperienced technique and was regarded as the legitimate descendant of the most comprehensive seer, the most exquisite and exact draughtsman, and the most miraculous technician who ever consecrated his power to landscape art ; and to-day probably most of those who profess to like landscape, or to admire Turner, have really no manly grasp of form, but have diffused their minds in a degenerate sentiment for mere colour. Others saw in him only the spectacular and melodramatic (which we must admit was an element of his effects) ; the occasional exuberance which led him into excess was of all things the easiest for weaker minds to grasp and in a spurious manner to imitate ; for it must be remembered that though the excesses of great minds are a defect, and Turner would be more perfect had he never burst into grand opera, yet these excesses are very different from the factitious rhetoric of an actor. All his great qualities have been travestied by weaker men ; no really strong seer of Nature has yet arisen under his influence. This most unfortunate development has impoverished painting more than we seem to realise. Meanwhile, for a long time healthy-minded painters continued in the very reasonable course of the careful, honest, and appreciative representation of the country in the manner of Constable. In the Barbizon school that was productive of nothing but good, and in Millet the world found an artist greater even than Constable in his unconscious artistry, as well as in his sense of intimate, humble reality. The technical resources of Constable, though limited, monotonous, and even clumsy compared with Turner's (as was obvious to all in the days when *The Hay Wain* hung beside *Crossing the Brook*), were yet workmanlike and strong ; he had unfailing good taste and good sense, and, though he later in life darkened his skies beyond truth

out of deference to an academic theory of composition, he had a steady respect and affection for natural appearances which made his influence in the highest degree healthy. He concentrated on one kind of subject, which was, as he began painting late in life, a wise course; as he himself said, 'I am knocking a nail in, and I shall do it no better by going away and tapping a few other nails instead.' This concentration also was a healthy influence on the whole. Yet the influence has waned. Why is this so? Not because a greater has swept it into its stream; but partly because Constable also was misunderstood, and partly because of a half-conscious but true feeling that his outlook was too limited; but partly also because the artistic mind of Europe has been withered by a set of abstract academic dogmas of 'originality,' 'self-expression,' and 'novelty' which are belied by the true art of all the ages and the unsophisticated insight of all unclouded eyes.

Constable was misunderstood because it was and is thought to be easier than it is to see as he saw. It has been imagined that we all see as much of Nature as that, or perhaps I should say, that we all see Nature as obviously as that. But, in fact, few indeed see so much; nor does a photograph show as much; nor is his outlook at all obvious. He had great powers of selection; great powers—yes, but that is apt to mean some weakness. And although Constable saw more than a photograph, he yet selected too much and too arbitrarily. We have only once more to compare him with Turner and to compare *The Hay Wain* with *Crossing the Brook*, or, still more, with *Polyphemus*, or *Rain, Steam and Speed*, to see that, true as he is, he is not so true as Turner. Perhaps, in a sense, he is not so true as the exquisite landscapes of old China.

That is the real essential point, he is not *so true* as Turner; and the half-conscious instinct which has grown up that this is so would be fully and fruitfully conscious were it not for the mass of spurious philosophy which has been poured out of a dishonest and ignorant Press and has debauched our minds for forty years. Were it not for that, we should *see*—not think, but *see*—that Turner is more true, and that that is the same as saying he is a greater artist, a greater mind. I cannot in this place analyse the mass of uncriticised theories which prevent our seeing; to do so would need and deserve a volume. It is the current jargon that art is 'self-expression,' that photography is truth, and the artist, therefore, must do something different from the search for truth; and what so amusing as to 'express himself'? Every 'irregular sally and trifling conceit' is advertised under the banner of this preposterous dogma. But it is not until we tear the scales of this, and of every dogma, from our eyes that we shall see as Turner saw, or as Constable saw; both ways of seeing are eternally

true in their different degrees; and no man is a painter worthy of the name at all who is not, as the epitaph of Velasquez says, 'El Pintor de la Verdad.' Art is a part of philosophy, of knowledge; our generation is perhaps more ready to know this than was the generation of Jowett, which regarded art as 'fiction.' Leonardo, who more than any man valued '*vera scientia*,' '*la somma certezza delle matematiche*,' knew that the artistic eye, the '*finestra dell' anima*,' saw furthest. But its business is to *see*, to vie with Nature—'*gareggiare colla Natura*.' Fortunately, in spite of the Press campaign of forty years, true landscape art, original because true, still exists, and one of its finest exponents, Mr. W. T. Wood, prefaced the catalogue of his recent exhibition of flower paintings with these words of Dürer, on which his own work and that of all true artists is the best commentary: 'Depart not from Nature, neither imagine of thyself to invent anything better, for art standeth firmly fixed in Nature, and whoso can thence send her forth, he only possesseth her.'

D. H. BANNER.

A NOTE ON THE BLACK DEATH

THE eclipse and disruption of the mediæval society of Europe admits of several interesting comparisons with the decline of the Roman Empire. In each case a vigorous influx of Greek ideas and Greek thought brought about fundamental changes in the philosophy and religious conceptions of the two ages. In each case the Teutonic peoples were the pioneers of aggression against the established order. In each case a deadly peril arose in the Near East; and in the seventh century the soldiers of Mahomet, and in the fifteenth the Ottoman Turks, swept into the very heart of Europe, leaving ruin and devastation in their paths.

But there is a contrast between the two phenomena which is no less interesting and considerably more important. The definite decline of the Roman Empire in the West may be spread over a period of at least 400 years. During half that period the civilisation of mediæval Europe suffered an eclipse much more complete, much more final, and even more far-reaching in its consequences. This point is made clear if we seize upon the years 150 and 1300 as marking respectively a moment in the two epochs when it could definitely be said that each had passed the summit of its greatness and was imperceptibly, but surely, on the downward grade. Yet it was not until 568 that the Lombards took Ravenna, whereas by 1520 the concert of Europe was dominated by the figures of Francis I., Charles V. and Henry VIII.—figures as utterly remote from the spirit of the Middle Ages as it is possible to conceive. Nor must it be imagined that the stability and vitality of thirteenth century Europe was in any way less than that of the pre-Flavian Empire. There was the same closely knit unity, the same strictness of discipline, the same unquestioning loyalty; the only difference was that in the one case the focus of all things was the Empire, whilst in the other it was the Church.

The legacy of Rome has never been wholly disregarded nor set aside at any period of subsequent history. But it is only under the banner of the Church that the deeper and richer legacy of the Middle Ages is to-day being restored to its rightful place

amongst those nations where the Reformation ran its fullest course.

Granted, however, that the element of decay was already present by the beginning of the fourteenth century, we have yet to explain the extraordinary rapidity and, in some countries, the completeness of the collapse that was to follow. That explanation is simple. The collapse of mediæval civilisation was both accelerated and exaggerated by the most fearful calamity that has ever befallen the human race. Within less than a decade one quarter of the entire population of Europe was swept away, and the feudal system, which was the economic bedrock of the whole, disappeared, leaving scarcely a trace behind it. The year 1348 marks the nearest approach to a definite break in the continuity of history that has ever occurred. Such was the pestilence of the Black Death, an event which is not even mentioned by Gibbon, which is dismissed by Hallam in a short paragraph, and with which many historians are content to deal in a couple of sentences.

The outbreak of the plague in Europe was preceded in other parts of the world by a series of extraordinary terrestrial phenomena. In 1333 a drought of unprecedented severity in China was followed by such torrents of rain that in the neighbourhood of Kingsai no less than 400,000 persons are said to have lost their lives. In the following year the Canton district was flooded, and further south a long drought was followed by a devastating outbreak of the plague. There was an earthquake in Kingsai, and in Hou-Kouang huge swarms of locusts destroyed the crops over large areas. In 1336 an earthquake in Kingsai lasted for ten days. In 1337 fearful landslides in Hong-tchang and Leang-tcheou caused such severe floods that seven cities were destroyed. For the next ten years the disasters continued with increasing frequency; famine and distress became more and more general, and when, in 1347, the fury of the forces of Nature gradually subsided, the country was left in the last depths of destitution and poverty.

So much for China. In 1342 violent earthquakes took place in Egypt and Syria, whilst in the same year there were unprecedented floods in the Rhine basin and in parts of France. In the island of Cyprus, where the plague had broken out early in 1348, a frightful hurricane devastated the countryside; ships were dashed to pieces in the harbours, and in the towns few survived the general destruction. On January 25, 1348, a severe earthquake occurred in Greece and Italy. Thirty villages were demolished in Carinthia, and more than 1000 corpses found in the ruins. Naples, Rome, Pisa, Padua and Venice suffered considerably.

Simultaneously with this series of terrestrial upheavals a

number of even more remarkable phenomena were observed. A pollution of the very atmosphere was recorded by a number of independent chroniclers. In Cyprus the hurricane had been preceded by a pestiferous wind, which spread so poisonous an odour that many were immediately overcome and expired in terrible agony. German accounts state that a thick, stinking mist advanced over the whole of Italy from the East, and it is impossible to dismiss such testimony as valueless and illusory.

The credibility of unadorned traditions [says Dr. Hecker¹], however little they may satisfy physical research, can scarcely be called in question when we consider the connection of events, for just at this time earthquakes were more general than they had been within the range of history. In thousands of places chasms were formed from whence arose noxious vapours. . . . The consequences of innumerable floods contributed to the same effect; vast river districts had been converted into swamps; foul vapours arose everywhere, increased by the odour of putrefied locusts, which had never perhaps darkened the sun in thicker swarms, and of countless corpses, which, even in the well-regulated countries of Europe, they knew not how to remove quickly enough out of the sight of the living.

The consequent failure of the harvest in 1346 led to immediate destitution and distress all over the continent. In the spring of 1347 it was necessary in Italy to organise special distributions of bread to the poor; but even the desperate efforts of such cities as Florence, where 94,000 loaves were distributed daily, could produce only local mitigations of the shortage. Such was the pitiable condition of the peoples of Europe when, at the beginning of 1348, the scourge of the Black Death fell upon them.

Whether the Oriental plague is in any way endemic or whether it was introduced on this occasion exclusively by contagion from the East is a matter for physicians to decide. In any case it is evident that infection was by far the most powerful agent in furthering the westward march of the pestilence, and that it entered Europe from the Mediterranean seaports and from Constantinople. Cyprus, Sicily, Marseilles, Sardinia, Corsica and the Balearic Isles were the first localities to be visited. In January 1348, when it appeared almost simultaneously in Avignon, North Italy and the Spanish littoral, the Black Death may be said to have fastened its strange hold upon Europe. It reached Florence in April, and then, with frightful rapidity, swept northward through France and Germany. In August occurred the first outbreak in England, but it was not until three months later that the plague reached London. It fell upon Poland and Sweden in 1349, but not until 1351, nearly three years after its first appearance in Constantinople, did it reach Russia.

¹ J. F. C. Hecker, *Epidemics of the Middle Ages*, p. 14.

It had thus made the great circuit of the Black Sea, by way of Constantinople, Southern and Central Europe, England, the northern kingdoms, and Poland, before it reached Russian territory—a phenomenon which has not again occurred with respect to more recent pestilences originating in Asia.²

The virulence of the plague was so frightful—most of the victims died within four to six days of being infected—and the mortality so enormous that it is almost impossible to form any adequate notion of the chaos and destruction it produced. It was on a scale far more gigantic than that of any other calamity in history; in comparison with it the Great War of 1914-18 dwindles into utter insignificance: the influenza epidemic of 1919 becomes the merest trifle. One of the most fearful indications of its power was that it infected animals as well as men. Sheep and cattle died in thousands; and ownerless herds wandered over the countryside, spreading the murrain wherever they went, before themselves succumbing. Derelict ships, whose crews had perished to a man, were blown ashore by the wind.

Even allowing for the inevitable exaggerations, the statistics of human mortality are staggering in their immensity. When the plague was at its height Cairo lost anything from ten to 15,000 daily. In Aleppo 500 died daily. In Gaza, within a period of six weeks, 22,000 people and almost all the live stock perished. Cyprus was almost entirely depopulated. In certain parts of Germany not one person in ten survived. Sixty thousand died in Florence, 16,000 in one month in Marseilles; in Paris the deaths are given as 50,000, in Basle 14,000, in London 100,000, in Norwich 51,000, in Strasburg 16,000, in Avignon 60,000, in Yarmouth over 7000. The total mortality throughout Europe may be estimated at 25,000,000.

England was visited with greater severity than almost any other country. The plague made its first appearance in Dorset, whence it spread to Bristol, and so to Gloucester, Oxford and London. In 1347 Pope Clement VI. had taken advantage of the general distress and the exhausted condition of the British troops besieging Calais to adjust the long-standing quarrel between Edward III. and Philip VI. A truce was made, but Edward made no secret of his intention to return to the attack as soon as his army could be reorganised. A few months later the Black Death laid its fearful grip upon the land. The King's daughter Joan was among the first of the victims. Two Archbishops of Canterbury succumbed to the pestilence. The episcopal registers of Norwich show that some parishes had four successive vicars within eighteen months. Entire religious communities,

² Hecker, *op. cit.*, p. 21. I have followed Dr. Hecker closely in sketching the progress and course of the pestilence.

from the abbot to the novices, were swept away; in 1349 the Abbot of Westminster and twenty-six of his monks died within a few weeks.³

All over Europe similar appalling destructions are recorded. In Avignon Pope Clement VI. found it necessary to consecrate the Rhone in order that corpses, which could not be buried in the churchyards, might be thrown into the river. In Vienna, where for some time 1200 inhabitants were dying every day, it was forbidden to use the cemeteries or churches for burial; and the dead were piled in layers in six huge pits outside the city. The Florentine chronicler Villani, who was himself subsequently carried off by the plague, declared that in Sardinia and Corsica less than one-third of the total population survived. In Florence it was forbidden to publish the number of the victims or to toll the bells at their funerals. Alphonso XII., King of Spain, became infected by the pestilence at the siege of Gibraltar and died in March 1350. Two Swedish princes perished, and in West Gothland alone 466 priests.⁴

Just when the violence of the plague seemed to be showing signs of abating a fresh outbreak occurred in Italy. The year 1350 was a jubilee year, and, following the usual precedent, the faithful were summoned to Rome. It is difficult to reconcile the desperate folly of the Pope's decision on this occasion with the wisdom, prudence and large-hearted charity that he had displayed throughout the worst years of the catastrophe. The gathering together of this vast concourse of pilgrims had its almost inevitable effect: there was a fresh eruption of the plague, and one chronicler estimated that not one in a hundred of the pilgrims survived. Doubtless this is an exaggeration, but it is beyond question that the death-roll was of fearful magnitude.

A lurid picture of the times when the plague was raging with its greatest violence is that painted by Boccaccio, which describes the conditions in Florence:

When the evil had become universal, the hearts of all the inhabitants were closed to feelings of humanity. They fled from the sick and all that belonged to them, hoping by these means to save themselves. Some shut themselves up in their houses with their wives, children and household, living on the most costly food, but carefully avoiding all excess. . . . Others, on the contrary, considered eating and drinking to excess, amusements of all descriptions, the indulgence of every desire and an indifference to what was passing around them as the best medicine, and acted accordingly. They wandered day and night from one tavern to another, feasting without moderation.

. . . Amid this general lamentation and woe the influence and authority

³ *Encyclopædia Britannica*, article 'English History.'

⁴ Hecker, *op. cit.*, pp. 27-30.

of every law, human and Divine, vanished. Most of those who were in office had been carried off by the plague, or lay sick, or had lost so many members of their families that they were unable to attend to their duties, so that henceforth everyone acted as he thought proper. . . . Many breathed their last without a friend to soothe their dying pillow. Instead of sorrow and mourning appeared indifference, frivolity and mirth, this being considered, especially by the females, as conducive to health. . . . Among the middle classes, and even more among the poor, the misery was still greater. Poverty or negligence induced most of these to remain in their dwellings or in the immediate neighbourhood, and thus they fell by thousands, many ending their lives in the streets. The stench of putrefying corpses was often the first indication to their neighbours that more deaths had occurred. The survivors, to preserve themselves from infection, generally had the bodies taken out of their houses and laid before the doors, where the early morn found them in heaps, exposed to the affrighted gaze of the passing stranger.

A fearful degradation of morals fell upon all classes; the churches were deserted, for often there were no priests to perform the sacred offices; the sittings of Parliaments and law-courts were suspended, and amongst the mass of the people 'Every man for himself!' became the order of the day. Doubtless there were many instances of heroism and self-sacrifice, but they, again, added lustre by reason of their isolation in the dead level of panic-stricken self-interest that everywhere prevailed. The monasteries were overwhelmed by the innumerable legacies which flowed in upon them on all hands; and many were forced to close their doors and to refuse all admittance, in order to exclude the crowds of conscience-stricken penitents who thronged outside, beseeching admittance to the religious life and desirous of passing such days on earth as might remain to them in expiation of their past sins.

In this terrible environment the steadfast devotion and utterly selfless bravery of the Mendicant Orders shines with a splendid and sustained brilliance. In the Hôtel Dieu in Paris, where in the worst days of the pestilence more than 500 died daily, the Sisters of Charity carried on their noble work of tending the sick without the smallest regard for their own safety. They paid a fearful price for their devotion; yet although the entire staff was decimated, not once, but many times, there was never any lack of fresh candidates. Strong in the faith and fearless of death, the Sisters sought only to alleviate as far as was possible the sufferings of others. The Franciscan and Dominican friars laboured no less splendidly; and the enormous number of those who succumbed during the plague tells only too clearly how widespread had been their activities, and how steadfastly they had remained in the most grievously afflicted areas, inspiring by the example of their fortitude and consoling by their boundless

charity. Their memory has been preserved with due admiration and respect by many historians.⁶

In powerful reaction against the widespread abandonment of restraint and the despairing, mirthless frivolity of the people, there reappeared, on a hitherto unprecedented scale, the standards of the Flagellants, otherwise known as the Brotherhood of the Cross. In 1349 200 Flagellants entered Strasbourg, where they were received with the warmest welcome. They announced that they had taken upon their shoulders the sins of the people, that by their prayers and mortifications the wrath of God might be turned away and the pestilence averted. Their example spread with even greater rapidity than had the plague itself. At Spire 200 children, all under twelve years of age, formed themselves into a brotherhood and, amidst the wildest applause of the inhabitants, set forth on the customary pilgrimages. Bands of Flagellants sprang up all over Europe, and everywhere the shining eyes of those who witnessed their penances told of the gratitude, admiration and approval of the people. Houses were placed at their disposal; women embroidered banners for them; the ringing of church bells announced the glad tidings of their arrival in a town.

They marched through the streets [says Hecker⁶] in well-organised processions, with leaders and singers, their heads covered as far as the eyes, their looks fixed on the ground, accompanied by every token of the best contrition and mourning. They were robed in sombre garments, wore crosses on the breast, back and cap, and bore triple scourges, tied in three-four knots, in which points of iron were fixed. Tapers and magnificent bars of velvet and cloth of gold were carried before them.

... Penance performed twice every day; in the morning and evening they went in pairs, singing psalms, amid the ringing of the bells; and when they arrived at the place of flagellation, they stripped the upper part of the bodies and put off their shoes, keeping on only a linen dress, reaching from the waist to the ankles. They then lay down in a large circle, in different positions according to the nature of their crime—the adulterer with face to the ground, the perjurer on one side, holding up three of his fingers, etc. and were then castigated, some more and some less, by the man who ordered them to rise in words of a prescribed form. Upon they scourged themselves, amid the singing of psalms and loud supplications for the aversion of the plague, with genuflexions and other ceremonies, of which contemporary writers give various accounts; and at the same time constantly boasted of their penance, that the blood of their wounds was mingled with that of the Saviour.

The enormous enthusiasm with which the revival of the Brotherhood had at first been greeted soon turned to indifference, and then to dismay. In the earlier months they had behind them the public opinion of the vast majority, and any interference with

⁶ See the fine tribute in Lea's *History of the Inquisition in the Middle Ages*, Book I., chap. vi.

⁷ *Op. cit.*, p. 34 ff.

their activities was warmly resented. Two Dominican priests, who attempted to interrupt one of their meetings and to reason with the ringleaders, were set upon with stones; one managed to effect his escape, but the other was stoned to death.⁷ But the total lack of directing authority in the movement led speedily to abuses and corruptions. Cases of housebreaking occurred. In Strasbourg the Flagellants undertook to raise a dead child to life; their failure to do so did a great deal to destroy the prestige that they had enjoyed in that city. In some cases the wandering bands degenerated into mere gangs of hooligans, who displayed no regard for the rights of person or property.

But long before any such subversion had occurred the natural spokesman of the conscience of Europe had delivered his verdict, and the strength of the sect had been broken. On October 20, 1349, Pope Clement VI. issued a Bull in which he pointed out that the Brotherhood of the Cross had the sanction of no ecclesiastical authority for their actions; all bishops were to use every means in their power to suppress and discourage them, and in cases of disorder and disturbance of the peace the aid of the secular arm was to be sought. Philip VI., acting on the advice of the Sorbonnel, at once forbade their presence in France. Manfred, King of Sicily, threatened them with punishment by death. The Emperor Charles IV. took the strictest measures to ensure their suppression. Finally, when 100 Flagellants arrived at Avignon from Basle and desired admission to the city, the Pope forbade their public penance, which he had not authorised, and, on pain of excommunication, prohibited throughout Christendom the continuance of these fanatical pilgrimages.

If we cast a veil over his extraordinary lack of judgment in the matter of the Jubilee, we find much to admire and applaud in the conduct of the Supreme Pontiff whilst the plague was at its height. When all around him, from the highest to the lowest, were losing their heads and giving way to panic and excitement, Clement manifested at all times a balanced sanity of judgment and a temperate wisdom which did much to prevent excesses and to preserve a true sense of proportion amongst rulers, statesmen and bishops. It was largely owing to his prompt and vigorous action that the dangerous, hysterical excitement produced by the activities of the Flagellants was checked. During the fearful persecution of the Jews which followed on the eagerly adopted suggestion that by poisoning the wells they had been deliberately instrumental in spreading the plague he issued two Bulls in which he emphatically testified to their innocence and called on all Christians to cease their disgraceful cruelties. As in the matter of the Flagellants, the execution of his orders was vigorously

⁷ Lea, *op. cit.*, Book II., chap. iv.

taken in hand by the secular princes. In Avignon the Pope personally saw to it that the Jews were not molested. The poor people of that city were literally provided for by the fruits of his bounty. Physicians afforded such succour and relief as was possible amongst them, and the salaries of these doctors were paid by the Pope himself. Thanks to his eager, boundless generosity, Avignon was probably better served with medical attendance than any other city in Europe.

An estimate of the effects of the Black Death would involve a consideration of the whole of European history from the middle of the fourteenth to the end of the sixteenth century. It is evident that even the tremendous revolution which the Renaissance effected in the world of thought, even the joint impulses of the capture of Constantinople and the discovery of America, even the political upheavals which accompanied and, to some extent, enslaved the Reformation—even these phenomena are totally inadequate to account for the completeness with which mediæval civilisation collapsed. If that collapse is minimised, or if an attempt is made to insist that between the years 1350 and 1600 Europe was rising proudly from triumph to triumph rather than sinking dismally into abysses of pride and self-interest, then the history of the mediæval times becomes totally unintelligible, a tissue of contradictions and irreconcilable paradoxes. If a low-water mark is to be postulated, it must be placed probably during the first half of the eighteenth century and not in the years immediately preceding the revolt of Luther. The Reformation, using the term in its widest and most comprehensive sense, was really inaugurated by the pestilence of the Black Death; and the peasants' wars of 1381 were the first concrete indication of the tremendous disintegration that had already been effected. Only very gradually are the Protestant nations of Europe coming to realise something of the grandeur of the Middle Ages; only very gradually are they becoming conscious that the age of St. Thomas, St. Francis, St. Dominic, Dante, Roger Bacon, Innocent III. and Giotto, the age of the Gothic cathedrals and the age of troubadours and meistersingers, represented, in every department of human activity, a pinnacle of attainment which subsequent ages have not yet approached within measurable distance.

A. L. MAYCOCK.

The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY cannot undertake to return unaccepted MSS.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER



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PRESIDENT EBERT AND HJALMAR BRANTING

FATE is a whimsical thing. Amongst the crowd of men who attended International Conferences a quarter of a century ago were two mostly silent—one forced into a dim light because he led his small national delegation, the other overshadowed by the giants of his country. Who could have foreseen that in the presence of the more bustling and influential figures one of those obscure men would be thrice chosen as Premier of his country and become a powerful personality in European affairs, and that the other, as President of a then unborn German Republic, would successfully oppose his sturdy bulk of body and mind to the angry and destructive tides flowing both from left and right; that both would die together, and that on their death Europe would feel as though something massive and secure had been taken from its foundations? But such was the part that these two unobtruding

men had to play, and when we passed them in the assembly halls or tried awkwardly to exchange opinions with them in the *cafés*, no prophecy regarding them would have been more grotesque than what was to be the truth.

They were types of human solidity—massive, slow but certain, quiet in their power, making no haste and having no anxiety to meet their destiny, but ready when the time came to accept the event and do their duty. If you noticed Branting in the street and thought of him at all, you would have put him down as someone successful in something that you could not fix—probably literature or science; you had to see his eye before you could conclude that his success lay where men grapple daily with affairs and command them. Even when you saw Ebert in the great rooms of the palace of the German Chancellors, or walked with him on the lawns under stately trees behind it, though his natural dignity was impressive and his reserve gave confidence, he remained the self-respecting workman perfectly capable of using the authority of his office but not embodying it in himself. These men carried no sceptres in their hands.

The life-histories of the two men show the different social strata from which Socialism finds its recruits. Branting was born and brought up in the stimulating intellectual atmosphere of the home of the director of the Stockholm High School of Gymnastics. He studied mathematics and astronomy at Upsala, and his first work was at the Stockholm Observatory. Ebert was the son of a hard-up tailor of Heidelberg, left school at fourteen to be taught the craft of a saddler, tramped the country as a journeyman, and sometimes had to beg for charity. The intellect of the one and the experiences of the other brought them to the same work and creed, and enlisted them in the most wonderful of movements since that of the Christian faith to which it is so near akin—Socialism.

When in 1885, at the age of twenty-five, Branting took up his pen to fight for Socialism, the movement had just been started by a crippled tailor who had come across the works of Karl Marx. The trade union organisations of Sweden were still Liberal in politics and fought for an extended franchise, and in industry were occupied with demands to improve labour conditions in this detail or in that. Sweden had no very long history of trade unionism, the working population was comparatively small; the division of interest between employer and employed was, however, well marked. Thus, contrary to what happened here, the industrial organisation of the labourers had not grown to manhood before the political labour movement became strong, and, with only the slightest opposition on the part of some iron-workers, the Swedish trade unionists under the influence of

Socialism quickly came to regard their industrial and political creeds as aspects of the same truth, and abandoned their Liberal support. The complementary movements of politics and industry were to all intents and purposes one and the same, with the political side the more prominent, and Branting, the middle-class political leader, was the inspiring counsellor of the industrial movement as well.

This union of the industrial and the political organisations of workers, so troublesome and menacing to other political parties, is not only the most efficient expression of working-class needs, but the safest for the community. If the workmen attempt to fight out their grievances in the modern industrial State by industrial action alone, no national industry can survive the continual shocks which strikes and lock-outs will cause. In such a warfare the sympathetic strike and the union of unions for mutual assistance are necessary and natural features. A great industrial offensive is far more revolutionary than a political agitation, and it is a significant fact that the Communists of our own time harbour a bitter resentment against political Labour parties and direct their revolutionary energy towards the creation of industrial disturbance and a depreciation of political activity. The remarkable confession of his personal views made by Mr. Baldwin in the House of Commons during the debate on the Trade Union Levy Bill would have led him, had he completed his arguments and given a political meaning to the industrial changes upon which he mused, to the general point of view of men like Branting. The speech in question did not support an argument for the rejection of the Bill under consideration, but was an unanswerable condemnation of the whole body of political doctrine held by his followers and his Ministers on the functions of trade unions in the political community. To hope for a restoration of the purely personal bond between employer and employed and to trust to it to do justice and keep the peace under existing conditions is sheer Utopianism, and no one knew that better than the industrialists who sat behind him in dumfounded silence as he proceeded. The evolution which brought the changes in organisation described by Mr. Baldwin brought corresponding changes in the interests and the function of the State. Branting, and the school of Socialists to which he belonged, held that when the evolution of industrial organisation ended the time of idyllic personal relations and direct personal responsibilities, a protective communal organisation had to take the place of individual kindness, and industrial results had to become the concern of social politics. The evolutionary life of society consists in the adaptation of organisation and institution to new conditions and the infusion of new and appropriate life into them. To both

Branting and Ebert a division between the industrial and the political organisation of Labour was mischievous to the community, and increased the risks of revolution and destruction, particularly in times such as these. Intellectually, it was an absurdity. The working masses had to play a historical rôle of self-emancipation, the signal for which was described by Mr. Baldwin whilst he missed its historical meaning. The Socialist movement combines the industrial experience of the worker and the historical and economic explanations of the student. In no rational scheme of constitutional progress can the two be kept apart in separate movements, and so the middle class student of Upsala became the trusted leader of the Swedish workers.

Ebert's growth in public stature followed other lines and was much slower. Before German politics were disrupted by war and a revolutionary peace, there was the same identity between the industrial and political movements of Labour. Here, again, the great leaders were on the political side—Bebel, Liebknecht, Singer; but the trade unions supplied men of great parts. Ebert was overshadowed until Bebel died and the war broke out. He was living a life of modest usefulness as adviser and friend to his fellow-workmen in Bremen, where he had settled and had been elected to the town council. When the trade unions of the town ran a bakery, the saddler rolled up his sleeves and kneaded the dough; when they ran a paper, he edited it for the reward of 25 marks a week. Trade unionism, politics, co-operation, were aspects of the movement of working-class spirit and intelligence, and Ebert was busy in them all. His activity brought him to the Social Democratic headquarters in Berlin, but not until 1912 did he enter the Reichstag. Victor Adler the elder, that man of keen appreciation of the ability and the qualities that men held in reserve, marked him out for approval, and when the old leaders died and the overshadowed ones had to be tested, he with Haase shared the chairmanship of a party strained to breaking point by disagreement about both economic theory and the war. He was of the majority and led his followers into the lobbies in support of war credits, and when crashing blow after crashing blow had fallen first upon the Social Democratic Party and then upon his country, he stood out amongst his fellows as the quiet, dependable man who could not be moved easily by the threats of Monarchists or the fury of Communists. His qualities marked him out not for the bench of the leader in the Reichstag, but for the chair of the President in Wilhelmstrasse.

Both men were constitutionalists in the proper sense of the word. They believed in evolutionary change. They knew that if reaction forced revolution upon society, the only gain of the revolution would be that it might break the obstructive power

of the reaction and free the living forces in society to continue their arrested work. Forms of government may be changed by revolution, but not social habit, nor modes of activity, nor motives of service. These are the slower growths of mental and moral expression. Russia, with its peasant society, primitive simplicity of social structure, obedient people, is the State above all others that can yield the maximum social results to revolution. How meagre has been the harvest of that kind is proved beyond question by every report, however coloured by bias or glowing with simplicity, which has been issued by those who favour the Bolshevik régime or condone its work. Men brought up to deal with the problems of industrial States like Sweden or Germany, parts of a vast world organisation of production and exchange, depending from hour to hour upon systems that are going concerns, however ideally or practically imperfect they may be, see in social revolutions of a catastrophic kind misery that is multiplied and failure that is intensified, and, mayhap with disappointed hearts, keep their confidence in the slower but surer ways of organic transformation by evolving plans. In one of the pages of his *Autobiography*, rich in wise reflection and matured wisdom, John Stuart Mill comments upon this. The hindrance to generous service to the community 'is not in the essential constitution of human nature.'

The deep-rooted selfishness which forms the general character of the existing state of Society is so deeply rooted, only because the whole course of existing institutions tends to foster it; modern institutions in some respects more than ancient, since the occasions on which the individual is called on to do anything for the public without receiving its pay, are far less frequent in modern life, than in the smaller commonwealth of antiquity.

The change to be aimed at is therefore not one of organisation and institution only, but must visualise the reaction of both on the human mind, and encourage and use that reaction. If the moral evils of capitalism, seen in the reluctant service which both capital and labour give to the commonwealth, were carried on into Socialism (as they must be after a catastrophic revolution), Socialism would fail either by breaking up industrial organisation and paralysing production, or by being compelled to return to capitalism under modified forms, as is the case in Russia to-day. This not only shatters the unfounded expectations of the Communist, but performs the same operation upon nine-tenths of the argument against Socialism on the ground that it has never been tried and is contrary to human experience. The constitutionalism which was the inspiring guide of the policy of both Branting and Ebert was therefore not a mere attachment to law and order or conservative acquiescence in things as they are, but was a well-considered method in evolutionary transformation in

institutions and organisation and in the motives and spirit in which human service is rendered. Constitutionalism to them was a theory and a method of progressive transformation, not a homage to tradition or political inheritance.

Ebert's brief life of authority and guidance was spent in facing the daily problems of his new Republic. It is said that he wept when the terms of the Treaty of Versailles were handed to him. Well he might, for he could not have failed to see the constitutional difficulties which it created for him and the obstacles it put in his way. It raised into active life at one and the same moment a Monarchist and a Communist movement, and made him choose as his instrument for protecting the Republic the dull-witted and repressive Conservative, Noske. I have been told that so adverse was he to revolution that the necessary violent upset of the German monarchy the day after he had taken the place of Prince Max of Baden as Chancellor was greeted with no welcome from him, and that he accepted the position of First People's Commissary from the revolutionary committee without regarding their action with much approval. Certainly within twenty-four hours of the outbreak of the Revolution there were no signs of it in *Vorwärts*, the organ of Ebert and his majority friends; and it was only with much hesitation that the minority section of Independents could be induced to work with them, so much were they suspected. The Independents, who had retained in their ranks men of a more nimble and daring intelligence than the majority, had mishandled their fortunes, and though it was a blessing to Germany and Europe that the new men in power rejected the Russian example, it was perhaps a pity that the constitutionalism that was followed was too much of the Conservative kind and that the solidity of Ebert was not moved by a bolder policy. Those of us who had met some of the leaders at Berne, in February 1919, were much struck with their lack of spirit. They were broken, the only exception being Eisner, whose hands were full with the revolution in Bavaria and who, in bidding us good-bye, told us that he knew it was his farewell. Within a few days he was shot.

The death of the old leaders of German Socialism just before the outbreak of war and the stunning effect of the war and the defeat upon Germans made Ebert's work hard drudgery and stiff resistance—a rôle which his qualities specially fitted him to perform. The handling by the Allies of the problem of Germany after the Armistice—the administration of the Saar, the shilly-shallying about reparations, the Ruhr occupation, the Separatist conspiracies—prolonged his tasks, and he has died before being able to leave his country at a point clearly beyond the troubles which he spent himself in meeting. But his work has been

invaluable, and, I think, will be finally successful. In any event, there he stood holding fast by the foundations of order and warding off the attacks of purely destructive disorder and of reaction, and keeping the fabric of German society from being broken up by men who held the very un-Socialist doctrine that before transforming you must destroy.

Branting had to meet similar problems in other forms and in a wider field. Though Premier and political leader in Sweden, Sweden did not provide for him an ample sphere of action. The leaders of the International Socialist movement all happened to belong to countries involved in the fighting, and Branting, being conspicuous amongst neutrals, naturally took his place at the head of the paralysed International. He knew that a victory for Germany would be a world disaster and that a victory for the Allies would have to be vigilantly watched and controlled. When the tension of a state of war is past, madness or a milder folly generally sweeps up like the tidal wave after the earthquake. So Branting's political mind made him strive whilst the earthquake was still active to prepare to meet the inevitable tidal wave. That is why he favoured so keenly the much-caricatured Stockholm Conference which was doomed to remain as one of the many might-have-beens of history. When the peace came, the International, with Branting at its head, met at Berne, and there he showed the stiff stuff of which he was made. Bolshevism was bracing the unconquered spirits in every defeated country. At Berne there was an unwillingness to deal faithfully with the events of the Russian Revolution and the conduct of its leaders. Meaningless compromises were devised and advocated. Branting would have none of them. Temporary storms were not to ruin his well-founded Socialism. The winds were blowing and the rains pouring, but he stood fast by liberty and democracy, and the Communist movement, with its repression and its dictatorship, received its first check by Socialist hands. Well do I remember the contest drawn out through days and nights, culminating that evening in the great hall of the Folkshaus. Never before nor since have I faced a crowd so charged with electrical intensity, and when it was over and we had won, I walked out with Branting as unmoved outwardly as though he had been to a dinner, but inwardly confident that the working-class movement of Europe had been saved from disaster. Splits followed, and the International had to go down into greater weakness, but the work begun in February 1919 at Berne was finished in April and May 1922 at Berlin, when negotiations with the Communists were broken off and European Socialism declined an alliance with such an undesirable partner. Branting, however, was not present at the final duel.

Meanwhile the League of Nations had been born, and there Branting was to win his enduring laurels. As the Prime Minister of Sweden he made his first appearance on the League Council at Geneva, and by a wise decision of Governments to which he did not belong he was allowed to continue his work there. Twice I saw him there. Once, being in the neighbourhood when the Council was sitting, I dropped in to hear the discussion on the Treaty of Mutual Assistance which was being hammered into form. He was doubtful of the prospects. His heart was not in what was being done. He was making the best of a bad job. He did not believe in military pacts. The next time was when the Protocol was being arranged last year. He was happy like a man who saw the threads of his life's work being drawn together. We were both aware of the risks, the discussions and adjustments which would be necessary, the danger of a reaction towards Conservatism in Europe, and the opposition of military experts; but this was a beginning which neither of us really ever expected to see, and we felt that once made it could not be permanently undone.

Branting was a pacifist and came under the opprobrium of this much-abused word. But here again he was the man who had systematised his thought and his policy. His pacifism was a part of his constitutionalism. To him, war as a method belonged to the same category as revolution. It was a test of power. True, the spirit of a nation entered into its chances of success or failure. Thrice is he armed who believes that his quarrel is just. But both sides in every great war believe that their quarrel is just, so that in the end power settles the matter. As a constitutionalist he had no faith in any arbitrament except that of a judicial body, no confidence in any security except that founded on justice and sound policy. The humanitarian defence of pacifism, or the Tolstoyan defence, therefore had but a small place in his mind. He thought primarily of the evolution of consequences, and that is the characteristic of Socialist pacifism distinguished from other schools of peace advocates. Disarmament was not a good in itself; it was an essential part of the constitutional policy of peace and security.

The Branting of the League of Nations, the Branting of the Socialist International, the Branting who was Prime Minister of Sweden, was the same Branting who believed in constitutional evolution, as I have defined it, who was always alive to the progressive life of States and institutions, and who stood like a rock for orderly adaptation as the means of progress however it was assailed. That belief in improvement by rational adaptation was to him something akin to the 'eternal verities,' and was composed of elements far more substantial than expediency or sentimentality. It was the touchstone he applied to every

suggested political solution, and when the test was successful he had chosen his attitude. This keen sense of the practical did not destroy his idealism. Again and again, though no man knew better the times and the seasons of compromise, he stood alone in League Councils, and sometimes almost alone in his own party. Manfully he fought against the French illegal administration of the Saar, against Italy's conduct to Greece, against Poland's excesses, and as manfully did he urge his country to accept the disappointing League decision regarding the Aaland Islands. He only cared for the right as he saw it, and the right method. He was a scientist in politics, and he thought that the greatest, the most interesting, the most important of all the sciences is politics.

Both Branting and Ebert presented the mystery of personality to those who, only meeting them occasionally, followed their work and knew their influence. A scene stands out in clear line and colour in my memory. One day I went into the garden of the President's residence by the gate in the Königgrätzerstrasse and found Ebert and his wife in Presidential state standing far up the lawn by a tea-table covered with a white cloth under the trees. Honour and status had not changed them. They were a homely German couple in their Sunday clothes, dignified, self-respecting, hospitable. But there was something indicating strength and wisdom in the upright carriage of the man, the precision of his handshake, his straightforward eye. He was the workman, no longer at the saddler's bench, no longer as the leading spirit in Bremen advising his fellows about their rights, but still the workman called upon to keep the government of his country going. Competence, craftsmanship, were the impressions he gave. He spoke definitely; when discussing difficulties he never mused like one who turns possibilities over leisurely in his mind. He was precise and expressed himself in short, comely sentences in good English. He was rectitude without imagination, friendship without enthusiasm, principle without flare, strength without impetus. Those with a more intimate knowledge of the man may be able to add qualities that did not lie open to the observation of acquaintances; but such is the man I knew—a man admirably fitted for the work that fell to his lot as first President of the German Republic. Well did he do that work. He represented the strength of the mass of ordinary people.

Branting was different. An awkward man, awkward in speech and appearance, a man who often lumped his English into a heap of almost unintelligible unsorted words, whose aspect had nothing to attract the stranger, who introduced himself with confusion, he was, in reality, the most kindly and considerate and lovable of men—a man to whom his fellows, especially young men, became ardently devoted—with a firm backbone and an unclouded vision.

When his shy and clumsy exterior was penetrated, as one of his friends said, he was found to be 'embracing, warm and helpful.' At one time when there was trouble in the Socialist Party and all sections were being represented on a party committee, the leader of the opposition to Branting refused election, giving to his confidants the reason that, had he served, he would thus be brought within the magnetic field of Branting's influence, 'which would disarm him.' He was always active and foremost. In his earlier years he was the most hated and persecuted man in Sweden. The respectable mob are always frightened by a man who shows a romantic loyalty to liberty and right. He was sent to prison for three months for reprinting a 'free-thinking' article, not because he believed in it, but because the writer had been victimised by an outworn and therefore a bad law. Anything but an extremist, he was essentially a man of feeling, and the emotions of the masses were never far from his heart. He therefore used sometimes to confuse his friends, to whom he appeared to be audacious at one moment and super-cautious the next. Like all men who trust much to intuition, he presented those apparent contradictions; but the loyalty of intuition to the workings of the creative spirit is as steadfast as the more formal consistencies of logic to reason. He was certainly never afraid to stand up to the masses: he was no flattering demagogue; when he thought them to be wrong, he stood by them, shared their responsibilities, and did his best to get them out of their self-made difficulties; but he then never concealed from them his opinions about them. So they came to trust and revere him, raging jealousies, caves and plots against his leadership ceased, and in his later years he enjoyed the confidence, envied by all leaders, which made the people follow him, saying when in doubt of his policy: 'Well, it generally turns out that in the end he is proved to be right.'

In 1917 he fought his last great battle for supremacy, and came through the test of leading a revolution which changed the constitution without shedding a drop of blood. The Swedish Party, like all others, was confused by war issues and the red gleams of the Russian Revolution. Branting's leadership was attacked. He was out of date; he was conservative; he gave no bold and dramatic lead. Driven to bay, he fought; he deliberately split his party; he 'cut its tail off,' as was said. The result was that in time the left opposition party dwindled, quarrelled, became insignificant, and Swedish Socialism grew in favour and in power. In the neighbouring country of Norway, where the party was left exposed to compromise with Communists and unbalanced influences, it posed for a brief day in glittering bravado, it spoke boldly, and postured as a revolutionary movement; then the Nemesis of being lath and pre-

tending to be iron overtook it; it decayed, and for a time ceased to count. Meanwhile, as was shown in the recent elections, the Swedish Socialist Party has the support of 44 per cent. of the electors of Sweden, and is relatively the strongest Socialist party in the world. Communism is almost extinct in Sweden, as it would be here had it not been used by the Conservative Party for its own ends. Wherever Communism is strong, it has been nourished and advertised by the Reaction; wherever it is weak, it has been fought by the Socialists.

There was nothing of the charlatan or the demagogue about this man, but a genuine soul pursuing righteousness throughout his life, taking honours when they came, but never buying them by any coin by which men purchase them. His first intimate contact with the workers is the prelude which contains all the *motifs* of his completed life. When he was a student at Upsala he heard that at Stockholm an institute was being founded where by lectures and classes the workers were to be instructed in science, in literature, and in public affairs. The promoters applied for a grant of 3000 kroner to the Stockholm County Council, but that body, fearing lest it should become a nursery for Socialists and Radicals, refused. Branting at once supplied the money. Always reckless with his possessions and incapable of looking after his own affairs, his wise father left him a house under a trust, so that this middle-class man might be protected in his liberality from penury.

There are striking contrasts between the two men and striking similarities. Branting's lot was the better of the two for leaving a good reputation. The story of the constitutional revolution in Sweden in 1918 cannot yet be told, and in that silence Branting's experiences as a leader in a revolution must for the time being be wrapped. But as the executive head of his State he never had to handle a country seething with disturbances promoted now from the Right, now from the Left—disturbances that had to be put down in no rose-water way. He never had to stand apart as the embodiment of a State whose very existence he had to protect by the same means as assailed it. He never was called upon to choose or reject a Noske as an instrument. And yet, it is not only the time of their passing that links them together. Both were colleagues in thought and in ideal; both marked the arrival of new forces in government; both, lovers of their country, worked for the founding of an international order of peace and co-operation; both drew their inspiration from the thoughts and feelings of the working classes. It may be that amongst the names of men who have led their people that of neither of them will be written in unquenchable flames of fire, but they will certainly be preserved in letters of untarnishable gold.

J. RAMSAY MACDONALD.

POLAND AND DANTZIG

THE CASE OF POLAND

I

THE Free City of Dantzic was established in accordance with the Treaty of Versailles, which stipulated for Poland certain important rights.

It is Poland's complaint that she has been compelled, and is being compelled, to acquiesce in a drifting away from the state of affairs created by the Treaty of Versailles—a state of affairs in itself a compromise—and that the results do not benefit Dantzic, while they damage Poland and can only help a third party to use Dantzic in order to weaken Poland.

Poland's claim is that the state of affairs created by the Treaty of Versailles should be maintained; or at least, since that state of affairs was afterwards changed to Poland's disadvantage, that further changes which would derogate still more from Poland's rights should be prevented: she desires an interpretation of treaties in accordance with accepted rules.

II

Poland's main river is the Vistula. It is on that river that lie Cracow, Warsaw, Toruń (the birthplace of Kopernik). The economic life of the country centres on the Vistula and its tributaries. The whole course of the Vistula lies in Polish territory, and the mouth of the river flows through Dantzic, forming the port of Dantzic.

... By far the greater part of Polish trade must pass by way of the Vistula and the port of Danzig. ... If a powerful nation like Germany ... is to control the main outlet of Polish trade, she will in the end make Poland a mere vassal. ... For the Polish nation the possession of Danzig, in some form or other, is a matter not of mere economic convenience but rather of life and death. ... (Temperley, *A History of the Peace Conference*, VI., 258.)

Dantzic, originally a city in Polish territory, though inhabited mainly by German settlers, was conquered in the fourteenth

century by the Teutonic Order, only to be regained by Poland in the fifteenth century. It remained a fully autonomous city (participating for a time in the election of the kings of Poland) until the second partition of Poland (1793), when the King of Prussia conquered Dantzic.

No sooner had the World War broken out than the Polish question came to the fore. It gained in importance as time went by. In President Wilson's message of January 22, 1917, Poland occupied a prominent place. In the Fourteen Points (January 8, 1918) the war aims concerning Poland were set out clearly in Point 13:

An independent Polish state should be erected which should include the territories inhabited by indisputably Polish populations, which should be assured a free and secure access to the sea, and whose political and economic independence and territorial integrity should be guaranteed by international covenant.

... which should be assured a *free and secure access to the sea.* In order to comply with this stipulation, it was proposed, at one time during the Peace Conference, to include Dantzic in the Polish State. The British Delegation demurred, because of some 300,000 Germans who dwell in the town and in the surrounding territory. It was decided to detach the town and territory from Germany, to create a Free City of Dantzic (which would include both), and to secure to Poland a number of rights enumerated in the Treaty, to be embodied in a later Convention. The reasons for this arrangement are set out in the reply of the Allied and Associated Powers to the German objections to the draft of the Treaty, June 16, 1919:

Danzig, ... in union with Poland, enjoyed a large measure of local independence and great commercial prosperity. It will now be replaced in a position similar to that which it held for so many centuries. ... The annexation of West Prussia, including Danzig, to Germany deprived Poland of that direct access to the sea which was hers by right. The Allied and Associated Powers propose that this direct access shall be restored. It is not enough that Poland should be allowed the use of German ports. ... Poland claims, and justly claims, that the control and development of the port which is her sole opening to the sea shall be in her hands and that the communications between it and Poland shall not be subjected to any foreign control, so that in this, one of the most important aspects of national life, Poland shall be put on an equality with the other States of Europe. (Temperley, II., 292-3.)

Before the Convention provided for in the Treaty of Versailles could be concluded Poland was invaded by the Soviet armies. Dantzic behaved as a 'neutral.' The attitude of the High Commissioner who had been appointed by the Powers evoked despair in Poland. Finally the Bolsheviks were driven out of Poland. The Powers, which had undertaken to negotiate a

Dantzig-Polish Convention, dictated one which changed the stipulations of the Treaty of Versailles in certain important points. This so-called Convention of Paris (November 9, 1920) was followed by a number of supplementary conventions and by a number of decisions of the High Commissioner, which have made havoc of some provisions of the Treaty of Versailles.

III

Is Dantzig a State of which the sovereignty, while limited in certain respects for the benefit of Poland remains intact in all other directions? And should the limitations, as in the case of other sovereign States, be interpreted restrictively in order to leave to Dantzig the greatest possible measure of independence?

Or was Dantzig detached from Germany in order to give Poland a 'free and secure access to the sea'? And has Dantzig been given a political organisation separate from Poland only in so far as this could be done without impairing Poland's 'free and secure access to the sea'?

It is Poland's claim that the latter solution is the correct one; it is Poland's complaint that efforts are constantly being made to force upon her the acceptance of the first solution.

By the Treaty of Versailles Germany renounced (Art. 100) in favour of the principal Allied and Associated Powers all rights and title over a territory which comprises the town of Dantzig and some other cities and villages. The principal Allied and Associated Powers

(a) Undertook (Art. 102) to establish the town of Dantzig with the *rest of the territory* as a *Free City*, to be placed under the protection of the League of Nations;

(b) Undertook (Art. 104) to negotiate a treaty between the *Polish Government* and the *Free City* of Dantzig, which was to come into force at the same time as the establishment of the said Free City, 'with the following objects':

(1) To effect the inclusion of the Free City of Dantzig within the Polish Customs frontiers, and to establish a free area in the port;

(2) To ensure to Poland *without any restriction the free use and service* of all waterways, docks, basins, wharves, and other works within the territory of the Free City necessary for Polish imports and exports;

(3) To ensure to Poland the *control and administration* of the *Vistula* and of the *whole railway system* within the Free City, except such street and other railways as serve primarily the needs of the Free City, and of postal, telegraphic and telephonic communication between Poland and the port of Dantzig;

(4) To ensure to Poland the right to develop and improve the works and means of communication mentioned in this article, etc.;

(5) To provide against any discrimination within the Free City of Dantzig to the detriment of citizens of Poland and other persons of Polish origin or speech;

(6) To provide that the Polish Government shall undertake the conduct of the foreign relations of the Free City of Dantzig as well as the diplomatic protection of citizens of *that city* [*sic*] when abroad.

The Treaty of Versailles stipulated further (Art. 107) that all property situated within the territory of the Free City of Dantzig belonging to the German Empire or to any German State should pass to the principal Allied and Associated Powers for transfer to the Free City of Dantzig *or* to the Polish State, as they might consider equitable.

The Convention which the Powers undertook to negotiate was to 'come into force at the same time as the establishment of the said Free City,' so that it must have been concluded before such establishment. Actually Poland's representatives and the emissaries of the Free City placed before the Conference of Ambassadors their respective proposals and received the final draft with a 'sign here.' This happened on November 9, 1920, and the Free City came into existence on the 15th of the same month. It seems clear that the Free City came into existence without the rights which had been established beforehand in favour of Poland (to cause them to be established had been a treaty obligation of the principal Allied and Associated Powers); the establishment of the rights in favour of Poland was a condition precedent to the very coming into existence of the new political organisation styled 'the Free City' (not the State) 'of Dantzig.' The Paris Convention cannot even be described as an international convention, for an international convention cannot be concluded with a political organisation which has admittedly not yet come into existence. In any case, Poland's rights are as direct as the existence of the Free City of Dantzig. This follows from the text of the Treaty of Versailles, as well as from the very purpose of its provisions. The purpose is clear from every word of Art. 104: to give Poland a 'free and secure access to the sea.' Poland was to have the free use and service, without any restriction, of some works and means of communication; of others, she was to have the control and administration; as to *both groups*, she was to have the right of *developing and improving*. The street and other railways of primarily local importance, as well as the postal, telegraphic and telephonic communication other than between Poland and the port, were excluded, for they do not serve to give Poland an access to the sea.

On the other hand, Poland's access to the sea could not be secure if Dantzig could maintain foreign relations of her own. It seems clear from the Treaty of Versailles that Dantzig cannot even be considered as independent in her international situation as the 'fully self-governing dominions and colonies' mentioned in Art. 1 of the Covenant of the League of Nations.

IV

The Paris Convention created a Dantzig Port and Waterways Board, composed of an equal number of Polish and Dantzig commissioners, with a president chosen 'by agreement between the Polish Government and the Government of the Free City,' or, failing such agreement, a president of Swiss nationality appointed by the Council of the League of Nations.

It is this Board, which is not controlled by Poland, and not Poland, that shall exercise, within the limits of the Free City, the control, administration, and exploitation of the (port and) waterways, of the whole railway system specially serving the port, etc. Poland is to control and administer only such railways as are neither controlled by this Board nor reserved to the Free City. This is, of course, not in accordance with the stipulations of the Treaty of Versailles. It is to the same Board that is to be transferred all property which belonged to the German Empire or any German State and which forms part of the port or is connected with the administration and exploitation of the port and of those waterways and railways controlled, etc., by the Board. It is this Board, again, that has the duty of assuring to Poland the free use and service without any restriction, 'and in so far as may be necessary for Polish imports and exports,' of the port, waterways, and railways under the Board's administration. This wording admits of restrictions in individual cases, in which the free use and service may be judged unnecessary for Polish imports and exports, whereas the Treaty of Versailles spoke of 'ensuring without any restriction the free use and service of all waterways, etc., necessary,' thus forbidding any restrictions once the waterways, etc., are found at all necessary for Poland's imports and exports.

Instead of having the control of all but the local railways, Poland must see part of those she was to control controlled by the Board. Poland's use of the waterways, etc., depends on the decision of the Board. The meaning of these provisions may perhaps be gathered by supposing that the 'security of communications of the British Empire' (being one of the four points as to which the *status quo* is to be maintained in Egypt notwithstanding the Declaration of February 28, 1922) or the question of the Sudan (being another of those points) was committed to the care of a board composed of an equal number of British and Egyptian representatives and presided over by a Swiss president appointed by the League of Nations, with the added possibility for Great Britain to appeal in any case in which she claimed that her rights had been violated, first to a representative of the League of Nations of, let us say, American nationality, and then

to the Council of the League. Yet to Poland the 'free and secure access to the sea' is far more vital than India or the Sudan is to England.

The Treaty of Versailles aimed at making it impossible for Dantzig to have a standing of her own in international life, because that might result in the use of Dantzig by outside Powers to the detriment of Poland. Dantzig's attitude has been that the Treaty merely imposes a duty upon Poland, but that Dantzig has a standing of her own and is not obliged to avail herself of Poland's services. The Convention went at least one step on the road suggested by Dantzig by providing that 'passports issued to nationals of Dantzig will not assure to them Polish protection unless they have been visaed by the representative of the Polish Government.' From this the deduction was made that Dantzig may issue her own passports, and any foreign State may, if it chooses, grant its visa on such passports. Innocent enough in itself, this first step has been followed by more important developments of the same principle.

V

The Treaty of Versailles provided for the appointment by the League of Nations of a High Commissioner 'entrusted with the duty of dealing in the first instance with all differences arising between Poland and the Free City . . . in regard to this Treaty or any arrangements or agreements made thereunder.' The Convention of Paris made the competence of the High Commissioner extend to 'any differences arising between Poland and the Free City . . . in regard to the present Treaty or to any other subsequent agreements, arrangements or conventions, or to any matter affecting the relations between Poland and the Free City.' It may be added that either party can submit a difference to the High Commissioner, who can refer the matter to the Council of the League or decide it himself. In the latter case either party can appeal to the Council of the League.

The Treaty and the Convention speak of 'differences.' The word 'difference' denotes a less fundamental disagreement than, e.g., 'dispute' (see Arts. 12-15 and 17 of the Treaty of Versailles—Covenant of the League of Nations; and Art. 386 of the same Treaty—Kiel Canal). Yet the provision as to the 'differences' has been used to the full and a question-mark has been set against some indisputable consequences of the Treaty of Versailles, even such as had not been set aside by the Paris Convention.

According to Art. 104 (3) of the Treaty of Versailles Poland was to have 'the control and administration of the Vistula.' On September 1, 1921, the High Commissioner decided 'that the control and administration of the whole of the Vistula within

the territory of the Free City of Dantzic must be undertaken by the Harbour Board.'

Does a foreign fleet visit Dantzic? It might seem that there is a connection with foreign relations. The High Commissioner decides (August 23, 1922):

... The Polish Government has not the right, either through its Diplomatic Representative at Dantzic, or in any other way, to welcome officially, in Dantzic waters or on Dantzic soil, a foreign fleet which visits the Free City. ... If the Polish Government wish to welcome a foreign fleet in Dantzic waters and on Dantzic soil the Dantzic Government should be approached on the subject, not as a Polish right, but as a Polish request. ...

(This ruling was subsequently set aside, like some others, by arrangement between Poland and Dantzic.)

Does Poland desire to import war material, which, considering her neighbours, is as yet a necessity? Dantzic finds a way of making difficulties, supposedly on the grounds of public safety. Yet as early as 1921 the Conference of Ambassadors had to draw the attention of the Council of the League of Nations 'to the grave dangers which could result from the uncontrolled manufacture of arms and war material in the territory of the Free City of Dantzic.' Neither was it a matter of manufacturing solely for countries who had a right to import such material, e.g., Poland. The Conference of Ambassadors spoke of 'great quantities of war material and munitions'; it mentioned 'the export of this material to troubled regions, in which the Allied Powers take efforts to conduct an action of pacification; ... the absence of real control over this manufacture tends to render vain the measures and precautions taken by the principal Allied Powers for the purpose of disarming Germany. ...'

Does an international conference of States take place? Dantzic raises the question of separate representation. At one time (January 24, 1921) the Conference of Ambassadors had asked the Secretary-General of the League of Nations to draw the attention of the president of the senate of the Free City to the fact that in the opinion of the Conference of Ambassadors he 'has no right, under the terms of Art. 104 of the Treaty of Versailles and of Art. 6 of the Convention of November 9, 1920, to address directly the Conference of Ambassadors.' Yet Dantzic does obtain, at least to a certain extent, the right of separate representation at international conferences.

It might appear that the Treaty of Versailles had in view a final settlement, the granting to Poland of a 'free and secure access to the sea.' In practice, however, there is no point, however fundamental, which may not at any time come up before the High Commissioner. In his report to the Council of the League of

Nations (November 17, 1920) concerning the Paris Convention and the establishment of the Free City, Viscount Ishii had quoted from the Allied statement to the German delegation in Paris concerning the final draft of the Peace Treaty (June 16, 1919) the following words:

... the city itself has been cut off from Germany because there was no other possible means of giving that 'free and secure access to the sea' which Germany had promised to cede.

Yet on August 23, 1922, the High Commissioner said in his decision:

Neither can I find any Article in the Convention which substantiates the Polish claim that Dantzic was created a Free City solely to give Poland a port which will give her free access to the sea. If this had been the intention of the Allied and Associated Powers when framing the Treaty of Versailles, and still more when negotiating the Convention ... Article 102 of the Treaty of Versailles would have been expressed differently ..."

And so the High Commissioner could decide, in November 1924 (*The Times*, November 18, 1924, p. 13), that Dantzic is a State in the international meaning of the word and is justified in the use of formulæ which bring this fact into cognizance; that the relations between the two Governments are to be regarded in the same way as the relations between independent Powers, but are nevertheless of such a special character that the normal international procedure is not necessary.

It would seem impossible to say what may not be decided by the High Commissioner. In fact, at a meeting of the Council of the League of Nations on July 4, 1923, a High Commissioner declared himself in favour of rejecting the Polish claim that questions of domestic Polish administration (*d'administration intérieure polonaise*) are not within the competence of the High Commissioner of the League of Nations at Dantzic.

True, there is always the possibility of appealing to the Council of the League of Nations. But the Council is a political, not a judicial body. It seems remarkable that when Dantzic affairs come before the Council not only does the representative of Poland sit as a member of the Council by virtue of Art. 4 (5) of the Covenant, but so does a representative of Dantzic, although Dantzic is not and cannot be a member of the League of Nations, since Dantzic's foreign affairs are conducted by Poland. This may again appear a small point. But Dantzic does not lose anything by bringing up dispute after dispute; on the contrary, every time her position is emphasised and enhanced by the participation of her representative. In the worse case, Dantzic will be regarded as the under-dog; her defeat will be attributed to Polish intrigues and influence. On the other hand, anti-Polish

propaganda is insistently using every new Dantzic-Poland dispute. It is most unpleasant to those who have regard for the interests of Poland to see Dantzic-Poland disputes on the agenda of the Council at frequent intervals. Poland, appearing as a litigant, is in a position politically inferior to the States members of the Council of the League. And yet that 'free and secure access to the sea' is indispensable to Poland.

VI

Poland is interested in a prosperous Dantzic. The greater the development of Dantzic trade, the more will have developed Polish imports and exports by way of Dantzic. Since Poland has a population of over twenty-seven millions, a strong agricultural and mineral production, and a growing industry, Dantzic, as the port of Poland, will not only have trade enough for her present inhabitants, but could attain an immense development.

Is Poland interested in a Dantzic politically friendly? Undoubtedly. Dantzic was a town most loyal to Poland until the very end of the eighteenth century, and the memory of that fact lived in Poland throughout the period of the partitions. A loyal Dantzic would naturally have nothing to fear from Poland; on the contrary, it might be impolitic to alienate Dantzic's friendship.

But it is felt in Poland that the situation is not appreciated by those who speak for Dantzic. Those who represent Dantzic—if not, perhaps, the bulk of the population—seem bent on establishing for Dantzic a position which would make Poland's situation precarious. It is felt in Poland that Dantzic must not be in a position to help any enemy to throttle Poland by taking hold of the mouth of Poland's greatest national river. Neither can Poland's 'free and secure access to the sea' depend on one official.

The spirit as well as the letter must be observed of those compromises which were arrived at in order to give Poland a fair chance.

LUDWIK EHRLICH.

THE DANISH SOLUTION OF THE POOR RELIEF PROBLEM

SOME thirty-seven years ago the Danes woke up to the fact that there was something wrong with their poor relief system; for, whereas year by year they were spending more and more money on the poor, year by year the misery of the poor was increasing. Thus evidently they were not obtaining even a fair return for the money they spent; and that, for they are a thrifty race, was a trouble to them as well as a source of indignation. Moreover, what was even a greater trouble, for they are kindly as well as thrifty, the poor, as they knew, were being treated without any regard to humanity, or even to common-sense. For the deserving among them were neglected, left to drift into pauperism or die of starvation; while the worthless were flourishing, clamouring for help and obtaining it. Such a state of things was intolerable and must be changed, the Government were told roundly; and, before many weeks had passed, a Commission was appointed to do the changing.

On that Commission there were experts in pauperism, experts in finance, poor law officials, social reformers and business men; and the instructions given to them were to mend or end, with all possible speed, the poor relief system in force.

Now the poor relief system in force in Denmark, at that time, was in many respects identical with the system still in force in England; for, in framing it many years before, the Danes had taken our system as their model. Up to 1891 their poor law was the same as ours still is; and it was administered as ours is, *i.e.*, by honorary officials. Moreover, in Denmark, as in England and nowhere else, the right to relief is recognised. For us as a nation, therefore, special interest is attached to the work the Danish Commission was called upon to do.

The Commissioners tackled their task at once and vigorously. After weighing in the balance, with infinite care, the system with which they had to deal, they decided that it was fundamentally wrong, stupid and inhuman, as well as very costly. Under it not only was money wasted, but men and women were demoralised, turned into paupers, to their own great detriment,

the great detriment, too, of the ratepayers. They condemned the whole system root and branch; and they had definite reasons to give for condemning it.

According to them, the law on which the system was founded—that law, we must not forget, was practically the same as our law is now—had two fatal defects, one of which entailed inevitably great waste; the other, also inevitably, rank injustice, and with it bitter suffering. For it enacted that the poor must be destitute before they could obtain relief, and thus actually fostered pauperism by forcing those stricken by temporary misfortune to become paupers. It enacted also that those who obtained relief should be all on a par, and might have the same treatment meted out to them; it enacted, in fact, that decent old folk who had worked hard all their days might be housed together, on terms of equality, with lazy ne'er-do-wells, ex-criminals, perhaps, who made their lives a burden to them.

A law under which such doings were possible was a bad law, flagrantly unjust, the Commissioners argued; and the administration of the law was every whit as bad as the law itself, they declared. For in towns and villages alike the administrators were amateurs, who, although they had had no training for the work, were given a free hand to spend as much or as little on the poor as they chose, and even to treat the poor as they chose. The result was that there was neither uniformity nor continuity in the administration: it varied from district to district, and from year to year. In one village the poor were relieved quite lavishly; while in the very next, perhaps, they were left half starved; and that made, of course, for envy, hatred and discontent, as well as waste. The only thing to be done, the Commissioners decided, was to make a clean sweep of the administration of the law as well as of the law itself, and to frame an entirely new system. And that they forthwith set to work to do.

They made up their minds from the first that what they must aim at was to devise a system under which fair treatment would be secured for the poor, at the least possible cost to the ratepayers, under which also war could be waged tooth and nail against pauperism. There must be no more waste of money through the blundering of amateur officials, no more clubbing together of the poor, good, bad, and middling; above all, there must be no waiting until the poor were destitute before giving them a helping hand. On the contrary, a good return must be obtained for every penny spent, and each one of the poor must be dealt with at once, when need came, dealt with strictly, according to his or her merits. They decided, therefore, that the spending of money must be under the control of expert officials,

even if not in their hands; and that the poor must be carefully classified, as otherwise they could not be given the treatment they deserved. They decided also that the poor who were in want through no fault of their own must be helped to become self-supporting and thus saved from becoming paupers. For they held strongly that it is better all round, more economical and more humane, to spend money on preventing even the destitute from becoming paupers than on maintaining them when paupers they are.

The poor relief system the Commissioners devised is essentially a preventive system; it aims primarily at insuring the deserving poor against being forced, through unmerited misfortune, to accept poor relief and thus become paupers. It is, however, also a reformative and a punitive system, as it aims at securing, for those who are already paupers, the chance of becoming self-supporting again; at securing severe punishment, too, for such among them as refuse the chance offered, having no wish to be self-supporting. It is a system, in fact, under which even-handed justice is, so far as possible, dealt out all round. So at least the great majority of Danes are firmly convinced. According to them, in Denmark no man (or woman) need ever be a pauper. If he is a pauper, it is through some fault of his own—it is because he is feckless, lazy, drunken or vicious, and tries to live on other folks' earnings. It is but just and right, therefore, that he should be punished, they maintain, as living on other folks' earnings is a crime against the community.

In framing the new poor law the Commissioners were careful to leave intact the right to relief, which had been granted in far-back ages, and solemnly confirmed in 1685. Under the new law, as under the old, 'he who cannot support himself, or those dependent on him, has the right to relief at the cost of the community, providing there is no other person responsible for his maintenance.' Under the new law, however, precautions are taken to secure the community against the risk which that right entails, 'by vesting the poor law authorities with special rights of surveillance and control over those who avail themselves of the right to relief.' 'In order that the burden entailed by the universal right to relief should not become too heavy to be borne, the authorities are given the right to exercise very great power over all who receive relief; and they who receive it must submit to the restraints the law imposes.' And the framers of the law took care that those restraints should be of a sort to which no man submits willingly. The mere fact that, under the new law, the authorities have the right to send to the workhouse by force, if necessary, recipients of relief, the right, too, to detain them there, is a sure guarantee that no one who can help it will become

a recipient. In no other country do the poor law authorities wield so much power as in Denmark. None the less, thanks to the precautions taken to ensure their using their power rightly, in no other country are the poor so secure against ill-treatment or neglect.

In all Denmark, excepting Copenhagen, the administration of poor relief is vested in the local authorities, *i.e.*, in rural districts, in a committee of the communal council; and in towns, in a committee of the municipality. These committees, with the help of their subordinate officials, honorary or paid, do the work done here by poor law guardians. They do it, however, not as our guardians with a free hand, but under the direction, surveillance and control of their higher authorities, who are always paid officials. The chairman of the county council, who is not only paid, but State-appointed, is the higher authority of all the rural committees in his county. He decides the lines on which they administer relief and, through his officials, he watches how they administer it, how too they work their institutions. He revises their accounts, determines how much of what they spend may come out of the county rates, and how much out of their poor fund, supplemented out of the local rates. All complaints against them and their doings are sent to him, and he must see that well-founded grievances are promptly redressed. Thus a committee that tries to play either the spendthrift, the niggard, or the tyrant is speedily called to account. Then, unless it changes its ways, it is dissolved, and paid officials are appointed to do its work. In towns, excepting Copenhagen, the poor relief higher authority is the burgomaster, who is a paid official. He does the work done in rural districts by the chairman of the county council; while in towns and rural districts alike the Minister of the Interior is the supreme authority in all that concerns poor relief. The Minister's consent must be obtained before any town may borrow money or increase the amount of its rates.

In Copenhagen the administration of poor relief is of special interest, owing to the fact that it is entirely in the hands of trained officials; to the fact, also, that during the three years that followed their installation in the place of amateur officials, the cost of poor relief decreased by one-third.

In that city the administration not only of poor relief and free relief, *i.e.*, relief that does not entail the restraints entailed by poor relief, but also of widows' and orphans' relief, old-age relief, public charities, and charitable institutions, is vested in the third section department of the municipal council. Its chief, the Third Section Burgomaster, is the guardian of all the poor in the city, whether black, white, or speckled. It is his business to see that each one of them receives, so far as possible,

treatment he or she deserves. He is appointed by the municipality, subject to the veto of the King, and he holds office practically for life; as, if he is dismissed without the consent of the King, the municipality must continue to pay his salary. This Burgomaster, who is an expert in all that concerns the poor as well as a highly trained official, is responsible for the work of his department to the municipal council, representing the ratepayers who provide him with the money he spends, and also to the City President, representing the State; while all the officials attached to the department work under his direction and are responsible to him for what they do. All the poor law and charitable institutions belonging to the town are worked by a section of the department under his personal supervision. If things go well, it is he who is praised; if badly, he who is attacked.

Copenhagen is divided into twelve districts, and these districts are arranged in groups, four districts forming a group. A district is under the care of a superintendent, a group under that of an inspector. A superintendent is responsible to his group inspector for the treatment of the poor in his district; while an inspector is responsible to the Third Section Burgomaster for the treatment of the poor in his group of districts. Inspectors, superintendents, and all their subordinate officials are carefully trained for their work, which they do, however, more on the lines of our Charity Organisation Society's agents than of our poor law officials. They go about among the poor investigating the causes of poverty, while relieving distress, always on the watch to help those eager to help themselves. They must sift and sort carefully all who seek relief, separating the sheep from the goats; for the law requires quite different treatment to be dealt out to the goats from that dealt out to the sheep. And very difficult work it is, the sifting and sorting, they say. None the less, I never yet met a Danish poor law official who was not firmly convinced that it is work that can be done, and must be done, as otherwise the poor cannot be treated fairly.

The three inspectors administer old-age relief, free relief, and widows' and orphans' relief; but they have nothing to do with poor relief beyond seeing that it is properly administered. They are the guardians of the respectable poor, especially of such of them as are old-age pensioners. In Denmark, it must be noted, old-age relief is reserved exclusively for deserving persons above sixty-five; and they are treated much more generously and considerately than the undeserving of their age. It is, however, not with them, nor yet with those who receive any sort of free or special relief, that I am dealing now; for they are the *élite* of the poor, and it is with the rank and file that I am concerned, those to whom poor relief is given.

In Copenhagen the twelve superintendents administer poor relief in offices quite apart from those of the inspectors; for care is taken to guard the respectable poor from being brought in contact with paupers. They are the guardians of all the poor in the city, except those under the care of the inspectors. A superintendent is *ex-officio* the friend and adviser of all who live in his district, the man to whom they have the right to go when trouble comes, the man whose duty it is to help them, help them, if possible, to do without poor relief. He is required to be in close touch with such among them as are poor, especially with such as are within hailing distance of pauperism. He must, with the help of his subordinate officials, the help of the police, too, if necessary, know what sort of folk they are, what sort of lives they lead, and how much they earn. Thus when misfortune comes he can deal with them promptly and effectually.

If he knows that they are thoroughly respectable, and that their misfortune is due to no fault of their own—he is in too close touch with them to be easily deceived—he passes them on to his group inspector, who, if they stand the test of more sifting, gives them free relief, which the law allows them to accept without becoming paupers. If their misfortune is due to 'the hand of God,' *i.e.*, fire, inundation, shipwreck, an epidemic, blindness or any other physical defect, the relief they receive is counted as free. It is the same with the relief given in cases of ordinary illness, if the patient, or the person responsible for him, belongs to a sick club. A decent man, who is on the tramp in search of work, is provided gratis with food and shelter for the night in every town he passes through; and he is put in touch with any employers there may be there. Practically it is only the undeserving poor, those who are in want through their own fault, to whom free relief is refused. A careful watch is kept, however, over those to whom it is granted; and unless they turn it to good account it is stopped, as they are held to be unworthy of it. Then, if they still need help, poor relief is given to them, and they become paupers. And whereas free relief, or special relief, may be accepted without disgrace or loss of self-respect, with poor relief it is far otherwise; for in Denmark a pauper is popularly regarded as being a criminal.

There poor relief is a loan, not a gift; whoever accepts it is a debtor to the community until either he repays it, or the poor law authorities cancel it. And cancel it they must if, at the end of five years during which he has been self-supporting, there is no chance of his being able to repay it. Until it is repaid or cancelled, however, he is deprived of his rights as a citizen: he may not vote, or take any part in public affairs; he may not get married without the consent of the authorities; and, if he

does, not only he, but the clergyman who officiates at the ceremony, is punished. If he drinks, if he leads a disorderly life, if he deserts or ill-treats his wife or children, he may be sent by force to a workhouse; and once there, there he must stay until the authorities decide that it would be for the benefit of the community, himself included, that he should leave. For they have the right to detain, and a valuable right it is, which sets many a stumbling lad firmly on his legs and saves many a poor unfortunate girl from complete ruin.

While actually in the receipt of relief a man is practically a bondsman, even if the relief is out-relief. He must submit to all the restraints the law imposes on the community's debtors and to others besides. He is under the close surveillance and control of the poor law authorities; he must do or leave undone what they tell him to do or leave undone; he may not even sell, or pledge, his own possessions without their consent. He must work, and if he does not find work for himself, they find it for him; they see too that he does it. If he tries to 'ca canny,' he soon finds himself in the workhouse; and if while there he does not work hard, he is sent to a penal workhouse. If he wastes his money, or spends too much of it on himself, his out-relief is taken from him and given to his wife and children, while he must go to the workhouse. He must, in fact, demean himself in all ways as a good husband, father, and citizen, or he will be sent there before long. And there he stays until he can prove to the authorities that he has seen the error of his ways and can be trusted to do his best to earn his own living. Meanwhile he has no chance of playing the in-and-out game which so many of his kind play in England, to their own ruin and the great expense of the rate-payers.

Although all who are paupers live in bondage, there is no clubbing together even of paupers in Denmark. On the contrary, great care is taken to differentiate between them so as to secure for each of them the right treatment. And that is done the more easily as the authorities, in deciding the treatment, have three—in Copenhagen four—different kinds of treatment to choose from, in addition to granting out-relief. Every town or rural commune must have a poorhouse; it must also either have a workhouse, or share in a workhouse, and share in a penal workhouse. It must share in an old-age home, too; but into that paupers are, of course, not admitted. As a rule two or three towns or communes join at a workhouse, while a whole county joins at a penal workhouse, each town or commune contributing to the expense of the institution a sum proportionate to the number of inmates it has there. Copenhagen has not only a poorhouse of its own, but also a first-class workhouse, a second-class workhouse and a

penal workhouse; and there, as throughout Denmark, in every poor law institution the inmates are divided into three classes, the comparatively worthy, the less worthy, and the worthless. Each class is kept quite apart from the other two classes; and the treatment, as well as the amount of liberty allowed, varies according to the class.

A poorhouse is the refuge provided for the speckled poor who are either old or feeble and who have no relations with whom they can live and cannot be trusted to live alone decently. All who go there are well fed, well housed and made very comfortable so long as they live in peace with their fellows and obey the few rules in force. They are carefully nursed when ill, and are provided with amusement when well enough to enjoy it. In the Copenhagen poorhouse there is a theatre where not only amateur, but professional, actors give performances from time to time; and a military band plays once a week in the garden. The inmates need not work; but if they choose to give a helping hand in the house, or do a little knitting or sewing, they are paid a trifle for what they do; and they may buy with what they earn extra tobacco, tea, anything they like, indeed, barring alcohol. Imbeciles are not admitted to poorhouses, and disorderly persons who interfere with the general comfort are not allowed to remain there. They are passed on to the workhouse, although they are not required to work there.

A Danish workhouse, the refuge for the able-bodied, is a very different institution from an English workhouse, as it is organised for the express purpose of depauperising those who go there, giving them a fresh start in life. Every inmate is taught, so far as in him lies, to work quickly and well at his own calling, if he has one, or at some other calling. Meanwhile he is required to work to the full extent of his strength, and is made to realise that in working hard lies his best chance of comfort, whether in the workhouse or outside. He thus acquires, while there, not only the ability to work, but the habit of working; and the result is that when he leaves, the probabilities are he will continue to work almost by instinct, especially as he knows that, unless he works, he will soon be again in the workhouse.

When a man goes to the workhouse there is sent with him an official record of his past life, of his character and circumstances, too; and on that depends whether he is put in the first, second, or third class. If his record is unsatisfactory, he is put in the third class; how long he remains there, however, depends entirely on himself. If he works hard and conducts himself well, he is soon promoted to the second class; and before very long to the first, the class in which he must be before he can leave. Once there his lot is fairly comfortable, as he is regarded and

treated as a decent fellow, one who is doing his best to become self-supporting. As he cannot leave until he has money in hand wherewith to pay his way, or has regular employment to go to, he is given the chance of earning money by doing overtime work and is allowed to go out one day a week to seek a job.

All the inmates, no matter in what class they may be, are very well fed and have good beds to sleep in. They are kindly treated too, and a little pocket-money is given to them—8d. a week before the war—so long as they behave themselves well and do their work. Any attempt at work-shirking is, however, put down sternly. If at the end of a week a man has not done his allotted task, which is carefully proportioned to his strength, he is warned that he must do it as extra work before the end of the following week. If by that time it is not done, he is put into the third class, if he is in a higher, and he is warned what his fate will be unless he mends his ways. If at the end of the third week his work is still undone, he is sent for six months to a penal workhouse, an institution of which loafers stand in much more dread than of any prison. For there they must work if they wish to eat, as solitary confinement on bread and water is the portion reserved for work-shirkers. Great care is taken, however, to guard against even a fairly decent man being sent to a penal workhouse. Whoever is sentenced to go there has the right of appeal to the poor law higher authority, and from him to the supreme authority; while the chief of the police must investigate his case thoroughly before he can be admitted.

A penal workhouse is a prison, not for ordinary criminals, however, but for lazy paupers, vagrants, the whole tribe in fact whose aim in life is to live at the expense of the community. Aliens, too, are sent there for a whole year if, having been deported, they venture to return; and whereas they used to return again and again, now they never return twice. Strict military discipline is maintained in these institutions; still, even there it is only the lazy and unruly who are treated harshly; while the first-class inmates, *i.e.*, they who work hard and give no trouble, are well fed and taught how to work skilfully. Thus, even if they are not better men when they leave than when they arrive, they are better workers; and, what is even more important, they are more inclined to work, as they have learnt that working pays better than loafing, in a land where there are penal workhouses. It rarely happens that a man pays a penal workhouse a second visit.

Although there are in Denmark institutions for all sorts and conditions, out-relief is given to every applicant who can be trusted to turn it to good account. Out-relief, it must be remembered, entails less risk there than elsewhere, as they to whom

it is given are under the close surveillance of the authorities. It is always given to the aged and to the infirm who are fairly respectable, if such be their wish, so long as they are strong enough to take care of themselves, or have relatives able and willing to take care of them. If a man who has a wife and children applies for relief, out-relief is given to him, unless he is known to be untrustworthy; and so long as he works hard, behaves well, and tries to become self-supporting, he may continue to receive it. If he is young and unmarried, he is, as a rule, sent to the work-house, where he is put in the class to which his past life entitles him. Whoever applies for relief is, however, carefully weighed in the balance and is given the treatment that is best for him, the treatment, if he is young, that secures for him the best chance of ceasing to be a pauper.

Not only is infinite trouble taken to adapt treatment to merit in dealing with the poor, but it is taken also to secure that treatment at the least possible cost. Never was there a more economical system than the Danish, never one from which so good a return was obtained for the money spent, especially that spent on the administration. When I was in Denmark there was not a poor law institution—penal workhouses are not under the poor law—in which the cost of the administration, officials' salaries, rations, etc., was more than 5 per cent. of the whole expenditure; and in some of the old-age homes it was only one-twentieth. In Copenhagen the cost of the administration of poor relief was then only 15 per cent. of the whole expenditure, in spite of the fact that the administrators were all paid officials.

In 1901, when the new poor law had been in force in Denmark nine years, the cost of poor relief, including the cost of the administration of the relief, was only 3s. 3½d. per head of the population. In that same year it was in England 7s. 10½d. There was, it is true, old-age relief in Denmark at that time, whereas in England there was only poor relief. Still the cost of old-age relief per head of the population was then only 2s. 4½d. The cost of poor relief together with old-age relief was, therefore, only 5s. 8d. per head of the population, or 2s. 2½d. less than the cost of poor relief alone in England. And in Copenhagen the cost of living was then practically the same as in London; and in Denmark, as a whole, it was not materially lower than in England.

Since 1901 the cost of poor relief has increased considerably in Denmark, as elsewhere. None the less, in the year 1922-23 the cost of poor relief, together with free relief, was only 9s. per head of the population. That was, of course, exclusive of the special grants made to alleviate the distress caused by the unemployment that resulted from the Great War. In England, in 1921-22, the latest year for which statistics are published, the

cost of poor relief per head of the population was 22s. 3½d., or 13s. 3½d. more than in Denmark. And in Denmark the poor fare far better all round than in England, they are better housed, better fed and better cared for. I know no other country, indeed, where the deserving poor are treated so kindly and considerately as in Denmark, no other country where the undeserving are treated so wisely or so justly. Even the most worthless among them, we must not forget, has good food and a good bed, so long as he is willing to work and thus defray, so far as he can, the cost of what he has. Moreover, no matter how low he may have fallen, he is given the chance of rising again, of becoming self-supporting, a useful citizen, able to look his fellows straight in the face. And in that he is much more lucky than a man of his kind in England.

The Danish poor relief system is not perfect, of course; still, so far as I can judge—and I have watched the working of it carefully—it is the best poor relief system in Europe, the most economical, the most humane, and, a fact worth noting, the most popular. In Denmark all classes, all parties, unite in singing its praises: the only folk who rail against it are the folk who wish to live on the earnings of their fellows. We English have certainly much to learn from the Danes in what concerns the solving of the poor relief problem.

EDITH SELLERS.

REVIVING VILLAGE LIFE: RURAL EDUCATION

THERE is no national problem that causes greater heart-searchings amongst earnest politicians at election times than that of the condition of our agriculture, and none which leads the student into a deeper morass of conflicting opinions and vicious circles. Nowadays everyone has a panacea for the industry save those immediately concerned in it, but no one has yet been able to put forward any deep-reaching scheme for its rehabilitation that its four classes of followers—landlords, farmers, small-holders and labourers—will show any disposition to accept. If a dozen farmers were taken at random, a dozen different 'solutions' would probably be suggested. Some are for Free Trade, others convinced Protectionists; some look for a subsidy for their salvation, others find the very thought of it anathema; here they ask to be 'let alone,' there 'State help' is the cry, and while many are firm believers in agricultural co-operation, others condemn it whole-heartedly on account of its not very happy past record in this country. The corn farmer's interests are in some ways diametrically opposed to those of the stock farmer, and it is difficult to give assistance to any one of the four parties concerned in the industry without penalising the rest. There is only one thing on which practically everyone is agreed—the importance of 'something being done by someone' to revive agriculture and adjust the environment of those engaged in it to modern conditions of living.

This being so, it is a little remarkable that no co-ordinated effort has been made to overhaul the machinery of rural education, in the broadest sense of the term. For the only satisfactory development is always that made through the free will and initiative of the individual, and while it may well be impossible to push, or even to lead, the agriculturist through the maze of controversial 'solutions' that besets him, there is good reason for thinking that it is within his powers to work out his own salvation if his mental abilities be equipped for the task. It is true that here and there semi-private attempts at innovations in this direction are being made, and that some county councils

have made a genuine effort to provide efficient farm institutes, while the social organisation of villages has vastly improved under the auspices of the Women's Institutes, the British Legion, etc.; but everything done is at present sporadic and undirected—there is no dynamic principle or clearly defined policy to vitalise some educational objective throughout the length and breadth of rural England.

In place of authoritative inspiration we have only pious hopes and promiscuous tinkering, for even the officially inspired Agricultural Organisation Society made no attempt to go to the root of the problem, which surely is the production of a race of agriculturists who can adapt the most recent scientific and business principles to their affairs and at the same time develop, rather than lose, their own rural instincts and traditions. The rural virtues are too valuable an ingredient of our national life to be lost, and as the urban factor tends to predominate it becomes the more necessary that the other should be strengthened and individualised to maintain the balance.

On this we are all agreed, and so it might reasonably be expected that provision for fostering a love of country things would be embodied in village school curriculum, while a few might be rash enough to look for some hint of preparation for an agricultural calling included in the education of the country child.

Unfortunately the opposite is the case. By applying an urban educational system to village schools, the children leave them with a desire to migrate to the towns at the first opportunity, and the more intelligent the child the greater this desire will be. Teachers are doled out indiscriminately to urban and rural schools, sometimes going first to one and then to another—the mentality of rural and urban children is assumed to be the same; nor is any real account taken of the difference in work and environment for which the children are being fitted. The most that appears to be done for the village child is that sometimes he receives mild instruction in gardening. 'Nature study' is less often omitted, and he is taught 'agricultural arithmetic,' which is all too readily satisfied merely by making our old friend 'A' walk round a ploughed field instead of round a garden.

The main difference between the town and country child is that the medium of appeal to the former is through the ear, to the latter through the eye. Long periods of sitting on a bench are agony to one who is country-bred, and to him aural teaching easily becomes a mere jumble of words, quite unconnected with any of the ordinary facts of his existence. But take him out of doors and demonstrate to him ocularly the objectives and processes of arithmetical calculations, and he will be far more likely

to understand them. Tell him why the fields are green, how there came to be clay in one field and chalk in another, where the village stream comes from, and why it is part of all geography on a miniature scale, and he will be interested, and his mind will follow you to grasp larger facts by analogy. For he is not dull. Although he leaves school at the age of fourteen, after contriving to let the minimum of an education for which he cares little sink into him, he grows up one of the most skilled and varied of craftsmen in the community, possessed of resource, a shrewd power of criticism and a sense of humour. He learns for himself the smattering of a dozen crafts, and acquires a knowledge of Nature that implies a degree of observation and mental alertness that could never have been his if he were the dull clod he is sometimes represented as being. He has not the same nimbleness of brain or quickness of wit as his brother in the town, but this is no justification for accusing him of inferior intelligence—it only means that his environment has made him interested in different things.

It is the task of education to understand his psychology and persuade it to develop along its own lines, for education is not a driving in of facts, but a drawing out of personality; and therefore the first step in any reconstruction of rural England must surely be to emancipate the children from a system that turns them out with a preference for the towns rather than the villages, to fit them for an agricultural calling, and adjust their education to the facts of their psychology and of their existence. It does not mean that 'the three R's' must be dropped from the school curriculum, but that they must be taught with a rural flavour, and every means devised for ocular rather than aural demonstration.

Experience has shown that it is not desirable that technical education in agriculture should be mixed with general education in early stages, but it is possible to instil general education in such a manner that it prepares the ground suitably for the technical education that is to come, and it is by working with this objective in view that the rural schools in Denmark and Switzerland have succeeded in putting rural education on a higher level than urban.

America and Canada, however, have discovered a branch of such instruction that has produced most valuable results. It is known as 'club work,' and consists of allotting small plots of land to girls and boys at village schools on which they can grow corn, fruit, vegetables, chicken, pigs, or whatever they are interested in, under expert supervision. Through their equivalent of county agents and county superintendents they are instructed in the latest methods and the latest scientific discoveries. Every year an agricultural festival is held at which prizes are given to

those who have grown the best crops and produced the best stock under the most economic conditions, and to those who have written the best essays on these undertakings. It has proved so successful that the system has been extended to include instruction of the older pupils in the principles of crop rotation, fertilising soils and feeding stock. Judging from the keenness in my own village in growing anything for which a competition is organised, from exhibits for the annual flower-show down to hyacinth bulbs in glasses, there is every reason to believe that it would be equally popular in this country, and the success of 'The Daily Mail Young Farmers' Clubs' provides further ground for optimism.

But however the educational curriculum for village children be perfected, it will be useless unless teachers be specially trained for administering it, and first there must be created a rural side in the training colleges that will turn out village teachers specially designed for rural education. With a sharply defined policy it would be easy for them to co-operate with the State and county council educational officials that already exist, so that the one prepares the ground for the other, and all work within a common scheme clearly visualised. The object would be not only to adjust instruction to the type of mind that is to receive it, and to fit the students for agricultural pursuits, but also to foster in every possible way love of country objects and country life, to give them a pride in their calling, and remove the present suggestion of inferiority that has come to be associated with the phrase 'farm hand,' or 'wages no better than a farm labourer's.'

Such proposals are usually opposed by two arguments—(1) the argument of those who 'don't hold with' too much education for 'the lower classes,' and (2) of those who are nervous about the cost. Of the first little need be said. It is education too long withheld that is proving such a fruitful source of Communism, and while it bespeaks the most unpleasant form of self-satisfaction on the one hand, it implies a cynical attitude to the rest of the community on the other that discredits those who hold such a view even more than they deserve. As regards (2), it cannot be too strongly emphasised that education properly designed and administered is one of the truest forms of wealth that we can create, for just as a loan of a thousand pounds can eventually recoup that sum many times over if it is wisely employed, so education is governed by a law of increasing returns that causes new ideas and new ventures to arise and encourages an efficient state of economic enterprise that is identical with national wealth. Put in its crudest form, it must pay us to have a highly educated countryside, for we above all other nations need to explore every avenue for increasing our home-grown food supply,

and it is chiefly by improved education amongst agriculturists that the efficiency and enterprise for realising this increase can be stimulated. The farmer whose antiquated methods produce only a half of the potential yield of his farm is a national debit, so also is the inefficient small-holder, and the village man who might have widened the scope of his activities under more favourable conditions or filled a gap in agriculture instead of in the queue at an urban labour bureau. It is lack of rural education that makes the standard of British bacon so much lower than that of Danish, retards the farming community in its efforts to organise, and leaves the farm labourer unambitious but discontented with his surroundings. Denmark, Germany, Switzerland, Holland, France, Belgium, Italy, and America all realised this years ago, and every year add to their institutions and equipment for imparting rural knowledge. Their activities have synchronised with an all-round improvement in farming methods, quality and quantity of production, and (America possibly excepted) with the establishment of a skilled, hard-working and highly developed peasantry. Before the war Prussia used to employ 5500 teachers in agricultural subjects, although she was only one-ninth of the size of England,¹ and the following amounts were spent last year on agricultural education by the Agricultural Ministries and local authorities of the under-mentioned countries :

	Govt.	Local Authority.	Total.
	£	£	£
United States ²	2,200,800	6,231,200	8,432,000
Denmark ³	1,515,168	1,277,776	2,792,444
England and Wales ⁴	249,550	81,948	331,498

Is it surprising that the British agriculturist cannot compete with the Danish ?

But it is not sufficient to turn out children with 'a rural bias' to take their chances afterwards of acquiring for themselves agricultural knowledge in its more technical forms, and an interesting booklet⁴ on this subject has recently been written and published by Mr. H. Morris, secretary for education, Cambridgeshire. He advocates a system of centralised village colleges, 'which would provide for the co-ordination and development of all forms of education—primary, secondary, further and adult education, including agricultural education—together with

¹ See *The Future of Our Agriculture*, by Henry W. Wolff.

² See *Report of the International Institute of Agriculture*, "Réponses de quelques Gouvernements aux enquêtes sur (a) l'organisation administrative et libre de l'Agriculture; (b) Les dépenses en faveur de l'Agriculture." Actual figures given: U.S.A., \$11,004,200; \$31,356,300—total, \$42,360,500. Denmark, Kr. 27,273,024; Kr. 23,000,000—total, Kr. 50,273,024.

³ Figures given by Ministry of Agriculture.

⁴ *The Village College*, by H. Morris, secretary for education, Council Buildings, Cambridge.

social and recreational facilities, and at the same time furnish a community centre in the fullest sense for the neighbourhood.' For Cambridgeshire, he suggests ten centres at which such colleges might be established, and they would cater for everyone; 'there would be no "leaving school"—the child would enter the college at three years and leave only in extreme old age.'

The scheme can only be briefly touched upon in the space of this article, but, excellent as it is, there would seem to be grave difficulties to be overcome in the way of cost of building and endowment (for this Mr. Morris suggests the Carnegie Trust), of centralisation, and of transport of scholars from outlying districts and of older villagers whose 'recreational facilities' might be so inconveniently situated. So many villages already have these facilities, as they have the libraries, the village halls and the technical lectures that Mr. Morris's colleges would include, so that there would seem to be danger of overlapping, while those living near the college would benefit immensely more than those at some distance from it, especially as its most active and popular season would be the winter, when weather conditions are less conducive to leaving an outlying hamlet in the evening.

It should not be impossible to extend existing machinery to include most of the very desirable objects which the Cambridge scheme advocates. Social and recreational facilities are steadily improving in nearly every village, and as regards the aspect of more technical education, the task of the village school has already been outlined, and following upon this we have 'farm institutes,' of which we at present have thirteen in England and Wales in the following counties: Cheshire, Cumberland, Essex, Hants, Herts, Lincs, Northants, Somerset, Stafford, and Suffolk, Carnarvon, Denbigh, and Monmouth.

These institutes are distinct from the universities and colleges where agriculture is taught, and are designed for the sons and daughters of small farmers who cannot afford large fees. Most of them take pupils from the home county at a nominal rate of 11. per week (including board and lodging), and are intended to give the prospective farmer a grounding in all the general and special forms of husbandry. The course is spread over a year, and although it is impossible in such a short time to turn out a finished agriculturist, it starts him on right lines, it gives him instruction in many things that he is unlikely to find out on the average farm, and it puts him in the way of knowing where to go for finding further information after he has left. The Ministry of Agriculture also awards scholarships for these institutes to promising pupils in elementary schools.

By increasing the number of institutes so that there is one for every agricultural county, and by increasing the very limited

accommodation in most of those that now exist, means would be provided for giving a good grounding to the children who have left the village school with a *flair* for agriculture, and by adopting a system of 'winter courses' at these institutes, those who cannot be spared from a small farm throughout a year, or those who cannot afford a year's course and have not been lucky or successful enough to win a scholarship, could be given valuable instruction that would be to their own and the nation's benefit. The 'winter course' system has gradually grown in favour on the Continent, and it has much to recommend it. The poorer class of farmer often cannot afford to dispense with the services of a strong pair of young hands in the busy times of the agricultural year, and the independent student can often only raise the funds for this stage of his education by working on a farm for part of the year. As the words suggest, these courses are held in the slack winter months, and although they deal chiefly with the technical side of agriculture and stock management, most countries have realised the importance of including that general education which turns out a mentality elastic and receptive, ready to accommodate itself to changed circumstances, or to be open to that life-long readiness for education and progress of which our strange phrase 'finishing school' is such an ironical criticism. With a love for agriculture born in his blood and fostered by every means in his childhood, with the opportunity for obtaining a sound grounding in the technical side of the subject on leaving school, in addition to two or three years' practical work on a farm under the direction of others, the village child should now be mentally equipped for setting up on his own with some prospect of success—better prospect, at least, than he has at present. It is true that education is not the panacea for making farming and small-holding successful in this country; but whatever is done in the way of reforms in land tenure, of organisation, or of credit facilities, agriculture can never come into its own unless pains are taken to ensure all its followers being suitably educated for their calling. England once gave the lead in agriculture to the whole world, but now the British farmer, in his attitude of 'I know what my grandfather did, and that's good enough for me,' is in danger of becoming a laughing-stock. Other countries accepted the lead that we gave them in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, but whereas our enlightened methods were confined to a few of the more prominent agriculturists, and have been so ever since, other countries have applied what we taught them universally and systematically, with a fixed method and definite objective.

Time moves quickly in these days of scientific development, and the agriculturist who knew his business perfectly ten years

ago is out of date to-day if he has not kept pace with the happenings and discoveries since made in his industry; therefore his education, even on its purely technical side, cannot be left at the winter courses he attended as a youth. Here again the farm institute can, and does, help him. The institutes have farms attached to them half arable, half grass, and they are used for experiments in manuring, cropping, stock-feeding, breeding, etc. Small plots of land of varying soil conditions in different parts of the county are also used for similar experiments, and here is the trained farmer's opportunity for keeping abreast of the times. His county institute becomes his information bureau, and makes for his benefit experiments that he may not care to risk. The instructors who supervise the club work might also be profitably used in giving courses of free lectures in the different villages, their circuits being organised so that each village has the opportunity of hearing lectures on the maximum number of agricultural subjects at least once for each subject in a year. The day of the visit of an instructor would be known beforehand, so that individual farmers needing his advice could obtain it on the spot. For if the educational scheme were effective, the farmer would be anxious to obtain all the knowledge he could, the bad old days of regarding the offer of advice as an insult having passed. But care would have to be taken in picking the men who are to act as such advisers. The first essential is that they be practical men, not merely theorists, and themselves once creditably engaged in actual farming at their own risk. Nor should they cultivate an attitude of superiority, but rather of free and easy friendliness, ready to give what help they can if it is asked.

So much for rural education on its general and technical side.

There remains its social aspect to be briefly dealt with. Since the war life in the villages has become far brighter, partly from the growth of ideas amongst those who joined up and rubbed shoulders with others, partly from improved communication by means of motor omnibuses and the more general use of bicycles, partly from the improvement in the standard of general education that has taken place through various mediums. These causes have resulted in the villages 'developing out of their own roots,' and every institution that assists this process is educative in the broad sense. By keener games and more time for playing them something of the public-school spirit has been imparted to many of our hamlets that meet in weekly rivalry. The 'women's institute' movement has done immense good, raising the village woman from the vegetable stage to one in which she takes a keen interest in passing events, in other countries and other manners, and at the same time making her a more efficient housewife. She is no longer dumb and awkward at the monthly meetings,

but will come forward and sing a song, take part in a dramatic sketch, or make a suggestion as readily as 'the gentry.'

But there is still room for improvement. We need more village libraries, more active performers in village sport, more of such innovations as bathing facilities and billiard-tables, and more of that *esprit de corps* and 'aliveness' in village affairs that is the mark of the mind that has not become dormant. Even the village public-house can play its part by becoming more of a club (and less of a beer-drinking establishment), where the village men and their wives can mix in friendly sociability and exchange conversation and ideas. For it is in the public-house that village opinion is formed and subjects of the day most freely discussed; therefore it is worthy to be considered in the field of 'a liberal education' at which we are aiming. We want something more than a race of efficient food-producers. We want to recapture in our country districts something of that zest for work and play, of that dynamic capacity for living, that once characterised rural life in the days of 'Merrie England.'

On the one hand we have crowded towns with their C3 populations, unemployment, and a gigantic bill for imported food. On the other we have a depopulated countryside (from which the towns have to recruit if they are to maintain any standard of healthiness), thousands of acres totally or partially uncultivated, understocked farms and holdings, and a comparatively poverty stricken peasantry.

It is surely remarkable that no scheme seems able to be brought forward for finding the link between the two that obviously must exist. There must be some means of reconciling this supply and demand, of reuniting agricultural enterprise and skill with urban and national requirements. Hitherto all attempts to do so have failed. If we may be guided by other countries who have faced the same problem, the first step in the rehabilitation of agriculture is a rural population educated on rural lines, brought up to appreciate and live country life to the full, and to regard agriculture as 'a liberal calling,' second to none in dignity and honour.

L. F. EASTERBROOK.

WITH THE PRAIRIE FARMER IN CANADA

IN the peopling of the Canadian western prairies there is something which reminds us of former ages of history when Asia poured its undisciplined hordes on Europe, and Roman civilisation emerged, through much anguish and travail, into the glorious dawn of Christianity. The historian, though he perforce see the life of mankind only through so many coloured glass prisms, can yet grasp that humanity is everlastingly in a state of flux and reflux. There has been a continuous movement of human units in search of 'lands of promise' from long before the days of the exodus of the Israelites out of Egypt into the land of Canaan, down to the migration of these Doukhobors from Russian steppes into the plains of Saskatchewan.

It is perhaps a saying worthy of the ferocious destroying pride of Attila that the grass never grew on the spot where his horse had trodden. The modern pioneer can truthfully use the same phrase, but he can also add that he planted wheat or other more valuable products in place of these hoof-prints or buffalo trails. Therein lies the fundamental difference between the old time migration and the modern settlement.

The pendulum swing of white civilisation in the Dominion of Canada has long since reached the waters of the Pacific. Nowadays it tends northward towards the Arctic, and who shall say what immense new impulses of the mighty force we vaguely call civilisation will arise in pursuit of that endless task of man, the substitution of the lovable for the terrible in Nature?

The western prairie farmer is the heir to the rude work of the settlers and pioneers. He is also the static force on the Canadian prairie around which rally the elements of older civilisations and all the hopes of the new.

In the beginning there was the improvement in Red Fife wheat due to an Ontario farmer and the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway by a band of enthusiasts who believed in iron rails as a bond of Dominion and Empire, and were not afraid, looking at the then recent financial success of the transcontinental railways to the south, to risk their all. These two principles, the growth of experimentation and the development of communication, are

still at work, and they have placed the prairie farmer in the position he now occupies.

Between the Rocky Mountains and the Great Lakes we have farms embodying all the latest results of human knowledge as devoted to agriculture: well-bred live stock, rotation of crops, select seed, buildings replete with labour-saving and hygienic conveniences; all kinds of machinery and methods, from milking machines and wireless telephones to silos and disc harrows. Also, as in any other country, we find farmers and farms good, bad, and indifferent.

Sectionalism in Canada is to be deprecated, but it should not be ignored. It has ever been to the honour of the British race that it has always found its supreme sport in surmounting difficulties, and ignoring hurdles is no part of the game for any steeplechaser. In pursuit of what is called the Imperial spirit the most ardent Imperialists sometimes show a parochialism worthy of Thrums or the principality of Monaco. There are several factors in the growth of Western Canada which are of salient interest to all true Imperialists, British or Canadian. The very idea of Imperialism implies a certain measure of monopoly, the Empire—and the world outside.

Western Canada was originally in the possession of the Hudson's Bay Company, which, with small opposition, obtained absolute control of the fur-trading industry. It was, and is, a wisely administered company, but it left in later days the preservation of buffalo in national parks to the Alberta Provincial Government, and now the Edmonton farmer has also turned to rearing silver foxes. No one thinks less highly of the Hudson's Bay Company for these reasons, but business is not statesmanship, and it is not statesmanship which has confirmed recently the grant by legal title of over 6,000,000 acres in Western Canada to this same concern.

Germany is the home of things colossal, and there is something of the German spirit to be recognised in the United States of America to-day. In fact, the same infection has also spread, especially since 1918, in other enlightened European countries along with other Yankee (?) ideas. We allude to 'big business,' 'mass production,' and various other synonyms for the same thing, which in reality spells generally 'private monopoly.' No one has any quarrel with 'big business' or 'mass production' so long as they do not interfere with the liberty of the subject or the supreme power of the State. As a matter of fact, they are a stupendous improvement on isolated efforts, which are often only wasted, but the harm they can work is incalculable. The American people recognised a gentleman in Theodore Roosevelt when he went round with a 'big stick,' and a 'big stick' is useful to a statesman.

It is about the only weapon he needs. Even the British people are beginning to think that over a million unemployed for several years is a stiff price to pay in order that banks and financial interests should refund a debt to these United States which the British nation does not owe. But that is 'big business' satisfying its business conscience, and causing even the descendants of that worthy Glasgow bailie, Nicol Jarvie, to exclaim anew: 'Ma conscience!'

The Canadian Pacific Railway is the largest landowner in Western Canada, and again we come on the same commercial spirit intent on earning dividends. The benefits the Canadian Pacific Railway has conferred on Western Canada are enormous. If it were not for its business-like pioneer efforts we might almost say Western Canada would still be largely No Man's Land. But that does not prevent the prairie farmer from sometimes thinking he pays rather high for these benefits.

This railway company has undertaken irrigation and colonisation schemes, through a subsidiary company, in connection with millions of acres granted to it by the Dominion Government. Still the prairie farmer—on the prairie—does not always see eye to eye with the European or other holders of the stock in this company.

The fact is that land monopoly by any company or series of companies is not a healthy factor in promoting the welfare of a new country. The capital value of land becomes unduly high owing to a monopoly or artificial scarcity.

To put it simply, the settler in Western Canada improves his farm. He builds, fences, raises grain, stock, or—musk rats. His land has no real value. The settler makes it valuable by the employment of his labour and his capital. Originally he could find Canadian Pacific Railway land lying around and worth some six dollars per acre. When the settler and his neighbours have matured into farmers and want to buy some more Canadian Pacific Railway land adjoining them the price has gone up to thirty dollars per acre. The prairie farmer may be wrong, but he has an opinion that most of the work he has done on his land has only made it impossible for him to buy Canadian Pacific Railway land—land on which not a hand's turn of work has been done, land from which he was not even allowed to take a few corkscrew poplar trees to build a sty for his first brood sow. The farmers want to build a school or improve the roads. They pay taxes, and here are those octopus tentacles idly sprawling about paying none, or a miserable minimum. The farmers in a certain district, after inquiring as to the railway freight rates, arrange to grow a certain acreage of potatoes for the early summer market in a neighbouring metropolis. Singular to relate, when the time

comes to ship the potato crop the railway freight rate has risen to such a dizzy height that the simple farmers have fainting palpitations of the heart, whilst their milk cows or fattening shoats have an unexpected Siwash pot-lach of Best Select Early Rose Solanum Tuberosum. Appeal to the Dominion Railway Rates Commission or the provincial Cæsar shorn of power? They might as well petition the British Ministry of Health in favour of their pigs, by this time dying of indigestion. They have no pleasant recollection of an appeal they once made to the Lords of the Privy Council regarding the taxation of these same Canadian Pacific Railway lands.

The new immigrant intending to farm finds he has to pay as much for his land as he would in the county of Kent or in Normandy, and he has nothing like the same markets for his products, not to speak of the amenities of an older civilisation. Naturally the new arrival can go into the wilderness, but he is little adapted to that, and why should he? Instead he has one more reason to remain in town and keep the proportion of urban population equal to that of rural population, and this in a new country.

Both the farmer and the immigrant can buy this Canadian Pacific Railway land on easy payments spread over a term of years at 8 per cent. per annum interest. Sometimes they obtain their title-deeds; more often the land falls back to the Canadian Pacific Railway, or a trust company, or a bank, and thus 'big business' marches on with its unearned increment.

Land companies are perfectly all right when they can utilise the land they possess in a manner not conducive to speculation and not against public interest, but as a rule they bite more than they can chew and only cause gastric troubles in the body politic.

The profits of the Canadian Pacific Railway were originally, and are largely still, obtained from shipping the prairie farmer's wheat towards the East and transporting the eastern manufacturer's goods into the prairie. The result has been that manufactures languish in Western Canada, whilst Ontario and its sister-provinces in the East tend to have a monopoly of such manufactures. Is it not to the advantage of Canadian Pacific Railway stockholders that their railway should have a big transit-carrying trade? The prairie farmer complains that he pays too highly for this sort of arrangement of railway rates—a complaint well founded when he sees that his ice chisel or his socks have journeyed across a continent when they could just as well have been made in his province.

Some people will say that 'power' for manufacturing fails on the prairie, but at the same time they will tell you they will have one of the greatest canal systems in the world—some day.

Then we are always reminded in romance of the fur trader voyaging by water, shooting the rapids, and lugging his canoes and bales across the narrow portages. The same inland water system to-day is ideal for electric power. Also we are told that there is no great quantity of anthracite coal, though it is rather peculiar that almost the only centre of exploitation of anthracite coal is in Southern Alberta, and it supplies all the needs of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

The western prairie provinces do not provide a big enough market for the manufacturer from the East to install any factory worth while? Statistics of the carrying trade of the transcontinental railways do not bear out that contention. There is no outlet for western prairie manufactures beyond the home trade? In connection with the Asiatic market the communications are steadily improving, and transport will some day flow as freely over the Rocky Mountains as through the Great Lakes.

The Western Canadian prairie farmer was politically in favour of a reciprocal exchange of goods with the United States in years gone by. His views may have been premature from the point of view of Dominion and Imperial unity. The same reasons hardly exist to-day. As we have seen, the western prairie farmer is in the situation of a serf to his master, the eastern industrial centres, favoured as they are by railway rates and also by the surrounding tariff wall against the United States. Yet no one who has a shred of respect for the western prairie provinces and believes in their future can at the same time hold that half a continent is going to continue wholly on the lines of being an agricultural country and a dumping ground for eastern and European manufactures. The western provinces must develop on generous lines, otherwise any Imperialistic ideals will, in the long run, fall to the ground. It has never been a tenet of Imperialism that any part of the British Empire should be exploited otherwise than freely by any other part of that Empire. What Dr. Samuel Johnson thought of the price of tea taxed one shilling per pound, when he drank his fifteenth cup preparatory to his departure on that prodigious expedition of 1773 to the lone Hebrides, is not mentioned by his faithful biographer. But the historian relates that certain exuberant spirits in Boston, Mass., had a rare old tea-fight with some of the East India Company's surplus tea in that same year, 1773—tea so cheap with a paltry tax of fourpence per pound that they dumped it into Boston harbour to fatten the cod. Was it the beginning of Yankee extravagance?

The United States has reached its limits in the growth of agricultural produce for exportation. The Americans must import such produce. Is their future imported produce not more desirable from across the border than several thousand miles away? It

is not a one-sided bargain, because at the present moment, and more and more rapidly as years pass, the United States has as much need of the agricultural produce of the Western Canadian farmer as he has of United States manufactures and manufacturers. This is not a question of the respective merits of Free Trade and Protection; there never have been such mermaids save in the heads of academical theorists. It is wholly a question of Imperial interest.

In the original delegation of powers to the Prairie provincial governments from the Dominion Government at Ottawa and the majority voting population of Eastern Canada it is coming to be recognised by the western farmer that the reservation whereby the land and most natural resources of these provinces belong entirely to the Dominion Government is a mistake. Would the Hudson's Bay Company have been granted over 6,000,000 acres of land from the Alberta or Saskatchewan Legislatures? We doubt it, as no people are more alive to the interests of their province or country than the inhabitants, otherwise democracy falls to the ground. Politically the prairie provinces should have the same powers and rights as their sister-provinces to the east of the Great Lakes. It is a usurpation of power, power belonging to the western prairie farmers, which makes the Canadian Pacific Railway their immigration agent in the capitals of Europe.

Eastern Canada is not only inclined to narrow Conservative politics, but at bottom it is a conservative part of the world. It is almost impossible for Eastern Canadians to visualise the prairie provinces, and when they do realise what a valuable part of the Dominion these provinces are, they seem to imagine that they should be conserved for their benefit and not for the benefit of the people who inhabit them. Thus, under the ægis of a false canalised species of Imperialism, aided by 'big business,' the western prairie farmer crawls like a snail when he ought to march boldly on all fours like any other of the lion's whelps.

There are many arguments in favour of the retention of the present prohibitive tariff between Canada and the United States. The most common Eastern Canadian idea is that if the Americans, by reason of this tariff, are forced to establish factories on the Canadian side of the border, the same process can be continued indefinitely, and thus Canada will gain economically without giving any reciprocity to the United States, or without any undue fear of annexation by her southern neighbour. In other words, the problem for Canada is considered to be that of maintaining separate political institutions in spite of economic currents and other inevitable consequences of proximity to a more powerful confederation. The argument is quite plausible, but it does not

fall into line with the ideas of the western prairie farmer, who rightly thinks that this sort of artificial bond of empire, for which he pays the price in the shape of a one-sided entirely agricultural development of his country and an exaggerated dependence on Ontario and the East, is not in any sense compatible with the best interests of Saskatchewan or Alberta, and smacks more of a tyranny than a bond of empire.

The prairie farmer has largely passed the pioneer settler stage. He has grown up, and he prefers to build a house for himself rather than be tied to the back door of an eastern foster-brother's mansion built on quicksands.

That manufacturing industries in new or undeveloped countries can be developed to a high standard behind a tariff wall has been demonstrated time and again. But in tariffs, as in all things, there is a limit. The limit is reached when there comes to be a real demand from outside the tariff wall for something the protected country can supply without overstrain on the commonweal. Americans want the wheat and farm produce of the Canadian western prairie farmer, and therein the Dominion of Canada holds a trump card, if she only knows how to play it. As we have said, pioneering in Canada has now turned to the North and the Arctic; likewise trade will flow more to the South.

Any unreasonable apprehension of eastern descendants of United Empire Loyalists regarding the prairie provinces leaving the Canadian Confederation and proclaiming annexation with the United States Republic does not promote Dominion or Imperial union, which is based, above all things, on trust and confidence. It only leads to the stifling of any real Imperial sentiment in those prairie provinces by self-seeking interests and 'big business.' Strong centralisation of power at Ottawa is disruptive of Dominion union as much as strong centralisation of power in London, England, is disruptive of Imperial unity. Harmony in the Canadian Dominion is only possible with harmonious units.

The United States of America has now been in process of formation for the last hundred years. It provides the Canadian, as it provides the Australian, with many object lessons. One of the most interesting is the American civil war of 1861-65. Sentimentalists quote *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and tell us this war was largely a bickering about the slave question. In reality, at that time in this America there was a highly industrial region in the North, with manufactures built up under the protection of a high tariff wall, whilst the South was an agricultural region peopled by landowners and their negro servants. Practical people in the North and South came to loggerheads about this northern tariff wall, and thus we had one of the greatest wars of modern

times. Has that no moral for the frantic 'big business' Imperialists in Eastern Canada?

The western prairie farmer has as good an idea of the value for well-being in this world of the British Empire, whose most universal and valuable quality is diversity, as any other member of the Imperial group. He can contemplate the isolation of the great United States from affairs in both the Eastern and Western Hemispheres, the detachment which pursues its search for wealth and happiness without any consideration for those of Europe or Asia. He can see this greatest and wealthiest of nations at the present moment so blinded to all sense of world realities and morality as to demand, like a modern Shylock cringing from door to door with a huge black volume labelled *Universal Legal Practice* under his arm instead of a Holy Bible, a complete settlement of debts from European countries, debts contracted by these European countries and the British Empire for the defence of these same United States against barbarism. He can estimate at its proper value, and humbly thank his forefathers for, his association in a bond of Imperial union with other great nations in all the hemispheres of the earth, and can tranquilly contemplate an ideal of world progress just as well as, and perhaps better than, any idealist without wings by the Lake of Geneva, or any survivor of the Tierra Fuegian race installed in Moscow's Kremlin. Whether the prairie farmer come from Wisconsin, Dakota or Galicia, he is well enough content with his new home and can quite well appreciate the lines of that Ontario poet:

North and South and East and West,
Wherever their triumphs be,
Their glory goes home to the ocean-girt isle
Where the heather blooms and the roses smile,
With the green isle under her lee.

Schemes of Imperial government are fit for dreamers of nightmares, for 'as the births of living creatures at first are ill shapen, so are all innovations which are the births of time.' Curiously enough, though this age is prolific in people who imagine such a proper logical government to be easily attainable and constantly forget that government arises simply from the needs of the governed, they would unhesitatingly deny that a small minority has the right to govern itself though it thereby causes no harm to the immense body politic. Undoubtedly the western prairie farmer has a legitimate right to govern himself as he pleases, even with a dictator instead of a provincial assembly. He is certainly not destroying the Canadian Constitution by asking for more power and authority in his provincial governments. He is only asking what would most likely have been granted lovingly by

those fathers of confederation in 1867 if they had lived till 1924, a confederation, according to the chronicle,

which immediately limited the field of a powerful organisation which for generations had exercised almost absolute rule over the North-West, the Hudson's Bay Company, which consented in 1869 to surrender its territorial rights for generous compensation, and thenceforth became solely a trading and land-owning corporation much shorn of its power.

As time goes on it will be seen that the government of the States composing the British Empire, as well as that Empire itself, is more likely to be furthered by scientific invention facilitating intercourse between human beings, and we will have reached a stage of Imperial unity or government for the commonwealth when such means of communication break down barriers of isolation, when the Hindu ryot by Nagpur begins to understand the Yukon miner by Dawson, and the London omnibus-driver has time to take a holiday in Van Dieman's Land, if not there to eat his lunch. That time may arrive sooner than we think, and no man is more cognisant of the benefits of scientific invention than the western prairie farmer. His herds, his crops, his buildings, and his whole homesteading all reflect his optimism in modern progress, and he is every whit as capable of governing the British Empire or the Punjab as of wielding a big stick or handling a muck rake.

T. KERR RITCHIE.

CASTE IN INDIA

REFERENCE to the 'untouchables' in India is continually being made in the English Press, but I doubt if the institution called 'caste' is at all understood in England; and certainly the attitude of the orthodox Hindu towards caste—whether from indifference to what the West thinks about a non-propagandist religion or ignorance of the English language, or another reason—seldom gets a hearing.

I propose, therefore, to put down on paper what intimate association with orthodox Hindus during the last twenty years has taught me.

I speak most particularly of Hindus in the provinces of Bengal, Behar and Orissa, and Assam. I have tested my knowledge by conversation with Hindus in Benares, Gaya, Hurdwa, Dwarakanath, Prayag, and Rameshwaram, all among the holiest places of pilgrimage to an orthodox Hindu, "from whatever quarter of India; and the conclusions at which I have arrived are the result of this commerce of thought.

Caste is a simple problem to the ethnologist. Sir Herbert Risley tells us in his book on the *Tribes and Castes of Bengal* that a man's caste is determined by the length of his nose—the higher the caste, the longer the nose. This is obviously the case of Aryan against Dravidian.

But for the orthodox Hindu the situation is far more complicated than that.

To him caste is a man's place upon rebirth, expressed in spiritual values. It is not a social organisation; it implies no social or worldly superiority or inferiority. It is Nemesis—the place which you have earned for yourself by your good deeds or bad in your last incarnation. And it is within your power to protect this hall-mark or to pollute it, the pollution carrying with it punishment beyond the confines of this life, while it also ostracises you during this life from fellowship with 'those who observe the way.'

As everyone knows, the idea of caste sprang originally from a legend of division of labour: the Brahmins created to pray and to conserve all learning, the Kshatriyas to fight, the Veishyas to

till the soil, and the Sudras to serve. These divisions of occupation suited a primitive people. But in course of time were added subdivisions representative of professions, somewhat parallel to the trades guilds of mediæval Europe. Yet a caste is not a trades guild, as the orthodox Hindu would tell you. It is, as it were, the name written by the gods for any individual Hindu in the book of births and rebirths—a name to be preserved unsullied.

So much depends on this safe preservation. Your very relationship to God so depends, for instance. You cannot pray effectually, cannot offer the appropriate sacrifice or oblation, except in the character which your birth into Hinduism has, for the moment, imposed upon you. Almost every act incumbent upon you throughout your life, which may have vital consequences for you in the conception of Hindu law, hangs upon caste. The ceremonies at birth, marriage, death, the inheritance of property—all these incidents relate back to caste.

The Hindu law of inheritance is closely connected with the offering of the death-cake for the soul of the deceased; and none but the appointed person can do this, none but the son born to a man who has married within the right kind and degree of castehood, inside one circle, outside another.

A man's property exists for the salvation of his soul. His heir is only his best and most effectual intercessor. This fact alone will disclose the difficulties which clog practical issues, the difficulties, for instance, which attended the presentation lately in the Council at Delhi of the Intercaste Marriage Bill. Marriage, inheritance of property, a man's very rebirth, were in jeopardy. The orthodox opposed the Bill, not from wantonness or contrariness, but because the axe was laid to the root of the ancient banyan-tree of Hinduism. 'The British Government,' they said, 'has always respected our religion. Marriage, and the observance of caste in marriage, is the basis of our religion. Why must there now be a change?' How could the people know that not the British, but their own Indian representatives—progressive Hindus—had introduced that measure into Council? It will be remembered that the Maharajah of Dharbangha, leader of the orthodox Hindu communities of Bengal, Behar and Orissa, considered the situation so serious that he presided at a protest meeting of the orthodox.

And this brings me to a warning. There certainly are names which the initiated recognise as originally Brahmin, or Kshatriya, or Baidya, etc. But the quality of Brahminism, as of Hinduism generally, can be lost by breach of caste rules. A 'Mookerjee,' 'Chatterjee,' 'Bhattacharjya,' for instance, though born a Brahmin, may have outcasted himself by crossing the waters or

eating forbidden food, or doing any of a long list of trivial things. He retains his name, but in the acceptance of Hindus proper he is no longer a Brahmin, unless he has undergone a rather difficult ceremony of purification—*pryaschit*—and been readmitted to Hinduism by the priests of that religion.

Modern progressives, like the followers of Gandhi, would scorn to perform such a ceremony. They want to obliterate caste. They rejoice in their self-ostracism. And since progressives of the order drawn from the English-educated represent the majority in our Legislative Councils and Assemblies, it would not be inaccurate to say that, so far as Indians go, they are these people who share with the British the position of our rulers in India.

And it is, therefore, a mistake to say (as I have seen it stated in the most reputable of newspapers) that under the Reforms Scheme we are ruled by Brahmins, and that the outcastes of India must of necessity suffer oppression. We are ruled in increasing numbers by men who originally, of whatever caste, have voluntarily put themselves into the position of the out-of-caste; and it must thus needs be that they are the conservative laggards behind, the orthodox Hindu communities, who in truth need protection, not the outcastes, whom the liberal-minded progressives are only too glad to help protect as part of their forward-moving social policy. But righteous as is the aim of the progressives, from the point of view of any Christian Socialist, or of any democrat the world over, the difficulty of interfering with a scheme of religion as ancient as Hinduism should be recognised; and the removal of caste barrier is such interference.

It is believed in England that caste is a social organisation. It is not that. It is, as I have tried to show, a spiritual honours list, published by the deity at the birth of a man, and reissued upon each rebirth. You have earned what you get. You may elect to have a good time on the earth—a 'good' riotous, un-religious time—and you take your rebirth as, say, a Pulaya in South India without resentment in recognition of what must have gone before. 'I chose it myself,' as was said to me once, 'by my actions in a previous existence.' And you can revenge yourself against the Brahmin, out of whose way you must now scurry, in Southern India, by earning as a good Pulaya regeneration of the highest order of Brahmin, while you watch with satisfaction the pending degeneration of your tyrant, as his works bewray him.

Wealth makes no difference to caste. The low-caste owner of a kingdom will fall at the feet of a high-caste beggar, will entreat him to ride beside him in his Rolls-Royce or on his jewelled elephant, will entreat, and be repulsed.

Position makes no difference to caste. I have known a

maharajah of the oilman's caste fall at the feet of the Brahmin clerk in the service of the official upon whom the maharajah was calling.

Caste knows no snobbery of worldly possessions or worldly success. Its rules are contained in the Hindu's book of Leviticus, not in the Englishman's Burke or Debrett.

And there is another incident attaching to Hindu castehood which one would like to see adopted in part, at any rate, by all the world. Service does not degrade. The highest may serve, must serve, all castes, even the lowest; but he may not accept service except from his equal, or from one higher in caste than himself. So have I seen Brahmins washing the feet of low-caste lepers when the wave of social service swept Bengal. So may any traveller in India see the Brahmin go the long length of the third-class carriages on an Indian passenger train 'watering and feeding' the low-caste and outcaste, while maybe he and his caste brothers go uncared for.

This being the relationship to those not of one's caste, what, it may be asked, is the interrelationship of individuals inside a caste? A distich which caste women sing in Behar, as they water the sacred basil (*tulsi*) at their morning worship, gives it succinctly:

Do not forget the scent of the *tulsi*,
The custom of your caste, in marrying,
in burying, in loving.

This sums up the only times when caste involves a social obligation, for in all these things—marrying, burying, loving—caste binds you to your caste brother. You may not know the caste brother in your village who has a marriageable son, but you are entitled to go to him and ask that his son should marry your daughter; you are entitled to go to any caste brother and beg the loan of an own-caste shoulder to support the bier of a caste fellow. He would understand that the defilement in death of the touch of a lower-caste man would mean penalties in rebirth which the living have no business to inflict upon the dead. Such services do not presume any past nor compel any future social relationship. The service rendered, you go your own way, so little do members of a caste cohere in the Western social sense.

The great sign of caste fellowship is eating together. This you do in the course of death ceremonies or marriage feasts, the feeding of Brahmins and others of the higher castes being current coin in the purchase of salvation and blessing. Eating among Hindus is a religious act; the preparation of food is an oblation to the gods. That is why in certain parts of India a Hindu may say to the man of a lower caste: 'I will walk with you, talk with

you, play with you ; but I may not eat with you, drink with you, pray with you.'

And how is one to convey the fact that he would say this in the friendliest way, absolutely impersonally ? Some force equally outside himself and the outcaste compels, some inexorable force to which they both bow, and which may any day reverse their relative positions. That is why the situation is robbed of personal resentment when Indians are let alone.

Let us take stories illustrative of this fact along the line to the present day.

And first the story of the Master Archer and the low-caste man who wished to use the weapons and practise the profession of the fighters, the warrior caste. The Book of the Great Ones tells how the brothers Pandava went one day to the Master Archer with a tale which seemed to them terrible. 'Someone, O Master,' said they, 'not of the warrior caste, is using a bow and arrow to better purpose than a warrior. The arrow from an invisible bow transfixes the tongue of our dog in the forest. The Archer had shot at the sound, had shot, and had hit his mark. We searched the forest, and found a low-caste man practising archery, sending arrows ceaselessly into the forest. He lives solitary, beside an image of you, O Master, and he calls himself your pupil. Come and see.' So the Master Archer went with his pupils, the great Pandava warriors, to the clearing in the forest, where beside an image of himself, as was truly said, he found a low-caste man shooting as never warrior pupil of his, nor indeed he himself, had shot before.

In silence he watched a while ; then 'Who are you ?' he asked.

'A pupil,' said the man, 'of thine, O Master of the practices of knightliness.'

'A pupil of mine ?' said the Master Archer. 'Why, surely not. You came to beg me to teach you to use the weapons of a fighter, and I remember my reply. It was enough. 'Are you of the caste of fighters ?' said I. You answered, 'No,' and you pleaded hard. You offered me your kingdom in the south (you said you were a king, and for such I knew you), if I would but teach you how to send arrow from bow. You remember my reply ? I but pointed the road down which the soonest you could remove yourself from my presence. And now you say you are my pupil !'

'Yea, Master,' said the low-caste man, 'even so. When I went from your presence I was weighed down with sorrow, but presently a thought came to me. I would return to the forest and build me an image of the Master who had rejected me, and night and day would I meditate on his great skill in archery, and from sunrise to sundown would I practise sending arrows into the forest from my bow, ceaselessly hour by hour. You see the

result. Whose pupil, if not yours, am I, my Master ? Do I not speak truth ?'

'If I am your Master,' replied the Master Archer, 'you owe me a Master's fee.'

'Take all my kingdom, O Master,' said the low-caste man, a great gladness in his face.

'You owe me,' said the Master Archer, 'whatever I choose to name.'

'But without doubt.'

'Well, then, I claim the thumb of your right hand.'

And, says the story, that low-caste man without question, and with the light of a giver still in his face, cut off the thumb of his right hand, which fell at the feet of the Master, who spurned the gift with his foot as he walked away.

But the rejected pupil could thereafter no more shoot as before.

That is an illustration of the acceptance of the meaning of caste by a low-caste Hindu as between himself and another Hindu in legendary times.

For my next story I go to the time of the Moguls, when a Moslem nawab exercised authority in Bengal. The nawab's revenue officer was a Hindu, and the man, coming to a consultation with his overlord on a day in Ramzan, found him sitting on the cushion of state, smelling a rose.

'Ha !' said the Hindu in an attempt at pleasantry, 'my nawab sahib has broken his fast, for in my scriptures it is written that "smelling is half eating."'

'We will proceed to business,' answered the nawab. But he had marked well the words of the Hindu. And on the next Hindu fast-day the revenue officer was told to come up to work as usual, and, coming, was conducted to a room where the faithful followers of Mahomet were eating a savoury dish of the animal forbidden to the Hindu—the cow.

'Aha, my friend !' said the nawab, 'you have broken your caste as well as your fast, for in your own scriptures it is written that smelling is half eating.'

'And,' adds the chronicle, shown to me by the family of the luckless victim of his own joke, 'the Hindu had no alternative but to become a Moslem.' Which to this day his descendants remain in Chittagong, where they have settled, Hindu by name, Moslem by religion.

The founder of this family accepted outcasteing and took another religion at the hands of a non-Hindu, and accepted it as a fact, which needs must follow upon the writing in the scriptures. His descendants will discuss the question with you without resentment. What else could happen ?

These two stories are rather extreme instances, I admit, but

they illustrate a 'constant' truth. The low-caste Hindu of legendary times up against the rulers of his own race and the high-caste Hindu up against the rulers of an alien race were equally oblivious of any 'tyranny' in the attitude towards them or the ruling against them on an issue of caste. The force outside them had decided that question long ago. There was no room for personal resentment. You discuss the question with the orthodox Hindu of to-day, and you find that his point of view is as was theirs.

The only difference is this: the priesthood of modern times has invented repurchase of caste. The old priesthood allowed the ceremony known as *pryaschit* in certain cases, very much, I suppose, as Rome would allow exculpation after its kind; the modern priesthood allows purchase. The Hindu returned from England buys himself back into caste. Both methods, however, readjust the situation in this life alone. And for the majority even so both doors are closed, partly because the price of 'repentance' is high, whether in ceremonies or in cash, partly because their faith in the impossibility of affecting events after death—whatever readjustment may be accomplished during this life—is simple and immovable.

They just accept the consequences of the moment, and look forward to what the turn of the wheel of life may do for them to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow.

To fight for a change, to compel better treatment of the underdog—that occurs neither to the underdog himself nor to the gentlest and most humane and merciful of the overdogs. When that sentiment finds expression, it is the result of propaganda or of education, alien to Hinduism.

Things, then, being as I have tried to indicate, is it right or permissible for the progressive Indian to force his social emancipation programme upon the orthodox? That programme is the result of his contact with the West. Caste distinctions have ceased to matter to him in direct proportion to the loosening of the hold upon him of the practices of the Hindu religion. 'Equality' is a good political watchword, appealing to the democrat of the newer worlds. It is also a good watchword for the irreligious, irked by the strictness of caste preservation and ceremonial religion. But the orthodox Hindu wishes no emancipation or appeal of this kind. Is it right to coerce him, to pollute the wells set aside for the use of a certain caste by the admission to these wells of the outcaste?

I have known orthodox Hindus suffer agonies of thirst rather than drink what their religion declares taboo. I have known Hindu widows prolong a twenty-four hours' fast to twice that length or more rather than break the most trivial rule of ceremonia-

cleanliness. When a death occurs in a Hindu house all cooked food is thrown away as polluted; the family, children included, go to bed fasting: to do otherwise would be to outcaste oneself. The preservation of caste is greater than hunger or thirst or any need of the body.

Yet the Satyagrahis, followers of Gandhi, who drove the outcaste lately upon the path of the caste man in Southern India, would force upon the orthodox a breach of these caste rules, in which the orthodox still believe, in order that the Satyagrahis and their like might further the political propaganda of the moment. And there are those in England who, ignorant of the orthodox Hindu's point of view, would support them, would ever advise friction and aggression, with all that it might entail, in pursuit of what they believe is freedom and equality in the Western social sense.

It is not this way that salvation will come to the East. Friction may be a good poster, if advertisement is the only objective. It serves no purpose at all on a common hearth. And it must not be forgotten that our most urgent problems in India at this moment are domestic. For good or evil, the progressive and the orthodox must live together, and face together the shifting scene. And no formula borrowed from the West will tell us how to do this. As a matter of fact, England has done, but without heat or resentment, what the Master Archer refused to do, and what the Moslem ruler could do only by compulsion. The British raj has given to individuals of the non-fighting castes the privilege of military service; the British raj has silently, and without outrage of religious behest, broken down the barriers of caste by throwing open all professions to whomsoever.

That the trades guilds of castehood are abolished may be a bad thing for the Master Weaver or the Master Potter, and for the ancient arts and crafts of India handed down from father to son; but at least these individuals—yes, and even the sweeper—are free to choose what profession they will, and to follow it in the world of men, unrebuked and without mutilation. The British raj has set wide the doors which are within its own control to him who would enter. It has not forced an entry for any single subject into the home and temple of another man. It has never interfered with the Hindu home, nor (with the one exception when the taking of life was involved—suttee) with the Hindu religion, whether in the name of civilisation or of democracy.

This wisdom is commended to the consideration of the Satyagrahi and the modern politician. If the Brahmin Satyagrahi wishes to reform the injustices which result from the caste system, there is a way. Let him say, 'I, the Brahmin, invite the

Palaya, or Mahar, or other low-caste man, to dine with me. Let my friends do the like.' But the Brahmin Satyagrahi did not so, in the story reported from Bombay almost in the same breath with the story of Mysore, when he caused the outcaste to be forced upon other Brahmins, polluting them, and their food and water. Where the Brahmin concerned was himself, the Satyagrahi claimed not only protection of food and water, but protection from co-education with the outcaste, protection from even hearing the voice of the outcaste in a province where untouchability, as known in South India, has never existed. And Gandhi, his leader, agreed to this, Gandhi, the breaker down of caste, the preacher of the one brotherhood of men.

The fact is, that when it becomes a personal question even the political emancipator is found to have his wrists in manacles, fast bound in misery and iron. Time and again the sad truth that the vivid words about removing caste distinctions come from the mouth of the party politician, and not from the heart of the lover of mankind and of liberty, is demonstrated to us who live in India.

Not long ago an orthodox high-caste friend of mine came to see me after a meeting of Hindus and Moslems called to show that there was now no distinction between Hindu and Moslem, between Brahmin and pariah. The meeting had been addressed in moving terms by a well-known leader. My friend told me whimsically a strange story. 'The preacher of unity went home,' said he, 'to bathe in Ganges water before he could resume intercourse with his family or eat a meal.' I remarked that a better argument than his eloquence would have been to sit down in public to a meal with his audience. He said that he could not go so far himself, but that he had proposed this very thing to other Brahmins!

They are incidents such as these which are apt to make the heart of the reformer sink within him. But I do not believe that we need despair. It seems to me that the question of the removal of caste barriers needs disentanglement from politics, and from English ideas about caste as a social institution. We should do better if we could hitch the whole question on to religion.

And though I have not in this paper touched on the problem in South India, where the outcaste seems rapidly to be emancipating himself, I am not sure but that even there reform would be more lasting if it could be connected with religion and disassociated from politics, or, if the political aspect of the question cannot now be gone back upon, if reform could come from above, if such political leaders as are caste men would set an example by out-casteing themselves by association with outcastes, rather than by egging on the untouchables to outcaste those who believe in

caste. The courage of the Brahmo community is to be admired in this respect. Brahmos are voluntary outcastes. Nor has the community lost respect by its catholicity.

But alike from these men who are above caste as from the caste men who are among the politicians one would beg respect for those who are still in bondage to caste as the chief observance of their religion. Caste is religion to an orthodox Hindu; and all free men will agree that it is iniquitous that compulsion should be used in regard to religion. For the rest, we need propaganda and propaganda and propaganda, pointing the orthodox to their own religious rules to find the way to brotherhood. 'The highest alone are capable of service.' I have already suggested the use and application of this doctrine; and we know that there is no greater way of love than service.

Again, orthodox Hinduism teaches that in holy places all are of one caste. The Brahmin may dine with the sweeper in Puri or Benares or Rameshwaram, and not only preserve his caste, but earn the reputation of a holy man, of 'one who has attained.' Is it outside possibility that this doctrine, with all of beauty which it implies, should be set before the most orthodox, and win acceptance?

'Let us make all places holy. Let us at least meet in Puri and learn the beauty of intercourse and equality, and carry that to the unholy places in the world around, first, it may be, only as a memory, but a memory to be translated—who knows how soon after?—to fact.' That is a message which Chaitanya himself might have brought to the disciples from his favourite city, and to which Hindu and non-Hindu together might well subscribe. It is the religious appeal. Gandhi's disciples used one form of such appeal when they cursed, in the name of the Mahatma, those who would not obey their boycotting edicts. But here is a better form. I have heard it stated in orthodox Hindu zenanas in beautiful language: 'If you love enough, you can conquer all barriers. There is no caste in love.'

But love implies better knowing, and better knowing takes time and trouble and sacrifice—sacrifice of one's own point of view. Yet perhaps it is just this simple method which will solve all our problems in India. Who knows? And at any rate it is worth trying.

CORNELIA SORABJI.

A PLEA FOR A REVISION OF THE REVISED VERSION

NEARLY forty-four years have elapsed since the Revised Version of the New Testament, and nearly forty years since the Revised Version of the Old Testament, was given to the English-speaking world. The history of the revision or revisions is well known. It began with certain action taken by the Convocation of Canterbury in May 1870. On May 3 and 5 of that year the Convocation passed, among other resolutions, the following :

1. That it is desirable that a revision of the Authorised Version of the Holy Scriptures be undertaken.

3. That in the above resolutions we do not contemplate any new translation of the Bible, or any alteration of the language, except where, in the judgment of the most competent scholars, such change is necessary.

4. That in such necessary changes the style of the language employed in the existing version be closely followed.

Three weeks later, on May 25, a Committee of Convocation laid down the following principles for the revisers :

1. To introduce as few alterations as possible into the text of the Authorised Version consistently with faithfulness.

2. To limit, as far as possible, the expression of such alterations to the language of the Authorised and earlier English versions.

The revisers of the Old Testament were employed upon their revision for more than fourteen years, the revisers of the New Testament for more than ten years. From the day of publication until now the two revisions have been largely read, not only by Biblical scholars and other cultivated men and women, but in churches, where they have made their appeal to the general body of Christians who assemble themselves together Sunday after Sunday for public worship. It is now possible to decide, or at least to attempt a decision, how far the revisers have been true to the principles which they were instructed to follow, and how far they have succeeded in the task which was by ecclesiastical authority imposed upon them.

No English-speaking Christian doubts that the revision of the

Authorised Version of the Bible was in itself a courageous undertaking. For the Authorised Version is perhaps the chief treasure, not only of English literature, but of English national life. It belongs to the time when the English language had attained the greatest splendour and potency. Students of the Authorised Version do not always reflect that at its publication in 1611 Shakespeare himself was still alive. The historian J. R. Green, in his chapter upon Puritan England, says :

No greater moral change ever passed over a nation than passed over England during the years which parted the middle of the reign of Elizabeth from the meeting of the Long Parliament. England became the people of a book, and that book was the Bible. It was as yet the one English book which was familiar to every Englishman ; it was read in churches and read at home ; and everywhere its words, as they fell on ears which custom had not deadened to their force and beauty, kindled a startling enthusiasm.

And again :

As a mere literary monument the English version of the Bible remains the noblest example of the English tongue. Its perpetual use made it from the instant of its appearance the standard of our language. But for the moment its literary effect was less than its social. The power of the book over the mass of Englishmen showed itself in a thousand superficial ways, and in none more conspicuously than in the influence which it exerted on ordinary speech.

Historians have often dwelt, some in a sympathetic and others in a censorious spirit, upon the frequent use made of Biblical names and phrases among the Puritans at the time of the Great Rebellion. But when one book, and one only, is familiarly known to a whole people, its language naturally and almost inevitably recurs to their minds in all the various circumstances of their daily lives ; they adapt, as though by instinct, its phraseology to conditions which the writers of the book can never have experienced, and may never even have imagined. It is so that quotations from the Old Testament appear in the New, not because the authors of the quotations necessarily looked forward to the events which occurred long centuries afterwards, but because the witnesses of these events could find no language so suitable to the expression of their thoughts and feelings as the language of the one book which they had always known and heard from childhood. The Bible in fact became to the Puritans what the Old Testament had been to the Jews ; and the national life of the Puritans and Jews alike was indissolubly associated with these sacred books.

For, apart from the moral and spiritual principles first of the Old and then of the New Testament, which are the sustaining pillars of modern civilisation, it will be enough to cite, as examples of the influence which the Bible has long exercised and still exercises to-day upon the mind and heart and life of Christendom,

phrases, out of many hundreds, in the Old Testament so familiar as 'It is not good that the man should be alone'; 'Am I my brother's keeper?'; 'a land flowing with milk and honey'; 'Man doth not live by bread alone'; 'Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided'; 'How long halt ye between two opinions?'; 'There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest'; 'The king of terrors'; 'The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God'; 'Deep calleth unto deep'; 'A thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past'; 'I am fearfully and wonderfully made'; 'Hope deferred maketh the heart sick'; 'Righteousness exalteth a nation'; 'Wine is a mocker'; 'Heap coals of fire upon his head'; 'Vanity of vanities, . . . all is vanity'; 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might'; 'Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken'; 'The desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose'; 'Multitudes, multitudes, in the valley of decision'; 'Prisoners of hope'; and in the New Testament as 'Man shall not live by bread alone'; 'Neither cast ye your pearls before swine'; 'The tree is known by his fruit'; 'What therefore God hath joined together, let no man put asunder'; 'The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath'; 'Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost'; 'The night cometh, when no man can work'; 'It is more blessed to give than to receive'; 'As sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal'; 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?'; 'A thorn in the flesh'; 'Let not the sun go down upon your wrath'; 'The greatest of these is charity'; 'The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death'; 'A cloud of witnesses'; 'The ornament of a meek and quiet spirit'; 'Be thou faithful unto death.'

It is because the Bible, through the Authorised Version, has entered, as it were, into the intellectual and moral fibre of Great Britain and of its colonies and dependencies beyond the seas, that an eminent scholar, poet, and divine, the Rev. F. W. Faber, after he had become a Roman Catholic priest, could look back with a feeling akin to envy upon the good fortune of those Reformed Churches which enjoyed the privilege of daily access to the treasury of Holy Scripture. Of the Authorised Version he says:

It lives on the ear like a music that can never be forgotten, like the sound of church bells, which the convert scarcely knows how he can forgo. Its felicities often seem to be things rather than words. It is part of the national mind, and the anchor of the national seriousness. Nay, it is worshipped with a positive idolatry, in extenuation of whose fanaticism its intrinsic beauty pleads availingly with the scholar. The memory of the dead passes into it. The potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in its verses. It is the representative of a man's best moments; all that there has been about him of soft and gentle and pure and penitent and

good speaks to him for ever out of his English Bible. It is his sacred thing, which doubt never dimmed and controversy never soiled; and in the length and breadth of the land there is not a Protestant with one spark of religiousness about him whose spiritual biography is not in his Saxon Bible.

To change the language of the Authorised Version then is, as it were, to touch the ark of the covenant; it is almost to lay a desecrating hand upon the Holy of Holies in the religion of the English-speaking world. Yet although language is modified only by slow and slight degrees, especially since it gained a new stability from the invention of printing, no scholar doubts that in the 250 years and more which lie between the publication of the Authorised Version in 1611 and the undertaking of the Revised Version in 1870 there had happened a good deal which must make a revision of the sacred book desirable, if not indeed practically inevitable. Certain words, for example, had become obsolete, *e.g.*, 'bolled' in the sense of 'swollen,' 'earring' of 'ploughing,' 'daysman' of 'arbitrator,' 'goodman' of 'master of a house,' 'leasing' of 'lying,' 'letting' of 'hindering'; 'reins' of 'emotions,' the reins being properly the 'kidneys.' A 'penny' was no longer even an approximate equivalent of *δηνάριον*. How many persons in an ordinary congregation would easily understand to-day such phrases as 'A certain woman cast a piece of a millstone upon Abimelech's head, and all to brake' (*i.e.*, brake all to pieces) 'his skull'; or 'Jonathan gave his artillery' (*i.e.*, his bow and arrows) 'unto his lad'; or 'David left his carriage in the hand of the keeper of the carriage'; or 'We took up our carriages and went up to Jerusalem,' where 'carriage' means 'baggage'; or 'They fetched a compass of seven days' journey'; or 'From thence we fetched a compass and came to Rhegium' (where to 'fetch a compass' is to 'take a circuitous route'); or 'Be at charges with them' in the sense of 'Pay their expenses'? Other words there are which, although they remain in frequent use, have acquired a significance different from that which they bear in the Authorised Version; they have expanded or have shrunk in meaning, and the old use of them to-day is sure or apt to cause misunderstanding. The old sense of 'by-and-by,' or 'presently,' or 'sometimes,' or of 'translate' for 'remove,' or 'hardly' for 'with difficulty,' or 'room' for 'place,' cannot fail to puzzle uneducated minds. What is to be said, too, of the conjunction 'publicans and sinners,' or of the command 'Occupy' (*i.e.*, do business) 'till I come' or 'They go down quick' (*i.e.*, alive) 'into the pit'? 'Take no thought for the morrow' is a phrase unacceptable to common sense. It should be as it is in the Revised Version: 'Be not anxious for the morrow.' More serious is the degradation of 'charity' from 'love' to 'alms-giving' and of 'conversation' from 'manner of living' to

'talking.' But the worst of all evils occurs in such words as 'hell,' which represents both Hades, or the place of the departed spirits, and Gehenna, or the place where the wicked after death are punished, or 'damn' and 'damnation,' which at the beginning of the seventeenth century meant no more than 'condemn' or 'condemnation,' as when a play is said to be 'damned' even to-day, but are in the Authorised Version used to translate such Greek words as properly mean no more than condemnation or simply judgment. It is enough to say that everybody would wish these stumbling-blocks to be taken out of the way of simple persons who read or hear the sacred Scriptures.

There can be no doubt that the translators of 1611 were less exact scholars in the Hebrew and the Greek languages than their successors are to-day. It would be easy to cite passages in which the true meaning is almost inverted, as in the words 'Thou hast multiplied the nation and not increased the joy,' or 'Before Abraham was I am,' or 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.' Some passages, too, especially in the book of Job, and in the Prophecies, if not even in the Psalms, were rendered in a manner hardly intelligible by the translators of 1611. It is high time that all such passages as these should be set right. Bishop Lightfoot, in his excellent book *On a Fresh Revision of the English New Testament*, has justly observed that too little regard is paid in the Authorised Version to the use of the article, or to the use of particular tenses. Thus the significance of 'the mountain' or 'the ship' or 'boat,' both so familiar to our Lord in the Gospels, is lost. Thus, too, the Greek words translated 'The Lord added to the Church daily such as should be saved' mean rather 'such as were at that time in the way of salvation'; and the words translated 'Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?' mean 'Did ye receive the Holy Ghost at the time when ye believed?' or 'were converted?' not to speak of mistakes such as 'Friend, wherefore art thou come?' instead of 'Friend, do that for which thou art come.' But there is one clearly acknowledged principle which separates the translators of 1611 from the revisers of 1870. In the preface to the version of 1611 the translators expressly disclaim the idea of trying always to represent one Greek word by the same English word. They say:

An other thing we thinke good to admonish thee of (gentle Reader) that we have not tied ourselves to an uniformity of phrasing, or to an identity of words, as some peradventure would wish that we had done, because they observe, that some learned men somewhere have been as exact as they could that way. Truly, that we might not vary from the sense of that which we had translated before, if the word signified the same thing in both places (for there be some words that be not of the same sense everywhere) we were especially careful, and made a conscience, according to our duty. But, that we should express the same notion in the same particular word; as,

for example, if we translate the Hebrew or Greek word once by 'purpose,' never to call it 'intent'; if one were 'journeying,' never 'travelling'; if one were 'think,' never 'suppose'; if one were 'pain,' never 'ache'; if one were 'joy,' never 'gladness,' etc. Thus to mince the matter, we thought to savour more of curiosity than wisdom, and that rather it would breed scorn in the Atheist, than bring profit to the godly reader.

Bishop Lightfoot, in the preface to the second edition of his book, enunciates exactly the opposite principle in his reply to the criticisms which had been passed upon it. Of one critic, Mr. Earle, he says:

In fact, he has attacked the very position in my work which I confidently held, and still hold, to be impregnable. I had laid it down as a rule (subject, of course, to special exceptions) that, where the same word occurs in the same context in the original, it should be rendered by the same equivalent in the version (p. 33 *seq.*) or, as Mr. Earle expresses it, that 'a verbal repetition in English should be employed to represent a verbal repetition in the Greek.' Mr. Earle (I will employ his own words) would reverse this, and say that in many of my details he would practically come to my conclusion, but that the principle itself, with all the speciousness of its appearance, is essentially unsound. This position he endeavours to establish by arguments which I feel bound to meet, for I consider the principle which he assails to be essential to a thoroughly good translation.

If, notwithstanding our opposite points of view, we had arrived at the same results, or, in other words, if Mr. Earle's exceptions to his principle of variety were co-extensive or nearly co-extensive with my own applications of my principle of uniformity, I should have felt any discussion of his views to be superfluous, for then, so far as regards any practical issues, the difference between us would have been reduced to a mere battle of words. But when I find that Mr. Earle defends such a rendering as Matt. xviii. 33, 'Shouldest not thou also have had compassion [ἐλεῆσαι] on thy fellow-servant, even as I had pity [ἠλέησα] on thee?' I feel that the difference between us is irreconcilable.

One who has sat, as I have, at the feet of Bishop Lightfoot, and still more who has worked in after-life within the diocese of which Bishop Lightfoot was the revered and beloved Bishop, may well hesitate to set his judgment against the Bishop's. Yet I cannot help feeling that the principle, which he enunciates, of always representing the same Greek word by the same English word, tends to lower translation from being an art into a mechanical process. For, after all, no one word in any language is the exact equivalent of any word in any other language, nor is any tense in one language the exact equivalent of any tense in another. The aorist itself, as Matthew Arnold wittily said, was made for man, and not man for the aorist. It is always necessary to consider in translation what is the phrase which most nearly answers to the original phrase, not without due regard to the genius of the language itself and to the usage of the persons who habitually speak it. At the best the uniformity, for which Bishop Lightfoot pleads, takes no account of the difference between inflected and

uninflected languages. His chosen example, 'Shouldest not thou have had compassion on thy fellow-servant, even as I had pity on thee?' does not in the Greek possess quite the same monotonous character, because of the variation between the inflected forms ἐλεῆσαι and ἡλέησα, as it would possess if the English word 'pity' or 'compassion' occurred in both clauses of the sentence. It is clear, too, that the law of always using the same English word to represent the same Greek word must at times do injury to the melodious rhythm which is one of the chief beauties in the Authorised Version of the Bible. The Revised Version is invaluable in the study. It does all that can be done to give such persons as may not be familiar with the Hebrew and Greek languages an insight into the true text and the true significance of the text. If it is more successful in the Old Testament than in the New, the reason is that the Old Testament stood in greater need of revision, and that the changes made in the revision are not so many. But the Revised Version has failed, especially when it is read in churches, to impress itself, like the Authorised Version, upon the memory of all English-speaking Christians. There is in it scarcely a phrase which, unless it is taken from the Authorised Version, has become a household word among the Reformed Churches. There are in it too many unnecessary changes. A single fact may serve to show how many they are. Of all the books of the Bible the book in which the art of the translators may be said in the Revised Version to attain its highest point of excellency is the *Revelation*. There, if anywhere, the most scrupulous care should have been taken to preserve the dignity of the familiar language. Yet in the first chapter of the *Revelation* alone, although it contains but twenty verses, no fewer than fifty-three changes have been introduced; and of these not more than half a dozen can be said to be necessitated or recommended by accuracy. If I may set aside by side a few passages of the *Revelation* as they are translated in the Authorised and the Revised Versions, the loss of euphony in the later version will be sensibly realised:

AUTHORISED VERSION

iii. 21. To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in My throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with My Father in His throne.

vii. 17. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

REVISED VERSION

He that overcometh, I will give to him to sit down with Me in My throne, as I also overcame, and sat down with My Father in His throne.

For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall be their Shepherd, and shall guide them unto fountains of waters of life: and God shall wipe away every tear from their eyes.

1925 REVISION OF THE REVISED VERSION

AUTHORISED VERSION

xix. 6. And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Alleluia: for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.

xxi. 4. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

xxi. 23. And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.

REVISED VERSION

And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunders, saying, Hallelujah: for the Lord our God, the Almighty, reigneth.

And He shall wipe away every tear from their eyes; and death shall be no more; neither shall there be mourning, nor crying, nor pain, any more: the first things are passed away.

And the city hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine upon it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the lamp thereof is the Lamb.

What, then, is to be done? It is essential that the Reformed Churches should come back to a single uniform translation of Holy Scripture. The Church of England has as yet scarcely realised how great a loss she has sustained, or may sustain, by sacrificing the principle of uniformity in her services. The choice between the old and the revised lectionaries has created a haunting sense of uncertainty in Divine worship, not to say that it has cut off week by week the worship of the Church from such a manual of devotion as the *Christian Year*. It has put a serious difficulty in the way of basing sermons on the lessons of the Sunday, as no preacher, except perhaps the incumbent of the parish himself, can know what lessons will be read in Divine worship before the sermon is preached. If a second optional Prayer Book or a second optional Office of Holy Communion were sanctioned by ecclesiastical as well as by political authority, the sense of unity in the services of the Church all the world over would be imperilled. Speaking as one who has travelled over the Empire and far beyond it, I may say that I have never so keenly appreciated what I may perhaps be permitted to call the 'communion of saints' as when in some remote village of Australia or Africa I have, within the walls of a church which was little more than a shanty, taken part in the same service as I knew I should have heard had I been worshipping in Durham Cathedral or in Westminster Abbey.

There must, then, be a uniform accepted translation of the Bible. Such a translation can no longer be the Authorised Version; it never has been, and apparently never will be, the Revised Version. But it might be a translation created by such a return to the Authorised Version as would leave its beauty and

its majesty unimpaired, and yet would take away from it such defects as are owing to the imperfect knowledge of the Hebrew and Greek languages in the early part of the seventeenth century. It would in fact be not a new version so much as the Authorised Version itself renewed in the light of modern knowledge. For the study of the κοινή διάλεκτο in the hands of scholars like the late Dr. Moulton, Dr. Milligan and, in Germany, Dr. Deissmann, has carried familiarity with the Greek of the New Testament to a point which was unattainable even by the revisers of 1870. Such a version would, I hope, be sanctioned for use in all churches. It might become a second Authorised Version. It would restore the Bible to its true place in the mind and heart of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Not long ago an important Committee was appointed by the President of the Board of Education 'to inquire into the position of English in the educational system of England.' The Committee were unanimous in lamenting that the Bible had lost much of its old influence upon the national life:

The power of the Bible [they wrote in their report] upon our language, our literature, our national life and thought, has been lost sight of, because the possibility has not hitherto been imagined that a liberal education may be, and should be, not only a gift within the reach of every child, but the very gift purposed by the State in undertaking the elementary training of its citizens. From the moment when this is admitted it will be seen to be no longer possible to deprive our schools of the free and impartial study of the Bible. If we set aside, as we do with any other classic, all consideration of its bearing upon dogmatic religion, there can be no division of opinion as to its historical position and effect in this country.

The Committee were not primarily concerned with the religious character of the Bible. They regarded it wholly or mainly as a work of literature. But it is as an instrument of religion that the Bible has won, and still may hold, its sovereign power. It is a bond of union between the Reformed Churches of all English-speaking Christendom. It has been, and is to-day, the fountain-head of the highest and noblest thoughts in English literature. There could be no greater service to religion in the modern world than the restoration of the Bible to its ancient place in the affection and devotion of the whole Anglo-Saxon race. But the Bible will best regain its ancient authority if it can be read by all Christians and within all churches in such a form that, while it embodies the result of modern scholarship, it yet preserves the characteristics which in the Authorised Version, and in that version alone, have made it during more than three centuries the guide, the solace, and the inspiration of Great Britain, and of the British Dominions beyond the seas, and of English-speaking people all the world over.

J. E. C. WELLDON.

SPIRITUAL OR DIVINE HEALING

A SCIENTIFIC and interesting article on 'Faith Healing' by Sir Robert Armstrong-Jones appeared in the February number of *The Nineteenth Century and After*. He speaks with authority, not only as an eminent member of the medical profession, but as one of the doctors appointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury to serve on the Committee of 1920 to consider 'the use with prayer of the laying on of hands, of the unction of the sick, and other spiritual means of healing.'

I should like to express, not so much in answer to that article as in explanation, what I believe to be the view of the Church on this important question.

The first thing to do in the discussion of this subject is to clear away all ambiguities and misconceptions. Spiritual healing is to be clearly distinguished from faith healing in its various forms. *Spiritual* healing is the supernatural work of God the Holy Spirit upon the spiritual part of man, and proceeding thence to influence his soul and body. It works not from below, but from above. Faith is necessary in the patient, but faith does not work the cure. And, again, the cure does not necessarily extend to the rehabilitation of the body. In the words of the Report of the Committee appointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, p. 15:

It is thus spiritual in its origin and aims. The restoration of the whole man, which is the goal of spiritual healing, will often include his physical healing; but this is only a fraction of the work aimed at and will not be the exclusive preoccupation of the healer. The success of the treatment will not consist simply in the achievement of bodily health, but in the raising the man's whole nature to a higher plane. The result when attained will be spiritual, and indicates a spiritual cause at work.

Again, pp. 18, 19:

No sick person must look to the clergyman to do what is the physician's or surgeon's duty to do. . . . Whether the sick person throw off the sickness or not, the work of the Church will have been effective, if he has thereby found truer peace of spirit, and a more real knowledge of the uplifting presence and power of Christ.

Sir R. Armstrong-Jones enumerates eight classes (or 'prescriptions') of faith healing, viz. :

1. Cures by relics.
2. Mind cures.
3. Christian Science cures.
4. Spiritualistic cures.
5. Mesmeric cures.
6. Direct faith healing.
7. Prayer and faith, as at Lourdes.
8. M. Coué's direct suggestion.

With faith, or mental, healing, if the disease or ailment is not done away with, the case is regarded as a failure. The Christian Scientists do not appear to recognise the reality of pain or disease, or call in the aid of the physician.

Another confusion, which is very general, is that between unction or anointing as practised in the Anglican branch of the Church and extreme unction among the Roman Catholics. The latter practise unction or chrism in various services, beginning with baptism. Extreme unction is the last of these occasions, and is given to the patient on the verge of death. It is not the same as that practised by the Apostles when they were sent out two by two: 'They anointed with oil many that were sick and healed them' (Mark vi. 13), or that recommended by St. James' words (v. 14, 15), which was evidently employed when there was a good hope of recovery.

Spiritual healing, then, is to be looked for from above. Nor, as is sometimes inferred, is it to be in any way independent of the work of the doctors or of the medical aids that are available. Jesus Christ, whose first name means healer or doctor, distinctly recognises the place of the physician: 'They that are whole need not the physician, but they that are sick.' We are told in the Gospels of a case of a woman suffering from internal hæmorrhage for twelve years. In the words of St. Luke (viii. 43), himself a doctor by profession, 'She had spent all her living upon physicians, and could not be healed of any.' She had, that is, employed all the means known to her and recognised in her time before she had recourse to the Divine Healer. There is a striking passage in the Apocrypha:

Honour a physician according to thy need of him with the honour due unto him, for verily the Lord hath created him. For from the Most High cometh healing. . . . My son, in thy sickness be not negligent, but pray unto the Lord, and He shall heal thee. . . . Put away wrongdoing. . . . Then give place to the physician, for surely the Lord hath created him, and let him not go from thee, for thou hast need of him (Ecclus. xxxviii. 1).

This book was probably published about 150 B.C. at Alexandria,

and is assigned to a writer whose name was Jesus, and at any rate establishes the repute of doctors of that day.

The advocate of spiritual healing in no way wishes to supersede or to minimise the physician's work. All means and methods are to be used, every invention of science gladly pressed into the service. The spiritual healer is to aid the doctor, and to create a mental atmosphere in the patient which must assist the powers of medicine. In St. Paul's list of spiritual gifts or charismata (*χαρίσματα*), after the gift of healings he enumerates two which are translated in the Revised Version 'helps,' 'governments.' The word *ἀντιλήψεις* (or helps) is derived immediately from a verb which implies 'grasping by the hand'—with a view to helping—and is used of assisting children to walk, and also of supporting the weak. It is quite possible that we have here a medical term for the work of 'nurses.' The other term, *κυβερνήσεις*, denotes faculties of guidance or direction. It is primarily a nautical term, descriptive of the pilot's work. May it not also have been a word used in medical phraseology describing the doctor's task?

Now the division of the mind into the conscious, the sub-conscious and the non-conscious parts is, doubtless, as Sir R. Armstrong-Jones tells us, scientifically correct, but is most difficult to understand, especially where one merges into another. Man is a complex being whose parts are very closely blended together. The Scriptural view is that man consists of body, soul and spirit. His soul is that individual part containing his mind, intelligence and capacity for reasoning, as well as being the seat of all his emotions. The soul is the battle-ground on which the struggle in the formation of the individual character is to be fought. 'In your patience ye shall win your souls,' is doubtless the right (R.V.) rendering of the passage Luke xxi. 19. The spirit of man is that part which is capable of realising the spiritual world and all higher agencies, and of forming some conception of the nature of God. It is the breath (spirit) of life that was breathed into man's nostrils at the Creation. This threefold nature of man has been aptly compared to a ship. The hull and rigging represent the body, the crew the soul, and the wireless apparatus the spirit, which can utter and receive communications with far-distant places. Just as some vessels are without wireless apparatus, so some human beings seem devoid of the spiritual faculty.

Now the advocates of spiritual healing believe that in answer to prayer, and sometimes accompanied, when desired, by the outward and visible sign of the laying on of hands, or of unction, a gift of healing falls on the spirit of the afflicted person. It will extend to his soul, and may result in the healing of the body. It may be that the body will not be restored, just as in a shipwreck the vessel may be lost, but the crew saved by the assistance of the

wireless message. After all, the body is the least precious part of man in the scale of vital values. Man must part with his body some time. Martyrs and heroes have often given theirs up in some great cause. 'Whosoever will save his life shall lose it, and whosoever shall lose his life for My sake and the Gospel's shall save it.' This is the only saying of our Lord's which is quoted in almost the same words by the four Evangelists: Matt. xvi. 25; Mark viii. 35; Luke ix. 24; John xii. 25.

The health and soundness of the body is, no doubt, of great importance to us while we are living in this world, and the utmost pains should be taken to preserve it, but the healing of the spirit and soul is the more important, for we believe that they will outlive death.

Now with regard to miracles, which were regarded by Hume and his followers as illusions without sufficient evidence to support them, they are now stated to be 'part of the unbroken continuity of order rather than involving a breach of natural order and being supernatural occurrences.' This is quite true in the objective view of them. There are three words used in the original Greek of the New Testament for 'miracles' in our Revised Version of the Bible, viz., *τέρας* (not *θαύμα*), which implies a prodigy such as frequently described by Livy, Herodotus, etc.; *σημεῖον* (= a sign); and *δύναμις* (= an exercise of power). The first two are often joined together in the New Testament and in the Septuagint. The same occurrence is, in fact, from the one side *τέρας*, and from the other *σημεῖον*. To those who cannot claim omniscience what seems an interruption of natural laws may be described as *τέρας*, whereas in reality it is only the manifestation of some higher law not at present understood. The advance of science and the progress of invention transform the miracle of one generation into the commonplace of the next. If dirigible vessels for the navigation of the air, which fifty years ago would have been deemed impossible, are now regarded as no extraordinary means of locomotion, surely we can realise how much there is in the control of the forces of Nature which is still a sealed book to humanity. The greatest minds among scientific philosophers are conscious that we are only lifting a corner of the fringe of the curtain which conceals the working of these unknown forces. Sir Isaac Newton said that he seemed to himself to have been like a boy playing on the sea-shore and now and then finding a smoother pebble whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before him. It was because Christ, from the fulness of His spiritual vision, knew of the working of what to us are supernatural laws, that His wonderful works were to Him *σημεῖα*, or signs, and to those present *τέρατα*, or wonderful occurrences. It is to be noticed that the miracles of the New

Testament are never described as *τέρατα* (prodigies) alone. The other word, *σημεῖα*, is always added, sometimes *δυνάμεις* as well. The last word means exhibitions of power inherent in Christ. We know that on one occasion, viz., that of the healing of the woman with internal hæmorrhage, mentioned above (Luke viii. 43), Christ said: 'I perceived that power had gone forth from Me.' Other words for miracles are *ἐνδοξα* (glorious things) (Luke xii. 17), *παράδοξα* (strange things) (Luke v. 26), also *θαυμάσια* (things provoking wonder), but never *θαύματα* (wonders) in New Testament.

What then is a strange occurrence, provoking wonder among human beings, called a miracle or by any other name, is nothing extraordinary to the Divine Worker. It is the bringing into play of some force or correlation of forces of which at present men are not cognisant.

It is the same Divine Healer who is at work in the skill of the doctor. He blesses the means that He has provided for working cures. He guides the surgeon's knife. His presence is there if not realised,

In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesaret's shore.

It is generally admitted that Christ is a historical Person, that He lived on this earth and did many wonderful works. His detractors could not apparently deny the facts, but they attributed the results to evil agency. The question of immediate importance is, Was this power of healing bequeathed by Christ to His Church as a sacred commission? If not, what is the explanation of the numerous charges given to the Seventy, the Apostles and elders, to heal the sick? 'Heal the sick' (Matt. x. 8); 'Into whatsoever city ye enter . . . heal the sick' (Luke x. 8, 9); 'These signs shall follow them that believe: in My name . . . they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover' (Mark xvi. 17, 18); 'He that believeth on Me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto the Father' (John xiv. 12). That the commission was accepted literally by the Apostles and early Church we find from numerous passages in the other books of the New Testament: 'They even carried out the sick into the streets, . . . And there also came together the multitude from the cities round about Jerusalem, bringing sick folk, and them that were vexed with unclean spirits: and they were healed every one' (Acts v. 15, 16); again 'From many of those which had unclean spirits, they came out . . . and many that were palsied, and that were lame, were healed' (Acts viii. 7). During St. Paul's brief visit to Malta the father of Publius, the ruler of the island, was cured by prayer

bishops expressing their unanimous appreciation of the value of the series of healing missions held in that country is a proof that the benefits received outweighed the danger incurred.

The writer has had two examples of spiritual healing within the range of his personal knowledge. They are the cases of a brother and sister. To take the latter first. A delicate child of seven years old, wasted with consumption, she was given up by the doctors as an incurable case. They said it was impossible for her to live out the year. She was left to the care of her elder sister, herself at that time quite a girl. The latter was impelled by some influence, that she could not account for, to give her an open-air life with a diet of fruit and fats, against the advice of everyone with whom she came in contact. Subsequently this treatment has been found by the medical profession to be the right way of dealing with consumptives. This inward intuition was doubtless sent in answer to intense and earnest prayer for guidance. One night, after suffering intense mental agony as to whether she was 'a murderess,' as she had been told she was, a vision came to her in the spirit, confirming the treatment and saying the child would live. Taking the child back to the doctor a few years later, she astonished him and drew from him the remark, 'You have worked a miracle. You have adopted the only treatment possible, which neither I nor any other doctor I know would have had the courage to prescribe.' This was thirty-five years ago, and the patient is still living and healthy. This is plainly an example of spiritual healing extending to the restoration of bodily health.

The second, although it shows undoubtedly the work of the Divine Healer, did not result in the restoration of the body. The patient was suffering from malignant cancer in the throat. He was not a church-goer, but was a religious man, with an intense conviction of the presence of God in His creation and a real appreciation of all that is beautiful in Nature and art. It was about nine months ago that the growth appeared in his throat. He disregarded it for a time, but, as it did not disappear, he was prevailed on to consult a doctor. He was sent as an out-patient to two London hospitals. From each he was discharged, as they could do nothing for him. In the autumn the growth had become so enlarged, and he was so troubled with pain in the head, that he had to give up work. He was taken to one of Mr. Hickson's services early in November. The same day arrangements were made for him to visit the Cancer Hospital as an out-patient, where X-ray treatment was given him and everything done that could be done. Just before Christmas he was recommended to be taken to the country. He received the Holy Communion twice before the end. The parish clergyman also laid his hands

upon him with prayer. But it was to his sister that he seemed to look for closest sympathy. She would breathe out her whole soul in prayer for his relief. In the earlier stages of his suffering she would lay her hands on his head with prayer, and the pain would go from him, and he would fall into a natural sleep. To the end she was always with him. A visit to the Cancer Hospital was made in the middle of January, and one to a local hospital a little later. The doctors all said that nothing further could be done unless artificial feeding could be resorted to. They were afraid the last scene would be painful, from the patient's difficulty in taking food and in breathing. The growth on both sides of the throat had increased alarmingly. About a fortnight before the end a most remarkable change occurred in the patient's condition. His power of breathing was completely restored. He enjoyed free natural breathing, he said. He was able to take nourishment until two hours before the end, which came so peacefully in the middle of the night that those with him could not tell the exact moment of his passing away. During the last fortnight the morphia medicine was gradually discontinued, as, the pain ceasing, there was no necessity for it. Those that were with him felt that it was not the disease which was ultimately the cause of his departure, but that God took him away.

Surely this is an instance in which spiritual healing can be seen to have taken place. There was a calmness and peaceful resignation which is the most beautiful trait of a Christian character. No word of complaint had escaped the patient through all his suffering, no mention of the hardness of his lot. During the last fortnight there was distinctly a gradual loss of pain, and the end, which is often so protracted, and sometimes so distressing, was like the falling of a child to sleep.

What is the real aim of those who are interested in the revival of spiritual healing in the Church?

First, that it should be clearly taught and emphasised from every pulpit that disease and sickness are evil things against which we have to fight, results of the prevalence of sin in the world, and not conditions in which we should calmly acquiesce, as being the will of God. Our Lord fought disease, it has been said, as He fought the devil. He attributed disease to the devil. He spoke of the woman with a spirit of infirmity whom He healed on the Sabbath Day as having been bound by Satan 'these eighteen years.' He rebuked the fever from which St. Peter's mother-in-law was suffering. He told the Seventy on their return from their mission, when they said, 'Even the devils are subject to us in Thy name,' that He beheld Satan as lightning fallen from heaven. After the healing of a dumb demoniac, He met the suggestion that He cast out devils through Beelzebub,

the prince of the devils, by saying, 'If Satan is divided against himself, how shall his kingdom stand?'

The second point to be insisted upon is that all healing of spirit, soul and body is Divine. The doctor provides treatment and medicine to the best of his knowledge, but he knows that the actual healing is from some higher power. The specialist in mental cases can offer suggestion, but the working of the cure is from above. So the spiritual healer knows that any benefit he is the means of bringing is directly attributable to the Divine Healer, who always works through human agency. When the two Apostles SS. Peter and John had healed the man that had been lame from his birth and were asked 'By what power or in what name have ye done this?' they said in their reply that it was in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, 'and in none other is there' *salvation* (i.e., healing of body, soul and spirit) (Acts iv. 12).

Lastly, in accordance with the suggestion in the Report of the Archbishop's Committee, p. 17,

We are of opinion that much good might be done by the appointment of a permanent committee of clergy, doctors and psychologists to advise the authorities of the Church on these matters.

Surely something practical might result. What we want is corporate action by the Church as the body of Christ. In every rural deanery there might be appointed a small body of clergy and laity who are specially interested in this revival, and who would encourage and instruct all who need help. In every parish there might be an intercessory service weekly for the sick and suffering, and all should be encouraged to apply to the parish priest for special prayer and ministration. If all were properly instructed, individual sufferers would be more prepared to ask for the special sacramental ministry of 'laying on of hands or unction.' These two means of grace should never be used without special desire and careful preparation. The clergy are not forward or pushing in their wish to make use of these outward forms. They themselves are shy, and shrink from the responsibility and perhaps from the trouble involved. They should be encouraged to prepare themselves as well as those to whom they minister, that, by a deeper knowledge and clearer insight into the purposes of God, a greater reality may be infused into the work of the Church on earth.

The cry comes from all sides that the Church in this land is discredited. Our churches are often empty; the chief service of all is terribly neglected. May not the spiritual healing be sent as a means of revitalising all that seems so dead, and making our Church what she should be, a living representative of her Lord, doing His work in bringing all to Him, and the channel of the bestowal of His gift of health to spirit, soul and body?

C. H. PRICHARD.

THE VIVISECTION OF DOGS

A REJOINDER TO MR. STEPHEN PAGET

IN so far as the 'reply' by the Vice-Chairman of the Research Defence Society in the March issue of *The Nineteenth Century* can be discussed seriously, it reminds me strongly of the Bourbons, who 'had learnt nothing and forgotten nothing' in their years of exile; and, even still more forcibly, of Rip Van Winkle.

To consider *seriatim* his 'criticisms.' He allows that the word 'vivisection' is revolting; and goes on to remark: 'But another word, "anti-vivisection," is more revolting. And here surely Dr. Snow agrees with me.' Dr. Snow assuredly does nothing of the kind. Having devoted his life for the past twenty years mainly to the laborious study of vivisectional practices and of what they consist, he is naturally filled with loathing for them and would gladly see them ended. They materially impede the progress of Science, and retard Civilisation. So far as his halting words of execration may be deemed to possess any weight of authority, he would remark that they are uttered by a man who has carefully studied, not merely one, but both sides of the great question at issue.

But unpopularity and public dislike of an unpleasant topic do not tend to bar the use of the word 'anti-vivisection,' or to cast odium on those who support the cause whereof it is the recognised symbol. Very much to the contrary. The term connotes high honour to those reasoning men and women who have taken the trouble to study the subject—who have learnt to recognise the truth, who strive strenuously to make that truth prevail throughout the world. That 'anti-vivisection' denotes the simple truth—from every really scientific point of view, as well as from the moral and evolutionary side—is a fact beyond all controversy.

And on the supposed odium attaching to those persons who are proud to call themselves 'anti-vivisectionists,' and lose no opportunity of denouncing root and branch that objectionable and futile practice, I would point out that the world only manages to acquire knowledge on points most vitally concerning it by

very slow and gradual degrees indeed ; as for example, in the very early centuries of Christianity.

'Lawson Tait's dog not bleeding to death when its hind-leg was amputated.' On this I am accused of constructing 'a false theory that a dog's arterial system is profoundly distinct from our own.' Where is the falsehood? The fact is undisputed. Its correctness is universally admitted by all experts with the requisite knowledge, and those persons whose eyes are not blinded by the current vivisectional prejudices of the era. It should not be forgotten, by the way, that Lawson Tait was by far the most original and daring surgeon of the nineteenth century, and that the greatest weight attaches, both scientifically and practically, to his lightest utterance on most things. Mr. Paget strangely belittles his own profession in casting a stone at Lawson Tait.

Then we get to poisons, and the striking discrepancy in their effects on man contrasted with the sub-human animals, as also among these animals themselves. These well-proven and indisputable facts conclusively demonstrate to every reasoning mind the futility of applying to human beings the asserted conclusions resulting from animal-experimentation.

Whenever Mr. Paget meets with an argument he cannot evade, he terms it 'a cliché,' or, intending to be more opprobrious still, 'an anti-vivisection cliché.' So my remark about these poisons is duly stigmatised as 'an old anti-vivisection cliché.' Nevertheless, just as Galileo said on a certain notable occasion, '*e pur si muove*'—the facts remain—and, were true science only in the ascendant, would immediately put a stop to a huge volume of so-called 'research' experiments. The worst of this is that, as Mr. Paget so very aptly and ingenuously expresses the point, 'nobody takes it seriously.'

'The dog dies under chloroform almost immediately.' Again, of course, we find 'this old cliché.' But he does. The fact is vouched for by numerous competent veterinary surgeons—I think, indeed, by almost all. It does not rest on the unsupported evidence of a single witness before a Royal Commission, as Mr. Paget appears to imagine. Let him ask any competent veterinary surgeon he knows. Space will not permit me to cite authorities.

'Dr. Crile's atrocious experiments on fourteen dogs in Professor Victor Horsley's laboratory at University College.' Mr. Paget says that 'the only thing which matters here' is the fact that Lord Lambourne (then Colonel Lockwood) told the House of Commons that the Royal Commission (of which he was a member) believed they were painless.

I disagree very emphatically. The point which ranks in my mind as most important by far—there are others, but I cannot dwell on them now—is that the Royal College of Surgeons,

eventually, at the Medical Congress of 1912, made Crile one of its Honorary Fellows. That shows the unfortunate trend of medical opinion in these degenerate days of ours, and its overwhelming prejudice in favour of animal experimentation, or, on the other hand, its deplorable subservience to the decrees of the autocratic manufacturing chemist, who now rules with a rod of iron my once noble and independent profession.

I stated that 'science has shown rabies and hydrophobia to be antiquated superstitions and no more.' Mr. Paget, with striking courtesy, asks: 'What is the good of answering this sort of rubbish?' It is a pity that he is so profoundly ignorant of the extensive literature on this topic, both in England and America, whose conclusions, as above expressed, remain uncontradicted. I would refer him to Mrs. Hedley Thomson's *Béchamp or Pasteur?* chap. xvii.; to the *Reminiscences of Sir Henry Smith*, late Commissioner of the City of London Police; to the remarks of Dr. Charles W. Dulles, Lecturer on Historical Medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, published in the *Journal of Zoophily*, March 1914; and to the article 'Mad Dogs and Worms,' by Arnold F. George, in *The Open Dog*, April 1915 (New York).

The great Sir Frederick Treves is quoted as complaining in a letter to *The Times* that a certain statement of his (given *in extenso* by me) had been wrongly adopted as evidence against vivisection in general. Here is a sentence from that letter, as given in full by Mr. Paget: 'I said that I had found that operations on the intestines of dogs were useless as a means of fitting the surgeon for operations on the canine bowel.'

In face of Sir Frederick's own admission here, we may leave the point as it stands. So far as I know, no one ever took it any further, or tried to apply it to the whole field of vivisection pursuits. But Sir Frederick was plainly unhappy ever after he had made it, and was continually making efforts to wriggle out of the necessary conclusions it involved. Nobody could ever suspect a man in his position of setting himself to oppose vivisection in the schools.

On the question of anæsthesia and animal experiments involving pain we learn, to our surprise and sorrow, that 'Here, after much floundering in "platform facts," Dr. Snow ventures on a desperate assertion, which nobody can hold for true, unless it is somebody profoundly ignorant of the administration of the Act.' I said that the whole anæsthetic business is very largely a sham—dust thrown in the eyes of a credulous public, and very little more. Anybody who has at all gone into the question knows this is actually the case. For one thing, numerous licences are issued which exempt the licensee from obligation to use an anæsthetic which would defeat the object of the experiment.

For another, the suffering and pain only supervene, in many instances, at a much later stage. For another, the 'researches' take place in secluded laboratories, and the inspectors supposed to ensure perfect humanity are appointed from the ranks of the vivisectors themselves. Therefore they necessarily see eye to eye with these, and cannot be held for a moment to be judicial or impartial. For another, no prosecution for cruelty can take place without the Home Secretary's leave, and practically after the lapse of six months. For yet further reasons, chloroform can hardly ever be administered to dogs because it so quickly kills them—morphia only stupefies; frequently any anæsthesia at all would preclude the aim of the research in question.

I surely need say no more in support of my 'desperate assertion,' as my opponent terms it. Talk of Billingsgate, forsooth! That savoury locality is not in it with a thorough-going vivisection advocate.

I pointed out that morphia is not an anæsthetic, and in support of my position quoted Sir Henry Morris's answer to the Royal Commission. Mr. Paget now disputes this. But why invoke high authority, titled or otherwise, at all? Ask any medical student of a year or two's standing. There must be few such who have not undergone sundry hypodermic injections of morphia—'for experimental purposes,' of course.

It is hardly necessary to follow Mr. Paget in his reference to the somewhat archaic attack on Miss Frances Power Cobbe by Victor Horsley at the Church Congress in 1892. Enough to say that probably reached the highest watermark in personal abuse and angry vivisectional vituperation. As at the time expressed, a comparatively unknown 'young man assailed an eminent literary lady, old enough to have been his mother, with such pleasant and playful epithets as "ranked imposture," "abyss of mendacity and immorality," *et iis similia*. I would only suggest that Miss Cobbe's grand work against scientific folly, cruelty, and unscrupulous wickedness has well stood the test of time; that now, after long years, it seems to be well-nigh attaining its proper fruit.

Anent Lord Banbury's Bill, Mr. Paget says with conspicuous acumen, 'We may feel fairly sure that the Bill, if it is to come again before Parliament, needs better support than it had in past years.' Rather a case of the obvious, is it not? But we will let that pass. Then he continues, 'Parliament has had enough, and more than enough, of old instances already disproved, of unfounded assertions, and of mere abuse.'

I am not aware that Parliament has ever had to encounter even one of these evils. Has it ever seriously discussed a single anti-vivisection principle or proven fact, such as the few set

forth in my article? Who *could* place these before it with accuracy and fair impartiality? Certainly not such peers as the late Lord Curzon, who in his busy life could have found time to study them in the least; or Lord Knutsford, the spokesman of the London Hospital—therefore bound to uphold, at all hazards, the existing system at the schools.

The world is advancing—scientifically at any rate, if not always morally. Hence, when the occasion arises, I would fain hope that these truly scientific facts and well-proven principles will be duly laid in detail before the Legislature, and not burked by incompetent or self-seeking debates. Were that so, I am confident that the results would prove in the highest degree beneficial to real, not pretended, Science—as to Civilisation at large. The existing darkness is assuredly profound; but after night always comes the dawn. I, and those who think with me, ask only for inquiry and reasonable investigation.

HERBERT SNOW.

THE SCIENCE OF LISTENING.

THE act of listening is by no means simple. The process is largely mental, an analysis of the impressions resulting from concentration where an effort of will is required. On the other hand, the operation involves physical processes which are to some extent automatic—for example, no amount of mental effort can protect us from a sound too obtrusive.

In recent years the study of the ear as an instrument for the reception of sounds has been much advanced, and the practice of conscious listening has been more developed than ever before. Night after night thousands of 'wireless' enthusiasts listen in, and become during the process more and more conscious of distracting foreign sounds. Their impatience is a measure of the distraction, and the effort to concentrate involves continuous mental application. In order to relax their efforts they increase the power of their wireless installations beyond that required for normal hearing. In either case they employ their ears abnormally.

If the ordinary telephone, which gives such good speech reproduction, be replaced by the 'loud speaker,' the discriminating listener has to ignore obvious faults in reproduction, and no doubt learns in time how to make allowance for slight or obvious misinterpretation.

What is the mechanism by which we listen? The ear contains an assortment of physical apparatus so complex that its mode of working has well-nigh defied the powers of physicists and physiologists.

The seat of the operation of listening is so deeply embedded in the skull, so near that vital part, the brain, that it is extremely difficult to study the workings of the various parts. Certain experiments on domestic animals—many of them repulsive—have been carried out, but with extremely little useful result. Yet theories of listening are not wanting, and much bitterness has been engendered in the conflict of opinions—a conflict even now by no means over. To name a few, there are the 'resonance theory' of Helmholtz, the 'telephone theory' of Waller and others, the 'non-resonant theory' of Emile ter Kuile, the 'maxi-

mum amplitude theory' of Gray, and more recent theories which borrow some ideas from those previously existing. There is the theory of the Helmholtz school that pitch is recognised by special organs of the ear, and, against this, that of Mayer and others, which endows the brain alone with pitch discrimination. Such a conflict of opinions do we find, but none that can be pressed forward at the present time with that degree of finality which carries full authority.

Nevertheless, recent studies of the power of the ear to listen have been extremely fruitful. We are greatly indebted to the large research organisations in America and the extremely exhaustive and painstaking researches which American physicists have undertaken, many of which modern requirements in telephony have made essential.

Recent advances are along the lines of measurement of the auditory sensations. What do we mean by pitch, by quality, and by loudness? These have their physical counterpart in frequency, wave-form and intensity, all of which are ultimately capable of measurement by ordinary laboratory operations; but are the sensation of pitch and the sensation of loudness capable of measurement?

It was only quite recently that such a question could be answered. The advent of the thermionic tube or the familiar 'valve' of the wireless installation is largely responsible for the methods now available for measuring sensation. We can now produce 'pure' sounds of known intensity and increase that intensity progressively by measurable amounts, while at the same time controlling the pitch, over the whole range of human audition. We can discover the threshold of intensity of the sound audible to the ear for various pitches; the threshold being the extremely faint sound of which the ear is just dimly conscious.

From a large number of apparently normal ears a good average value for this threshold of intensity can be obtained for notes of all pitches. This is the datum line of hearing. At the other end of the scale of loudness another set of values can be obtained for the intensity of sound at which the ear ceases to perceive the sound without the sensation of pain, and we are told that this point, associated with a 'tickling' sensation, is quite definite. Now, considering any one pitch of sound, there are, between the two limits so defined, a certain number of distinct sensations of loudness, and a scale can be built up. This work is principally due to Knudsen, who subjected the ear to such graduations of loudness that one can just be distinguished from its neighbour, and he found that for sounds that were not too faint the intensities had to be increased by steps of 10 per cent. to realise this condition. This quantity, called the Fechner ratio, was sensibly constant

over a wide range of values, and moreover it was also constant for notes of all pitches. Now when we consider any one pure sound, *i.e.*, one of constant pitch, and increase its loudness, we can find how many steps are required to pass from the sensation of 'just hearing' to that of hearing with pain. Here is a unit of loudness, and the position of the sound on our scale of sensations is measured by the number of such units above the threshold value. It was found that although the intensity value of the threshold of listening alters, yet all sounds of single frequency convey to the ear sensations of equal loudness if the numbers of sensations above this threshold value were equal. Any automatic instrument for the production of music, such as the earlier form of 'piano-player,' must of necessity ignore this condition. For if we assume that we have an instrument at our disposal so perfect in mechanism that the sound emitted is proportional to the mechanical force employed, and that we can play a succession of notes by application of a constant force, the loudness of the individuals in this succession will not be the same, because the datum line or the threshold intensity of the sound for the various pitches varies, and our sensations of loudness depend on the number of independently recognisable intermediate sensations from the threshold value to the given sound. This error is corrected by the 'touch' of the performer, who, while satisfying his own ear, will satisfy those of the listeners which are similar to his own. For a person partially deaf the 'datum' line is raised, the number of sensation steps to the given sound reduced, and the sound appears fainter as the result. He must definitely get nearer to the source of sound to appreciate equal loudness, and if he is very deaf he may never attain to the required condition, for the source may excite the sensation of pain before it can rise sufficiently high on the sensation scale. The mechanical apparatus in the ear has its limitations, and the intense vibration communicated to the ear of a deaf person cannot convey the same sensation to his ear as a vibration of the same character, equally loud in the above sense, can convey to another person of acute hearing.

Discrimination of pitch has also been measured, and here again we are indebted to the work of Knudsen.

The listener whose ears are examined for pitch discrimination is subjected to a succession of 'pure' sounds whose pitches are slowly raised by intervals which the ear can just discriminate. Examination of the frequencies of such notes shows that each step corresponds to about 0.3 per cent. change in frequency over a wide range of musical sounds, although this value becomes greater at the two extremities of the musical scale. Here again we have a sensation scale, but the datum line or zero of sensation at the lower end of the musical scale is not so well defined as the

datum line of threshold intensity. Text-book values of the upper and lower limits of audible frequency are only approximate, and not borne out by satisfactory experiment.

The datum line of intensity rises for both the higher and the lower notes, so that if we use a musical instrument whose compass gives the necessary range we must increase the intensity at the extremities of the scale in order to be sure we are above the threshold value. At its lower limit probably the normal ear perceives about twenty vibrations per second, and at its upper limit 20,000. The steps in pitch sensation can be appreciated when considering a given note on the pianoforte. Thus between the octave C above middle C and the note D above it there are about forty sounds whose pitch can be discriminated. The note giving the maximum number of loudness sensations has a frequency of about 1000 vibrations per second corresponding to C, two octaves above middle C, and, according to Fletcher, the number of these loudness sensations amounts to 270. At the upper and lower limits of the musical scale the number of recognisable loudness sensations of course becomes zero.

Between the limits now laid down, *viz.*, those of sensations of pitch and those of sensations of loudness, it has been experimentally proved that the ear can distinguish about 300,000 different pure sounds if it is normal. It is difficult to survey these figures without a profound admiration of the ear as a scientific instrument. The capacity of the ear, however, is only partially demonstrated by this analysis. It can appreciate an immense number of complex sounds.

At first examination the number distinguishable would seem to be too great to be expressed in ordinary figures, but this need not be so. The reason is that one tone tends to mask another. A number of facts have been brought out by Fletcher which illustrate this point. Bearing in mind that two simple tones give equal loudness when the number of steps of sensation above the threshold is the same for each, a similar treatment may be applied to a complex sound. It is found, however, that when a simple and a complex tone are matched for equal loudness the latter is lower down on the sensation scale. The reason for this is the alteration in quality of the complex sound as it is rendered progressively weaker. Some of the constituents of the complex sound are stronger than others, and as the whole sound is reduced the weaker constituents are gradually eliminated. The listener as the complex sound increases from zero first appreciates the threshold value of the strongest constituent, and the sensation of loudness, as the intensity of the complex sound is increased, is augmented by the coming in of the weaker constituents. A complex sound, heard at a distance and when it becomes exceed-

ingly faint, becomes simpler and ultimately a pure sound. The importance, therefore, of the distance of a listener from a given complex sound rendered by a musical instrument is immediately obvious.

Another phenomenon is the masking effect which one pure sound exerts on another. In the presence of a low-pitched sound the threshold value of a high-pitched sound is considerably raised, although it was shown by Mayer that the reverse was less marked. Further work on masking effect has been done by Fletcher, who showed that a pure sound exerts a strong masking effect on another sound whose pitch is not far removed from it. Generally speaking, the low-pitched note may be said to be more persistent than that of high pitch—it 'comes through.'

An example of this phenomenon is given in the impression we receive when listening to an aeroplane. The non-musical high-pitched rustle and rattle of the aeroplane machinery and the rush of air in motion round it are, to the near observer, predominant on account of their intensity. The lower-pitched tone, however, comes out as the range increases and is audible when all the high-pitched sounds have disappeared. This is not a complete explanation of the improvement in quality of the aeroplane sound at a distance, as will be shown later, but it accounts for some of the effect.

The degree of masking, exhibited by any given sound, of another produced simultaneously can only be measured by a long series of experiments, and the results vary with the person undergoing the test. Recent developments suggest, however, the possibility of enumerating some definite laws.

The sounding of a common chord on any musical instrument will produce different effects on different listeners, depending on their nearness to the original source, and the rendering of any musical number, so that the correct emphasis is laid on any given note, can only be the outcome of skill and practice in which full consideration is given to all the points referred to above. This refinement of listening is no doubt seldom practised, but to the trained musical ear quality of sound is a matter of prime importance.

The testing of deafness is another operation which recent researches are placing on a more scientific basis. Tuning forks and ticking watches, which, properly used, can give a rough diagnosis, will no doubt be replaced by a special instrument designed on a scientific basis—in fact, one such instrument is already being made for the market.

Of the 300,000 pure tones capable of recognition a certain proportion are lost by the partially deaf individual. The threshold or datum line is raised in treble, or bass, or some intermediate

position, and patients can be classified in the same way as those suffering from colour-blindness. For a complete examination, of course, the whole gamut of musical sounds must be investigated, but in actual practice it is sufficient to take a succession of six or eight notes at octave intervals and to find the position of the threshold for listening in terms of that given by a normal listener. With increasing age the ear gradually loses sensitivity for the high-pitched sounds, but such loss is not quite uniform as the scale is ascended. Thus, as the pitch is raised to its upper limit the ear alternates between deafness and normality, until ultimately no further sound can be distinguished.

Deafness in the high pitches leads to difficulty in recognising speech, although, through the presence of ample sound sensation in the low pitches, the listener might not describe himself as deaf. Occasionally listeners show deafness in the lower pitches, or lack of sensitivity in the middle of the musical scale.

It can never be realised how much the partially deaf lose in their appreciation of the rendering of any musical piece. By means of the apparatus now available, however, it is possible to give numerical values for degrees of deafness and to record improvement under treatment.

Another phenomenon, the power of some deaf people to hear in a disturbing noise, is not yet susceptible of measurement, but is now being made the subject of special research.

The listener is greatly influenced by his surroundings. The manner in which sound is modified by the room in which it is produced is a matter of vital importance. This fact has probably never been so greatly appreciated as during the recent broadcasting developments of 'wireless.' Reverberation, so well eliminated in the B.B.C. studios, is very prominently exhibited in the performances at Covent Garden Theatre or in the services at St. Martin's Church. We are told that absolute 'deadness' or freedom from reverberation is not desirable for good musical effect. In the matter of dealing with reverberation we are again indebted to American physicists, of whom W. C. Sabine was the pioneer. The measurement of absorbing power for sound of various fabrics and plasters yielded results which are capable of translation into practical use, the outcome of which is that the most modern American concert-halls and churches give almost perfect acoustics. The subject of architectural acoustics is now engaging the attention of English physicists, and there is still much work to be done in devising rigid methods of acoustical measurement.

The quality of sound heard in a closed room differs materially from that heard in the open air, unless the walls are perfectly absorbent, a condition which can only be approximately realised

at immense expense. If a true estimate of any performance of orchestra or band is required, listening should be in the open air. The size of the audience, however, is then more limited. Some compromise is effected by the use of the open-air theatre of the Greek or Roman type, but the employment of reflecting surfaces to enhance the sound inevitably modifies the general effect in actual quality. For speech in the open air various authorities have estimated the ranges for useful listening in all positions round the average speaker. Thus Roger Smith in his book on *Acoustics of Public Buildings* quotes a range of 92 feet in front of, 75 feet at the side of, and 31 feet behind a speaker suitably placed, and he limits the size of a seated audience in the open air to a thousand persons.

The size of the open-air audience is, however, so intimately connected with the interrupting sounds which may be anticipated that any figures are subject to qualification. The amphitheatre has, of course, advantages over level ground, and a good view of the speaker is desirable on psychological as well as acoustical grounds.

Open-air listening, which is not purely local, is subject to disabilities inseparable from atmospheric conditions. Only on the rarest occasions is the air in a state of stagnation. Never is the temperature constant even for heights of a few thousand feet. Refraction of sound occurs which results in the departure of the acoustical from the visual sky-line. We speak of an adverse wind, and generally conclude that if the wind is blowing against the sound the range of listening will be reduced. In general this is true. There are cases, however, in which the opposite effect is observed. As a general rule a westerly or south-westerly wind blowing in the direction of sound is favourable for its detection at a distance, but it sometimes happens that it is easier to hear a source of sound to the westward in a wind coming from the east.

The reason for these divergent results is that we are not merely concerned with the ground wind, but also with the speed of wind in the upper regions of the air. In general the wind increases as we ascend—a condition favourable to the refraction of the sound downwards when it is travelling in the direction of the wind. On occasion, however, the wind is less at heights above ground level, or the wind may so veer as we ascend that the movement in the upper air in the direction of the incoming sound may be less than on the ground. The sound is then refracted upwards and passes over the listener's head. Such condition occurs more frequently with easterly than with westerly winds in this country. Only on the rarest occasions, therefore, does the listener hear equally well from all directions. For those living in the neighbourhood of a great metropolis the advantage of

sound refraction is specially noticeable. We are deaf, so to speak, to the sounds on one side of us. This phenomenon is of course perfectly familiar, and was explained mathematically by Osborne Reynolds some fifty years ago. Interest in the matter has revived since listening to aeroplanes has brought it into prominence. With the more perfect meteorological data now available we are able to anticipate good hearing, and from a knowledge of the upper winds of which the Meteorological Office keeps us informed we may estimate the amount of refraction and hence the listening ranges. One of two illustrations may perhaps be of interest. The one o'clock gun which was for so long familiar to the inhabitants of Woolwich furnished a source of sound of remarkable constancy. In temporary buildings not 600 yards away the sound of the explosion was heard and used as a signal for the lunch-hour break. On some occasions the explosion produced an unpleasant shock; on others so little sound was received that the signal was actually overlooked. The gun was visible from the place referred to, and the effect was entirely one of refraction. By simple calculation it could be shown that the explosion would be heard with almost uniform intensity from day to day at the top of the neighbouring wireless mast, 80 feet high. One may regard the gun as being thrust below the acoustical sky-line for the observer on the ground. If the observer ascends he can extend the range of his acoustical horizon—just as from a kite-balloon an observer can get extended visual range. Let the listener take note of traffic on the road and observe the range of hearing a car when approaching and receding, or let him observe a railway train under the same conditions. The aural time of warning of approach, which may have some importance, is a measure of the amount of atmospheric refraction of sound. In a cross-wind the ranges would be equal.

On a still night abnormally short or long ranges are sometimes perceived. This is due to refraction also, the refraction being caused by variation in temperature of the different air strata. If the lower layers of air are colder than those above, the sound travels most favourably along the ground. One illustration may be quoted.

On a calm evening in the autumn the temperature of the waters of the Exe estuary would be cooler than the air above it, and the resulting temperature distribution would be such that the lower air strata would be cooler than those above. This is opposite to the normal distribution, which gives a gradual fall of temperature on ascent. To the listeners on the Exmouth front the sounds of the Great Western trains proceeding to Dawlish would then be remarkably loud, giving a surprising sense of nearness to a track which is at least one and a half miles away.

Perhaps, however, the evidence of refraction is more noticeable when listening to approaching aircraft. When listening to an approaching aeroplane flying against the wind it is surprising how suddenly the sound announces the approach. It has been shown that the aeroplane climbs over an 'acoustical sky-line,' and we get the dawn of a diffused sound, hard to locate with accuracy, suddenly developing into the full effect when the source of sound has 'risen.' Aural sense of direction then becomes perfectly definite.

Before climbing the acoustical sky-line there is the 'acoustical dawn,' or for the reverse direction the 'acoustical twilight,' the duration of which depends on the acoustical transparency of the air. We borrow the phraseology of light in order to give a conception of these acoustical effects. The duration of twilight in our vapour-laden atmosphere extends to nearly an hour; in tropical climates this duration is short. So also in atmospheres laden with 'acoustic clouds' or 'acoustic dust' we get the extension of time during which the sound of an approaching aeroplane is diffuse.

These 'acoustic clouds' are whirls and eddies, patches of warm or cold air, masses of air more or less humid, but possibly quite invisible to the eye. On a warm summer day there is never freedom from these clouds, on a calm summer evening the clouds dissipate. We hear better, not only observing a greater loudness of the sound, but also acquiring a keener sense of direction.

The 'acoustical atmosphere' can vary so greatly that the thunder peal in the greatly disturbed air is lost at a few miles, while on other occasions the relatively weak sounds of wheeled traffic can be heard for the same range. On a hot, oppressive day the hum of insects quite near the listener seems insistently loud, while he is conscious of a blanketing of distant sounds. Like the glare of the headlights thrown back on the driver of a car moving in mist, the sound is thrown back, and at the same time, like the blurred faintness of the headlights of an approaching car, the distant sound appears abnormally weak.

In patchy fog the steamer siren gives a blast whose reverberations continue for several seconds to the listener on the ship. The range is then small; yet if the fog is uniform the 'acoustical atmosphere' is clear, the range is long, and the sense of direction good. At the same time the reverberation as observed on the ship is very small.

Another effect due to absorption by these 'acoustic clouds' is the change in character of the transmitted sound. If produced by a very distant source like the siren of a light-vessel, the sound is heard with so marked a variation of loudness that the perception of range is constantly varying. A patch of acoustic cloud may

temporarily extinguish the sound, and between blast and blast at intervals of a minute, and at a range of seven or eight miles, the intensity frequently varies from ten to a hundredfold, as has been shown by instrumental measurements. A continuous sound like that of an aeroplane at that range becomes apparently intermittent. Not only in loudness, but also in quality, sound may change under such conditions. Just as the setting sun shows a redness through absorption of long stretches of dust and vapour-laden atmosphere, so also may the complex sound of the siren be deprived of its high-pitched constituents—the raucousness of the sound is diminished, and even the most unpromising Klaxon horn may show some evidence of musical character.

An experiment was performed with a large concave concrete mirror with a Klaxon horn in the focus, and ranges of seven miles were obtained with the resulting sound beam. The sound emerged as a musical note. The distant aeroplane may hum like an organ pipe, and the Klaxon horn which it may carry for sound-signalling purposes may 'coo' with a character quite unrecognisable. For this reason Trinity House employs the low-pitched siren rather than the high-pitched whistle.

The distant band, the far-away peal of bells, become mellow by the absorbing properties of the atmosphere. The low notes of the drum are the last evidences of receding music.

Experiments in listening range have indicated the limitations of sound for sound-signalling purposes. Fortunately for the listener, developments in 'wireless' ranges have not been paralleled in sound. Although very intense sources of vibration can be produced, the atmosphere shows itself incapable of conveying these vibrations away in the form of sound without great losses in energy. The multiplication of horse-power in a sound-producing installation gives little advantage. The atmosphere, therefore, protects us from extreme discomfort. We have also a very remarkable power of accommodation in our listening mechanism, so that we can automatically render ourselves insensitive to intense sounds while still preserving, as occasion demands, our power of hearing and analysing the faintest sounds.

Nevertheless, some attempt should be made to protect the ear and the nervous system involved in the operation of listening from the excessive noises which modern traffic and conditions impose upon us. The faculty of listening will be blunted by over-exertion, just as the eye can be dazzled and rendered inefficient by too strong a light.

There is no more wonderful instrument than the human ear, and one may, in conclusion, urge the importance of its claims for education in critical listening and for protection from unnecessary strain.

W. S. TUCKER.

THE SPARROWHAWK

THE NEST AND ITS CONSTRUCTION

ALL the details of the life of the sparrowhawk are very difficult to work out with any real completeness. The building of the nest is no exception, although at first it seems a comparatively simple matter. In the winter months these birds sometimes build flimsy platforms of considerable area, flat, and of no thickness of material. These platforms are usually built of sticks of uniform thickness. They are not intended for nests, and I suppose that very rarely indeed are they added to later on in the spring, and converted into true nests.

Building proper commences early in February, possibly even in January, though such a thing has not come under my observation. I have noted nests completed, except for the last linings, on February 12 and February 17, and others later in the month. The lining of small twigs in the well of the nest is added about a week before laying commences. As a rule the last lining, bits of bark and touchwood and perhaps an odd dried leaf or so, is added during the laying period and the first few days of incubation. Twigs of all sizes are brought to the nest at odd times during incubation and also during the nestling period up to a few days before the nestlings leave the nest to perch about the tree.

My observations lead me to conclude that the male bird of the pair has at least an equal share in the selection of the site for the nest. This conclusion is strengthened by the fact that this is the case with many other birds. It is a real joy to watch a pair of pied wagtails or spotted flycatchers selecting a site for the nest. The male takes a perfunctory interest in any position that the hen suggests and seems to indicate, 'Well, it's your house, but I don't think much of that one.' On the other hand, if the male suggests a place the female gives it a very thorough inspection, and turns herself about in it and tries it to sit in from various angles before rejecting it. An observer can tell immediately the site is selected and go away satisfied that he knows where the nest will be.

Both birds help in building the nest, but the male works much less than the female. He prefers to go off and hunt, and will

sometimes bring his catch and offer it to his mate. At other times he will perch near the nest, and preen himself, occasionally coming up to the nest as if to inspect operations.

My friend Mr. H. S. Davenport, a great bird observer, told me that he had seen both birds building and that they brought sticks in turn, picking them up from the ground. This must have been at the start of the nest, while coarser and heavier material was being utilised. In many nests the first sticks appear as though they might have been got in this way. The later twigs are invariably broken off the trees, and on careful examination the clean new break can be seen. Personally I should say that it was unusual for the birds to get material from the ground or even to pick up material which they have dropped. I think the heavier material has been found lodged in the trees. Since, however, rooks and jackdaws will both break off twigs and fetch them from the ground, there is no reason that hawks should not do so as well.

Although, in my experience, at least 80 per cent. of the hawks build nests for themselves, the remainder use an old nest for a foundation. Often an old hawk's nest is renovated; sometimes an old nest of jay, pigeon, crow or magpie is used, sometimes a squirrel's drey. There is one small wood near Felsted School that has at least ten old hawks' nests in various stages of dilapidation in it, but each year a new nest has been constructed; when this has been looted, the second laying has been usually in an old nest renovated for the purpose. As in the last few years the female occupying that wood has changed three times, the statement is confirmed that the sparrowhawk builds its own nest. Of the old nests used by the sparrowhawk that of the magpie is most remarkable. In the few cases that have come under my observation the magpies' nests were in the very top of lofty oaks in the middle of woods. Very little alteration had been made in the nests, which were in each case some years old and had lost the thorny top protection.

The hawk is essentially a builder in woods, but there are occasional exceptions even to that. I found a nest, on a wood-pigeon's nest as foundation, in a large quick fence surrounding the grounds at Leez Priory. In 1922 there was one on Felsted Bury Farm in a large solitary oak in the middle of a meadow. Now and then I have seen one in a hedgerow tree. The usual height above the ground of a hawk's nest is between twenty and thirty-five feet. The lowest nest I have ever seen was on an alder stump on the island in Shrawardine Castle pool. This was less than three feet from the ground, and a brood was reared in it. It would have been a perfect godsend for a bird photographer. The next year the nest was in a very slender alder, a few yards away, and not ten

feet high. Another nest I saw was well out on the branch of a small spruce; I could easily reach the branch and bend it down to look into the nest. A few other exceptions to building in trees may be of interest. A pair of hawks were to my knowledge nesting in a wood near Felsted, but though I hunted the wood through, tree by tree, more than once, I could not find the nest, and finally gave up. The next March when I was looking for the new nests I accidentally spotted the nest I had missed in a holly bush in the middle of the wood, and barely six feet from the ground. A brood had been reared in it, and I should have certainly found it had I looked for it after the young had hatched, but then I was busy in my spare time photographing hawks miles away. Another time several searches in a wood failed to find the nest I was sure was there, and only the merest accident revealed it in a very thick clump of honeysuckle on the top of a hawthorn bush too slender to climb. Again, one of the boys found a nest in a blackthorn bush in the middle of a wood; another was found in a hazel, and so insecurely placed that an attempt to get to it brought it down, eggs and all. I have never seen a nest on a rock, but I have seen a nest on a little bush growing out of a small cliff. Mr. Meade-Waldo tells me that he has known hawks to build on the ground in Finisterre. A keeper told me that he once found young ones in a nest in a hollow where a branch had broken out of an ash tree. On my doubting it he assured me that they were not kestrels, but hawks, as he had reared two of the young for his master.

The usual rules for the building sites are that the nests should be built—

1. On one or more limbs against the bole of the tree.
2. With a southern aspect.

The number of exceptions to these rules that I have met is large. The latter rule is the more general, but I have seen a number of nests in which the aspect was far from southern. The position of the nest in the wood depends very considerably on the prevailing wind when the building of the nest started. It is usually close to a ride. I have seen as many as five pairs in a wood of about sixty acres, but each pair seemed to have its own 'territory.' I have, however, had keepers assert that they have noticed two occupied nests in practically adjacent trees. I have seen kestrels and hawks in adjacent trees, but not two pairs of hawks. I have observed quite a large number of nests built away from the bole at distances varying from one to twelve feet. These nests are usually on horizontal branches, and seldom have such a depth of material as a nest placed against the bole.

One of the curious things about a sparrowhawk is that the same bird (or pair) will continue to use the same kind of site year by year. A bird that builds away from the bole once almost

always does so; a bird that makes the nest in an ivy-clad tree will continue to do so. These latter nests are very hard to find even when you know that fact, as the birds usually use a tree well covered with ivy, and the nest is placed where it is difficult to identify. Another pair always used a tree with honeysuckle, and as such trees were scarce, the finding of the nest was very easy.

All theories about the sparrowhawk may seem true, but sooner or later one is certain to get exceptions that more or less damn them. After long searching and watching and comparing from year to year I evolved a theory that birds that had used a wood one season and remained there built early and made entirely new nests for themselves. Every March I searched all the woods I could within reach, and this theory worked out splendidly, as I found the majority of the new nests before leaving for the Easter holidays. But in one wood I got a set-back. A pair of birds arrived there from another much smaller wood and stayed there four years. In not one of those years did they build a new nest for their first nest, but used one of the large number of old nests in the wood. I took the eggs each year, and each time they built an absolutely new nest for the second laying. Each year the first laying consisted of six eggs, and the second of five, of which three were invariably infertile. Another queer thing about this pair was that the matter of aspect seemed of no account whatever. On one occasion I photographed them with a north-western, and on another with a northern, aspect. Both these birds had little peculiarities of their own which I recognised year after year, and this is one of the facts on which I base my conclusion that sparrowhawks pair for life.

In Essex the majority of the woods are oak. Hence most of the nests I see are built in oak trees. In addition to the various curious nesting sites I have already mentioned, I have seen nests in ash, apple, beech, elm, hornbeam, maple, willow, yew, larch, spruce, Scotch fir, pines of various sorts, and birch among other trees. The material of the nest is usually of the same wood as the tree in which the nest is built. The fine lining, however, may contain material of many other kinds, such as lime, briar, hornbeam. Larch and birch twigs are very great favourites for this lining when they can be got. The bark and touchwood are almost invariably obtained from the same wood as the nest tree. If the nest is in a coniferous tree, larch twigs occur, if the birds have been able to find them, no matter what sort of tree the nest is in. The material of a hawk's nest seldom has sticks as thick as a man's first finger. This being so, it is extraordinary that a disused nest will hang together for so long when one thinks how soon any wood, exposed to all kinds of weather, will rot. Yet some of the nests which I look at yearly, to see if they are being

utilised again, have stood more than ten years, and do not look like falling down. At times other birds use these nests. I have known pigeons use them within a few days of the hawk's eggs being taken. Now and then small birds are found building in them. In 1922 a great tit had made a nest and got nine eggs in the lower part of an old hawk's nest. Perhaps the most curious instance of this kind of thing was in a nest in Newpasture Wood, near Saling. The hawk's nest had young on top and a mouse had a family in the lower part at the same time. In the *Field* newspaper accounts have appeared of pheasants laying on old hawks' nests. I have seen long-eared and tawny owls using them on several occasions. So far I have never had a case of a kestrel using a hawk's nest, but I have known of a magpie's nest used by magpie, kestrel, and hawk in successive years.

The hawk seems to build almost entirely on warmish, sunny days, and very spasmodically, at a great rate for a short time and then doing nothing, it may be, for days. Why does it often almost finish the nest in February and then do nothing, that I at any rate can detect, until just before commencing to lay? That it does not work at the nest on dismal foggy, or damp, or cold, bleak days one can understand. Sometimes I have pulled down a completely new nest in April to see what would happen. If the weather has been good, the nest has been rebuilt to the same extent in a couple of days, and *on the same site*. Probably the bird has put down the fall of the nest as due to the weather. At any rate, even if she is not building or adding to it, she must be visiting it, probably every day, sitting in it for a time and turning about in it, to be sure that it is comfortable, and making slight alterations that the eye cannot detect. When the hen brings a twig to the nest she often drops it haphazard, or so it seems, on the brim or in the well and goes for another. She may return several times before doing any real building. This is so even when the young are big. I have watched the hen go and break off several twigs, some large for the brim, some small for the well, and bring them in this way to the nest before settling herself again on the young. Even then she does not at once begin to put them in place. A long period may elapse, and then suddenly she will seize a twig and pull and push and make a great to-do with it. Then follows another pause, and she will have another spell, in which she is as likely to work at the twig which she has already been busy with as any of the other twigs she has brought. Then perhaps she will stand up and start to struggle with the well of the nest, and after a very industrious few minutes leave the nest and return in a short time with a large twig, which she will dump anywhere on the rim and then brood quite contentedly, as if everything were settled quite to her satisfaction. Sometimes, no matter how

much time is spent in watching a bird, she may not be seen fetching a twig half a dozen times in the whole of the incubation and nestling periods.

Some of the birds of prey decorate—that is the only word for it—their nests from time to time with branches, with green leaves or shoots of larch bursting into green. The buzzard does this. The sparrowhawk seldom does it, but I have seen a few instances. In 1917 I was photographing a sitting bird that occasionally fetched elm twigs with leaves and placed them on the nest. I was puzzled, because elms were the least common trees in the neighbourhood. As she put them mostly in the well of the nest, I wondered if they were brought for coolness, as we had cut away a lot of foliage to get more light on the nest, and she was exposed to the sun for a long time in the afternoons.

This year, out of twenty-two hawks' nests I examined, nineteen were entirely new and built by the hawks; one was an old nest renovated; one had as foundation an old nest, and the remaining one had an old pigeon's nest.

I have not the details of the 1922 nests by me, but twenty-one were new out of twenty-three.

In 1921 twenty-six nests were examined, and of them seventeen were entirely new; four were on substantial old nests, one on a flimsy old one, one on a squirrel's drey, one on a pigeon's nest, and one on a magpie's nest; the other was on a nest built in 1920, but not used then. In 1920 out of twenty-six all but four were new. The shape of a nest is nearly circular; this also is the shape of the well in nests built away from the bole. Nests built against the bole are naturally flattened on that side. The largest nest of which I have the measurements was 21 inches by 18 inches across the rim; well, 8.25 inches by 7 inches; depth of material, 11 inches; depth of cup, 3 inches. The smallest measured 14 inches by 13 inches outside; well, 6 inches by 6 inches (a perfect circle); depth of material, 8.5 inches; depth of cup, 2 inches. The deepest cup I have measured was 3.75 inches; the shallowest, 1.75 inch. In a few cases the depth of material has exceeded one foot in measurement; this measurement is taken vertically from the bottom of the material to the level of the top of the nest.

J. H. OWEN.

FAMOUS CHARACTERS OF THE STREETS

FAME, like kissing, goes by favour. Shakespeare and others, of course, have earned their share. Many a soldier and sailor, and at least one tailor, likewise work for celebrity. But there are innumerable others whose names are constantly in our mouths for no particular reason. Why should Tobias Hobson, a long-dead carrier who obliged customers to take the horse nearest the door, be immortalised in the saying 'Hobson's choice'? Why should Jack Horner, an inquisitive messenger who in Tudor times discovered valuable deeds in a pie, have his praises sung in every nursery throughout the land? Why should Joe Miller, so dull an actor that droll stories were ascribed to him out of derision, have become the proverbial wit? Why should an admiral of no particular importance apart from a grogram cloak that won him the nickname of 'Old Grog' be held in affectionate remembrance throughout the Navy? And how is it that Garrick, Kemble, Kean, and Irving will be forgotten long before Puccio d'Aniello, a mere Neapolitan peasant who, as Punchinello and Punch, holds all the stage records?

Perhaps these names live for evermore because of some whims of popular fancy. More probably, however, the reason is to be found in the perplexing problem of personality. If this is so, there are not two kinds of fame after all. The reputations of, say, Bernard Shaw and Grannie of Kingsway spring from similar causes: both are 'personalities' that attract attention. His is made known by means of plays; hers by means of smiles. Naturally his influence is wider spread because machinery takes a hand in its distribution. Nevertheless many an author makes less stir in the world than the old match-seller who sits outside the post office in Kingsway and lifts her sightless face, patient for the sun, with a smile of unshaken belief in the goodness of life. So far that look has only been captured for posterity by an artist of the camera, but surely a painter or sculptor will follow suit so that, when 'the contentment of Grannie of Kingsway' is a proverbial phrase, all may know what it means.

Until to-day street characters have been a cult. Are we changing? Has the restless spirit of this bustling, hectic century

which has banished omnibus-driver, cabby and crossing-sweeper already, decided to transform the stucco London streets we lingered in into brand-new Brummagem thoroughfares to be hurried through? 'Get on or get out' is a slogan that seems to have been forced upon their profession in common with all others. Perhaps even Grannie will be snapped up by some gigantic advertising concern when sky-signs are worn out. Anyhow, the case of Nardi is significant enough. For years he was known as the blind violinist of Bloomsbury. Next he migrated to the West End. To-day he has blossomed forth as a composer. Recently, to mark his departure from England on a concert tour, he gave a recital in Mortimer Street of a programme containing seven pieces of his own—songs, descriptive pieces, and an Indian sonata. Such a climax to a street character's career is unprecedented. There have been cases of talent discovered in the streets, notably Master Smalley, who (a hundred years ago) was picked up starving. A little later the whole of London thrilled to hear this ballad sung by him at Covent Garden:

The Sea was rough, the Clouds were dark,
Far distant every Joy,
When forc'd by fortune to embark,
I went a Ca-bin Boy,
I went a Ca-bin Boy, I went a poor
Ca - - - - -bin Boy.

My Purse soon fill'd with Frenchman's gold,
I hasten'd home with Joy,
But Wreck'd in sight of Port behold
A hapless Ca - - - bin Boy,
A hapless Ca - - - bin Boy, A hap - - less
Ca - - - - -bin Boy.

and whistled all over the town by every errand-boy. Fiddlers, however, generally provide materials for a terrible history of sickness and privation. There was Tom Ellar for one. In his prime he was a harlequin who delighted Dickens, Thackeray, and many youngsters destined for fame, until 'a woman scorn'd' poisoned him; he spent his last years vainly trying to make a livelihood playing outside windows. 'But,' cries the reader, 'street characters make pots of money.' No doubt—but not amateurs like Ellar, who had served his apprenticeship to the boards, not the pavements. In addition, the public that passes by is more changing and fickle than the public that sits in theatres. Of this the sad story of Billy Waters provides proof. He was a one-legged negro violinist—flamboyantly dressed in a naval officer's jacket and trousers, a military cocked hat, and a judge's full-bottomed cauliflower wig—who lived in the palmiest days of his calling, namely, the Regency. Then the ancient title and office of the 'King of the Beggars' still flourished, and in due course

Billy was solemnly enthroned by Soldier Suke, Dingy Bet, Creeping Jack, Ragged Dick, and others equally famous. At first he collected considerable sums of money for his wife and two children. By singing

Polly will you marry me?—Polly don't you cry,
Polly will you marry me?—Polly don't you cry—
Cry—cry—cry!

by 'scraping de cat-gut,' by grinning and by dancing on his wooden stump, he won enough fame to warrant his effigy in earthenware being put on the market. Nemesis, however, overtook him. He was represented, with his associates, in the record-breaking operatic extravaganza called *Tom and Jerry; or, Life in London*. There was, in particular, a supper scene:

Billy. Oh, de supper! de supper! come along [after striking *Creeping Jack on the fingers with a knife*], you damn nasty dog! What for you put your dirty fingers in de gravy? You call dat gentlemen? You want your fingers in de pie, now you got him dere!

and this style of thing was considered so amusing that the public would no longer look at the real Billy. Even the beggars turned against him and gave his crown to Little Jemmy, a freak of nature, and Billy died in St. Giles's workhouse, hoarsely muttering, 'Cuss him, damn Tom—mece—Tom—mece Jerry!' What an end for a prince, even though his subjects had bartered him at birth, so it was said, for two axes, a frying-pan, and a bag of nails!

Fiddlers, however, are a story in themselves. They seem to be a class apart even among street entertainers. They wear an air of romance denied to bombardons and other wind instruments whether they come singly or as the ex-bands of battalions. They also possess the dignity of accomplishment never attained by organ-grinders and their accompanying hordes of spoon-rattlers or befeathered and befrocked 'female impersonators.' Many persons are now gaining a livelihood by providing amusement in London streets. The best known is an imitation of Charlie Chaplin, who carries a weird contrivance made of springs and 'tin hats' which he beats while dancing and singing with intervals for comic relief such as chasing his hat. One must move with the times in this profession. Corpulent gentlemen in Eton suits and burnt cork are welcomed only at the doors of public-houses, since only a man whose heart has been warmed by drink will feel sentimental about the things of the past. (This profound truth also applies to racecourses.) But any street performer whose ambitions soar above express messengers and others whose callings render them glad of a chance to loiter at street corners realises that the need of to-day is novelty. If you saunter through London on a sunny afternoon you will see conjurers,

hand-cuff kings, contortionists, and acrobats (notably a one-legged man) numerous enough to complete a music-hall programme. But even if your tour of inspection continues until the queues line up outside the theatres you are hardly likely to renew acquaintance with the undiscovered Garrick who used to impersonate Napoleon, Nelson, Wellington, an assassin unknown and any old cowboy, using 'no other make-up, ladies and gents, than this here plain and simple fragment of circular black felt, thank you sir.' But Punch is not affected by this revolution in the public taste. If he is no longer to be found cheek by jowl with the statue of Irving, it is because his show is installed at the Duke of York's Theatre, where, as part of the revue, it proves far superior to any modern play in popular appeal.

Still more pronounced is the change among street characters who are not entertainers. We seldom, if ever, have some picturesque ruffian pointed out as a celebrated evil-doer nowadays. Long Meg of Westminster, a 'lusty bouncing romp' of the sixteenth century; Moll Cutpurse, referred to in Elizabethan plays; Moll Flanders, another bad lot of a later date; and a certain popular orange-girl who won the heart of a king—these have left no successors. If Arnold Bennett or Somerset Maugham wished to copy authors of the past in taking an interest in street characters they would have a far less risky task. But somehow they have shown no such interest and framed no protest against the injury done to the flower-sellers of Piccadilly Circus by the removal of Eros. Authors are not what they were. Perhaps that is why street characters are not what they were. Three hundred years ago dramatists had their favourites among cut-purses. They also had their favourite ale-wives and hosts, such as the original Mother Bunch. And then later came Defoe, whose knowledge of the lives of notorious criminals was vast. In those days, when pickpockets served a rigorous apprenticeship to their trade, even more rigorous than that arranged for Oliver Twist, the gossips and quidnuncs could point you out each eminent rogue. Jack Sheppard achieved this degree of fame, and his pride in it was his undoing. After his escape from Newgate, he straightway robbed a pawnbroker's, transformed himself into a 'perfect gentleman,' took his sweetheart and her friend out for the evening, and mixed with the crowd in order to hear his exploits described by the ballad-singers. That was not enough for Sheppard. The idea came into his head that he should parade himself as openly as a Lord Mayor's show. Accordingly they all went into the City

and were very merry together at a public-house not far from the place of my old confinement. At four the same afternoon we all passed under Newgate in a hackney-coach, the windows drawn up, and in the evening I sent for

my mother to the Sheers ale-house in Maypole Alley, near Clare Market, and with her drank three quarters of brandy; and after leaving her I drank in one place or another about that neighbourhood all the evening, till the evil hour of twelve, having been seen and known by many of my acquaintance; all of them cautioning me, and wondering at my presumption to appear in that manner. At length my senses were quite overcome with the quantities and variety of liquors I had all the day been drinking of, which paved the way for my fate to meet me; and when apprehended, I do protest, I was altogether incapable of resisting.

Match-sellers and muffin-men, singers and fiddlers, quacks and rogues, vagrants and beggars, 'minders' and ragpickers, freaks and ingenuities: these are just a few of the callings by which men rise to fame from the streets. Unhappily, though electric light and police keep the most unsavoury types underground, the best (or, at least, the most interesting) seem to have disappeared with the worst—which may explain the recent outcry for a brighter London. Fleet Street is practically the only part of the town where street characters still abound. In the maze of alleyways where once Dr. Johnson—himself almost a street character—walked, there are several personalities known to all who work in the street of ink. In particular, there is a ragpicker who pursues her calling with a diligence that would have made her a prime minister if she had dealt in promises instead of more useful kinds of rubbish. At her sides, carried like milkmaid's pails but under her skirt, are sacks for her pickings. You will seldom see her at work. Every now and again, however, she suns herself in Robin Hood Court while drinking a cannikin of steaming soup. Sometimes a small boy has attempted to annoy her: but never twice—she has an eloquence that flays. Sometimes she is given a Christmas-box: she receives it with royal indifference. Then again there is the blind newspaper-seller, a man of speed and cheerfulness. In those alleyways he occasionally realises the charm of solitude and perhaps begins to sing some popular ditty of years gone by—*Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer true*, for instance. But should he hear a footstep, he stops embarrassed and a blush mantles his weather-beaten cheek. You see, even the fierce publicity that beats upon the life of a street character cannot deprive him of his private feelings. That blush is a revelation that there is often a sensitive soul behind the outward delight in eating, sleeping and waking amid the crowd's hurrying feet. Often, however, there is not. Policemen can often tell you the history of some poor unfortunate, mis-shapen creature who by staying every day at the same street corner has been able to leave a row of houses in his will.

M. WILLSON DISHER.

CURRENT FICTION

A GENERATION ago a man of letters, disconcerted by the number of poems submitted to his notice, took refuge from criticism in statistics, and contributed to this Review an article in which he sheerly enumerated the sixty-six greatest living English poets. It is a matter of some interest that he forgot Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Otherwise his list, which begins with the author of *The Light of Asia* and ends with 'W. B. Yeats'—the alphabet, of course, determining the order—does not seem foolish even to the judgment of posterity, and emboldens me to suggest the compilation of a similar list—a similar list, but not of poets.

This is an age of novels, as 1889-1898 was one of lyrical, and 1590-1635 of dramatic, poetry. No doubt at least fifty living poets could be cited by a student to-day, and I am not perfectly assured that the volume of poetic effusions has of late sensibly diminished.¹ Nevertheless, fiction dominates, though it has its rivals. The sardonic biography, as popularised by Mr. Lytton Strachey, the scandalous 'ana,' and still the lyric, have their many admirers. But none will challenge, though some few deplore, fiction's superb domination. On the one hand, we see libraries, both free and proprietary, divide the whole mass of printed works into fiction and non-fiction; on the other hand, we see young men, ambitious of winning fame by their pens, rejecting all other forms of composition to write novels. Lord Byron would not now become a poet. He might conceivably, have rescued Dr. Johnson from Boswell's devotion, and he might have satirised the country houses at which he had been made a guest,² but almost certainly he would have written in prose a more or less imaginary narrative of Juan's adventures.

Granting, however, that the novel is overwhelmingly popular, some may object that it has yet to be proved important. 'The cinema is popular. The cross-word puzzle is popular. Does the latter require, has the former deserved, serious consideration? And, since you yourself imprudently refer to the so-called Eliza-

¹ On the relations of demand and supply in publishing see Mr. Stanley Unwin's *The Price of Books* (Allen & Unwin, 1925).

² But this is not incompatible with fiction.

bethans, where is your Shakespeare to mould and make illustrious the craft of fiction? Let us at once admit that there is not about novel-writing the prestige of making poems. In comparison with the proud claim 'I am a poet,' the assertion 'I am a novelist' is merely informative. But glamour comes with decline, and if and when fiction ceases to be profitable the novelist will be proud, and his art, because it is no longer discussed, will be more adequately esteemed. Nor is it a just argument to urge that fiction has enlisted the genius of no Shakespeare. What of Shakespeare's contemporaries? The works of half a dozen are given a sort of surreptitious and Sabbatarian notoriety before the patrons of private dramatic societies, perhaps a score are occasionally read in the closet. As for the poets of the 'nineties, which of them can indisputably be stated to surpass any novelist of to-day?

Let us to our business. When once it has been allowed that the preparation of a list of contemporary novelists would not be altogether frivolous, some information must be given concerning the methods whereby this list was drawn up and corrected, unless it is to be taken as devoid of any authority beyond that chancing to adhere to its signatory's name. Know then that the list is no casual freak of memory or of prejudice. It is a work of science. As a work of science it should be judged.³

The original list was compiled by a reviewer of fiction who in the last four years has read approximately a thousand of the five thousand published during that period, besides a number of novels as yet, happily, unpublished. This gentleman, hereinafter called the Arbiter, began by rejecting from his memory and his notes all novels which might be called juvenile, and later decided also to reject all 'detective' or 'mystery' novels, as appealing to faculties different from those employed in the appreciation of fiction proper. To facilitate his inquiries, he further excluded volumes of short stories. They are fiction, it is true; but as the epic and lyric are disparate, so are the novel and short story. The remainder he put to the following test: 'Are they better read than not?' More precisely:—suppose a man engaged during the busiest hours of the day in professional or banausic activities; suppose him set down at some late hour of the evening, when he is too weary to think and too lively to dream, before a shelf bearing *Whitaker's Almanack*, *Burke's* or *Debrett's Peerage*, a treatise on some science, say anthropology, in which he takes no direct interest, a volume of Georgian poetry, and a classic of fiction, say *Waverley*, which he has not read for many

³ For a qualitative, as contrasted with a quantitative, analysis of current fiction, the student is referred to the works of Mr. Gerald Gould and of Mr. Brimley Johnson.

years and never expected to read again; suppose him simultaneously offered the latest unread work of any contemporary novelist, what novelists will he in these circumstances patronise, what novels prefer as recreation to *Whitaker*?

Such a test, like any possible test, is open to criticism. It has, I admit, been impressionistically defined. Some people never or rarely read novels, and might, therefore, reach down *Whitaker* or, if their mood were romantic, a *Peerage* without due hesitation. Others are 'fiction fans,' and would read any novel, however stupid, in preference to none. But this hypothetical man is the average man—he reads many novels, and some he likes. More pertinently it may be argued that the test supposes that the novelists' chief aim is to amuse. Well, is it not their chief aim? Some novelists are more intelligent than others, and ensue while they write the suffrages of a relatively small and relatively intellectual public, but none, living authors and Sir Walter Scott excepted, has written for profit alone. If then a novelist, by whatever device, has succeeded, or is likely to succeed, in amusing the average educated reader,⁴ his name ought to stand in our list. He seems to have done what *Fielding*, *Balzac*, *Dostoevsky* and *Mr. Hardy* tried to do. It would be impertinent in us, fellow-children and slaves of time, to seek more precisely to evaluate his work.

Laboratory experiments, wherein a man of the kind suggested was actually put to the test defined, were needed. They seemed too costly to be practicable. No millionaire, though many were invited, was shrewd enough to win undying fame by associating himself with the experiment and employing barristers and business men to select, when scientifically depressed, their favourite fiction. Therefore it became necessary for the Arbiter to appoint a consultative committee which would correct his hypotheses by theirs, mitigate judgments professional by lay, challenge his prejudices by their own, and generally conjecture the reactions of the average reader to the names put forward by the Arbiter. Only one, I am pleased to record, of the nine persons nominated for service on the Consultative Committee refused his assistance. To the eight who assumed this tiresome and unremunerated task I offer, and the public should offer, thanks.

Four of the eight are women, two married and two unmarried, none engaged in any profession. Of the four men one is a poet, one is a publisher, one is closely associated with the industry of brickmaking, and one, a mere lad, representing the post-war generation, has not until the time of writing discovered an occupation in which his talents may be given play. No apology need be

⁴ I.e., a reader who demands in his study of novels that emotionalism shall be tempered by some play of intellect; cf. Aristotle's normal man.

made for the proportion of women. That 25 per cent. of the Committee were connected with literature may demand excuse. I can only plead that, say what you will, an expert opinion is not markedly inferior to a lay. It would have been a pity if no creative artist had been nominated to a committee judging fiction, and a pity if no one professionally interested in the sale of books had been asked to speculate on potential popularity.

Each member of the Committee⁶ was advised, with the original list before him, to put a cross against any name which in his judgment belonged to an author who would in the conditions described be abjured. He was also asked to add any name in his opinion improperly omitted. The Arbiter afterwards struck from the list any name which had been awarded three or more crosses. To names which had received one or two crosses he believed himself required to give a more prolonged attention. After all, he was Arbiter as well as compiler. Some names must convey little to anyone who is not a very close student of contemporary fiction, and a cross against such names would mean more than a cross against names of largely famous writers; for no one might seek to excise an author whose works he had not read. And, again, human nature being what it is, the names of the second-rate were bound to invite more criticism than the names of the third-rate. Miss Blank makes herself unpopular by attempting something just a little beyond her talents; Mr. Dash, an altogether inferior writer, lives well within his intellectual income. Should the name of Blank be excised while the name of Dash is immortalised? The Arbiter, taking a wide view, thought not.

Queer things happened. One lady confessed a quite unexpected passion for Whitaker, and her pen teemed with crosses, until it became dubious whether any author whose novels she had read would stay unstigmatised. One gentleman found himself too gentle for his task. He behaved as if, remaining the humane and widely affectionate creature he is, he were asked to sentence his fellows to immediate execution. After hours' study he denounced two persons, and one of those crosses he erased. Nevertheless, differences in opinion were few. Several names received five to seven crosses, and few received only one. Therefore the list may be taken as being, in the lack of laboratory experiments, fairly authoritative.

The Arbiter's original list included 267 names; 117 have been omitted and five added. It is a pity that the names of persons like Miss Boyle and Mrs. Lowndes have been excluded by the fact that novels, however generous, if they are primarily

⁶ Names of members, as a minority of the Committee urgently requested have been withheld from publication.

horrific, must be disqualified. It is, moreover, disconcerting to find how many names are disqualified by the fact that their owners are American in domicile.⁶ But the names of the remainder form a goodly list. It may not be an all-inclusive list. Heaven forbid. But it is, I claim, a list to no item of which an objection can strongly be supported.

Here it is:

Baerlein, Henry
Bailey, H. C.
Baring, Maurice
Barrie, James
Belloc, Hilaire
Bennett, Arnold
Benson, E. F.
Benson, Stella
Beresford, J. D.
Bibesco, Elizabeth
Birmingham, G. A.
Blackwood, Algernon
Booth, E. C.
Bowen, Marjorie
Bramah, Ernest
Buchan, John
Bullett, Gerald
Caine, William
Calthrop, Dion Clayton
Cannan, Gilbert
Carswell, Catherine
Chesterton, G. K.
Clouston, J. Storer
Coke, Desmond
Davey, Norman
Delafield, E. M.
Dennis, Geoffrey
Doyle, A. Conan
Dudeney, Mrs. Henry
Dunsany
*Elizabeth and Her German
Garden*, Author of
Firbank, Ronald
Ford, Ford Madox
Forster, E. M.
Frankau, Gilbert
Fraser, Ronald
Galsworthy, John
Garnett, David
George, W. L.
Gerhardt, William
Gibbs, Philip
Gilbert, Bernard
Golding, Louis

Goldring, Douglas
Gorell
Haggard, Rider
Hamblin, Robert A.
Harker, Mrs. Allen
Hay, Ian
Herbert, Alice
Herbert, A. P.
Hichens, Robert
Hope, Anthony
Hudson, Stephen
Hunt, Violet
Hutchinson, A. S. M.
Huxley, Aldous
Irwin, Margaret
Jacobs, W. W.
Jameson, Storm
Jeffrey, Jeffrey E.
Jesse, Tennyson
Jones, E. B. C.
Joyce, James
Kaye-Smith, Sheila
Kennedy, Margaret
Kipling, Rudyard
Larminie, Margaret Rivers
Lawrence, C. E.
Lawrence, D. H.
Leigh, Margaret
Linford, Madeleine
Locke, W. J.
Lowis, C. C.
Lucas, E. V.
Lunn, Arnold
Lyons, Neil
Macaulay, Rose
Mackail, Denis
Mackenzie, Compton
Mais, S. P. B.
Marsh, Charles Fielding
Mare, Walter de la
Marshall, Archibald
Masfield, John
Mason, A. E. W.
Maugham, Somerset

⁶ To be British by domicile or birth was made a primary condition, lest the list should become ridiculous in the eyes of the world.

Maxwell, W. B.
 Mayor, F. M.
 McFee, William
 McKenna, Stephen
 Merrick, Leonard
 Meynell, Viola
 Miller, Patrick
 Millin, Sarah G.
 Mirrlees, Hope
 Mitchison, Naomi
 Monkhouse, Allan
 Montagu, C. E.
 Moore, George
 Moss, Geoffrey
 Mottram, H. J.
 Murry, J. Middleton
 Myers, L. H.
 Nicholson, Harold
 O'Donovan, Gerald
 O'Flaherty, Liam
 Ollivant, Alfred
 Onions, Oliver
 O'Riordan, Conal
 Paris, John
 Parker, Gilbert
 Phillpotts, Eden
 Powys, T. F.
 Pryce, Richard
 Quiller-Couch, A.
 Rawlence, Guy
 Reeves, Amber
 Richardson, Dorothy
 Ridge, W. Pett
 Robertson, Huntly

Robins, Elizabeth
 Robinson, G. P.
 Sabatini, Rafael
 Sadleir, Michael
 Sedgwick, Mrs. A.
 Sedgwick, Anne Douglas
 Selincourt, Hugh de
 Seymour, Beatrice Kean
 Shanks, Edward
 Sidgwick, Ethel
 Sinclair, May
 Smedley, Constance
 Snaith, J. C.
 Squire, Mrs. J. C.
 Stacpoole, H. de Vere
 Stephens, James
 Stern, G. B.
 Straus, Ralph
 Swinnerton, Frank
 Travers, Ben
 Vachell, Horace A.
 Walpole, Hugh
 Waugh, Alec
 Webb, Mary
 Wells, H. G.
 West, Rebecca
 Weyman, Stanley
 Wharton, Anthony
 Wilson, Romer
 Witham, J. Mills
 Wodehouse, P. G.
 Woolf, Virginia
 Young, F. Brett
 Zangwill, Israel

'But,' someone may protest, 'what an extraordinary thing it would be if you were right, and if so many novelists really demanded the attention of the amateur of letters!' 'They do,' I answer; 'they do.' Thomas Hardy I have put aside, in part because he has vowed, and has kept his vow,⁷ to write no more fiction, and in part because in 1892 the late Mr. H. D. Traill put *hors concours* the name of the then Poet Laureate. We have no Novelist Laureate. If we had, Mr. Hardy would deserve the appointment. Anyhow Arbiter and Consultative Committee have put his name aside. They have not tried to bathe you in respect for Mr. Hardy's genius or age. They condemn the paltry device of making Mr. Hardy's Shakespearean imagination a wooden horse whereby to smuggle into the citadel of solemn praise a score of inferior names; and they are prevented from making play with Joseph Conrad's name by Joseph Conrad's death. Nevertheless . . .

⁷ Mr. Stanley Weyman also made a vow to write no more fiction, but did not keep it. Mr. George Moore compromises by publishing in limited editions.

'But how many of these names will endure?'

Well, does that matter? We build sand castles against the flood of time, and the waves go over them, but it does not follow that A., whose structure is levelled with the sand from which it was composed, is a worse builder than B., who at the ebb still owns a noticeable bump. Both Richardson and Fielding were considerable novelists. Probably a hundred persons voluntarily read *Tom Jones* or *Amelia* to one who reads *Clarissa Harlowe* or *Sir Charles Grandison*. Quite possibly against Richardson, who commands at least a mention in text-books, might be set ten persons not despicably inferior to him whose names are never printed. Richardson, Fielding, and the rest of them were equal competitors once. Is the opinion of posterity which still enjoys Fielding and still respects Richardson but has forgotten the others necessarily to be preferred to the popular judgment of their own time?

Look at poetry! Shakespeare was called by a contemporary critic ingenious and industrious, than which epithets it would be hard to invent more damning. Had anyone set himself to draw up a list of living dramatists, somebody would surely have objected to Shakespeare's name. And Donne was long forgotten, and Fulke Greville is still best remembered as Sidney's friend. Are you, can you be, sure that you would in those past days have detected the qualities which to-day illustrate the names of Shakespeare, Donne and Greville? Look at my list, where names on which a deep colour lies are companioned by names which are *nomina et preterea nihil*, and those latter jostle names entirely unknown. By what criterion, more subtle than the Arbiter's tests, will you award to the one fame, to the other oblivion? What prophetic talent is yours that you should exalt yourself above Shakespeare's contemporaries and boast that you are able to spot the winner?

Let us, then, hold tight to the authors we admire as things are, and to the novels we enjoy here and now. Time changes, and opinions with it. But whatever befall, the diverse pleasures afforded by a reading of these novelists have been facts in human experience.

Beyond that, it is probable, criticism cannot inquire, unless it ally itself with ethics or with history. On æsthetic grounds alone it is impossible to decide why the Palladian defeated the Gothic, and the neo-Gothic the Palladian, or which of these schools has produced most architectural beauty. On æsthetic grounds alone it is impossible to decide between Shakespeare and Milton, between Balzac and Stendhal, between Byron and Wordsworth, between Fielding and Richardson, between Dickens and Thackeray. History may explain why the repute of the one

wins at the expense of the other, and ethics dourly protest in favour of the kind of man to which the one appealed against the kind of man to which the other appealed. But æsthetics—the science is bankrupt, and never except in the worst ages hoped to be able to pay its way.

The science of statistics happily endures, and from it we may learn that women do not, after all, occupy the field of fiction as strongly as they hoped. Considering the proportion of women among writers, and the proportion among readers, the number who are competent novelists is ludicrously small.

Secondly, and no less unexpectedly, we discover how poor we are in pure humorists. Messrs. Jacobs and Ridge of the elder generation, Messrs. Wodehouse and Travers of the younger, are the most remarkable. They are hopelessly outnumbered by the earnest men and women who, like Miss E. B. C. Jones and Miss M. R. Larminie, joke, if at all, with difficulty. It may be that humour is a grace pertaining to a society more settled than ours can be.

The third, and last, superficial comment suggested by a scrutiny of this list is, How poor we are in practitioners of the swashbuckling romance.⁸ Neither Mr. Bailey nor Mr. Sabatini could be described as a swashbuckler, and the rest of their kidney only wear a sword to trip over it. In short, the war had its uses.

H. C. HARWOOD.

It is not without interest to reprint the full list of poets given by Mr. H. D. Traill in 1892 in his witty article :

Arnold, Sir E.
Austin, Alfred
Barlow, George
Beeching, H. C.
Bevington, Louisa
Blaikie, J. A.
Blind, Mathilde
Blunt, Wilfrid
Bridges, Robert
Brooke, Stopford
Buchanan, Robert
Clarke, Herbert
De Vere, Aubrey
Dobson, Austin
Dowden, Edward
Fane, Violet
Freeland, William
Garnett, Richard

Gosse, Edmund
Hake, T. Gordon
Hamilton, Eugene Lee
Henley, W. E.
Holmes, E. G. A.
Ingelow, Jean
Kemble, Frances A.
(Mrs. Butler)
Lang, Andrew
Lefroy, E. C.
Locker-Lampson, F.
Mackay, Eric
Marzials, Frank
Meredith, George
Meynell, Mrs. Alice
Monkhouse, Cosmo
Morris, L.
Morris, W.

⁸ Romance should tower above the flats, like Lincoln Cathedral. For a time it was made to traffic amid them, like Wardour Street.

Myers, E.
Myers, F. W. H.
Nichol, John
Noel, Roden
Palgrave, F.
Patmore, Coventry
Payne, John
Pollock, W. H.
Raffalovich, M. A.
Rawnsley, H. D.
Robinson, A. Mary F.
(Madame Darmesteter)
Rodd, Rennell
Rossetti, Christina
Rossetti, W. M.
Sharp, William

Simcox, G. A.
Stevenson, R. L.
Swinburne, A. C.
Symonds, J. A.
Tennyson, Frederick
Todhunter, J.
Tomson, Mrs. Graham
Tynan, Katherine
Waddington, Samuel
Watson, William
Watts, Theodore
Webster, Augusta
Wilde, Oscar
Woods, Mrs. Margaret
Yeats, W. B.

To these names, in a subsequent article, he added the names of Mr. Woolner and Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and—

Armstrong, Professor G. F.
Bell, H. T. Mackenzie
Dixon, Canon R. W.

Doveton, F. B.
Le Gallienne, R.
Mallock, W. H.

Mr. Traill's article bore the title of 'Our Minor Poets.' He refused to classify his list in any order of merit, though he recognised that some of his minor poets were in reality major poets, and he added that, though on dangerous ground, the number in the former class appreciably exceeded the number in the latter.

EDITOR, *Nineteenth Century and After*.

THE DECLINE OF THE IRISH DRAMA

WITH the establishment of the Abbey Theatre, and the emergence of the school of dramatists connected with it, Dublin and Ireland became for the first time significant and important in the dramatic and theatrical world. Before the opening of the Abbey Theatre the people of Dublin depended for drama upon the companies which toured with the latest 'success' from the London theatres. Occasionally such a company brought to Dublin a play by Shaw, Galsworthy, Barker or even Shakespeare, but usually it was musical comedy. The establishment of the Irish National Theatre Society gave to Dublin not only native drama, but, in addition, drama that was intended to be something more than a digestive.

It is somewhat remarkable that until the beginning of the twentieth century Ireland should have had no dramatic literature. The national folk literature is as rich as, if not richer than, any in the world. The bardic tradition lingered into the nineteenth century, and the nation had preserved its individuality through the disorder and oppression of more than seven hundred years. In the people there is a natural love for acting and stage representation; indeed, it might almost be said that they are born actors. Dialogue and repartee the Irishman delights in, and the best-acting of modern English plays are the work of Irishmen. It seemed as if Irishmen could not produce drama in Ireland, and that they must cross the Atlantic or the Irish Sea to give expression to their instinct for drama. The greatest comedies of the English stage, with the exception of those of Shakespeare, are those of Goldsmith, Sheridan, Wilde and Shaw, but it was in England, and for English audiences, that they produced their plays. It may be that the mechanism of the stage was the obstacle that the 'dreamy Celt' could not surmount, but it is more probable that the absence of facilities and encouragement explains what is one of the curiosities of literary history. The Irishman who could write plays, or who could act well, went to London or New York, where conditions were favourable, and English dramatic literature was enriched with much that is immortal. During the nineteenth century Ireland was interested only in politics, and it was

not until the downfall of Parnell that disillusionment diverted the Irish mind into new channels, and interest in the arts, as an essential part of the national life, began to be aroused.

Those who have read George Moore's *Hail and Farewell* will have read a highly diverting account of the inception of the Irish National Theatre. It was in 1896 that Mr. W. B. Yeats conceived the idea of an uncommercial theatre disinterestedly devoted to national drama. In London such theatres were at that time struggling to bring the work of Ibsen and Shaw before the English public, and with their work Yeats was familiar. His original Irish project was very modest. It was to hire a hall for a short period every year and there produce plays written by Irish writers. As Irish actors were not available, it was arranged to have the assistance of actors from London. For this project the title chosen was 'The Irish Literary Theatre,' and its first performance was given in 1899, under the direction of W. B. Yeats, Lady Gregory, Edward Martyn, and George Moore. The play which was chosen was Yeats' *The Countess Cathleen*; its production was greeted by an uproar that has been several times equalled and once surpassed during the twenty-five years that have since elapsed. It is very difficult to understand the objection noisily shown by the audience to the play. It is a story of noble self-sacrifice which has since become a feature in the repertoire of the Abbey Theatre, and is probably the most popular of Yeats' plays. But then it outraged the feelings of an audience which was unaccustomed to plays of such a character, and which had been previously subjected to much propaganda against the play. During the succeeding years plays by Edward Martyn, George Moore, and others were produced with varying fortune, but the first real success was achieved in 1901, when the first play in the Irish language ever acted upon any stage was produced by a company of Dublin amateur actors, which included the author of the play, Dr. Douglas Hyde, then President of the Gaelic League. The audience was enthusiastic, and it is to this first success that the later esteem of the Irish National Theatre is to be traced. It was in this same year that the actors who afterwards made the name of the Abbey Theatre famous joined the enterprise. W. G. Fay, who was, with his brother Frank, the mainstay of the theatre till 1908, collected a company of Irish actors which made permanent the project of Mr. Yeats. To those two actors and to the company they collected, which included some actors now famous in the United States, must belong the credit for having given to the Abbey Theatre that unconventional style of acting which made it distinctive and its name famous throughout the world.

The beginning of 1903 found the company in possession of a

permanent home in the Abbey Theatre. For this home thanks are always due to the generosity of an Englishwoman who had done much for the drama in her own country, for which she has not inaptly been titled by Mr. Frank Vernon 'the Queen of Repertory.' The company also assumed a name by which it is still known, the Irish National Theatre Society. The right of the company to this name has been challenged, and quite a large section of the thinking public still considers that the theatre is neither Irish nor national, contending that these names must be reserved to a Gaelic-speaking theatre. The company had the distinction of being housed in what was the first endowed theatre in the British Isles, and since the opening of the Abbey Theatre the development of Irish drama has been remarkable, though it cannot be said to have been continuous and uninterrupted. The original company was dispersed in 1908 by the departure of the brothers Fay from Dublin; they returned to Dublin, but they never rejoined the Abbey Theatre company, and one of them is now the Director of the British Drama League. In 1910, after a dispute, Miss Horniman withdrew the subsidy, and the theatre was compelled to become self-supporting. This it has done, but it has been possible only by the sacrifice of much that the Irish National Theatre Society was formed to foster.

In 1903, before the Abbey Theatre was opened and while the company was still performing in small halls, there appeared among the playwrights the names of the two who, with W. B. Yeats, still dominate the Irish drama—the names of J. M. Synge and Lady Gregory. That year also marked the appearance of a younger dramatist by the production of the first play by Padriac Colum. The theatre had by this time established its position in the artistic life of Dublin, and with the introduction of these three writers the character of its productions became more or less definitely fixed. Resentment against some of the plays has at times been very angry, but opposition begets support, and the theatre secured for itself a small but permanent audience. Synge and Lady Gregory made the 'peasant play' the speciality of the Abbey Theatre, and by the 'peasant play' it has gained its reputation. Very few plays dealing with the life of the towns have been staged, and so the theatre has come to have an almost exclusively rural atmosphere. This is, perhaps, as it should be, as Ireland is even in its town life definitely a peasant nation. All aspects of rural life, and consequently the fundamental aspects of Irish life, have been portrayed upon its stage, and perhaps the recent decline in the quality of the plays is to be sought in that incest to which James Joyce ascribes the comparative poverty of modern literature. In recent years more thought seems to have been given to dialogue than to drama, or perhaps

when all Ireland was living drama, the comparatively artificial drama of the stage had no attraction. Instead of writing plays potential dramatists took to making history, and during the past ten years very few plays have been produced that are at all comparable with the plays of the first decade. Twenty years have elapsed since the formation of the Irish National Theatre Society and the opening of the Abbey Theatre, and it must be said that its reputation was made during the first ten years and that very little of consequence has been done since. The death of Synge and the dispersal of the original company seem to have changed the outlook of the theatre, and variations in management have aided in accentuating the change. The company of which Arthur Sinclair was the dominating figure made the Abbey Theatre popular, but Sinclair, excellent though his acting very often was, reduced everything to the level of farce. How the audience laughed at Sinclair even in such plays as *The Shadow of the Glen* or *The Playboy of the Western World*! It has been said that Mrs. Patrick Campbell made of Yeats' *Deirdre* a *Second Mrs. Conchubhar*. With greater reason and justice it might be said that Arthur Sinclair made of the greatest tragedy the occasion of a laugh. That Sinclair could be a great tragic actor when he chose his acting as Carden Tyrrell in *The Heather Field* stands as testimony, but he usually preferred to get a laugh. To Arthur Sinclair, perhaps more than to any other single individual, might be traced the decline of the Irish drama during the second decade of the Abbey Theatre's existence. Sinclair is a great comedian, and comedies only might be witnessed at the theatre while he dominated the stage. When Sinclair departed the company was dispersed for the second time, and it was only after many years that a first-class company was again assembled. Those first two companies made the Abbey Theatre: that of the Fays made its artistic reputation, and that of Sinclair made it a popular success. Those who have seen the Fays, Sinclair, O'Donovan, Kerrigan, and O'Rourke, with Sara Allgood, Maire O'Neill, Maire NicShuibhlaigh, Cathleen Nesbit, and Eileen O'Doherty, have known some of the best acting of this century. During the past five or six years neither the plays nor the acting have been up to the standard which the theatre had set and for so long maintained. Occasionally a good play was presented, but even then the acting was not good enough to give the play the production it deserved. On the whole, however, the plays got the acting they merited, as they were rarely of a quality above that of a music-hall sketch or the crudest melodrama.

The dramatists who created the theatre, and whose plays made it prominent, have now all ceased to influence its career. Synge, of course, has been dead for many years, and his sombrely poetic

strength no longer comes forth in new plays. W. B. Yeats, though still one of the directors, is interested only in plays for drawing-rooms or plays that do not require actors. Lady Gregory, also still a director, continues to write plays, but she has apparently passed her zenith, and her recent plays are not conspicuously superior to the general run of recently produced plays. Of the younger dramatists whose early work was staged contemporaneously with the plays of Synge, Yeats, and Gregory, only Padriac Colum and Lennox Robinson remain. Colum now lives permanently in the United States, and seems to have become part of its literary life, so Lennox Robinson is now the sole remnant of the departed glory of the Abbey Theatre. Robinson was for many years, till very recently, the manager of the theatre, but it is difficult to decide how far he is responsible for the poor quality of the plays which he produced. Sometimes his published opinions about plays are calculated to induce the opinion that he is a very poor judge indeed. But perhaps the poor quality of the plays which he produced should not be held against him—perhaps there was nothing better; but then there are many still unproduced plays by such writers as Synge, Lady Gregory, and George Fitzmaurice. For the present, at least, the Irish dramatic movement would seem to have worked itself out.

The tendencies during recent years at the Abbey Theatre have been towards melodrama and farce. Of the many writers of farce there is nothing that need be said, as they have the same materials and the same methods everywhere. Nothing reprehensible need be said about the writers of melodrama, either, as the cultivation of native melodrama is, perhaps, of some importance, and it is all to the good that playgoers should prefer the home-made 'thrills' to those which are imported. It would, however, be as useless to analyse the mass of such work as it would be to profess that its recent prominence in the repertoire of the Abbey Theatre is a sign of health in that institution. "Æ." has said of these tendencies, 'We have developed a new and clever school of Irish dramatists who say they are holding up the mirror to Irish peasant nature, but they reflect nothing but decadence. They delight in the broken light of insanity, the ruffian who beats his wife, the weakling who is unfortunate in love, and who goes and drinks himself to death.' And, as Ernest Boyd has pointed out, 'by an irony of fate, this violent reaction has merely resulted in very often substituting these plays with cheap effects for the restrained and careful work of the genuine realists.'

Lennox Robinson is one of the genuine realists who had his first success with essays in melodrama. He is, of course, an Irishman, but his work suggests that the inspiration, and the

impulse to drama, came from British dramatists of this century rather than from those who founded the Irish theatre. Robinson has no more in common with those founders than has, say, St. John Ervine, but, unlike Ervine, he has remained in Ireland and draws all his themes from Irish sources. Robinson's impulse to drama was derived from Bernard Shaw and the dramatists of the English repertory movement; his ideas are the ideas of that movement in its great days. That this should be so is perfectly natural, as Lennox Robinson belongs to that class in Ireland which has its spiritual home in England, and whose cultural life is English in tradition and outlook. But the changing political mood in Ireland, which seems to have made Ervine definitely English, captured Lennox Robinson and very markedly changed the tenor of his plays. The nature of this change can be traced in the short novel which he published in 1917, entitled *A Young Man from the South*. It is the story of a young Protestant Unionist, steeped in the traditions and prejudices of his class, who comes to Dublin, and in the atmosphere of that city his prejudices dissolve, and subtly and almost imperceptibly he comes to share the political aspirations of the advanced party. In this story of Willie Powell is sketched some, at least, of the spiritual history of his creator, Lennox Robinson.

Typical of Robinson's early plays is *Harvest*, which was produced in 1910. It is a play with a thesis, depicting the evil consequences of applying to a rural people a type of education which unfits them for any but urban life. All the members of the Hurley family have been educated at great expense, with the exception of the one who is to run the farm. One has become private secretary to a British Cabinet Minister, and never even writes to his family; another is a solicitor who has too many expenses of his own to be able to help the home; another is nominally a typist, but in reality a prostitute, in England. Maurice and his father run the farm, and Jack, a chemist's assistant in Dublin, arrives with his wife to spend their honeymoon as the play opens. The cost of educating the various members of the family had been so great that the farm was starved, and old Hurley is in serious financial difficulties. Jack is willing to assist with the work of the farm, but the nature of his previous experience has unfitted him for it. Rendered desperate by the unwillingness, or the inability, of his children to help him, the old man commits arson for the sake of the insurance money which he thinks he will secure. The play bears all the marks of the English repertory movement, but the thesis breaks down, as it is difficult to believe that education can be fairly blamed for the ingratitude, snobbery, immorality, and physical weakness of the members of the Hurley family. Long there has been

agitation in Ireland on the subject of rural education, and it was this agitation, rather than the human quality, that actuated this play. It is social propaganda rather than drama; none of the people in it live, except perhaps Maurice, who has been unspoilt by education.

The Lost Leader, produced in 1918, is typical of the later work of its kind which Robinson has done. It is based upon the belief, which long persisted in rural Ireland, that Parnell was not dead, and it has been said to contain the best first act in contemporary English drama. Lucius Lenihan is staying at a hotel in the west, where a doctor discovers by hypnosis that he is really Charles Stewart Parnell. His niece believes that he once suffered from the delusion that he was Parnell, but that he had been cured. Lenihan asserts that he is Parnell, and that he now hears the clear call to offer himself as leader to his distracted country. The factions in the village squabble, symbolising the political life of the country, and Lenihan asks them to meet him on a mountain-top at sunset, when he will demonstrate that he is really Parnell. For this gathering the people who will prove Lenihan's statement are late, and Lenihan utilises the time to give expression to ideals of reconciliation and fraternity, which represent, perhaps, Robinson's political creed, as the salvation of the country. 'Do you expect me to speak as I did twenty-five years ago,' he says in reply to a taunt, 'to forget nothing and to learn nothing? Do you expect Ireland to change and me to stand still?' The end is characteristically ironic. In the course of a brawl Lenihan is struck with a hurley-stick by a blind man and killed. The changed political outlook of Lennox Robinson is well illustrated in this play.

It is, however, as a writer of comedy that Robinson has achieved popularity. *The White-headed Boy* is a fine play and is deservedly popular. Since its production in 1916 it has lost none of its hold on the public in Ireland or in England. It is satirical, illustrating many of the weaknesses of the Irish people, but the foibles at which he once scoffed Robinson now laughs at. The play is filled with foolish and delightful people. It has been said that in this play Robinson imitates Lady Gregory, but no criticism could be more inept. It is simply that the change in his political opinions permits him to laugh at things at which he once gaped. He would seem now to have turned definitely to comedy, as recently he has done nothing else. His *Crabbed Youth and Age* is a delightfully satiric comedy in one act. Here a vivacious, well-informed mother who is a good conversationalist attracts the attention of all the young men at the expense of her very modern ill-informed daughters. This little comedy is the best play that Robinson has yet written: in its technique

and in its dialogue it is a little masterpiece, and it is easily the best play that the Abbey Theatre has produced during the past five years. It gives the impression that a new Robinson is in the making—one who will be a master of the comedy of manners, and who will be at the same time a satirist of considerable power. Perhaps credit for this change is due to the Spanish dramatists Benavente and Sierra?

Next to Lennox Robinson the most considerable Irish dramatist of recent years was Seumas O'Kelly, who unfortunately died in 1919. Before his untimely death he had contributed one great play and a couple of good plays to the repertoire of the Abbey Theatre. *The Shuiler's Child* is a great play, the dramatic intensity of which was adequately displayed by Miss Maire NicShuibhlaigh in its first performance. It is a drama of renunciation. Moll Woods, the vagrant or shuiler, singing from door to door for a livelihood, comes to the cottage of the O'Heas, a childless couple who have adopted a little boy from the local workhouse. Moll recognises the boy as her son Phil, whom she had been forced to abandon to charity. She longs to take him back, but the foster-parents have come to think of the boy as their own and are reluctant to let him go. An inspector from the workhouse arrives and threatens to remove the boy, as he is not satisfied that proper supervision is being exercised by Mrs. O'Hea. The shuiler determines to save her son from this. She returns to the workhouse and claims the child whom she had abandoned. Her request had, by law, to be complied with, and when the boy is restored to her she takes to the roads again, bringing him back to the house of the O'Heas. The O'Heas fear that the boy is to accompany his mother upon her wanderings, but as they are considering means of keeping the two close at hand the police arrive to arrest Moll Woods on a charge of child desertion. Then the shuiler's motive becomes clear: she has admitted her relation to the boy so that she can obtain the sole right to dispose of him without the interference of the public authorities. She leaves him with the O'Heas, and stumbles out of the cottage to the prison to which the law must condemn her, and to that life of vagabondage, misery, and remorse to which she condemns herself. In other plays O'Kelly dealt with Irish life equally realistically though not so powerfully, and he also wrote a few slight comedies which have been very well received. The early death of Seumas O'Kelly deprived Ireland of a dramatist of unusual power and of great promise.

There is one considerable playwright dating from the older days still writing whose work has never yet received that recognition which its quality demands. George Fitzmaurice had his first play, *The Country Dressmaker*, produced at the Abbey

Theatre as far back as 1907, but the play made little impression till its revival in 1912. He is rarely even mentioned by writers on the Irish theatre, yet his plays have been very influential and have left marks upon many of the lesser dramatists. His plays have been published, and it is very difficult to account for the neglect to which he has been subjected. His plays are all careful in workmanship, vivid in their language, and vivacious in characterisation. He can be as fantastic as Lord Dunsany, and the virility of his peasant speech is only surpassed by that of Synge. As a folk dramatist he is worthy to rank beside Synge and Colum. There is a grim little one-act tragedy of his, *The Piedish*, which might repay the attention of American producers. He has written also some of the newer melodrama, but *The Country Dressmaker* is a great play which has somehow been side-tracked. Julia Shea is a sentimental dressmaker who has remained faithful to Pats Connor, gone many years before to the States to make his fortune. Julia is addicted to the reading of novelettes, and she endows the absent Pats with all the virtues of her romantic heroes. Connor returns unexpectedly and learns how the dressmaker had patiently waited for him. He had almost forgotten her—had married in America without a thought of her existence. He is told how Julia had been fooled by the reading of forged letters, is touched by the cruelty of the trick, and tries to live up to her conception of him. She is very much disappointed, contrasting her remembrance of him, coloured by the novelettes, with what she sees, but in the end she turns with great dignity from the imaginary world of fiction to an acceptance of the realities. Few first plays have shown such qualities of style and technique as this. The characters are well observed, and the dialogue is rich with quaint terms and turns of speech. It is a perfect comedy of rural manners.

Of the host of playwrights whose work has been produced at the Abbey Theatre in recent years very few give promise of important work in the future. Little one-act farces, crude melodrama, and political propaganda make up the bulk of the productions, but here and there may be discerned a gleam of hope for the future. There are three playwrights from whom good work may reasonably be expected—T. C. Murray, Brinsley MacNamara, and possibly Sean O'Casey. Three plays of considerable merit from the pen of T. C. Murray have been staged, but his best play has not yet been produced, though it has been published. The three plays upon which his reputation rests are all tinged with melodrama, but the little one-act tragedy is as grim and as moving as *Riders to the Sea*. Murray's first play, *Birtheright*, attracted attention by its swiftness and tragic intensity, but *Maurice Harle*, produced in 1912, still remains his best play ;

despite its looser construction, it excels in probability, and is therefore more convincing. Maurice is the pride of the family, for whom every sacrifice possible has been made so that he may become a priest. The farm has been mortgaged to meet the heavy expenses involved, but the end is in sight. In a few months he will be ordained, his brother will be married and his bride's dowry used to clear the mortgage. The old people can then rest. Into this happy prospect is thrust the terrible news that Maurice cannot become a priest as he has no vocation. Argument is in vain—even his mother's agony of disappointment cannot shake his resolve ; but in the end her vehement entreaty prevails, and he consents to return to the college. Nine months elapse, and Maurice has won the highest place in the final examination. He is about to be ordained, and then he will come home for his brother's wedding. All is expectancy—all hopes are fixed on these two great events. But hope is again thwarted—the strain has been too great for Maurice, and he has collapsed under it. He is brought back home a lunatic. The ending is terrible, but is handled with a restraint which makes the effect wonderfully poignant and in no way repulsive. It is the work of a man who is thoroughly familiar with the life and character which he depicts. The dialogue is close to reality and has dramatic force and fitness. It is not great tragedy, but it is not without very fine qualities.

Brinsley MacNamara is favourably known as a novelist, but he has also written three plays, one of which, *The Glorious Uncertainty*, was produced in 1923. It is a comedy which reveals MacNamara in a new light, as his previous work was intensely sombre. It deals with the adventures of a broken English bookmaker among Irish racing enthusiasts, which gives scope for some realistically ironic portraiture. The humour is spontaneous and free, and the play suggests that MacNamara may yet write very fine comedy.

The third of those mentioned, Sean O'Casey, has had three plays produced at the Abbey Theatre in 1923 and 1924. He is the theatre's newest recruit, and is at present its most popular playwright. His characters are taken from the slums of Dublin, and his theme is little more than a commentary upon the warlike conditions of the city during the year 1920. The topicality of his theme and the locality of his characters have made his plays very popular with Dublin audiences. That he can draw character and write dialogue is undoubted, but it has yet to be demonstrated that he can write a great play. He, too, is thoroughly familiar with the people about whom he writes, as he has spent most of his life as a worker on the Dublin quays. His work gives ground for hope, and his next play is somewhat anxiously awaited. So far

there has been little of dramatic technique in his work, and in this, as in the nature of his characters, he somewhat resembles Eugene O'Neill.

It will have been noted that most of the plays mentioned were produced before the war, and it has been already stated that very little of consequence has been done during the past ten years. At present the supply of Irish plays would seem to have almost ceased, and the Abbey Theatre is given over to revivals of Goldsmith, Ibsen, and Shaw. The Irish literary movement began with poetry, developed into drama, and now apparently has settled down to novels. The novel is to-day the accepted medium for Irish writers as the play was ten or fifteen years ago, and the quality of the programmes submitted by the Abbey Theatre has suffered in consequence. That may be but a passing phase; it may be that when the political turmoil has ceased the drama will have a new life. The years of turmoil through which Ireland has passed, from the great Dublin strike of 1913 to the civil warfare of 1923, will have provided material enough for powerful drama. This material is already being exploited by Sean O'Casey, and it may be that to the writers named will be added many others who have so far written only trivial plays, or who perhaps have never written at all. The Irish dramatic movement has had its years of brilliance and its years of decline. Perhaps the years of decline are near their end and a new era of brilliance is about to dawn. The work of the Dublin Drama League, which produces only the work of non-Irish dramatists, will aid considerably toward this end. It is well that Irish dramatists and potential dramatists should know something of the drama of other countries, and this knowledge may conduce to a stimulation, and perhaps a new orientation, of the drama in Ireland.

ANDREW E. MALONE.

ON LISTENING TO THE NIGHTINGALE

It is always difficult to dissociate our impressions from literary and artistic memories, and it is especially difficult in the case of the nightingale's song, which has been the subject of hundreds of poems and allusions at all times and in all languages.

In order to appreciate the true value of such interpretations, and how far they may have been influenced by popular traditions or prejudices, we must endeavour to place ourselves in the position of a child or an uneducated man and to ask ourselves how the song would strike us if we could listen to it in a purely receptive mood untainted by memories. Should we, for instance, in such circumstances, endorse the common belief that the nightingale's song is sad or melancholy?

This question was raised by Coleridge a century and a half ago in his criticism of Milton's well-known lines:

Sweet bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy.

For Coleridge no bird can be melancholy. It is man who imparts his own mood to the song; he is sad, and likes to believe that Nature is sad with him:

And many a poet echoes the conceit,
Poet who has been building up the rhyme,
When he had better far have stretched his limbs
Beside a brook in mossy forest dale.

We should no doubt endorse this opinion if we could free ourselves from all prejudice; we should realise that there is nothing sad, nothing depressing, in that powerful and constant flow of melody. Its outbursts are sometimes disconnected, and we may lose the thread. It may be joy gone mad, but it is nevertheless one of the most overpowering expressions of joy which it is given to us to hear in this world.

Still Milton's opinion is not exceptional. It may be found in many poems scattered through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In most of these poems, the nightingale is called Philomela, and the influence of mythology may have altered the

spontaneous impression derived from the song. In his *Ode to the Nightingale* a French poet of the eighteenth century, Jean-Baptiste Rousseau, wrote :

Pourquoi, plaintive Philomèle,
Songer encore à vos malheurs,
Quand, pour apaiser vos douleurs,
Tout cherche à vous marquer son zèle ?

Evidently the poet thinks far less of the bird as it is than as it appears to him through the metamorphosis of mythology. La Fontaine tells us, in one of his fables, how Progne, the swallow, who lived in town, called on her ' poor sister ' Philomela, who dwelt and sang in the woods. She begged her to leave her solitary retreat and give the people of the cities the opportunity of appreciating her talent :

Aussi bien, en voyant les bois,
Sans cesse il vous souvient
Que Térée autrefois,
Parmi des demeures pareilles,
Exerça sa fureur sur vos divins appas.

It is difficult to imagine how two of the most inspiring of all birds have been connected with the ghastly tragedy which has so many points in common with Shakespeare's *Titus Andronicus*. Progne, the daughter of the King of Thebes, was given in marriage to Tereus, King of Thrace, who had helped her father to defend his city. After a time, finding that she could not live without the company of her devoted sister Philomela, she sent Tereus to Thebes to fetch her. On the way back Tereus violated Philomela and cut her tongue out to prevent her from denouncing him. She nevertheless succeeded in revealing the crime to Progne, who, in order to revenge herself on her husband, killed her only child and gave the body to the King to eat. The two sisters fled from the palace, and, being closely pursued by Tereus, prayed the gods to change them into birds.

Whether we consider, as some scholars do, that the legend is of an explanatory nature and intimately connected with the main characteristics of the birds concerned, or—what seems far more likely—that it is in the nature of one of those fairy tales in which close pursuit by some giant or witch is providentially avoided by a metamorphosis, the fact remains that the literary interpretation of the nightingale has been strongly affected and, to a certain extent, falsified by the character of the heroine with whom it is so closely associated.

In earlier periods, when mythology does not influence literature to the same extent and when, according to Coleridge, the poet ' stretches his limbs beside the brook ' instead of ' building up

the rhyme,' the joyful element is far more in evidence. The literature of the Middle Ages, whether French, English or German, associates the nightingale with the glad coming of spring and the blossoming of love. Its call is the love-call used by Tristram, according to a poem of the thirteenth century, to draw Iseult from Mark's chamber to a last tryst in the woods before the final parting. In *The Romaunt of the Rose*, the nightingale is the leader of the bird chorus bursting into song at the coming of light and warmth in May. For Chaucer, the bird hides itself ' among fresh leaves.' Its affinities with the night, which have been so much insisted upon by the Romanticists, are seldom shown. Evidently for the writers of the period, just as, may we add, for any casual observer of to-day, the bird sings as beautifully under the sun as under the moon, the only difference being that existing between the leader of the chorus and the soloist.¹

Ronsard, who wrote about the middle of the sixteenth century, couples the nightingale with the lark in a morning song to his beloved :

Marie, levez-vous, vous êtes paresseuse,
Ja la gaye alouette au ciel a frédonné,
Et ja le rossignol doucement jargoné,
Dessus l'espine assis, sa complainte amoureuse.

Though imbued with the traditions and fashions of the Renaissance, Ronsard scarcely alters the joyful character of the *rossignol* or *rossignolet*, as he often prefers to call it. Philomela, with all the melancholy which her name suggests, is far more prominent in the writings of Spenser and his contemporaries. We find in the works of Sir Philip Sidney and John Lilly, a generation later, some interesting poems in which the genuine image of mediæval times is already affected by mythological associations, but without being spoilt by them :

The nightingale, as soon as April bringeth
Unto her rested sense a perfect waking,
While late bare earth, proud of new clothing, springeth, (!
Sings out her woes, a thorn her song-book making,
And mournfully bewailing ;
Her throat in tunes expresseth
What grief her breast oppresseth
For Tereus' force on her chaste will prevailing.

The first lines of Sidney's song agree with the spring-like interpretation of mediæval times, while the last have a flavour of the classical period.

¹ Petrarch is a notable exception. The nightingale bemoans the loss of its mate, as the poet laments the death of Laura ; but the Renaissance began much earlier in Italy, and Petrarch was already under the influence of the classic legend.

The same successful blending of the two tendencies is shown in John Lilly's well-known ditty:

What bird so sings, yet doth so wail?
Oh, 'tis the ravished nightingale;
'Jug, jug, jug, jug, Tereu,' she cries,
And still her woes at midnight rise.

The bird's song is faithfully translated, while the story of Philomela influences its meaning.

It is not merely a coincidence that, at the same period, the night aspect of the nightingale comes more and more to the fore. Knowing Philomela's story, the poets were naturally inclined to dwell on the characteristics of night, silence and solitude. It is scarcely necessary to recall Shakespeare's allusion in *The Merchant of Venice*:

The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*, in the farewell scene between the lovers, the nightingale stands for the symbol of night and the lark for the symbol of day, whereas, forty-one years before, Ronsard had associated them in his *aubade*. Shakespeare, however, never allows the human legend to interfere directly with his vision of Nature. When he speaks of Philomela and Progne in *Titus Andronicus*, it is not to compare the bird with the woman, but merely to explain one human tragedy by another.

We are thus led back to the Lakists and the origins of the Romantic movement. This movement was a reaction, first in England and Germany, later in France, against the conventions of the classic period. One of these conventions consisted in looking at the wonders of Nature through the spectacles of mythology, and Coleridge's criticism of the 'melancholy bird' may be largely attributed to the desire to free himself from such preconceived ideas.² Wordsworth's well-known outburst against the nightingale is no doubt due to a similar feeling, only, instead of accusing the poets who had wrongly interpreted the bird, he upbraids the innocent creature for the qualities which had been wrongly attributed to it. He prefers the stock-dove,

Who sings of love with quiet blending,
Slow to begin and never ending,
Of serious faith and inward glee,

not so much because its song is more beautiful, but because he feels an instinctive antagonism against the morbid passion which

² It must, however, be noticed that in a previous poem, written presumably in 1795, Coleridge invokes Philomela, with her 'pity-pleading strains,' and, strangely enough, here also quotes Milton's words,

the nightingale suggests to a mind filled with the horrors of Philomela's story. Blake seems to be nearer the truth when, in his *Spring Song*, he makes the 'nightingale in the dale' and the 'lark in the sky' merrily welcome in the year.

The strain of melancholy has, nevertheless, come to stay, and it would need great perspicacity to determine to what extent, during the modern period, it is due to tradition or to the genuine impression made by the bird's song. We feel inclined to suggest that, the classic poets having insisted on the melancholy character of the song, the yearning appeal of the long-drawn notes is often given a sad interpretation by modern writers, while the bubbling outburst of the trills which follow is once more rightly translated by them when in more joyful mood.

The sad note prevails among the German Romanticists of the early nineteenth century. Brentano reads in the melody 'pain in love and love in pain.' With Eichendorff the plaintive singer becomes the poet's comforter who 'watches and weeps with him.' Heine speaks of the 'divinely sad sound' of the 'sobbing, long-drawn tune,' and also finds solace in companionship in woe.

Matthew Arnold's *Philomela* provides a curious example of reversion to the classic type, with due reference to the fable. The poet asks the bird, singing among the 'cool trees' by the Thames, whether the old pain will never be quenched. Will the moonshine and the dew afford no balm?

Dost thou to-night behold
Here, through the moonlight of this English grass,
The unfriendly palace in the Thracian wild?

The melancholy mood might be pursued right up to modern times. It again becomes prominent towards the end of the nineteenth century, when pessimism and disillusionment are the keynote of literature, more particularly in France. 'All noises are silenced,' writes Verlaine; 'nothing but the voice, oh so languid, of the bird which was my first love, and which still sings as on the first day!' The 'melancholy and heavy summer night'

Berce sur l'azur qu'un vent doux effleure
L'arbre qui frissonne et l'oiseau qui pleure.

So, again, Samain:

Cependant qu'aux buissons l'oiseau sentimental,
L'oiseau triste et divin, que les ombres suscitent,
Sur les jardins déserts où les feuilles palpitent
Fait ruisseler son cœur en sanglots de cristal.

Philomela, after doing much harm, has after all fulfilled her purpose. She has awakened the poets' sensibility to a certain aspect of the bird's call ignored in former days. But this aspect,

instead of making men deaf to the song's essential meaning, only takes second place in their thoughts. The testimony of both English and French Romanticists is overwhelming on this point. Witness Shelley, in *The Woodman and the Nightingale*, that 'happy' bird 'whose music is a storm of sound.' Keats' well-known ode might have been written as a protest against the classic interpretation, in support of Coleridge's contention:

'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happiness,
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees, . . .
Singing of summer in full-throated ease.

The bird has never known 'the weariness, the fever and the fret' of mankind. It was not 'born for death,' and appears as a pure spirit endowed with freedom and immortality. How far we are from the pity inspired by Philomela in Jean-Baptiste Rousseau, and even from the comfort which its lament brought to Heine!

When Tennyson, in his *Poet's Song*, wants to suggest the brightest of all human songs, he tells us that it is brighter even than the nightingale's:

The nightingale thought: 'I have sung many songs,
But never one so gay.'

The French Romanticists, though not so emphatic as the English, dwell rather on the tender character of the melody. 'Que le rossignol chante,' writes Hugo,

oiseau dont la voix tendre
Contient de l'harmonie assez pour en répandre
Sur tout l'amour qui sort des cœurs.

Had Wordsworth been able to read it, the following passage of Lamartine's *Jocelyn* might have softened his feeling towards the 'creature of a fiery heart.' Love and the anxiety to help its mate, sitting on the nest, alone prompt the nightingale's singing:

Ah! c'est le chant du mâle dans les bois,
Qui, suspendu sur la cime d'un chêne,
Fait ruisseler les ondes de sa voix!
Oh! l'entends-tu distiller goutte à goutte
Ses longs soupirs après ses vifs transports,
Puis, de son arbre étourdissant la voûte,
Faire écumer des cascades d'accords?

It is not the first time that we meet this comparison, and it will not be the last. The liquid quality of the bird's song has inspired a number of comparisons connecting it with raindrops, streams, waterfalls and bursting bubbles, which are so obvious that they must unavoidably recur.

A poet from Bruges, writing in Flemish in the last years of the

nineteenth century, has succeeded in finding a few more images. To him the nightingale is a weaver before his loom, 'singing gaily while he weaves his thread,' or a 'censer full of sweetness, in which angelic hands burn heavenly perfumes,' or a 'peal of golden bells.' The notes which spring from its throat are like 'bubbles of water running down from a roof,' or like 'pearls fallen from a broken necklace, dancing on marble steps.' Gezelle humbles himself before the miracle, the unattainable and incomprehensible wonder, of the melody. He scarcely dares to interpret it.

Christina Rossetti seems to be dominated by the same emotion:

Hark! That's the nightingale
Telling the self-same tale
Her song told when this ancient earth was young. . . .

We call it love and pain,
The passion of her strain,
And yet we little understand or know:
Why should it not be rather joy that so
Throbs in each throbbing vein?

This questioning answer is the best we have been able to find to the problem raised by Coleridge. We cannot help feeling that the latter's challenge came at the right time and was to a certain extent justified, but his conclusion is far too sweeping when he declares that—

In nature there is nothing melancholy.

What did he think of the cry of other night birds, of the whistling of the wind in pine trees, and of the breaking of waves on the shore during a stormy night? Neither can it be contended, as is often done, that natural objects are nothing in themselves and are only what we make them. The wonder which stops the pen of Gezelle and of Christina Rossetti and turns their mind to God is not merely the sheer delight of a song or a sight, but the mysterious way in which these things answer to our own moods. Whether we decide that the nightingale's song is glad or sad, or contains a certain blending of joy and melancholy, we only mean by that that it awakens such feelings in ourselves. It is not necessary that the bird should share them. The love-call of the owl is as lugubrious as its danger signal, and blind chaffinches in small cages sing as well as, if not better than, their companions hopping freely in the neighbouring trees. The light of a star, the colour of a flower, the song of a bird, are great revelations, whether we recognise our soul in theirs or whether the mysterious affinity which binds us together reflects the spirit of our common Maker.

EMILE CAMMAERTS.

ART AND BEAUTY

'IN the morning of life the Truthful wooed the Beautiful, and their offspring was Love.' This is the opening sentence of Thackeray's delightful parody of Bulwer Lytton.

To me it is not quite as absurd as it looks; there is something, at any rate, in the conjunction of truth and beauty which appeals to me. It is curious that in modern art the flouting of 'truth to Nature' which has become quite a hobby with many artists and art critics is combined with a remarkable cult of ugliness, especially manifest in the portrayal of human beings.

In the old days all the leading authorities on art used to lay stress on the necessity of a close study of Nature with a view to its truthful representation. The great Leonardo is very strong on this point, and indeed generally the artist used to take a somewhat humble view of his relation to Nature; 'Il se faisait tout petit devant la Nature,' as Zola says of his artist hero in *L'Œuvre*: and this is an attitude that used to be universally commended by art critics. Ruskin wrote five large volumes to demonstrate Turner's wonderful fidelity to Nature and to confute those carping critics who complained that Turner's pictures were lacking in reality. Ruskin pleaded at great length and with extraordinary eloquence and research that Turner was one of the closest observers of Nature that had ever lived; and, paradoxical though it may seem, he more or less proved his case. Turner was always making notes of natural phenomena; the cellars of the National Gallery are full of them. He never relied on his imagination unless it were fortified by facts most laboriously acquired.

That this is the right method for even the most imaginative artists I have no doubt whatever, but the point of view of modern writers upon art is mostly quite opposed to this. In the jargon of modern art critics the one thing to be avoided is 'representation,' by which is meant the faithful rendering of Nature. The function of painting is so to distort Nature that the picture shall represent the personality of the painter much more than the scene that he depicts. This doctrine is a very comfortable one for the artist and is naturally popular. The representation of Nature is a task of extreme difficulty, and demands much labour and

the greatest qualities of eye and hand. No untrained eye or hand can come near to it. But the representation of the artist himself is very easy, if it were worth doing. He has only to give up the struggle with Nature and avoid correcting his imperfections of vision and execution, and the trick is done. Personally I prefer to be one of the strugglers.

All training in art used to be directed to fitting the artist for this struggle. In my young days our laborious student work from the plaster cast and from the living model was devoted to gaining the power of accurate representation and to the elimination of errors due to imperfect observation. The task of the teacher was to point out in what way the drawing or painting differed from the model. It was not of much use for the student to say, 'But I see it like that.' Such a plea was given short shrift. It was pointed out very forcibly that he did not see it like that; he only represented it like that, owing to carelessness and want of observation. But in the modern theory all this elaborate training is worse than useless. It was directed to the minimising of the personal error. But it is precisely this personal divergence from truth to Nature which is now applauded in a work of art. It is that which saves it from the cardinal sin of representation. It is that which reveals the artist, chiefly, I may say, by revealing his shortcomings. Any training which tends to cure him of his shortcomings obviously brings him closer to representation, which is the great thing to be avoided. Logically all training should be scrapped.

Fortunately the modern theorists are not logical—anything but that. At one well-known school of art and possibly at others a sort of compromise is arrived at. The individuality of the student is so sacred that work considered bad by the teacher is often condoned, in the desperate hope that it may lead to something remarkable in the future.

I am an impenitent Representationist; and I hold firmly to the ancient theory epitomised by a well-known teacher who, when asked by a student what he should do to his drawing, said, 'Get it like.' 'And after that?' said the student. 'Get it more like.' It will probably be objected that this kind of training would ruin the initiative of the pupil and prevent his developing his originality. I am confident it would do nothing of the kind. The great obstacle to the development of originality is imperfect technique. The power of representation is essential to the development of even the most poetic imaginings.

I do not think I need refer to Cubist and Futurist nonsense. Having hardly any relation to the world about us and having no imaginative quality, these movements have died of dullness; their only appeal was that of novelty, and when this wore off there was nothing left. Modern art, even the most advanced, bears some

resemblance to Nature. It does profess to represent natural objects and even human beings. Unfortunately, these human beings are so distorted in form and colour that they are extremely unpleasant to anyone who cares for beauty.

And here I come to my main thesis--the connection between truth and beauty. A disregard of truth leads to caricature, and caricature is fatal to beauty.

I have a great respect for the art of caricature in its proper field. It may be described as an exaggeration of abnormalities. It seizes on any divergence from the normal and makes it diverge still more, in extreme cases to an extent which is impossible in Nature. Its aim is to make people ridiculous (in many cases a quite legitimate aim). Incidentally it always makes them much uglier than they are. I imagine that advanced art has a different aim (although I do not know what it is), but, the method being similar to that of caricature, the result is also similar. There are many good-looking people in the world, but never a single one in advanced painting; and this is serious. When Van Gogh misrepresents a wooden chair it does not very much matter; when he misrepresents a human being the case is much worse. And Van Gogh is a comparatively mild sinner compared with other exponents of this decadent school. If we were to meet in the streets the sort of people depicted in modern art, we should turn from them in loathing. Even for the admirers of the advanced school it must be a great effort to conquer the distaste that the natural man feels for human beings of abnormal form and colouring.

This question of human beauty is very important. It is hard to define, and yet there is a general consensus of all civilised peoples that certain types are more beautiful than others. There is more agreement about masculine than about feminine beauty. The masculine type that is universally admired is what may be called the essentially manly one--a well-grown athletic body with a head expressive of vigour and intelligence. In judging of female beauty the sexual element is so strong that it complicates the question. In prehistoric Europe there seems to have been a cult of the fat, steatopygous woman--a cult that persists with many negro races, whose chiefs demand in their wives a high standard of obesity and a great development of the hind quarters. As culture advances these over-developed forms are neglected for the healthy normality of which the best expression is to be found in Greek sculpture. In this the female type does not differ very markedly from the male. The contours of the female are rounder and softer; the hips are a little larger; the waist is a little smaller; the legs are less muscular and slightly knock-kneed as compared with the male. The development of the breast is moderate in classical sculpture, much too moderate for Oriental taste, which has an

ideal of full-bosomed houris. In Indian sculpture the females are always big-hipped and big-breasted.

In modern times we still pay homage to the Greek ideal, but we mostly admire a somewhat less robust type. In essentials, however, until the arrival of modern art most painters and sculptors adopted the classical ideal with the full approval of the average man and woman. It was the universality of this type in art which finally provoked a reaction. I admit that it had become rather monotonous, and men, being fickle by nature, began to hanker after other goddesses. This at first was all to the good. It is not well to narrow our conception of beauty overmuch. There are many very beautiful people who diverge from the normal type, but the point is that this divergence must not be too great; any considerable divergence means a partial and unwholesome development; in extreme cases it becomes pathological, and the admiration of deformity and disease is a very deadly thing.

Here we are on the track of something of much more importance than any question of art. The future of the race is at stake. The average man still chooses his wife to a great extent for her personal attractions, and it is well that he should do so if he wishes to have healthy and well-formed children; but this is on the supposition that he is attracted by healthy and well-formed women. If the contrary is the case, if he is attracted by abnormality, if he gets to like the sort of women depicted in advanced art, then woe betide the human race! It is true that if his ideal is that of the very advanced painters he can never attain it, for fortunately such women do not exist, but there are unhappy approximations to them, and even an approximation can be a grave danger to eugenics.

It is very odd to me that so many artists seem to take but little interest in this question of human beauty. They simply dismiss it with a sneer about 'pretty, pretty' and 'chocolate-box,' neither of which designations applies in the least to classical art nor to the art of the Italian Renaissance. It is very easy to steer clear of the chocolate-box without abandoning the pursuit of beauty. Yet so violent is the reaction that there is now a positive cult of ugliness. When I last saw the students' work at the Academy I was struck by the poor physique of the models who had been employed for the drawing and painting from the life. On inquiry I found this attributed to a new rule that the students could choose their own models, and that they, with the extremist temperament of the young, preferred to choose them ugly in order to avoid any suspicion of mere prettiness. I hasten to add in defence of the poor models that no doubt their defects were made the most of in the reproductions.

I recollect seeing some years ago a very fine study from the

nude in the studio of a distinguished lady artist. I admired the painting, but regretted that it was wasted on a model with such a poor figure. I asked why had she not chosen one of the fine, well-proportioned girls of whom there are quite a number in the profession.

'Surely,' I said, 'it must give you much more pleasure to paint from a fine model than from a poor one?'

'No,' said the artist; 'it is a matter of complete indifference to me.' It is this spirit that I deplore.

There are many manifestations of it. A short time ago there was a great boom in negro sculpture, much fostered by the eloquent pen of Mr. Roger Fry. If I remember rightly, he compared these bestial figures with the Elgin Marbles, not unfavourably. Of course, this boom did not last, but others have taken its place.

Then there is the cult of El Greco—the one old master who delighted in distorted forms and unwholesome colouring, and fell into well-merited oblivion until the bad taste of the present generation of critics obtained for him a vogue that he never had before and, I trust, will never have again.

Then there is the purchase for the National Gallery at a vast price of a hideous picture by Pieter Breughel, in which the figures are entirely out of proportion and the faces are repulsive, to say nothing of the recent purchase of works by Van Gogh, as to which words fail me.

Recently there was exhibited at the Leicester Galleries a series of pictures by a lady who, we are assured, is a very distinguished French artist. The subjects are mostly young women showing a good deal of what one gathers is meant for their legs, but I hasten to add that there is no tinge of impropriety; they resemble real legs so little that no one could accuse them of suggestiveness. The really interesting thing about these ladies is that they have no noses. They have eyes and mouths of a pronounced type, accentuated by obvious *maquillage*, but no noses. I do not recollect that any critic has openly protested against this childish nonsense. Some, indeed, have acclaimed it with rapture; even the sanest have only damned with faint praise.

The attitude of the critics is most disheartening; they seem positively afraid to criticise this decadent stuff. If only one of them would stand up and call it plainly the impudent rubbish that it is, I should have some hope.

The odd thing is that they still do lip homage to the really great masters. They are ready enough to extol Rembrandt and Velasquez and Titian, and then go on to speak with an equal reverence of the men whom they call the founders of modern art—Cézanne, Matisse, Goguin, Van Gogh and the rest. It is enough to make Velasquez turn in his grave. That he, the greatest master

of noble and realistic portraiture, should be likened to these clumsy caricaturists! Velasquez, who painted even the dwarfs and idiots of the Court of Spain with such tenderness and humanity that they seem to have a sort of pathetic dignity—that he should be likened to these others who took ordinary human beings and made them look like misshapen idiots!

The truth about these several founders of the modern school is that they had no power of representation and consequently fell into caricature. The least incompetent of the four is probably Cézanne, who did at times endeavour to work in the style of the old masters, but with singular ill-success. An eminent French critic remarked, 'Ce que j'admire dans la vie du père Cézanne, c'est sa persévérance à faire de la mauvaise peinture.'

It is in portraiture that these new doctrines seem to me to produce the worst effect. Even Sargent, whom I regard as the greatest living portrait-painter, is not quite free from the tendency towards caricature which is the besetting sin of modern portraiture. He can, when he chooses, give very beautiful and dignified representations of his sitters, but he does not always choose; in his intense search for character he sometimes goes a little over the edge. In the lesser lights of modern portraiture caricature is rampant, sometimes very clever caricature. The result is often brilliant and animated, and is much appreciated by the public and by the less intimate friends of the victim, but not by himself nor by his real friends. Indeed, one eminent portrait painter is reported to have complained that every fresh sitter meant a fresh enemy. This style of portraiture is a great temptation to the younger men who have their way to make. It is, of course, the public and the critics who make the reputation of a young painter, and it is much easier to impress them by a lively caricature than by a sober presentation of a man at his ordinary best, which I think should be the aim of the portrait-painter. I say 'his ordinary best' advisedly, for it is surely not only legitimate, but praiseworthy, to represent a man rather at his best than at his worst, but it must not be a very exceptional best, or the likeness will suffer.

As for the jazz portraits done under the influence of the much-boomed post-Impressionist painters, they are not even good caricatures. The test of a good caricature is in its essential resemblance to humanity even when most exaggerated. For instance, the work of Max Beerbohm, although wilfully distorted to the extremest limit, always reminds one of human beings, which the most advanced portraiture certainly does not.

I will not end on a note of pessimism. There are certain signs of a welcome change. Even in Paris, which is the home of modernity in art, the *salons* appear to be getting less freakish.

If only our art critics were a little less anxious to be in the swim and had a little more courage in denouncing obvious absurdities, we might have some hope of exorcising the demon of ugliness and caricature and even of returning to the sanity of the great masters.

JOHN COLLIER.

THE FOLKLORE OF HISTORY

THE world (it is a proud reflection) is governed by *homo sapiens* : perhaps malicious quadrupeds, aware of our present situation, would add that it looks it. But it is not always easy to distinguish the master of the world from the remainder of the brute creation. His physical equipment is scandalously simian ; and his mental qualities vary between the bovine and the bird-like. The proud attempt is often made to found a claim to superiority upon his manufactures ; but his case, even here, is sometimes less than thin. He makes tunnels ; but so does the mole. He makes bridges ; but so does the beaver. He makes laws ; but so (without professional assistance) does the ant. He makes filigree ; but the spider makes it too. He makes songs ; but the birds make better ones.

Yet there is one handicraft which is his peculiar secret. Perhaps it may serve as the mystery of the human guild. What other animal makes gods ? One puts the question a little haughtily and pauses, with easy confidence, for a reply. The brute creation is shamed into a respectful silence. It hangs its head ; its tail is (where possible) between its legs. There is no answer to the human challenge, because man alone makes gods. He makes them on the oddest occasions and from the most unpromising material. From rainstorms, from sunsets, from trees, from thunder, from running water and stones with peculiar shapes, the strange little creature fashions divinities. His capacity for adoration is inexhaustible ; and it is lavished upon the most remarkable objects.

But of all the gods which man has ever made the most singular are those which he makes out of other men. Sometimes the venerated person has a religious turn ; in such cases he is added, quite simply, to the bright company of the skies and becomes a god *pur sang*—like the gaunt Mahomet and the mild Gautama Buddha. But more frequently his career has a merely national significance ; and the deification of these political figures has produced queer series of patriotic sub-religions which, fascinating as folk-lore, strangely complicate the task of the historian. Patriotism and centenaries are the two greatest enemies of

Truth. The shy lady seems to retire into the cool depths of her well when she hears a brass band coming or detects the deeper note of memorial orators tuning up. But she is nowhere harder to discern than in those careers which have been overlaid by this odd craving for mythology. A persevering monarch of Teutonic origin, named Karl, reappears in French fable as a semi-divine old man of colossal stature, with miraculous accomplishments, and in direct communication with heaven through the Archangel Gabriel. The French imagination seems peculiarly friendly to these transfigurations. For a still more questionable character, whom a series of happy accidents elevated to the throne of France in the early years of the Nineteenth Century, emerges in a blaze of theological glory, which can hardly be stated except in the decorous terms of classical mythology. The fortunate artillerist

Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

A far-shining figure is seen to sit above the thunder on the Napoleonic Olympus; on his right hand is the eagle (how fortunate that his heraldic advisers did not adopt, as they nearly did, the elephant); beside him sit one or other of the ladies who were cast to play the part of Juno; and to right and left gleams the bright circle of the lesser gods, with a distinct preponderance of Mars and a brisk competition between his sisters for the agreeable rôle of Venus. Can it be wondered that historians have failed to render the lineaments of the deified Emperor? Folk-lore defies the search for truth; and any age, which has once glowed under its magic touch, is lost to history.

No period, perhaps, is richer in such mythology than the decade which produced the American Revolution. A century of patriotism has transfigured the facts; and there is a fine profusion of semi-divine personages. Infernal deities abound in Dantesque abundance. The mild features of King George III. acquire, as they preside over the Brocken of British policy, a Tartaric magnificence. Lord North,

One next himself in power and next in crime,

shambles a little inadequately through the part of Beelzebub. And the assembled 'Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,' which lived upon the British taxpayer between the years 1760 and 1782 loom in the sinister glare of their infernal characters. One had almost forgotten that they were human beings who played at loo and lived in a pleasant world—when fine ladies said 'Pho' and sent little notes to gentlemen by their abigails.

Almost equally baffling is the blinding white radiance which

envelops, to the American eye, the fathers of his country. Yet Dr. Franklin was a man; General Washington was almost human; and the fatal bullet which struck down Mr. Hamilton was not averted, as it sped from Mr. Burr's pistol, by some divine mother, invisible in a cloud. One even doubts how far these laborious apotheoses perform any real service to the reputations which they are designed to glorify. One may conceivably worship, but one can never admire, a god. The adored object is removed into a sphere beyond the reach of mere affection; and his appetites are starved upon a perpetually unsatisfying diet of rather perfunctory incense. Yet these men were once alive. Those chilly figures, in their marble attitudes, had wives and doubts and failings. Each of them, after his fashion, was strong, weak, admirable, reprehensible, before a sacerdotal view of history froze him into perfection, set him in his niche, and erected him as the immobile totem of some national virtue.

And there is another side to it all. Every religion breeds its sceptics. Canonisation creates the agnostic; and great names, which might have earned respect on the human plane, become the targets of young unbelievers. Nothing is more distressing than to observe the disproportionate fall which follows overvaluation. One has seen it in innumerable poets. The popular painter waits for posterity, as for a hangman. And the same monotonous pendulum which swings national heroes to the skies will one day drop them almost out of sight. Did not a minor poet in New York say of a highly questionable prince, so early as the year 1837, that he was 'a rather dull man of the order of Washington'? There is a stupid alternation of praise and blame; little men run about among the national images looking for feet of clay, or laboriously bleach historical black sheep. It is a singularly aimless process; and there is no corrective, except the substitution of a clear-eyed estimate for the ecstasies of patriotic religion.

Not, be it said, that all the fixed ideas are upon one side of the Atlantic. There is an equally distorted body of doctrine through which the American Revolution is reflected in the English mind. The stern figures, before which awed worshippers swing republican censers, recur in British legend under a strange disguise. There they are oddly shrunken; they dwindle into a provincial pettiness; and their voices monotonously intone the dreary formulæ of sedition. The British misconception relates principally to the American leaders: Englishmen have few illusions about their own. Their national modesty is rarely recognised abroad; but, by an admirable tradition, they hardly ever make extravagant claims on behalf of their public men. Profoundly respectful of themselves, they are generally economical

of respect for their masters. So one is not confronted with a national cult for King George III.; reference to Mr. Grenville is rare in public speeches; and Lord North is one of the few Tory statesmen after whom no club in Oxford has yet been named. But in place of the men who opposed them they have erected a disfiguring mythology, which renders almost as little of the facts as the loftiest flights of republican eloquence. General Washington, that profoundly British country gentleman, has become a dangerous revolutionary; the benevolent Dr. Franklin flits across the stage as a sinister conspirator; and Mr. Hamilton reappears in the uncongenial character of a dreary prig. It is all as remote from the truth as that glorious charade which has delighted American minds for a century with the elevating spectacle of Lord North in the sombre trappings of Alva and the Neronic despotism of King George.

The two myths form a pleasing contrast and may well engage the attention of folk-lorists. Some unborn Frazer should pursue a *Golden Bough* through the dark forest of Thanksgiving Day oratory and Anglo-American school text-books. But the figures of that age have surely receded far enough into the long perspective of history for a more detached view. Whilst they still remained relevant to public controversies, politics demanded a lively distortion. The long story was simplified into a party cry; and the actors in the piece were merely divided into villains and heroes with a precision which brought them within the comprehension of the humblest politician. That has been the fate of almost every great event in history. A century ago the British schoolboy approached the execution of Charles I. with grave partisanship; half a century later professors exchanged challenges about the Reformation. But as Prerogative and Protestantism passed out of active politics into history, it became possible to discern the outline of the facts through that clearer (though frostier) atmosphere. So, one may hope, the American Revolution emerges slowly into the daylight. The Sons of Liberty follow the Roundheads into historic reality. Stiff figures step off their pedestals and become human once more; and men whom one had seen fitfully under the shifting glare of patriotic limelight sit to historians for their portraits by the still light of studios. The political controversy has almost fallen silent. The Stamp Act is no longer debated in the remoter villages of either country; and the competing eloquence of Mr. Burke and Mr. Henry compels few cheers beyond the silent applause of students in libraries. The dispute has become an old problem in administration, almost in geography; and there are no longer any sides to it, except the two sides of the Atlantic. The debate is ended; and historians hover over that quiet battlefield.

In this still air one may set up an easel to paint a few portraits. It would be safer, perhaps, to make the usual genuflections before the stiff effigies erected by tradition on patriotic totems. National *tabus* are awkward things to disregard. But it seems more respectful to a man, even if he was a great man, to depict him as a man. And since they lived in the hard, bright light of the Eighteenth Century, by which Mr. Walpole saw everything and M. de Voltaire saw through everything, when anxious ladies were closeted with their mantua-makers and young gentlemen of fashion eloped with pretty nymphs, how clearly one can see them, those men who (some of them without intending it) made two nations grow where one nation grew before.

PHILIP GUEDALLA.

A CRIME OF THE MIDDLE AGES

THE SUPPRESSION OF THE RED CROSS KNIGHTS

IN the year 1119 two young French knights, Hugues de Payens and Geoffroi de Saint-Omer, together with seven other proven warriors of noble birth, pledged themselves, in the service of Christ and the Blessed Virgin, to defend the pilgrims' road to Jerusalem. In the presence of the Patriarch they bound themselves by the monastic vows of poverty, chastity, and implicit obedience both to the Patriarch and to whomsoever of their own number should be elected their Master, while a fourth vow pledged them to keep the roads open and safe for pilgrims to the Holy Land.¹ Before long these 'poor soldiers of Jesus Christ'—whose seal, in token of their humility and poverty, represented two knights mounted on one horse—were awarded quarters in the Latin palace, which occupied the ancient site of Solomon's Temple on Mount Moriah, and acquired thence their later name of Knights Templar.

The fame of these small beginnings quickly spread throughout Europe, and when at the Council of Troyes (1128) these 'poor soldiers' were organised formally as a military religious order, and received a charter based on the Cistercian rule but adapted to the needs of their peculiar status, half-monk, half-soldier, the flower of Christian knighthood flocked to enrol itself in their ranks. The ideal of the Templar's life—the life of the cloister combined with a life of incessant warfare for all that men held highest and most sacred—was one that appealed strongly to the spirit of the age; and from that time forward in every battle of the Crusades the blood-red cross of the Templars led the van, and filled the

¹ "The Templars live together as an agreeable but frugal community, without wife or children; claiming as their own nothing—not even their own will. They are never idle; when they are not marching against the infidels, either they are attending to their arms or horses, or they are engaged, at the bidding of their superior, in pious exercises. They share alike each other's honours and each other's burdens, that thus they may fulfil the law of Christ. . . . On the eve of battle, they arm themselves within with faith, without with steel. Their confidence is in the Lord of Hosts, and in His cause they seek a sure victory or a holy and honourable death." (St. Bernard, *In Praise of the New Chivalry*.)

civilised world with the fame of their courage and devotion. Before five years had elapsed nearly every one of the original three hundred, who had returned with Hugues de Payens from the Council of Troyes, had died, as their contemporaries esteemed, a martyr's death.

Unfortunately it was the early popularity of the order that produced the first insidious germs of ultimate decay. The Council of Troyes had transferred the allegiance of its members from the Patriarch of Jerusalem to the Holy See, and the Popes—who purposed to constitute them a militia, dependent solely upon the papal power, and sworn to fight blindly in its defence—heaped upon the order favours and privileges which incurred for it the envy and hatred both of temporal and spiritual powers. The increasing wealth of the order was another fruitful source of enmity and apprehension. No sooner had the Popes promised salvation to those who commuted personal service in the Crusades for the bestowal of money and lands on the military orders than countless manors and priories, together with their revenues, passed into their hands. And, above and beside all else, there were the Templars' pride and arrogance, almost as proverbial as their courage, which undermined their popularity with the general public. When the crisis came not a hand was raised in their defence.

The first direct blow at their security, however, was the papal innovation which diverted the employment of the money and vows offered in defence of the Holy Sepulchre to the advancement of other interests nearer home. When eternal salvation was assured at infinitely less cost and danger it was only natural that the laity should accept the change willingly. Ere long enthusiasm for what hitherto had been the rallying point of Christendom had waned to the extent that men and means alike were lacking to defend the Cross against the Crescent.

With the fall of Acre, 1291, the Christians finally were driven from the Holy Land. When Saladin recovered Jerusalem at the close of eighty-seven years of Christian rule the Templars had retired to that stronghold, and thence had carried on their mission of protection. Unfortunately they worked also serious detriment to their sacred cause by desperate quarrels with their hated rivals, the Knights of St. John. Nevertheless their final effort in the East was worthy of the best traditions of their famous order. After Homeric struggles against hopeless odds both the military orders in Western Asia were practically exterminated at the fall of Acre.

The survivors of the Hospitallers, later capturing Rhodes, constituted themselves from this base a Christian bulwark

against the advance of the Mahomedans in the Mediterranean. Thus they convinced the world that they still had a mission to fulfil. A remnant of the Templars—even the certainty of annihilation could induce only ten of the surviving knights to betray their trust—fled with the treasure of the order to Cyprus, where, for a time, they managed to maintain and revive the flickering flame of the Templar fortunes. The order had saved its wealth and it had no difficulty in filling up its ranks; but the Spanish branch alone continued the campaign against the Saracens. The order, with this solitary exception, had forfeited the purpose of its existence. Consequently it fell an easy prey to an avaricious French monarch, to whom its immense wealth offered fatal attraction.

It is true that the deep obligations of Philip IV. to their order might have persuaded the Templars of their security at his hands. Outwardly the relations between them remained cordial to the very last. In 1299 the order in France had supplied the King with 500,000 livres as a dowry for his sister. When to evade his financial difficulties he had debased the coinage, it was in the temple at Paris that he found a refuge from the fury of the populace. Yet perhaps it was the very power of the Red Cross knights to aid that aroused his antagonism. Here within his own kingdom was a force that exceeded his control—a force whose arms and riches might be turned against himself at any moment.

For a time at least the Pope appears to have shrunk from an enterprise which involved the betrayal of men who had been consistently loyal to the Holy See; but it was not long before the King found means to force his hand. Ugly rumours were current of immorality and heresy within the order. They originated for the most part with recreant knights and serving brethren who for their shortcomings had been expelled from the order; but the rigid secrecy that enveloped the rites of the community readily lent colour to such accusations. When once the King had secured information—such information as always is forthcoming quickly in return for payment—sufficient to enable him to rouse popular indignation against the order, the game was in his hands. The powerful machinery of the Inquisition would effect the rest.

In 1305 the depositions that Philip had procured from enemies of the order were laid before the Pope, who professed considerable scepticism as to its guilt; though he admitted that the proofs presented to him were strong. A year later the Grand Masters both of the Templars and of the Hospitallers were summoned before the Pope in France. The Master of the Hospitallers excused himself; the Master of the Templars, Jacques de Molai,

came to France. Various matters were discussed, and amongst them the prospects of a fresh Crusade and the amalgamation of the military orders. No mention, however, seems to have been made of any accusations, and it was not till the following spring, April 1307, that de Molai, rendered uneasy by certain vague rumours, himself raised the question with the Pope and received from him complete reassurance of his doubts. Possibly Clement himself had not decided definitely what course to adopt, but the obvious result of his reply was to deliver the Templars, body and soul, to their most ruthless foe.

In October of that same year, 1307, the blow fell. The King, acting in unison with his confessor, Guillaume de Paris, who was also Inquisitor of France, and assisted by his Ministers under the leadership of Guillaume de Nogaret, had collected his preliminary evidence. He then issued a secret order to the various provincials, directing that at daybreak on the 13th all Templars should be seized in their beds and cast into prison. The sudden move was entirely successful. Rumours indeed may have reached the Templars' ears, but if so only a very few regarded them seriously; the large majority, trusting to the power and prestige of their order, and possibly to Philip's gratitude, were captured without a struggle.

The next day, Saturday, de Nogaret and his colleagues rehearsed before the University of Paris and the bishops—than whom, as we have already seen, the unfortunate Knights Templar had no bitterer foes—the crimes which they professed to have found rampant amongst them. On the morrow, Sunday, the mob was assembled in the palace gardens, where Dominican preachers and royal deputies inflamed them to indignation against the doomed order. In addition to this a proclamation was issued, probably by de Nogaret, to the effect that 'a bitter fact, a deplorable fact, a fact terrible to think on, terrible to hear, a fact detestable, execrable, abominable and inhuman, already had resounded in the ears of the people, and had caused a thrill of the most violent horror,' until the King, reluctantly compelled to abandon his first hopes that the accusations were due solely to hatred and envy, had consulted the Pope (although, as we have seen, he now was acting without his sanction), and finally had yielded to the counsel of his barons and to the entreaties of the Inquisitor of France.²

Moreover, lest any surviving branch of the order inconveniently should claim the residue of its wealth, royal letters were despatched to every potentate of Europe, stating the heresies of which Philip had found the Templars guilty, and requesting every ruling power to combine in their suppression.

² Georges Lizerand, *Clement V. et Philippe IV., le Bel.*

No sooner were these preliminary formalities duly completed than the Inquisition set to work, and with such effect that of the 138 knights arrested in Paris alone, only three refused to admit at least some of the charges. How could they do otherwise, when on all sides of them comrades were dying, either under torture or of the cold and hunger to which they were exposed in their damp dungeons; when they were solemnly assured that denial was useless, seeing that the Grand Master and their other principal officers already had confessed the guilt of the order?

But now as to the principal charges brought against the Templars. It was alleged that on his admission into the order each novice was compelled to spit upon the Cross; sometimes to trample it under foot and to deny the divinity of Christ. That various degrading and revolting ceremonies were inflicted upon each member at his induction. That idols in various forms were freely worshipped. That the priests of the order, when celebrating Mass, omitted to consecrate the Host. These and many other abominations were stated to have been prevalent in the order for at least thirty years. Prompt and free confession was rewarded by instant release; whilst those who at first denied the charges were submitted to the most excruciating tortures, till they were reduced to such a state as to confess whatever their tormentors required of them. Even then, unless indeed they had been seeking a more merciful death, they were flung back into the arms of their executioners until such time as they were recalled to repeat their confession.

For it is only from the strongest characters (comments Dr. Finkelstein) that a confession under torture is of any value. Only when we believe the Templars to be innocent of the crimes attributed to them, can we understand the testimony borne them by the aged Bishop of Beirut. He had lived amongst them for forty years; he frequently had administered to them the Holy Communion; and he had been impressed by the piety with which they had received it. (*Der Papsttum und der Untergang der Templarorden.*)

Apostate knights there probably were—men who had been contaminated by the licence of the East, or by the lust and impurity which then permeated nearly every religious community in Christendom, men who willingly would have inculcated their own degraded principles amongst their brethren. That the entire order had so debased itself passes comprehension. Heresy, after all, was the fundamental charge. But would heretics have died, as many Red Cross knights in Asia died, rather than denounce a faith which they discredited?

But to return to the proceedings that thus had been instituted in France against the Templars, which proceedings have been described as 'the greatest crime of the Middle Ages.' The Pope,

who was at Poitiers when first he heard of Philip's decisive move, for the moment was indignant at what he rightly considered a flagrant disregard for his own authority; seeing that the Templars, by their constitution, were answerable to his own tribunal and to no other. But though at first he protested against this breach of formalities, he seems to have acquiesced speedily in an injustice which, it must be owned, he had no power to check, and to have arrived at some agreement with Philip as to the division of the spoils. At any rate, in November of that same year, 1307, a papal bull describes Philip's action as the result of a requisition by the Inquisitor of France, as a means of submitting the Templars to the judgment of the Church; and, whilst declaring that their leaders had confessed one and all to the crimes alleged against them, it counselled all sovereigns to imitate the French King's example, detaining the persons of their prisoners and sequestering their property in the name of the Holy See. If the order were proved innocent, such property would be restored; if not, it would be devoted to a fresh Crusade.

Six months later—months of constant trials and tortures—Clement suddenly resumed his attitude of outraged dignity. Any powerful friends that the Templars possessed were agitating for a fuller inquiry and for a papal confirmation of the charges; and accordingly the Pontiff, obliged to produce personal evidence, set up his tribunal at Tours and cited seventy-two Templars from Paris to appear before him. They were men who already, under torture, had confessed their guilt as to a portion at least of the accusations brought against them; and terror of the stake, which awaited any recantation of their former admission of guilt, was sufficient to render them ready tools in the hands of their enemies.

When thus much evidence had been collected, a commission was appointed by the Pope to meet in Paris, where any Templar who desired to defend his order was offered a fair hearing. A year elapsed, however, before the Commission, which was to be held in the Convent of Ste. Geneviève, commenced its sittings; during which year the torture had produced an ample harvest of incriminating evidence. No single Templar appeared in the defence. Those who had volunteered had been warned that for so doing they would be burnt as relapsed heretics.

But at last the Grand Master, Jacques de Molai, Hugues de Peraud, the Visitor of France, and certain other brethren were produced to offer their defence. They asked for counsel. They could fight, they said, but they were unversed in legal matters. No counsel, they were told, was granted in a trial for heresy. Next de Molai was warned of the risk he incurred by recanting the

confession he had made after his arrest, and had repeated before a specially appointed tribunal at Chinon in 1308, and a report of his confession was read to him. The effect was extraordinary. After a few moments of utter stupefaction he exclaimed, crossing himself as he did so: 'Would to God the same justice existed in France as among the Saracens, where instant death awaits those who pervert the truth!'³

The diplomacy of his enemies, however, was more than equal to the occasion. De Molai was informed that he and other principal leaders of the order had been reserved for the personal judgment of the Pope; and instantly he submitted to this higher tribunal, with the most disastrous consequences. His appeal lent colour to the assertion that their persecutors freely spread among the luckless knights that their Master and Precentor had forsaken them.

Early in the following year, 1310, a fresh offer was made on the part of the Commissioners to grant full liberty of defence, without prejudice, to any Templar who might wish to vindicate the order; and confidence in the proclamation now at last produced about six hundred knights, all of whom declared themselves ready and eager to maintain the purity of the order. Now the ingenuity of separating the leaders from the rank and file became apparent. The Templars were assembled in the gardens of the episcopal palace in Paris, and were there advised to select representatives from amongst their own number who should speak for the rest, since the counsel they demanded was denied them. But these men had been trained to a life of strict obedience; they belonged to different provinces and spoke different dialects; they were weak and worn with many months of weary imprisonment, following on the most excruciating tortures. That they should have dared to take their lives in their hands and to protest that, whereas they themselves had lied before the Inquisitors, the order was pure and immaculate, was nothing short of heroism. But what could they do? They protested against the inhuman treatment they had received; they repeated their offer to defend the order whensoever it should be placed on trial; they reiterated their assertions that the charges against it were lies, fabricated by apostates and fugitives; they expressed their astonishment that greater faith should be placed in men corrupted with bribery than in those who had died in torment as martyrs for their cause or who, for conscience's sake, were dragging out a miserable existence in imprisonment and daily tribulation. But their vow of obedience, they declared, prevented them from appointing proctors without the direction of their Grand Master. The answer was that the Grand Master had refused to defend the

³ Dupuy, *Condamnation des Templiers*.

order, that he had confessed its guilt, and that he had submitted himself to the judgment of the Holy See.

Meanwhile, through Philip's influence, a *protégé* of his own recently had been consecrated Archbishop of Sens, and herein lay his opportunity. An Archiepiscopal Council was convened in Paris, and on May 11 four trembling Templars presented a petition before the Papal Commissioners. That very day a resolution had been passed by the Archbishop's Council which condemned to the stake, as relapsed heretics, all who under promise of protection had retracted their former confessions. They were come to claim the protection of the Commissioners, who, after anxious deliberation amongst themselves, replied that they could do nothing. The Council was acting under powers delegated by the Pope; consequently they themselves had no power to intervene. On May 12 fifty-four Templars were burnt to death in the fields adjoining the Convent of Saint-Antoine, whilst similar executions followed speedily in other parts of France.

The effect of this act of treachery—and whether or no we acknowledge the guilt of the order, it was nothing else—was instantaneous. On May 31 Sir Aimery de Villiers appeared before the Commissioners to give his evidence. Pale and trembling, he sank upon his knees. The order, he avowed, was pure and stainless, the accusations were lies; but he had witnessed the deaths of fifty-four of his comrades on the previous day, and he acknowledged that dread of a similar fate was sufficient to induce him to own whatever was required of him, even if this should include the confession that he had slain his Saviour with his own hands!

For some months longer this tragic farce dragged on, until on October 10, 1310, the Council of Bishops, which originally had been summoned to meet in the previous autumn, assembled at Vienne. The Commissioners had presented their report, such as it was, to Clement; the reports from other countries also had been sent to him; but the result still was insufficient for his purpose. By his bull of November 1307 he had committed himself to belief in the Templars' guilt. In France indeed a certain amount of incriminating evidence had been collected by such means as already have been described; in Spain both the order and its knights were exonerated completely. At that very moment numbers of Red Cross knights were languishing in Moorish dungeons from which a word of recantation would have saved them. In other countries the conclusions had been more or less in their favour. In Cyprus, where the Templars had their headquarters and where, if anywhere, their true character should have been known; even political enemies bore witness on their behalf.

Since, therefore, further evidence was necessary, a fresh series of bulls were published, which expressly ordered the use of torture in order that 'the truth' thus should be extracted; and even of the confessions so obtained only those that were likely to prove serviceable were forwarded to the Pope. In spite of these manoeuvres, when the matter came to the vote, and when the Council was requested to condemn the order unheard, only one Italian prelate and three French ones, amongst whom was the Archbishop of Sens, were ready to commit this infamy. Only in France had there been any general confession of guilt. Germany, Italy, and Spain had pronounced the order innocent. In England the Templars had owned to heresy, but had disclaimed the other charges. Consequently there was no justification for the suppression of the order of the Knights Templar.

Once again the King was equal to the occasion. In February he came from Lyons to Vienne, and pressed the degradation of the memory of his ancient foe, Pope Boniface. It was a matter that Clement, notwithstanding any earlier promises, dared not execute. To do so would have impugned the validity of his own election and the legitimacy of all the cardinals whom Boniface had raised to the purple; therefore the result was instant submission to the royal will. Since the General Council had refused to pronounce condemnation, a secret consistory of cardinals and bishops declared the dissolution of the order (March 22, 1311). The evidence, it was admitted, was insufficient to justify this verdict; nevertheless the proof of corruption, it was claimed, was so clear that it was judged essential provisionally to abolish the order and to transfer its possessions to the Hospitallers. If, however, at a later date it should be proved that this determination was unjust, the Knights of the Temple were duly to be re-established and their property restored.

As for Philip the Fair, the chief instigator in what, ostensibly, was a crusade against heresy, but was in fact a means of appropriating to his own use the revenues of a wealthy order, he had escaped the payment of the large debt that he owed the Templars, and for five or six years he had enjoyed the revenues of their estates; but the bulk of the property he now was obliged reluctantly to consign to the rival order to which the Council had awarded it. It must be added, however, that in so doing he exacted from the Hospitallers a tax which reduced greatly the value of their acquisition.

As regards the rank and file of the order, nominally they were delivered over by the Council, with many instructions as to their rigorous treatment, to the provincials; but, now that their wealth was forfeited, the interest they aroused had waned. Many, indeed, were left in prison; some returned to their homes; some

entered Benedictine or Cistercian monasteries; some roamed the world as homeless vagabonds; others again attached themselves to temporal lords.

It only remains, therefore, to describe the final tragedy which concerns the fate of the Grand Master and his three principal colleagues. These had been reserved for the Pope's judgment, but were left nearly two years longer in confinement, apparently forgotten.

At last, however, May 19, 1314, it was considered advisable further to impress the people with the guilt of an order whose persecution had awakened considerable sympathy, and an imposing ceremony was organised, which was to include the formal reading of the bull of suppression and the pronouncement of sentence upon the four captives. A scaffold was prepared in the Place de Notre Dame, and the programme had reached the point where sentence of perpetual imprisonment was to be pronounced; when, to the amazement and indignation of the assembled prelates, two of the knights, Jacques de Molai and Geoffroi de Charney, the Precentor of Normandy, boldly stood forth and declared before the astonished multitude that whereas formerly, to save their lives, they had admitted the guilt of the order, they had sworn falsely. The order of the Knights Templar was pure and holy, and they had betrayed it basely. Now, at the last, they were making the only reparation in their power.

Amid the general confusion that ensued the Council was adjourned hastily. The ecclesiastics were at their wits' end. But whilst the prelates debated, the King acted. Immediately, without consulting the Council, he ordered that the two who thus bravely had dared to retract their earlier confessions should suffer the fate of relapsed heretics. That same evening, at the hour of vespers, Jacques de Molai and Geoffroi de Charney were conveyed to the little island on the Seine, close to the royal palace. There they were burnt to death in the King's presence, earnestly protesting with their latest breath the purity of their order and the catholicity of its faith, and solemnly citing Clement—or so tradition tells us—to meet them within forty days before the throne of God. Is it strange that a credulous age should have magnified these words into a prophetic utterance, seeing that little more than a month later Clement died of an agonising disease; whilst Philip the Fair, still in the prime of life, followed him, on November 29 of the same year, to the grave?

Such was the passing of the Red Cross knights. The question of their guilt or innocence has been a frequent subject of debate. For my own part I think that the juriconsult, quoted by the Abbé Carrière, probably was right when he said: '*Le malheureux qu'on applique à la question songe moins à dire ce qu'il sait qu'à se*

*delivrer de ce qui'il sent.*⁴ Doubtless it was their wealth that attracted persecution; but the ease with which this persecution was carried to its terrible climax was due to some fatal lack of initiative, whereby the once-powerful order was reduced to that for which the busy world affords no room—an anachronism.

⁴ *Histoire Cartulaire des Templiers de Provins.*

L. M. SHORTT.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER.

DEAR SIR,—With regard to an article which appeared in your February number (No. 576) by Colonel Elgood, the representatives of the British community have met and decided to ask you to be good enough to publish the statement which I now enclose as a corrective of the false impressions which are most likely to be the outcome to your many readers of Colonel Elgood's article—an article which contains so many references in opposition to facts that it would be entirely against British Empire interests to allow it to pass unanswered.

Yours faithfully,

F. H. FRASER, *Secretary.*

THE BRITISH UNION IN EGYPT,
Cairo.

March 3, 1925.

THE EGYPTIAN QUESTION

(A REPLY TO LIEUT.-COLONEL P. G. ELGOOD)

Colonel Elgood's article, published in your February number, has caused a feeling akin to amazement amongst the British and other communities in Egypt, and the Council of the British Union feel that it cannot be allowed to pass unchallenged.

The article teems with inaccuracies and false premises, which would require much space to deal with adequately, and for that reason alone must be ignored here.

The essential point of the article is the suggestion that, by taking a slight military risk, a political settlement would be reached. The author does not seem to realise that the withdrawal of garrisons from Cairo and Alexandria would expose foreigners to troubles of the kind that occurred in May 1921, so that this scheme is likely to lead to still greater political complications, this time with Europeans, who will stand no further shirking of our duty towards them. It is therefore preposterous to suggest taking a serious military risk, which would not lead to a real political settlement, but which, on the contrary, would broaden the field of political trouble by involving us inevitably with European Powers.

As for the definite suggestion that the Canal could be guarded by a mixed force of British and Egyptian troops, each nation having complete control over its own forces, the recent events in the Sudan should suffice to deter any responsible person from entertaining the idea for a moment.

Nor is this all; it is doubtful whether there is another army in the world with so bad a record for mutiny as the Egyptian. No less than nine specific cases can be cited as having occurred in the last fifty years, as under:

1879. On February 18 Nubar Pasha and his Cabinet were mobbed by about 2500 officers and men at the Ministry of Finance.

1881. Arabi Pasha and two others arrested. Troops mutinied, rescued them, and went with their officers to the Palace, whereupon the Khedive Tewfik gave way.

1882. The Mustaphazin, an integral part of the police force of Alexandria, took an active part in the massacre of Europeans on June 8.

During the Boer war there was a plot by Egyptian officers in the Sudan, the object of which was to arrest the British officers and take over the Sudan government. The secret having been divulged, the plotters themselves were removed.

In 1915 a certain Bimbashi, Mohammed Saleh, who was the most trusted officer of the coastguards, concealed arms, and with these went out with his officers and men (about 200), his camels and supplies, and joined the Senussi enemy, who were at that time attacking the territory he was supposed to be guarding. There were similar cases among the coastguards guarding the Canal on the east.

1919. Egyptian troops sent up with a reconstruction train incited people to destruction—which explains why destruction took place after the train passed. (See diary of an English official in Egypt, 1919, by 'Tawwaf.') Amongst other events, a British officer, while attempting to control the mob, was shot dead by the Royal bodyguard through the Palace railings in Cairo.

1921. Egyptian troops sent to Alexandria to suppress the riots joined mob in murdering Europeans, of whom nearly one hundred were killed, some being burnt with petrol in the street. (See Report of the Military Court of Inquiry in Blue Book, 'Egypt No. 3 (1921).')

1922. King Fuad's Accession Day. Egyptian troops look on and laugh whilst the mob pelt notables coming to pay their respects at the Palace. Five officers court-martialled.

1924. Egyptian Railway Battalion mutiny simultaneously at Khartoum, Port Sudan, and Wady Halfa.

1924. November. Rifaat Bey, Commandant of Egyptian Artillery at Khartoum, incites troops to mutiny.

On analysing the above, we find that the Egyptian Army has shown disloyalty to the Khedive Ismail (1879), to the Khedive Tewfik (1881), to the cause of the Allies (1915), to the Protecting Power (1919), to the Liberal-Constitutional Government (1921), to their present King (1922), and to the Government of the Sudan (August and November 1924); that is to say, it has been guilty of every conceivable kind of disloyalty.

It is the considered opinion of the British Union that the withdrawal of British troops would constitute a danger of the gravest sort for the whole foreign community, and, were another outrage, similar to that of last November, to take place, what, we ask Colonel Elgood, would be the position of residents were the British Government to think fit to send the Egyptian Government another ultimatum?

The author has apparently failed to learn one of the main lessons of the war, namely, that divided command renders even the best commanders and troops impotent. The Canal cannot be guarded in compartments; it must be guarded as a whole by troops of whose loyalty there can be no question. In this connection it is too readily forgotten that whereas before the war only 5000 British troops were required to keep order in Egypt, yet during the war such was the estimate of commanders on the spot of the reliability of Egyptians, civil and military, that nearly nine times that number of men was immobilised in the country.

(For the British Union in Egypt.)

W. E. KINGSFORD, *President.*

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER



No. DLXXIX—MAY 1925

LORD CURZON

A PERSONAL RECOLLECTION

THE idea that Lord Curzon was hard and arrogant is so prevalent that, out of justice to his memory, I would like my experience to the contrary to be known.

The first occasion on which I saw Lord Curzon was during his first experience of office. He was then, in 1891, Under-Secretary of State for India. And I had just returned from the Pamirs, the 'Roof of the World,' whence I had been expelled by the Russians. It was a serious matter, for I was on official duty at the time, and the place in which I was arrested was in Afghan territory. A strong note had been despatched by Lord Salisbury to the Russian Government and an apology demanded. Mr. George Curzon, as he then was, had asked me to come and see

him at the India Office to tell him exactly what had happened and to give him information about that kind of 'No Man's Land' which lay between the Russian and Indian Empires, and which I had been exploring for the previous three or four years. I was greatly impressed by the interview. Instead of asking me a series of perfunctory questions and regarding me with that *blasé* expression which I had been accustomed to in the Simla offices, he entered into the whole matter with the keenness of a boy. His mind was as fresh as his colour. He was well dressed, eager and buoyant, and, what astonished me most, he frankly told me his own views of policy; and, instead of being merely interrogated, I was given the advantage of free and equal conversation with a man who was thoroughly up in the subject and enjoyed talking about it. I should say, indeed, that probably he did far more of the talking than I did myself. I had been very keen on my work, and I had undergone great hardships, and often risked my life, in carrying it out. It was natural, therefore, that I should be drawn to a man who took such interest in it.

And Mr. Curzon, on his side, was attracted to me for one special reason. Through all his life he had a particular admiration for explorers. He has publicly recorded that the award of the gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society gave him more pleasure than his appointment as a Minister. I was four years younger than he, but already, when I first saw him, I had gained this gold medal for one journey and the United Service Institution of India medal for another—secret—journey. And I had just returned from a third.

So we were mutually attracted to one another. From that time to the very end of his life I was honoured with his friendship. And, except my own father, no man ever did anything like so much for me as Lord Curzon. Stauchness in friendship was a marked trait in his character.

On this occasion I had seen Lord Curzon in his element. On the next occasion of our meeting he was to see me in mine, and at a spot not so very far away from where I had been arrested by the Russians. He was then—in 1899—out of office, and, in the very teeth of opposition from the Government of India, had managed to find his way to the northern frontier of India, and he wrote to me in Chitral asking if he might come and see me there. It was a year before the Chitral campaign, and I was then in political charge of Chitral, with an escort of fifty Sikhs to guard me. I gladly welcomed him, and for a fortnight we rode round Chitral together. And often since I have marvelled at the pluck he then showed. His complexion was then ruddy; he was stoutly built, he spoke vigorously, and he had done much travelling. I had not an inkling that he was suffering all the time from

that trouble in the back which beset him all his days. I therefore arranged the day's marches as I would for an ordinary hard frontier officer bent on getting over the ground quickly. It is true, he used to be somewhat restive at the end of a particularly long march. But he got through them all right, and wrote innumerable letters and made voluminous notes besides.

At Chitral itself I gave a dinner for the chief—the Mabhtar, as he is called—and some of his nobles, and Curzon delighted in the opportunity of seeing these people in their own surroundings. And every evening, even after a long march, we used to sit up till twelve or one at night discussing frontier problems, and a good deal besides. For the moment, I must confess, my enthusiasm for him cooled under these discussions. He would directly oppose me on every point, and I used to get tired of the ceaseless argument. But when we reached Gilgit, and I found him behaving in exactly the same way to other frontier officers, and when at the end of it all he handed me the draft of an article for *The Times* and asked me to criticise and correct it, and I found all my own views most admirably expressed, I saw that all this opposition and argument did not mean real disagreement. It was partly habit and partly a device for drawing out the opinions of others. And this knowledge of my Curzon served me well on many a subsequent occasion.

All officers did not, however, realise this. And his cocksure ways and disposition for talk grated on men living hard and dangerous lives—three of these very men were killed in Chitral a few months after Curzon's visit—and qualities of high value in Westminster were not equally valued in Curzon on the Indian frontier.

We all recognised, indeed, that he was a man who would certainly go far. But from the necessity of our circumstances we had to take stock of men with the directness of children, and I recorded in my diary at the time that his industry and ability would take him to all but the highest position, but that the lack of sympathy in him would stand in the way of his attaining the highest position of all.

After all that he subsequently did for me, it seems base ingratitude on my part to recall this now. But I am drawing a picture of him as I saw him; and if the picture is to be true, I must say this, though I should in justice add that I was afterwards to discover that this impression of hardness and inconsiderateness which he produced was not inconsistent with extreme tenderness of personal friendship.

I should note here also another of what seemed to me his deficiencies. I was at that time, and have, indeed, been ever

since, deeply interested in the fundamental nature of things. Having travelled much in remote regions and mixed with a great variety of peoples, it is natural that I should be. I had, therefore, at Chitral many books on science and philosophy. But Curzon, glancing at the philosophical books, said, in his decided way, that I would not get much out of them. He may have been right in the sense that I was wanting in the capacity to get much out of them. But in the sense that there was nothing in them worth getting out he was altogether wrong. And I notice that in the obituary notice of him in *The Times* it is stated that nothing abstract took hold of his practical mind, and that it was probably his want of interest in philosophy that accounted for his failure to secure a First in Greats at Oxford. I was disconcerted at the time at finding this highly cultured man of affairs taking so disparaging a view of philosophy. But I afterwards came to think that this revealed a distinct deficiency in him. A man who aspired to directing the affairs of so great and varied an Empire as ours should have his views grounded on the best available knowledge of the whole great world, of which even the British Empire is only a minute component part, and of the spirit by which it must necessarily be directed. And if Curzon had laid his foundations deeper and surer, he might have been better equipped for his task.

From Chitral Curzon went off on his very adventurous journey to Kabul, taking with him a fancy uniform which he had discussed with me, and which, as a cavalry officer, I regarded with the utmost horror, as it was compounded of features from Lancer, Hussar and Dragoon uniforms indiscriminately mixed together. I have not heard that he ever had the face to be photographed in it!

By the time he had returned to England I also had returned home, and I used to see him in his flat in what was then called St. Ermine's Mansions. As always, he was working very hard, and he told me that he used to make from 1000*l.* to 1200*l.* by his books and various other writings, in addition to the 500*l.* a year private income. He did not at that time publish any account of his journey in Afghanistan, but he gave to the Royal Geographical Society a description of the visit to the Pamirs which he had made just before he came to Chitral. In the lecture he described the various branches of the Oxus on the Pamirs and appraised their claims to be considered the true source of the Oxus, and having given the palm to the most southerly branch, he then showed how he had visited the source of this branch in a glacier, and he left the impression that he had thereby discovered the source of the Oxus. After he had spoken the President asked if Captain Younghusband had anything to say. I thereupon said I had visited the different branches,

including the southerly one, three years before, and had not only been to the source of the river, but also to the source of the glacier from which it sprang. People came up to me afterwards and congratulated me on the way in which I had 'taken down George Curzon,' and I then realised how much his unfortunate manner irritated people. But I had not the slightest idea of taking him down. I was a very matter-of-fact young man, and I was merely stating facts to a scientific society. About ten years later, when Lord Curzon, as Viceroy of India, sent me on a mission to Tibet, the *Daily Mail*, in an article on 'The Leader of the Mission,' gave a somewhat fanciful description of this incident, and said that Lord Curzon evidently bore me no malice for it. And most evidently he did not, for he cut out the article and sent it to me in Tibet as 'something to amuse' me.

Meanwhile events of the most serious nature had been happening in Chitral. The chief who had dined with us had been murdered by his brother. British officers had been killed. A British force was besieged in Chitral fort, and an expedition had been sent up from India to relieve them. Acute controversy raged as to the wisdom of our retaining a political officer in so remote and exposed a position. And Curzon threw himself into this with the greatest vigour. I managed to get out with the relief expedition as correspondent of *The Times*, and when I returned I found the Conservative Government in office again and Curzon included in it as Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He was now married and was installed in Carlton House Terrace.

And here in the summer of 1895 he gave a dinner to all those in England at the time who had been in Chitral, and to meet them he had invited Lord Roberts, Lord Lansdowne and Lord George Hamilton, the new Secretary of State for India. And I mention this dinner because of its sequel. Colonel Townshend (afterwards Sir Charles Townshend, the defender of Kut) during the dinner pencilled notes to Curzon and me asking us to come on afterwards to supper at the Savoy to meet Sir Herbert Kitchener and Arthur Roberts, the music-hall comedian, for whom Townshend had a most inordinate admiration. A more incongruous party I never attended. But Kitchener improved the gloomy hour by impressing upon the new Foreign Under-Secretary the urgency of sending an expedition to Khartoum.

Hardly four years later Mr. George Curzon was, to our astonishment, appointed Viceroy of India, at the same time being raised to the peerage. He was not yet forty years of age. I was the political agent in some native State in Rajputana, in the interior of India. In accordance with his unvarying friendship, he wrote to me asking me not to look upon him as Viceroy, but as an old

friend and fellow-traveller. And at the conclusion of the terrible famine which had visited the part of India in which I was stationed he invited my wife and me to stay with him at Simla. The famine work had been terrible, and my wife had stayed with me all through that awful hot weather. With dead bodies lying about the roadside and people dying all round us for months, it really seemed as if we could never smile again. But when we reached Simla, Lord Curzon laid himself out in the most deliberately thoughtful way to make us forget our experiences. He sent us to the play, and gave us ponies to ride, and said that we were to do absolutely nothing else but enjoy ourselves.

Two years later he appointed me to the very delicate post of Resident in Indore. The Maharaja (Holkar) of that time was subject to ungovernable fits of temper, and at such times it was positively dangerous to approach him. Of some terrible things that he had done I had taken no notice, as they had not come officially before me. But one case in which he had himself caused very serious bodily injury to a man was brought before me by the man himself, and I had to inform the Maharaja that, seeing what had happened, I could not advise the Viceroy to pay his contemplated visit to Indore. Holkar replied that it was a matter of indifference to him whether the Viceroy visited him or not, and that, as he could not do as he pleased, he wished to abdicate. In reporting the matter to Government, I referred to the other much worse cases of which we might at any moment be compelled to take notice, and I recommended that, as the Maharaja had himself expressed a desire to abdicate, his abdication should be accepted, especially as even when heir apparent he had behaved so violently as to cause Lord Ripon, the then Viceroy, to hesitate about allowing him to succeed. Lord Curzon, after consulting with the Home Government, decided to accept the abdication, and I had to go to Holkar's palace to inform him of the decision. 'Good God!' said Holkar, 'you did not take that abdication seriously. Why, I have abdicated seven times before, and no one has taken the slightest notice of it!' However, a subsequent interview with Lord Curzon assured him that the matter really was serious this time, though Lord Curzon arranged that the Maharaja should himself announce in his own *darbar* his desire to retire, and should himself put his son on the *gaddi* in his place.

And now for Tibet. I had settled down at Indore for another dreary hot-weather when one day in May I received a telegram directing me to proceed at once to Simla, and was then informed that I was to take charge of a mission to Tibet. I lunched at Viceregal Lodge; and afterwards, while a gymkhana was taking place at Annandale, Lord Curzon, sitting under the deodar trees,

explained his intentions. And here again one remarked the completeness of his exposition and the thoroughness with which he had gone into the whole question. His entire programme of sending a mission straight to Lhasa had not then been accepted by the Home Government. I was to go to a spot only a few miles inside the Tibetan frontier. Still that was good enough. The old joy of travel and adventure leaped within me once more, and I knew I had behind me a kindred spirit to my own. I spent three delightful months just within the Tibetan frontier, with glorious views of Kinchenjunga, Makalu and Mount Everest, but as regards negotiations, of course nothing occurred, and I returned to Simla to confer with the Viceroy as to what should be done next.

Lord Curzon first asked me to describe the situation as I had found it. He then asked for my opinion as to what should be done next. Having heard my views, he proceeded in his old way to raise every possible objection. But knowing his habit, I answered these objections; and at the close of the interview he told me to be present at the Council meeting the following morning. Here all the Council, including Lord Kitchener, were assembled, and Lord Curzon, prefacing his remarks by saying that he had had the advantage of consultation with me, proceeded to put before the Council exactly what I had proposed, and when any member of Council ventured to raise any of the objections which he himself had raised, he would brush it aside as quite unworthy of consideration. Altogether he made out a magnificent case. His proposals were accepted by the Council, and eventually the approval of the Secretary of State was obtained for them.

And this incident was very typical of Lord Curzon's methods. He was not a man who acted by intuition, as, for instance, Lord Kitchener did. He invariably worked up a subject very carefully beforehand. He weighed the *pros* and *cons*, made up his mind which line he meant to take, and then proceeded along it as if there were no question that it was right. And having armed himself beforehand with good answers to every objection and having also the gift of presenting his case in a very persuasive and convincing manner, he was able to carry his Council with him.

I returned to Tibet, and we had many difficulties, for the advance over the Himalaya was made in the middle of winter. The Tibetans continued to refuse to have any dealings whatever with us, and in the end rose against us and besieged the mission in a farmhouse for a couple of months. But throughout I had Lord Curzon staunchly behind me. He used to write me long letters in his own hand and in their nature much more as friend to friend than as Viceroy to subordinate. Some of these letters

were three or four sheets of large square writing paper in length, and were often written in camp late at night. And they were always full of encouragement. Sometimes a present of champagne and other luxuries accompanied them. And once only was there a shade of reproof; that was when Captain O'Connor and I had gone without an escort and without warning into the Tibetan camp to make one last effort to settle without fighting. He thought the Commissioner himself ought not to have run the risk, as if anything had happened to him the whole mission would have ended in disaster. However, the Commissioner himself knew very well what he was about, and was able by his venture to get a sure grasp of the whole situation, which he could never have got at second hand.

Eventually Lhasa was reached, the Tibetans agreed to the treaty, and all ended happily. And Lord Curzon's appreciation of my efforts to carry out his intentions was as finely expressed as it was deeply felt. I could feel he understood the value of every point and realised every difficulty there had been in obtaining it. He was thorough in everything, and he was no less thorough in expressing appreciation than he was in denouncement. But the warmest expressions were reserved for when we met. Then, as he took both my hands in his, there literally were tears running down his cheeks. 'Remember,' he said, 'through all the rest of my life there is nothing I would not do for you.'

But during the rest of his life there was nothing which I asked him to do for me. That meeting with Lord Curzon after my return from Lhasa was the culminating point of the relationship between us, and I wanted to leave it at that. I had had to take certain action on my own responsibility which incurred for me the censure of His Majesty's Government, and I had been terribly anxious lest it should have met with Lord Curzon's disapproval also. But finding that he who had chosen me for this delicate task, had provided me so tacitly with the means of carrying it out, and encouraged me so heartily in its execution, was the most appreciative of my work, I had the greatest satisfaction which a man can have. And after that any honour or appointment he might have secured for me would have been very trivial in comparison. That was the climax. I would risk no anticlimax.

That also was, I think, the climax of Lord Curzon's career. He was then on his way back to India for an extension of his term of office. And during that extra period there came that unfortunate controversy with Lord Kitchener which ended in the Viceroy's resignation. I met him at Dover on his return and spent the night with him at the Lord Warden Hotel. His indignation at his treatment by the Home Government was intense. Every member of his Council, except Lord Kitchener, had been

with him and formally signed the despatch supporting the Viceroy's contention. And that the Cabinet should throw over the whole Government of India and support the Commander-in-Chief seemed to him an almost unconstitutional proceeding. What had happened was that articles had been appearing in the Press and 'creating an atmosphere.' So when the controversy broke out Lord Kitchener's side was known rather than Lord Curzon's, and, as there were vague hints of Kitchener's resignation if he were not supported, the Government backed him and let Curzon go.

It was a cruel blow, from which, in my opinion, he never recovered. And one little incident connected with the situation is so characteristic of Lord Curzon as to be worth mentioning. The very day of his return the Conservative Government resigned; and it was commonly reported that Lord Curzon, in his indignation, would refuse to see the members of it. However, a social party was got up where he and Mr. Balfour, the just resigned Prime Minister, might meet. They met, indeed; but, according to reports, Lord Curzon's manner was of the coldest. Some reports said that he had cut Mr. Balfour. But when I saw Lord Curzon a few days afterwards, he was furious at these reports. He said he was deeply hurt at Mr. Balfour's having thrown him over, but, after all, Mr. Balfour was head of his party, and they would have to work together, and he had laid himself out to be particularly warm to Mr. Balfour. But Lord Curzon was never good at disguising his feelings. They were there on the surface for anyone to see. And the burning indignation in his soul was evidently only too apparent.

And now what of Lord Curzon's work in India as a whole? There was once a high official in India who thus described his predecessors and himself. One, he declared, said much but did little; another did much and said little; a third—himself—said little and did little. As a fact, he was one of the best officials in India. He may have, figuratively speaking, said little and done little himself. But he was the means of work in others. His sympathetic presence was everywhere felt. Every single thing was observed by him, and he knew all that was going on. With a frown he discountenanced what was wrong; with a smile he encouraged what was good. And men went about their own avocations with a good heart.

Lord Curzon was of neither of these types. It could not be recorded of him either that he said much and did little, or that he did much and said little, or that he said little and did little. He belonged to a fourth type. He said much and did much. He braced up the whole Indian administration in a way in which it had never been braced up before. He examined minute details

in every branch, and he reformed the great general principles. The main fly-wheel went round faster, and every tiny subsidiary wheel was fitted to respond to the increasing speed. He gave of his health and his brain and his heart to the service of India, and when he left it there was not a branch of the administration of which the efficiency had not been increased. And though men like Lord Morley, whose names are associated with great Indian reforms, are commonly supposed to have had greater love for India than the proverbial haughty Lord Curzon, there is, in fact, no comparison between them. Lord Morley's devotion to India was a cold-blooded and temporary sentiment beside Lord Curzon's passionate love of a lifetime.

Still, looking back on his work after twenty years, I am almost disposed to think that if his temperament had enabled him to be of the third type mentioned above—if he had simply made his influence felt instead of doing the work himself; if, in fact, he had been more of a King Edward and less of a Dalhousie—he would have better carried out his main object in India. He described that object to me soon after he came out as Viceroy—to be the lessening of the gulf between Indians and British. This is what Queen Victoria had enjoined upon him. And this is what he meant to do. And he set about fearlessly punishing Englishmen in cases where they seemed to him to be in the wrong in troubles with the people of India, and attempting to be fair and just to all. Yet he never really captured the affection of the Indians. If he had not made the fatal mistake of coming back for a second period of office, and had left as the strong Viceroy and not as the Viceroy knocked out by the Commander-in-Chief, he would have preserved the awe with which Indians then regarded him. But their affection I am doubtful if he was ever capable of acquiring.

We may look upon him as a great Viceroy. But we must look for Viceroys greater still.

The next time on which I had an opportunity of seeing the real Curzon was in 1911, after I had been run over by a motor car, and there was real risk of my losing my life. He came to see me on my sick-bed. And of all who came there was none who showed me a tenderer sympathy. He almost crept into the room, and coming up to my bed, said in the most moving way: 'My dear Younghusband, how are you, my dear fellow?' And then, after as much conversation as I was allowed, he asked if there was any fruit or anything which he could send me, and went on: 'Now, as soon as ever you can move, you are to come to Hackwood and bring your wife and your nurses and anyone you like with you. And you shall have rooms on the ground floor, so that you can get out easily into the garden. And whenever you want to

see me I shall be there to see you; and if you want to be by yourself, I shall leave you alone. You shall do just as you like.' No one could have been kinder or more thoughtful.

Space is pressing, and I must pass over several years. When Lord Curzon was appointed Foreign Secretary and almost within reach of his ultimate goal, I wrote and congratulated him and received in acknowledgment not one, but two, letters, and both in his own handwriting. So punctilious was he in replying to letters that he had written the second fearing he had not already acknowledged my letter. But the point of his reply was the phrase 'I hope the same strong spirit as of old will be with me.' There seemed to be just a doubt in his mind. And, personally, I do not think the old spirit *was* with him. I think that it had been broken, partly by the blow he had received at the close of his Viceroyalty and partly by the strain he had put on his constitution for so many years. No man can work for years up to two or three in the morning without feeling the effects.

While he was at the Foreign Office he did, indeed, suffer from illness. But neither illness nor excessive work was allowed to stand in the way of friendship, and at the close of my presidency of the Royal Geographical Society he wrote me actually from his bed two whole sheets of appreciation of my work. How, indeed, he managed to keep up his buoyancy of spirit under all his hard work and continual illness was a wonder. But it did not leave him to the end. Only two years ago he was good enough to invite me to a small man's dinner at his house to meet a distinguished Frenchman, and he was apparently as full of spirits as when a young man. The common conception of him is of a haughty, arrogant, unapproachable man. But no one enjoyed bandying conversation and telling good stories more than he did. And his power of talk was marvellous. I remember once being in camp with him near Simla. One evening the outside guest was a racing man, and Curzon talked racing the whole evening. The next evening the guest was a cricketer, and apparently Curzon had spent his whole life watching cricket-matches. He had lots of humour, too, and would often tell a number of stories against himself, though I am not so sure that he appreciated humour being directed against him by others. The only person I have met who could really take him on is the present Dean of Winchester.

At this particular dinner what chiefly impressed me was what Lord Curzon told me about the difficulties under which public men often had to make the most important speeches. He gave as an instance a speech which he himself, as a boy sitting on the steps of the Throne (in accordance with his right as the eldest son of a peer), had heard Lord Beaconsfield deliver. He said the

country little knew of the illness, the despondency, the domestic troubles, from which a Minister might have been suffering when he had to get up and make a confident, cheerful speech to nerve the spirit of the country. He made no mention of himself. But it must often have been under such conditions that he himself had to speak.

Actually the last letter I received from him was one written last summer discussing in great detail the rules of polo in Chitral, and the last time I saw him and the last speech I heard was at the Central Asian Society dinner last summer. And I am glad to have that occasion as a final remembrance of him. For there for the last time there flared up in him the old enthusiasm for India. One speaker had said of Africa that it was so much more interesting than Asia. If it had been designed, this could not have been a more fortunate hit. For it roused Curzon to glowing indignation. With all his old eloquence, he spoke of the romance and variety of interest of Asia. And then, turning to consider India, he said that now—now, when things were at their most difficult stage—was the time for young Englishmen to come forward and devote their lives to the service of India. It was the real Curzon once more and the Curzon as he was at the summit of his career. And this was my last sight of him.

One final matter, and that the most important. What of his religion? What of the mainspring of his life? I have a letter from him in which he gives his views with his usual outspoken frankness. But even if it were fitting to quote from it I cannot, for I have not it with me here in Egypt. After its perusal the orthodox would probably not claim him as one of themselves. But of this there would be no possible doubt: that he appreciated the value of religion. Neither his wide experience of the world nor his intellectual attainments had led him to any form of disbelief. By temperament he was not what one would describe as particularly attuned to religion. He did recognise the presence in the world of a Divine Spirit and our inspiration by that Spirit, and I believe I am right in my recollection that in the early days of the war he wrote a letter to *The Times* emphasising the importance of religion and holding up Lord Roberts as an example of a life inspired by religion which we would do well to follow.

Yet at the close of Lord Curzon's life the thought does keep forcing itself upon me how greatly he would have been helped in his career, and how much more he would have been able to do for the Empire, if he could have found more comfort and inspiration in that great national institution which is designed to represent the religious side of our life. Some men go out to Nature and there in the blue skies, or the bracing wind, or the song of bird, or the sweetness of flowers find balm and composure or strong inspira-

tion. And Lord Curzon had too much of the poet in him not to be one of these lovers of Nature. But he was perhaps even more a lover of art. And if this great Englishman, who sacrificed so much for his country, could have found in the Church of England that deep satisfaction for his soul which every worker needs, how much greater might his work have been! If in the church, with the combination of great arts—the art of architecture, the art of ceremonial, the art of music, the art of painting and the art of oratory, every one inspired by religion and all united together and directed to the worship of God—he could have felt lifted out of his ordinary self and in unison with the great heart of the world, and yet all the time most fully his own greater and more real self, he would have gone about the affairs of his country in a very different spirit and with far greater effect. Reverence would have deepened in him. And with deepened reverence would have come that finer courtesy and nobler consideration which are so essential in conducting the affairs of men.

Politics are applied religion, it has been said. All the more necessary is it then that our politicians should have their religion continually refreshed and renewed; all the more necessary is it that the beauty of holiness should be kept continually before their eyes.

These are the final reflections that occur to me after thirty-three years of sometimes most intimate contact with Lord Curzon, the closest touch being at the supreme period of his life.

May he always be remembered for his unsparing devotion to the public service and for his unfailing loyalty of private friendship.

FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND.

OUR INDUSTRIAL POSITION

So often we hear from all corners of our country angry cries of denunciation of different classes of the community. We find one kind of politician, like Mr. Wheatley, preaching the class war, a trade unionist of the kind of Mr. Cook preaching the same sort of thing. On the other hand unquestionably we have certain employers who place all the blame for our industrial ills upon the workmen. While all this has been going on in the country we have had one of the most remarkable speeches I have ever heard, when the Prime Minister made a 'peace gesture.' The time may therefore be opportune for a careful scrutiny and an impartial survey of our industrial position.

There can be no doubt that a great deal of harm is done by extremists on both sides, by angry speeches and stupid rhetoric. If half the time wasted in abuse were spent in quietly talking matters over, we should be nearer solution of our difficulties. Let us examine one of our most stricken trades, shipbuilding. At one time our shipbuilding industry was the pride of the world. The Tyne, the Clyde, and the Tees were literally the shipbuilding centres for the whole world. But to-day these great yards cannot secure work in competition with the rest of the world; these places are among our necessitous areas. Yet every day we read of shipbuilding orders going to Holland, Germany and other foreign countries. What is the cause? I have no doubt that the main cause is the lack of co-operation between masters and men. Only a few days ago I was conversing on a train journey with a prominent Liverpool employer whose business is ship-repairing. He had a ship in Glasgow upon which some minor interior repairs were necessary. He went to the local Labour Exchange and secured six unemployed joiners. He was immediately stopped by the Carpenters' Union, on the ground that this was carpenters', and not joiners', work. As he was unable to find any carpenters unemployed, what was the result? The unemployed joiners remained unemployed in spite of the fact that they could have performed the work satisfactorily, and the ship was taken from Glasgow to the Mersey, where the repairs were completed by joiners. Such instances could be multiplied many times over.

And what is the net result? In this case the loss of time to the shipowner was serious, he lost money, which must add to the expense of running that ship, and no good was done to anybody. In numerous cases ships which could have been repaired in the Mersey, the Clyde, the Thames or elsewhere in England have gone to Cherbourg and other Continental ports for repairs. Why do trade union officials do such foolish things? Such tactics cannot be in the interest of trade unions, and certainly not in the interest of their members.

In my opinion, the real cause is that employers have made no attempt to put their case before either the leaders or the men. Even among prominent trade union leaders there is profound ignorance about the everyday accountancy necessary to every business. In the Press a short time ago there was a report of an interview with a trade union official who said that all the troubles of the shipbuilding yards were caused by the bonus shares which certain shipbuilding yards had issued to their shareholders. The merest child in business could have told him that bonus shares have not the slightest relation to factory costs. The only difference bonus shares could possibly make is that the dividend declared after profits have been made would be smaller. What surprises me in this matter is that employers apparently make no effort to remove these erroneous ideas or to educate the workers upon their real business difficulties.

When I heard Mr. Baldwin in the House of Commons give a description of his early business life, I could not help thinking that here is the keynote of our present troubles. It will be within the recollection of all my readers how he described the old family business, how the employer knew all his workmen intimately, interested himself in all their troubles, their pleasures and their sports. The old family businesses which made England great were like that. The old 'boss' lived near the works; his son joined in the football and the cricket on the village green; his daughters taught in the Sunday-school; his wife was the district visitor and dispenser of charity. All that has now changed. The limited liability company has made the workers into numbers who clock on and clock off. Furthermore, the express train and the motor car have taken the employers many miles away from their factories.

Take my native Lancashire. The cotton manufacturer of Burnley, Bolton or Blackburn no longer lives in close proximity to those towns; he lives at Southport, St. Anne's or Blackpool, thirty miles away. He arrives at his works at nine o'clock and rushes away at five o'clock. He knows nothing whatever of his men or their lives. He leaves their business and political education to the first Socialist 'tub-thumper.' Then when they believe

the story that he cares for nothing but the 'divi.' he expresses surprise.

There are many ways in which education of the worker is necessary. There is the vital question of the disparity between wages in what are known as 'sheltered' and 'unsheltered' trades. It is absolutely monstrous that a miner should only earn 3*l.* per week while a crossing sweeper in some towns gets 4*l.* The miner has a dirty, disagreeable job to perform, but his wages are beyond argument too low. The skilled engineer only receives 2*l.* 13*s.*, while the lavatory attendant gets his 3*l.* 15*s.* Yet it cannot be too often emphasised that the crossing sweeper and lavatory attendant have to be paid out of the local rates, and local rates are a first charge on industry. These calls have to be paid before debentures and wages are paid, and before profits are distributed. In other words, the crossing sweeper and lavatory attendant get their wages before the miner and skilled engineer receive one penny piece. The more the crossing sweeper and lavatory attendant get, the less there will be available for the miner and skilled engineer to secure as wages.

The plight of the miner and skilled engineer is certainly most serious, yet beyond doubt they are drawing at the moment, not merely every penny their industries will stand, but every penny the industries are making. If we examine the coal-owners' balance sheets we find that as a whole they are losing money, and that the miner is taking every penny piece the collieries are earning. Yet I look in vain for any real explanation of these facts by colliery owners among the miners.

Let us next turn to the textile trade. What causes trouble here? There is one great cause in the fact that certain large combines pay big dividends to their shareholders, and yet their employees are working short time. In their entrenched position they can regulate prices to the consumers as they like, and, in spite of their prosperity, the employees are in penury. This example is the one exception to the golden rule that the prosperity of the employer means also the prosperity of the worker. It is the one case where the hackneyed phrase that the interests of capital and labour are identical is falsified. Yet the irony of the thing is that the heads of these great combines are nearly all Free Traders. In every fiscal controversy the head of one of these concerns quoted the opinion that tariffs mean the ruin of Lancashire. I wonder if the prosperity of Lancashire would be restored if calico printing, dyeing, bleaching and packing were cheaper. At any rate, these combines are a justifiable cause of irritation to the workers.

Let us now turn to the building trade. I must say I have a great deal of sympathy with this trade. There was no industry

in the country which suffered so severely from insecurity of employment as the building trade. The purpose of this article is not to go into the reasons for this, though it can be safely said that the main reason was foolish finance. Suffice it to say there were more failures among builders than in any other trade. Confirmation can be had by reference to the *Gazette* registering bankruptcies and deeds of arrangement. Consequently bricklayers, plasterers and other employees in the building trade suffered severely from long periods of unemployment and short time. There can be no doubt that those engaged in the building trade, both employers and employees, acted more like philanthropists than as business men towards the nation.

If you take an average, houses in pre-war days were put up without one penny piece profit to the building trade and without adequate remuneration to the employees. Then came the opportunity of the building trade. The nation was short of houses. Both employers and employees were determined to take advantage of the situation. Now, of course, all this is wrong. It is wrong that the builders and contractors should be making huge fortunes as they are doing. It is wrong that manufacturers of building materials should profiteer as they have done. It is wrong that the bricklayer and plasterer should prevent unemployed people from learning their trades and by this means increase the supply of labour. However, no good can come of wild denunciation of either masters or men. The building trade is still passing through that phase which most trades passed through from 1918 to 1921. Then a great many trades were experiencing a boom; factories were busy; prices were rising; profits were high; demands for increased wages were cheerfully acceded to; profits were so good that no one could object. Everyone forgot that we were living on the crest of a wave. We were then living, as a great many countries in Europe are living to-day, on borrowed money and the printing press.

The building trade in England is still very much in that position. They think there is money to burn; they forget that that money is only borrowed money, and that their apparent prosperity is the result of subsidies. They proceed in their wild descent to Avernus. We all know what Virgil said about that descent. The trouble comes when you want to turn back. The spendthrift who has been spending money wildly always finds it difficult to retrench. As things are at present, the employers in the building trade are making no effort to put their house economically in order. The builders are content with the knowledge that the fewer bricklayers there are, the larger will be the house shortage. They may wake up one morning to find new methods of construction have arrived,

and that the nation is restive. Then the brick house will have to come back to an economic basis. In those days the employers will find themselves in trouble. Having given way in every direction to their employees, having made no firm stand against the trade union demands, when stern necessity faces them there will be trouble. That was what happened after the 1918-21 boom to which I have referred. Wages had been bounding up, hours had been shortened, union restrictions of output had been tolerated, and it was only when it was found impossible to obtain orders in the face of world competition that the employers took a stand. Then it was only after a bitter series of strikes and lock-outs that conditions were changed to enable us to compete. Even now after four years the position is far from satisfactory.

For this state of affairs I can never cease to blame the home policy of Mr. Lloyd George. It has been said that his foreign policy eventually defeated him. In my opinion, his home policy was equally disastrous to us as a nation. We have not recovered from it yet. What a chance he had! After the General Election of 1918 he could have led the British nation anywhere, such was his influence. If he had followed the example of Garibaldi and shown the people the true picture; if he had told the country that we were not a rich country, but a poor one; if he had pointed out that we were in for bad times, and that it was only by every man and woman working hard that our country could recover its former position, things would have been very different to-day. Instead of this, what did he do and say? He spoke about making 'our country fit for heroes to live in.' All his speeches held out the hope of a feather-bed life for everyone. Both employers and employees were led to believe that profits and wages could be earned without hard work. By the time the shock came in 1921, mischievous ideas and an erroneous atmosphere had been created which even yet have not been entirely dissipated. Legislation was pushed through under Mr. Lloyd George's administration without mature consideration or careful thought. Legislation once passed is seldom repealed. It would be a brave man who dared repeal legislation, but I am not at all sure that if we repealed all the Lloyd George legislation and started again, it would not be the best thing for the country. But that of course is impossible. We have to tackle our problems as we find them. It is no use crying over spilt milk. A politician, like myself, who voted one hundred times against that Government, can gain little satisfaction from saying, 'I told you so.'

The real necessity is to face the situation as it is and try and find a remedy. Before I approach my own solution let us turn our thoughts for a few moments to the Socialist remedy. The

Socialist Party are His Majesty's Opposition and apparently the only alternative Government in our political life to-day. This party argues that all our industrial ills will be cured if we nationalise the means of distribution, production and exchange. While this sweeping proposal is their ultimate aim, at the moment they confine their activities to the nationalisation of mines and railways.

While examining these proposals, I should like to make it clear that my opposition to nationalisation has always been on the ground of expediency. If I thought that nationalisation of mines, railways or anything else would be of advantage to the community as a whole, I should support that policy. It is because nationalisation is impracticable that it receives my uncompromising opposition. Let us look at the Socialist Party's proposal to nationalise the mines. We are able to do this because they introduced a Nationalisation of Mines Bill in the last Parliament. What did that Bill propose? It proposed that if the nationalised mines made a profit, that profit should be given to the miners; if the mines made a loss, that loss should be refunded from the National Exchequer. That is simply a case of 'Heads, I win; tails, you lose!' But it has a deeper implication still. If the National Exchequer has to bear losses made by the mines, these losses must fall upon the workers in every other unnationalised industry. The result would be that, though the miners might get an increased wage, every other worker would have to accept less. It is the old story of sheltered and unsheltered industries. The miner would be removed from his unsheltered position to a sheltered one, and, in order to do this, those left in an unnationalised and unsheltered position would be forced to pay the miner's wages out of funds which would otherwise be available for their own wages.

The Socialist may reply that he wants all industries to be under the State, so that all workers can be put in a sheltered position. It only remains to point out that if all industries made losses, as nationalised industries always do, both in this country and all over the world, the country would soon be in a state of national bankruptcy. We have also no guarantee that relations between masters and men would be in any way improved by making the State the master. In my view we should find more strain between the trade unions and the State than we have ever had between the employees and private employers. We hear a great deal about the great limited liability companies having no soul, and there may be some element of truth in this, but it is indisputable that the State as an employer would never have a soul. The State as an employer always seems to me a cold, callous organisation dominated by the eagle eye of the Treasury. Think what question-

time in the House of Commons would be like when mines are nationalised. We have some indication from the questions put by dockyard members on all kinds of trivial points raised on matters affecting dockyard employment. We should have the same kind of questions from all the members representing mining areas. Think what electioneering would be like. Every candidate knows how he is inundated with *questionnaires*, and they are mostly proposals to give higher wages or better conditions to various classes of civil servants. I tremble to think of the kind of Dutch auction which would go on if mines were nationalised. Probably a General Election might be decided, not on some great issue of national policy, but on the point as to whether the miners should receive an advance of 5s. per week. The whole proposal that nationalisation would put our industries in a better and more prosperous condition is grotesque, and we have to search elsewhere for a remedy for our troubles.

We have arrived first at the conclusion that the condition of our industries is far from satisfactory; secondly, that relations between employers and employed are embittered; and thirdly, that the Socialist remedy would make matters worse instead of better. What then should we do to improve our trade and improve relations between employers and employed? I think many people have forgotten the Report of a Royal Commission which sat for many months under the chairmanship of the present Speaker of the House of Commons, Mr. Whitley. A close study of that really remarkable document would be of great advantage. As the result of that Report the joint industrial councils were brought into existence. These councils, useful as they have been in many ways, have fallen far short of the original intention of the signatories of the Report. As one prominent trade union leader said to me a short time ago, industrial councils only deal with wages. But if we read the Report we find that the industrial councils were intended for a far more useful purpose than that.

In my view, we want something much wider if we are to cure industrial unrest. My idea is that the industrial councils are too national and not sufficiently local. Their work wants decentralising. It is difficult for busy manufacturers to leave their works to attend these meetings in London. Furthermore, the councils have developed too much into academic meeting-places to put forward new proposals for wage increases which the industry cannot afford to pay. What I should like to see is the industrial councils discussing means by which their industry could be made more efficient and more prosperous, so that wage increases should be made possible. I am quite sure if we are to attain that object we must start in the factory itself. If the management met weekly with a small committee of workers to discuss, not wages

so much as the effective running of the factory, I am sure they would be surprised at the benefits that would accrue. Even the lowest grade worker in a factory may have some idea to put forward which would either reduce factory costs or increase productivity, which would have the effect of enabling that factory to pay higher wages. For, after all, we must lay stress on the fact that half the trouble in the past has been caused by the desire of the employer to capture all the profit. The real profits of an industry from a national point of view are those made before any wages are paid to the workers.

Our problem is to secure an equitable distribution between capital and labour, and our task has been made more difficult by the fact that in days gone by employers took advantage of their employees. Latterly the boot has been on the other leg: the employees through their trade unions have been trying to capture the whole of the profits. Committees such as I have outlined would bring the management into closer union with the minds and thoughts of the workers. The managers would come to realise the grievances of the men and remove them when real. They would be able by quiet talk and reasoning to get rid of some of the fallacies which are in the men's minds. These committees would be a means of education to both the management and the employees. Out of these factory committees would come the national committee, before which would be laid matters of national and even international concern. In this way the joint industrial councils would become real parliaments of industry, instead of academic debating societies.

It was always a matter of regret to me that the proposal to elect workers' representatives on the railway board of directors was dropped from the Railway Bill before it became an Act in 1921. This would have been a most interesting experiment; and it was, in my opinion, a pity it was not tried. The time will come when all boards of directors will be opened to a workers' representative. It is only fair that they should be. The responsibilities of a board are not to the shareholders only: they have responsibilities to the workers also. If a factory fail, it is disagreeable to the shareholders, who lose their money, but it is far more serious to the employees, who lose their means of livelihood. There is no better education than the board meeting of a big industrial concern. I have no hesitation in saying that six months' experience on a board of directors by an unprejudiced Socialist would cure him of his theories better than anything else could. He would receive education on all the difficulties, dangers and perils which every business passes through in its daily life. We have all talked a great deal about peace gestures since Mr. Baldwin's speech in the House of Commons on the Trade Union Levy Bill.

There could be no finer peace gesture than the acceptance of my proposal. If a workers' representative came directly on to the board to hear all the discussions, to learn all the difficulties, it would show that there were no secrets to hide; it would lead to a better understanding between the employer and employed; it would eradicate suspicion. In that happy day we might even remove the possibility of strikes and lock-outs, and we would be putting into practice the trade unions' slogan, 'All for each and each for all!' Then all would be working happily together for the increased happiness and prosperity of all.

During the past few weeks there have been some very interesting developments which seem to be heading in this direction. First, there is the experiment that is taking place at the Vauxhall Colliery at Wrexham. This colliery was on the point of closing down, but, through the help of a local fund, it is being continued by the colliers themselves. The local fund guarantees the working of the colliery against any loss, but any profits will go to the workmen. This experiment is, perhaps, the first of its kind. If it succeeds in securing greater output and reducing working costs, then we are very likely making a big step towards a new era in industrial development. It is a national disgrace that our mines should be closing down. Coal is the basis of our industrial supremacy. The fact that this country had such valuable and easily obtained coal has been our greatest asset in the past.

The second rift in the clouds is the conference between employers and employed to consider the state of our shipbuilding. Here there has been a definite effort to consider many of the points raised in my article, and apparently a joint committee of employers and employed is to be set up. This is what I gather from the Press reports of the speech by Mr. John Barr, a director of Messrs. Vickers, Ltd., who acted as chairman at the conference. His suggestion was that these committees shall consider costs of production. This is precisely my proposal. This is a tangible example in concrete form, which I should like to see followed in every industry. These committees, as I have previously pointed out, will serve to educate both sides into the difficulties and fears of the other. The employer will get into touch with his employees, and employees will get into touch with the employer. Their interests will become identical. If they succeed in reducing costs of production and profits are made, then the workmen will benefit.

The main difficulty in our present-day industrial problems is the suspicion and bad blood which exists. I remember at a public meeting during the last election hearing a Conservative working man pilloried from the back of the hall on the ground that he was

the 'gaffer's friend.' Supposing he was, is it impossible to be the 'gaffer's' friend and the worker's at the same time? Let us get away from such an atmosphere of gibes against the hated capitalist, and let the capitalist take a broad view of the trust placed in his care. Capital was never given to the capitalist to exploit for selfish ends. When both sides in this quarrel attack their problems in the right way, then that old trade union motto which I have quoted will have a deeper implication. And what is far more important, British industry will have been saved.

My concluding remarks are simple. The trade of our country is in such a parlous state that the outlook is every excuse for that vile person, the pessimist, to be let loose. Pessimism never cures anything to my mind, and I have often myself been accused of being an incorrigible optimist. Our ills can be cured. Serious as our position is, by a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together we can cure our industrial ills. Those ills are largely of our own making. We hear a great deal about 'ca' canny' among the workmen, but the employers are not entirely free from blame on this score. They do not work so hard or so long as their fathers and grandfathers did. The example of hard work should start at the top. It is marvellous how the electric magnetism of a real worker vibrates upon those who work under him.

A few nights ago it was my pleasure to hear my friend (but political opponent) Mr. J. H. Thomas speak at a timber trade banquet. He was appealing as a Socialist to a company of merchant princes, to whom his politics were anathema, but his appeal was non-party on behalf of our suffering masses. He spoke of the spirit of 1914, when all minds were centred on how much we could give, and not how much we could get. If that spirit can once again be uppermost in the minds of both employers and employed, then, and only then, will a solution of our difficulties be at hand. That solution cannot come by legislation, nor by fostering a party or class controversy. It can only come in answer to that fervent prayer of the Prime Minister, 'Give peace in our time, O Lord.'

JOHN R. REMER.

THE ALCOHOL QUESTION IN SWEDEN

EACH of the four States in the north of Europe is at the present moment pursuing its own interesting experiment in the alcohol question.

Finland, the nearest neighbour of Sweden on the east, adopted total prohibition during the war, and still keeps it. Prohibition in Finland has had both good and bad consequences; and it is not too much to say that it has given many bitter disappointments even to its warmest partisans. Nevertheless, prohibition is still supported by an overwhelming majority in the legislature; and there is every probability that there can be no serious question of repealing prohibition in the immediate future.

Norway, the western neighbour of Sweden, also during the war, introduced prohibition for all drinks of a stronger alcohol content than 14 per cent. Owing to the force of circumstances, however, Norway has found it expedient to abolish prohibition so far as concerns wine. The prohibition of spirits still continues, but its effect has been such that the political parties are at present engaged in a violent and uncertain struggle as to its continued existence.

Denmark has entered on the path of a high tax on alcohol. The considerable rise in the prices of alcoholic drinks which has been a consequence of this has had a highly restrictive effect. Thanks to the markedly thrifty character of the population, Denmark has in this way been able to obtain results which would be inconceivable under similar circumstances in her neighbour States in the north of Europe.

In *Sweden*, even before the war, the foundation had been laid for an organisation of the trade in alcoholic drinks which exhibits an absolutely distinctive combination of various measures for the limitation of the injurious effects of alcohol. The entire manufacture and sale of alcoholic drinks in Sweden has been made the subject of a monopoly. It has been left for the local authority to decide whether trade in such drinks should be allowed to take place or not, and very far reaching restrictions have been imposed on the trade. The most important of these restrictions is that the sale has been made dependent on an individual control over

the buyers, intended to regulate consumption and to exclude those who abuse alcohol from access to it.

This Swedish system for the organisation of the trade in alcohol was long the battle-ground for a violent struggle, which, however, has now been succeeded by a remarkable tranquillity. For the present, at any rate, there has been a lull in the attacks, which came from two opposite camps, that of the opponents of restriction and that of the champions of prohibition. No Swede in anything like a responsible position at the present moment is in favour of a return to the conditions that prevailed before the coming into existence of individual control. The situation of the champions of prohibition can be made clear in the simplest way by putting together the three following events in the sphere of temperance politics.

In a voluntary *plébiscite* which was arranged by the Swedish prohibition organisations at the close of the year 1909 more than 1,800,000 citizens over eighteen years of age gave their vote in favour of total prohibition, while not quite 20,000 voted against it.

In a consultative *plébiscite* which, in accordance with the decision of the Riksdag, took place in August 1922, when the present alcohol law had been in force for a period of about three years, 889,000 men and women over the age of twenty-three voted for the introduction of total prohibition, but 924,000 against it.

A few weeks ago the Swedish Riksdag unanimously rejected a private motion in favour of a total prohibition of alcohol after a declaration by representatives of the prohibitionist members of the Riksdag that prohibition legislation is not at the present time practical politics.

Politically, therefore, the Swedish system is very firmly rooted. And what has it been able to achieve?

From the point of view of organisation its result is that both the wholesale and the retail trade in alcoholic drinks has been emancipated from every trace of private profit. No economic force presses forward selling from behind in order to make the total mount up. Not even the restaurant-keepers who serve alcoholic drinks in connection with food have any advantage in making the consumption of alcohol at their restaurants rise above a certain limit. The State takes the profit of the sales, and the consequence is that the Swedish people in 1923 spent more than 10,000,000*l.* on the purchase of spirituous liquors and wines; more than half of that sum, or nearly 5,500,000*l.*, went to the Exchequer. The total receipts of the Swedish State from taxes, custom dues, excise, and various charges amounted to not quite 28,000,000*l.* in that year. Hence about one-fifth of the total revenue of the State was derived from the manufacture, import, and sale of alcoholic drinks.

The social result is that the consumption of spirits in Sweden, which in 1923, the last year before the first step was taken towards the introduction of the system, was 7.7 litres per inhabitant, has sunk to 4.7 litres in 1924, while cases of drunkenness have diminished from 10.5 per 1000 inhabitants in 1913 to 5.4 in 1924. Still more illuminating is the experience from the largest town in Sweden, Stockholm, where the system has been applied for the longest time and in the most rational way, and where a central home for habitual drunkards gives the possibility of collecting statistics of all cases of acute alcoholism. In order to avoid the risk of choosing exceptional points of comparison, let us take, not isolated years, but the average for two periods of years, as the basis of comparison. During the three years 1911-13 there was consumed in Stockholm an average of 24 litres of spirits per year and head of population, while the cases of drunkenness averaged 47 per annum per 10,000 inhabitants, and the number of habitual drunkards treated in the hospitals was slightly more than 12 per annum and per 1000 inhabitants. During the last quinquennial period, 1920-24, the consumption of spirits has averaged 11.7 litres per annum and per inhabitant (in 1924 this was 12 litres); while the cases of drunkenness were 19.4 per annum and per 1000 inhabitants (in 1924 it was exactly 19), and the number of habitual drunkards treated in the hospitals was 5.3 per annum and per 10,000 inhabitants (in 1924 the figure was 3.6). Thus the consumption has declined by 50 per cent., the cases of drunkenness by nearly 60 per cent., and the number of habitual drunkards by very nearly 70 per cent.

If we wish to draw the outlines of the Swedish restrictive system, the way in which it has been built up and applied, it is necessary first of all to indicate some main features of its historical background. In its most important principles the present alcoholic legislation in Sweden goes back to an older *régime*, which is known under the name of 'the Gothenburg System,' and which dates from the latter half of the nineteenth century. The Gothenburg System means that the sale, at any rate, of the simplest of the spirituous drinks that occur in Sweden, potato spirit (*brännvin*), was handed over to a company of a public utility nature and with a limited dividend on its shares. These companies were local monopoly companies holding a concession from the local authorities for not more than three years at a time. They were called by the common name of the system companies. Their function was, as the law somewhat clumsily expressed it, to carry on the sale of intoxicating drinks exclusively 'in the interests of morality.' With this object they were first and foremost to put into practice the idea of disinterested management. The profits arising from the sale of alcohol were to be devoted to charitable objects. Soon,

however, they were handed over to the local government authorities, and finally to the State, in order to prevent pecuniary considerations becoming the decisive factor when the local government bodies were treating the question whether a concession should be granted to a system company or not.

This selling organisation, which was first worked out in the city of Gothenburg, and was therefore known as 'the Gothenburg System,' diminished the number of places of sale and restricted the times of sale. But the most valuable effect of the forty-year development of the Gothenburg System is the extirpation of the old saloons and their conversion into good, well-kept and cheap restaurants, intended mainly for the working population. But that is as far as the Gothenburg System ever got. The plan of emancipating the trade in alcohol from private pecuniary interests was never realised, except to a very small extent. Swedish legislation had for a very long time made a definite distinction between sale for consumption on the premises (*utskänkning*, or sale on) and sale of spirits to be taken away (*utminuteri*, or sale off). The Gothenburg System devoted its work of reform mainly to the former. As regards the sale off, the system companies retained only the trade in potato spirit proper in their own hands. The right to sell spirituous drinks of a somewhat finer kind—indeed, in some cases, even the right to sell ordinary potato spirit—was handed over by them to a large extent to private dealers, whose receipts from the sale were in no way circumscribed. In the same way private persons were granted the right of serving spirits in connection with restaurant operations without being subjected to any restrictions with regard to disinterested management, which nevertheless was meant to be a fundamental feature of the whole of the Gothenburg System.

The reformation of the drinking saloons reduced the serving of spirits on the premises, and sale off became predominant instead. Sale on formed only 10 to 20 per cent. of the trade in spirituous drinks as a whole, while sale off covered 80 to 90 per cent. And, apart from the restrictions as regards times of business, this sale off was subject to no limitation except that no one might buy a smaller quantity of spirits than a litre at a time. On the other hand, there was no obstacle in the way of buying practically any amount; and, especially in the larger towns, the increase of drunkenness provides unmistakable evidence of the social ineffectiveness of the selling system.

In this state of things the temperance organisation gained an ever greater hearing for their demands for complete prohibition of alcohol. The voluntary prohibition *plébiscite* of 1909, arranged immediately after a prohibition which had been temporarily

carried out with success during the great strike that embraced the whole country, bore witness to the spread of the idea of prohibition. In point of fact—to quote the most prominent speaker in the Riksdag at that time—prohibition seemed as irresistible as fate. But there were people animated with a strong social sense who feared that the simple prohibition formula did not yield any real solution of the problem, and who were resolved not to give way without resistance.

A young Stockholm physician, Dr. Ivan Bratt, was the most brilliant champion of this critical view. In the course of his practice he had had opportunities of studying alcoholism at close quarters. He was profoundly convinced of the necessity of energetic measures on the part of the community to fight against alcoholism; and he believed all the more in the possibility of such measures because he himself in a large number of cases had found by experience what amazingly good results could be obtained in those who abused alcohol by patriarchal supervision or a suitable change of environment or the like. He aimed his ingenious arguments in speech and writing against the idea of prohibition, less perhaps for reasons of principle than for practical and psychological reasons. He maintained that it was bound to be impossible to enforce prohibition so long as influential and socially unobjectionable good citizens refused to regard the moderate consumption of alcohol as a crime. As alcohol is comparatively easy to manufacture, and as, under a state of prohibition, the immense possibilities of profit must tempt people to the illicit manufacture, importation, and sale of alcohol, the prohibition of alcohol could scarcely fail to evoke overwhelming forces which would be as dangerous for the general spirit of obedience to the law as for general temperance.

But Dr. Bratt did not content himself with this critical offensive against prohibition. He was able, a thing of much more importance, to bring forward something positive. He boldly sketched a revolutionary reconstruction of the alcohol legislation in such a direction that the community might be enabled, with the system companies as organs, to control, restrict, and, if necessary, prevent every individual purchase of intoxicating drinks, and by means of other organs, anti-alcohol municipal committees, to keep an eye on other people who abused alcohol and in the last resort send them to Government institutions designed for their care. As a member of the Liberal group in the Stockholm City Council, and as the man appointed by that council as auditor of the Stockholm System Company, he maintained that, in order to meet the requirement of the law that the sale should be organised 'in the interests of morality,' the company must first and foremost know to whom it sold alcohol and in how large quantities. As the

system company was not greatly impressed by his remarks, he himself founded a new company which he called the 'Stockholm System' in contrast to the older 'Gothenburg System'; and this new company obtained as from the beginning of the year 1914 the concession of the trade in alcoholic drinks in Stockholm.

One day in February 1914 the inhabitants of the Swedish capital were informed that no one would be allowed to buy spirituous drinks if he had not first obtained permission to do so from the Stockholm System and had received from the company a passbook (*molbok*) in which every purchase was stamped. The news was received with mixed feelings. Some people applied for passbooks, while others obtained spirituous drinks from places outside Stockholm. The legislature intervened and surrounded the capital, and also the towns where the system companies had followed the example of the Stockholm company, with regional protective zones known as control areas. When the most persistent opponents of the system began to import from abroad the State authorities again intervened and prescribed that imported alcoholic goods might be delivered from the customs only through the intermediary of the system companies. At the same time the Stockholm System had begun to buy up one after the other of the private wine and spirit firms. In an ever-increasing number these passed from private ownership into semi-public ownership, gathered into the hands of a company embracing the whole country, which had been organised on the same principles as the system companies. Within a few years this company was the owner of all the wine firms and spirit factories of the country and the manager of what was practically a monopoly of the wholesale trade to the system companies. Legislation followed in the tracks of the action which had been already carried out. The law which was passed by the Riksdag in 1917 and came into force in 1919 made the passbook and the control of sales to individuals obligatory for the retail trade of the system companies in alcoholic liquors. A few years later the Riksdag also confirmed the monopolisation of the wholesale trade, that is to say, the manufacture, import, and sale of intoxicating drinks for the system companies.

The whole of this course of development, carried through on private initiative, would have been inconceivable without the moral support of the opinion which the prohibition movement had called into being in more far-sighted circles. For some people the Bratt restriction system stood out as a valuable aid in the work of improving the state of temperance. For others—and perhaps for the more numerous—its essential importance lay in offering a means of escape from the state of prohibition. Starting from

different points, both these tendencies joined in working together to bring about the legalisation of the new organisation.

In its now completed form this organisation comprises the entire manufacture of spirits and wines in Sweden, all importation of such goods into the country, and all sale of them either to the retailers, the system companies, or to the public. Beer occupies a place by itself. During the war, owing to shortage of raw material, the production of strong kinds of beer came to an end; and this production has not since been resumed. A law which will soon be two years old forbids the making and sale of malt liquors with higher alcoholic strength than about 3.75 per cent. in volume. The sale of beer which is weak in alcohol, on the other hand, is free.

The importation, manufacture, and wholesale sale of spirituous drinks and wine is in the hands of a semi-State company called 'Vin & Spritcentralen.' The dividend on the shares in this company is restricted, and the surplus profits fall to the State. Representatives appointed by the Government have the majority of votes on the board, and the Government also appoints a managing director and half of the company's auditors. Private pecuniary interests have been entirely removed from the operations of the company, the strictest possible control over manufacture and stocks has been established, and the most scrupulous honesty in the nomenclature of the goods has been carried through in very close connection with the legislation of the exporting countries themselves.

The sale of wines and spirituous drinks to the public is in the hands of the local system companies, 120 in number at the present time, each of them being the central body in its own control area. The concessions to these system companies are granted by the county authorities on the recommendation of the proper municipal authority. The shareholders in the system companies cannot get more than 5 per cent. on their shares, and their influence is limited to the fact that they choose two out of the five members of the board of each company. The three other members of the board are appointed by the authorities, the chairman being appointed by a central State authority, the Board of Control, which exercises a very searching inspection of the companies, issues regulations for their operations, appoints auditors, and passes their accounts and reports. All profits from the operations of the companies, over and above the 5 per cent. to the shareholders, are paid over every year to the national Exchequer.

In order to be allowed to buy spirituous drinks or wines for home consumption a person must be the holder of a passbook issued by a system company. Anyone who wants a passbook

makes a request to that effect to the company in whose area he is domiciled. He gives his complete name, date and place of birth, occupation, address—in brief, he gives all the information that is necessary for identification. He has also to answer a number of questions intended to throw light on his social qualifications: whether he has received poor relief; whether he has paid his taxes; how large a dwelling he occupies; whether he has a family and, if he has, how large; why he has not asked for a passbook earlier; what quantity of spirituous drinks he considers himself to require per mensem or per annum. Verifying and supplementary information can be obtained by the company from the local authorities, who are bound to inform the company when anyone has been punished for drunkenness, reported as an alcoholic, or been guilty of crime calculated to disqualify him for the right to purchase alcoholic drinks. The information is entered on a card in a card-index, comprising all the persons who have applied to the company. If there is no reason to refuse the right to buy, the person in question receives a passbook provided with a number corresponding to the number on the card in the central index of the company and also to that on a card in the index which is kept in the shop to which he is assigned for making his purchases. The customer makes his orders for spirituous drinks and wine on order forms in the passbook and signs each order with his name. His signature has already been entered on the card which is kept at the place of sale; and before the goods ordered are delivered an examination is made to see that the signature on the order form is genuine. The purchase is stamped in the passbook, and the order forms are sent up to the main office of the system company, where they are sorted into portfolios, one portfolio for each customer, and are afterwards made the objects of revision.

The law forbids a system company to sell to anyone more than 4 litres of spirituous drinks per month. For special occasions, however, as when an important family festival gathers together a large number of guests in a home, a larger quantity may be granted after a request explaining the reasons has been handed in. But the intention of the legislation is not that passbooks entitling the holder to purchase 4 litres of spirituous drinks in the month should be given to anyone who asks for them and against whom there is no objection to be raised. It is the duty of the companies, so far as possible, to apportion the right of purchase, having regard to the legitimate requirements that exist. As a rule, only one passbook is issued to each household. If there are grown-up sons in the household, however, one or more of the sons can, in addition to the head of the family, get a passbook with a specially limited right of purchase—*e.g.*, restricted to 1 or 2 litres a month. A married woman can get a passbook as well as her husband,

but not both at the same time, and in nine cases out of ten the book is issued to the man. Women who earn their own livelihood can also obtain a passbook provided that they are not too young, but as a rule only for a small quantity, varying from 1 or 2 litres a year to 1 or 2 litres a quarter. An unmarried young man cannot usually expect to obtain approval for a request for a passbook until he is twenty-three to twenty-five years old; and the right to purchase which is then granted is at first very much restricted. Persons who are badly off, or whose pecuniary conditions are uncertain so that they are not in a position to pay their taxes or have to have recourse to free hospital treatment, communal meals or the like, for themselves or their children, are not allowed the maximum quantity stated in the law. The way in which the private individual makes use of alcoholic drinks is thus not the sole factor which is taken into consideration. The system companies have also to consider the fact that spirituous drinks have to some extent the character of an article of luxury, which is apt still further to impoverish one who is already poor. Constant attention must also be given to the possibility that persons may be able to gain pecuniary profits by selling to others if they are enabled to buy larger quantities of spirituous drinks than they themselves require.

Anyone who has repeatedly been arrested for drunkenness or specially treated for alcoholism, or is otherwise known to lead a disreputable life, will naturally get no passbook. If a system company finds out from its own observation or from information from the authorities that the holder of a passbook is not very careful in his relation to alcohol, his right of purchase is restricted or entirely suspended. In many such cases it has proved advantageous to deliver the passbook with a strictly limited right of purchase to the wife of the irresponsible man, or to place the careless consumer under special supervision in co-operation with the municipal committees against alcoholism or other humanitarian organisations. In that case he knows that he can retain his limited right to purchase only so long as he lives an orderly life, and this consciousness may help him in a remarkable manner to keep control of himself. The book itself does not show whether the passbook holds good for the highest quantity granted by the law or for a smaller quantity, as it has the same appearance in all cases; but in order to find out the reason why a book covers only a lower quantity it is necessary to consult the central index of the company. Every official who has to deal with these documents is bound to the strictest secrecy. The card-indices of the system company will undoubtedly become sociological material of unique value for future social investigators.

While the system companies alone have to deal with sales

off, the sales on, which are connected with restaurant operations, are in the hands both of system companies and of private individuals. The serving of intoxicants at people's restaurants in the proper sense of the term has been retained by the system companies without exception. The serving of intoxicants at restaurants of a higher standing is to a large extent in the hands of private restaurant keepers. But these restaurant keepers are bound by very strict conditions in their contracts with the system company. The period of the contract, and consequently the right to serve intoxicants, is restricted to from one to three years. The restaurant proprietor is pledged to buy from the local system company all the alcoholic drinks he serves, and as the system company can refuse to sell to him if he does not fulfil the terms of the contract, the company has the power of exercising an effective control over the restaurant keeper's sale of intoxicants to his customers. The prices the public have to pay for the liquors served are carefully regulated; and if the amount of spirituous liquors and strong wines served at the restaurant rises above a certain limit, fixed beforehand, the restaurant keeper has to pay for the excess quantities to the system company the same price that he himself gets from the public. For him, therefore, it becomes a matter of pecuniary interest to husband the sales of alcoholic drinks and to make the most possible of the sale of food and non-alcoholic drinks. In order to prevent the consumption checked by the restrictions on sales off from taking refuge in sales on and there bringing about an abnormal rise, the quantity of spirituous drinks and strong wines served to guests at restaurants is very carefully limited. Spirituous drinks may be served only in connection with a genuine meal costing a certain price; and no guest may have more than a certain quantity. Three glasses of spirituous drinks of 5 centilitres each is at the present time the greatest quantity that a guest can obtain at one and the same visit to a better-class restaurant. Still more strict serving regulations apply to the popular restaurants. Similar provisions regulate the serving of strong wines.

During the ten years during which the system of sale here briefly described has been applied in the capital of Sweden, where it was first introduced, the outer conditions under which it has worked have undergone many vicissitudes. In his work *Drink in 1914-1922: a Lesson in Control*, Mr. Arthur Shadwell has mentioned a very instructive period during the years 1907-19, when the shortage of foodstuffs and the trade blockade in combination compelled the Swedish authorities to have recourse to a systematic rationing of alcohol of a kind which otherwise is alien to the Swedish system of adaptation to individual requirements.

The quantity of spirituous drinks which was allowed to be bought from the system companies was cut down to 2 litres a quarter. This state of things approached total prohibition: the public reacted against it; illicit distilling and unlawful sales spread like a pestilence; and cases of drunkenness, which had at first been reduced to a minimum, increased at a terrible pace. The restrictions had reached the breaking point.

The course of development since then, however, was unknown to Mr. Shadwell; it is, if possible, still more instructive. When it became possible at the beginning of 1920 to relax the very severe rationing, and the sale of intoxicants could return to the more ample form contemplated by the legislation, a very gratifying change took place. The lawful sale of alcohol was augmented while the unlawful sales shrank; and the immediate effect was a rapid diminution of both drunkenness and alcoholism. The last few years have occasioned other difficulties to the selling organisation. The currency conditions in some of the former belligerent countries on the Baltic have stimulated a comprehensive smuggling traffic, which has especially been attracted by the prohibitions in Finland and Norway, but which has also made itself unpleasantly felt in Sweden and Denmark. The struggle against the smuggling of spirits is at the present time the most exacting task of temperance policy for the whole of Scandinavia; and for the more effective prosecution of this struggle there has recently been concluded a convention between the Baltic Powers containing stricter rules for the exportation of spirituous drinks and the examination of suspicious vessels.

As the Swedish alcohol legislation does not deprive the law-abiding citizen of the use of alcohol, but rather raises obstacles against its abuse, smuggling and illicit trade are here deprived of any protective disguise, and stand revealed as the speculation of callous desire for gain in vice and immorality. In Sweden, therefore, the measures against smuggling spirits have a very definite and broad support in public opinion.

If the Swedish selling system lacks the salient simplicity of the prohibition programme, it has by way of compensation the advantage of building on an indisputable and generally recognised basis of right when it brands the abuse of alcoholic drinks as objectionable. It places on every private individual the demand that he shall behave in a way which is socially desirable: in other words, it appeals to the sense of social responsibility, and in that way aims at an educative effect. The apparatus which it has adopted in its effort to diminish the injurious effects of alcohol and to alleviate the alcoholic habit may seem to be somewhat complicated; and it is possible that the foreign observer will regard such a system as inconceivable elsewhere than in Sweden.

But there is nothing in the national character of the Swede which makes him more fully disposed than many other peoples for this kind of legislation; and when the first outlines were drawn up by Dr. Ivan Bratt they were greeted with scepticism or ridicule as an Utopia, as a fantastic device by a theorist with no sense of reality. The Utopia has become a solid fact. The time has not yet come for a final judgment; but nevertheless the Swedish system has already stood so many tests, and can show so many fine results, that we have every right to look forward with distinct hopefulness to the continued development of this very distinctive attempt at the solution of the alcohol problem.

EINAR ROSENBORG.

COTTON-GROWING WITHIN THE EMPIRE

WHEN the supply of a raw material is equal to the demand, the price of that material remains more or less constant; when demand increases without a corresponding increase in supply, the shortage is indicated by a rise in price.

That there is a very serious shortage in the world's supply of cotton to-day is revealed by the high prices which all grades now command. For example, in 1914 the average price paid for Middling American per pound was 7·16 pence, which at that time was considered abnormally high; to-day's quotation is 14·31 pence per pound, approximately double.

The shortage is due to a variety of causes. Cotton provides the cheapest material for clothing yet devised; consequently, in one form or another, it is in demand all the world over. Although a large new acreage has been placed under cotton since the war, the additional quantity of the raw material produced has been insufficient to keep pace with the rising demand due to the normal increase in the world's population. Moreover, the yield of cotton per acre under cultivation in old-established fields is slowly, but very surely, declining. In America that very destructive insect pest, the boll weevil, is reducing production and adding to the cost of the product. In Egypt the cotton lands appear to be steadily losing in fertility.

To overtake this shortage is a matter of vital importance to England in general, and to Lancashire in particular; how very important may be judged by the fact that directly and indirectly approximately one-fifth of the entire working population of this country is dependent upon the cotton trade for a livelihood.

In an article which appeared recently,¹ Lord Meston writes of a partnership of three which has set out to increase the production of cotton in the Sudan. The partners are the Government, a syndicate, and some native agriculturists. The Government finds the land, provides the irrigation works, marks out the fields, and settles the tenant cultivators. The syndicate supplies the cotton seed, ploughs the fields, controls

¹ 'Sudan Problems—II. Internal,' by the Right Hon. Lord Meston, K.C.S.I. *Sunday Times*, February 1, 1925.

the water, and gins and markets the cotton when the crop has been harvested. The tenant cultivators till the fields between seed-time and harvest, and pick the cotton when mature. This seems a good division of responsibilities. The gains expected to result from this co-operation are to be justly apportioned, for the tenant cultivator is to receive 40 per cent. of the value of the crop raised, whilst the Government and the syndicate will share the remainder.

But Lord Meston sounds a very necessary note of warning. Referring to the Gezireh project as a whole, he writes:

Its magnitude, its efficiency and its symmetry entirely divorce it from the ordinary agricultural life of the people; and the Government will have to provide models on a far less ambitious scale if it hopes to get the peasantry practically interested in future extensions of the cotton area.

Therein lies the danger. Will the native agriculturist be attracted by great enterprises of this kind? Or, if he is induced to settle on these created fields, will he, can he, live up to the high pitch of efficiency demanded of him? Will he not sooner or later succumb to a natural impulse and return to his *ordinary agricultural life*? Will he not come to hate the efficiency and symmetry of these gigantic schemes as our poorest classes loathe and detest the efficiency and symmetry of the workhouse, preferring their own homes, however squalid they may be? In short, will the Gezireh cotton area and extensions of that area attract the native cultivators (and their families) in sufficient numbers, or, having succeeded in doing so, will they be able to keep them?

Already doubts are expressed as to the adequacy of the labour supply in the Sudan. The Sudanese are no fonder of working under a rigid discipline to a time schedule than are the peoples further south. Moreover, the African native does not readily migrate. It usually requires force, famine, or a pestilence to induce him to move with his family even to a more favoured spot than that which he happens to occupy. This may seem unreasonable: possibly it is; but it is human nature and must be taken into account.

When leading his *ordinary agricultural life*, the native is apt to be regarded by those of us who do not know him well as a lazy fellow. This is not fair to him. In most parts of Africa food is easily come by, and, since his other wants are few, the native has ample leisure, which he thoroughly enjoys, and no amount of prating about the dignity of labour will rob him of that enjoyment. In his place who would work if the occupation offered did not appeal? But introduce to the African a home interest, and he is not slow to respond.

It is well to lay stress upon this point: offer to the African native family some reasonably profitable occupation which can be followed at home, one which will appeal alike to man, woman, and child, one in which they can all take an active interest, and it is accepted as a pleasurable pastime.

For the successful cultivation of cotton certain factors must be present, namely, suitable soil, a sufficient rainfall, ample cheap labour, and good transport facilities. Given suitable soil, an insufficient rainfall can be augmented by irrigation, and transport can be provided; these things can be bought with money, but there is no substitute for the labourer in the cotton fields, because the whole cotton crop does not ripen simultaneously, and no reaping machine has yet been invented which can differentiate between the ripe and the unripe cotton boll. It would therefore seem that the labourer is by no means the least important factor; moreover, his goodwill is necessary. He and every member of his family must become *practically interested* in the growing of cotton, or any partnership entered into with him to produce it will probably fail.

Attracted by the very high prices which cotton commands to-day, Europeans within the Empire are turning their attention to the cultivation of cotton in preference to other crops. In Australia, in the Cape Province, in the Transvaal, and in the two Rhodesias, cotton is being planted on a considerable scale. These activities may ease the present difficult position slightly and temporarily, but they will not solve Lancashire's problem. The European in Africa must live up to the standard of comfort of his kind, or he would die; his wants are many and expensive. Lancashire asks for a vast supply of very cheap cotton. The European cannot produce cotton cheaply enough. He cannot, of course, afford to employ white labour, and even the cheapest native labour is costly and uncertain. To very few European planters is native female and child labour accessible; therefore it is necessary to employ, feed, and pay men and boys to do a class of work which can very well be done by women and children. The European will cultivate cotton so long as it commands a high price. Lancashire's aim and object is to bring about a return to pre-war prices as rapidly as possible; she wishes to see Middling American sold in the world's market at sevenpence or less per pound. Long before that level is reached European planters will have abandoned cotton.

Where, then, is Lancashire to find her plentiful supplies of cheap cotton? Consciously or unconsciously, Lord Meston points the way. In his article already referred to, he says in effect, 'Get the native peasantry of Africa practically interested in the cultivation of cotton.' What can be done in a country

where the native peasantry has become *practically interested*—to quote Lord Meston's words once more—is clearly demonstrated by the wonderful progress which Uganda has made in the cultivation of cotton during the last few years. In the Uganda Protectorate almost all, if not all, the cotton is produced by the natives on their own land at their own homes. There, too, the elements of a partnership exist, but the responsibilities are differently distributed, and, though the symmetry of the Gezireh scheme is conspicuously absent, a fair measure of efficiency is maintained under Government control and encouragement. The native cultivators may be said to own the land, which they not only till between seed-time and harvest, but plough up in the first instance. They also sow the seed and pick the cotton when ripe. The European or Asiatic middle-man—in the place of a syndicate—buys, gins, and markets the cotton. The Government supplies the seed and, as closely as the numerical strength of its Agricultural Department permits, exercises a general and most helpful supervision over the industry.

The following figures reflect the progress made during the last ten years:

OUTPUT IN BALES OF 400 LB. OF COTTON LINT

1915	25,000
1920	75,000
1925	160,000

What total might have been reached had ample transport existed it is impossible to say. Some suggest that 1,000,000 bales would now have been the yearly crop of cotton. The fact remains that the 3,000,000 natives who inhabit Uganda are capable of producing a very large quantity of high-grade cotton. The peasantry is willing and anxious to grow, tend, and pick the cotton, but does not regard the transportation of it as a pleasurable pastime; on the contrary, carrying loads of cotton or pushing bales of it along the road in hand-carts is hard and uninteresting work which takes the man from his family; rather than indulge in it the native will sometimes decline to grow cotton at all.

But, in spite of inadequate transport facilities, the natives of Uganda, assisted by their women and children, have reached an annual output of 160,000 bales of cotton. The quality of their cotton, thanks to the unremitting care of the Agricultural Department, is of a higher grade than that known to the market as Middling American, and though it may not be so fine as the cotton which the Sudan expects to produce under the Gezireh scheme, it is what Lancashire wants.

Although only on the threshold of her development, Uganda

is already prosperous. Her prosperity is due almost entirely to the cotton which her native peasantry grows. She affords striking support to the assertion, so frequently made, that cotton confers immense benefits upon the country in which it is produced and upon those who produce it.

There are many areas in Africa, other than Uganda, where cotton will grow. The soil is good, the rainfall convenient, and the native population numerous. The exploitation of such areas offers a rich moral as well as a material reward.

It is not suggested that Uganda has met with no difficulties on her road to prosperity, or that difficulties do not lie ahead. She and all other dependencies who follow her cotton policy always will have problems to solve. The native agriculturist has much to learn in regard to the cultivation of cotton, but fortunately he learns quickly and does not readily forget.

Before the partition of Africa by the European Powers, which resulted in an influx of missionaries, Government officials, and itinerant traders, the natives in many parts grew cotton, knew how to spin it, and wove from it strips of cloth or blankets. With them the cotton bush was a perennial, harbouring all manner of insect pests and diseases. The older the bush, the more diseased; it probably died of disease, for it was never uprooted. These bushes were in no sense cultivated as a crop; as a general rule they were permitted to spring up anywhere in the immediate neighbourhood of the village.

With the coming of the European the natives ceased to take interest in their cotton bushes. White and coloured calicoes, print, and cotton blankets, together with glass beads and base metal wires, continued for some years to be the sole medium of barter. Ten chickens or a goat were exchanged for a yard of white calico or of red Turkey twill, two or three yards of print for a bag of grain, a young ox for a cotton blanket. The native processes of spinning and weaving from their miserably short-staple cotton were laborious; chicken, goats, sheep, and cattle were plentiful; the native industry of weaving died, so, too, did the cotton bushes, though here and there a few may survive, which must be searched for and destroyed, or they will remain a standing menace to the cultivation of good cotton.

The native must be taught to regard the cotton bush as an annual, to be uprooted and burnt at the end of each season under pain of penalties, for thus only can disease be kept under.

He must be brought to rely solely upon his local administration for his yearly supply of cotton seed, which should be issued to him free of charge; if left to himself, he will plant any seed he can get, which of necessity results in rapid deterioration of the cotton produced.

He must be taught to regard the insect pests and diseases to which cotton is subject as enemies to himself, and must be shown how to combat them.

It is necessary to nurse him through years of falling prices which will inevitably follow upon his successful efforts to produce cotton in large quantities. When prices fall, the native very naturally believes that the middle-man who buys his cotton is cheating him. The marketing of the crop must therefore be conducted under Government supervision for some years. The native has, as a rule, and rightly so, an absolute faith in the Government, and so long as district officers have the time to explain the phenomenon to him he will accept falling prices philosophically. This is a problem with which the Administration of Uganda has successfully grappled in the past and will be called upon to face more frequently perhaps in the future.

What is required everywhere in our African possessions is a general strengthening of the *personnel* of agricultural departments.

If a large-scale map of Africa is consulted, it will be seen that in Lakes Victoria, Tanganyika, and Nyasa, Nature has provided Central East Africa with unique waterways. Each of these great lakes is now connected with a coast port by rail. The population along the lakes' shores is in many parts dense; the rainfall is known to be convenient; and the soil has been declared suitable in the main. Money spent on the development of transport—especially that offered by the vast natural waterways—and in encouraging the native agriculturists to grow cotton should produce results similar to those which Uganda has shown. And if the policy of getting the *native peasantry practically interested* is also followed vigorously in West Africa and in the native reserves of Rhodesia and of South Africa, there seems every reason to hope that in the course of time Lancashire will be entirely freed from her dependence upon foreign countries for her supplies of raw cotton.

Lancashire must look to the native peasant population of Africa for her salvation, for no one else can give her what she wants.

FRANK WORTHINGTON.

INDIA AND ITS LANGUAGES

INDIA presents opportunities that are found together in no other part of the world for observing the different methods by which mankind has solved the problems of speech. In India proper no less than 179, or if we include Burma 190, languages are used in everyday intercourse, and these belong to four different great linguistic families, besides other smaller groups that have not yet been finally affiliated. The great families are the Austric, the Dravidian, the Tibeto-Chinese, and the Aryan, and in this respect India may be looked upon as a kind of linguistic Clapham Junction, where the traveller can transfer himself from one train to another without change of platform, and so be conveyed at will in all directions to the most distant corners of the earth. By the Austric line we are carried south-east from the Punjab, across India, Burma, Indo-China, Indonesia, Melanesia, and Polynesia, to far-away Easter Island, off the coast of South America; by the Tibeto-Chinese we are led eastwards from Baltistan, in Kashmir, along the southern slopes of the Himalaya, through Assam, Burma, and Siam, to China; while the Aryan languages take us by the great Indo-European line, stretching across Western Asia, through Europe, and beyond the Atlantic to America. In this way we find that India has linguistic relations that very nearly encircle the entire world.

It is languages of the Austric family that have been spoken for the longest time in India, and, so far as we know, some old form of it may be looked upon as India's aboriginal speech. It falls into two great divisions—the Austro-Nesian and the Austro-Asiatic—but of these two the former is spoken only in one corner of the country, in the extreme south of Burma, by a tribe of seagypsies known as Salôns. Thence, as explained above, it stretches across the Pacific to Easter Island, to the south, also reaching New Zealand, but avoiding Australia. The Austro-Asiatic division has important representatives in Indo-China, which do not now concern us, and, besides, not only reaches up Burma into Assam, but also crosses the Bay of Bengal, *via* the Nicobar Islands, into

the centre of India proper, where it appears as Santali and other allied languages spoken by mountain tribes, such as the Santals, the Mundas, and the Kurkus, whose names will be familiar to readers of the journals of missionary societies. But the Linguistic Survey of India, which has lately been completed, shows to us that languages of this group must once have been spread over a great part of the valley of the Ganges and along the southern face of the Himalaya right up to the Punjab. Over the whole of this vast area, though other languages spoken by later immigrants now hold the field, again and again we come across relics, preserved like flies in amber, in the shape of words and idioms of Austro-Asiatic origin. Moreover, these can be traced back to very ancient times. When the Aryans, as we shall see, entered India from the north-west, they found in their new home many things with which they had hitherto been unacquainted, and for which they had to borrow the native names. We find these even in Sanskrit—an Aryan language which has been dead for more than 2000 years, and which had to adopt the Austro-Asiatic names for such articles as the betel leaf, for cotton, for cotton cloth, and even for the bamboo arrow—words which, till their origin was discovered, have sorely puzzled Indian philologists. Again, as might be expected, some of the names of Indian countries which appear in Sanskrit literature are of similar origin. The Aryans found them in use and adopted them. An interesting example is found in the name of the folk called 'Klings' by the Malays, the last-named being a people speaking an Austro-Nesian language. These Klings are immigrant Indians, and the word is a corruption of 'Kalinga,' the ancient Sanskrit name of a part of the east coast of India. But 'Kalinga' itself is an Austro-Asiatic word borrowed by Sanskrit, which in this way became so well known to Europeans that it appears in Pliny's *Natural History*. We thus have an instance of a word originally Austro-Asiatic, adopted by the Indo-Aryans, and again reappearing in a corrupted form in the Austro-Nesian speech of the Malay Archipelago. Father Schmidt, of Vienna, who is our great authority on the subject, is of opinion that the earliest traceable form of all these Austric languages must have been spoken in India itself, and that thence they started on their progress across the Pacific to Easter Island and New Zealand. On their long journey they have, of course, undergone great modifications, but the chain of relationship is still clearly traceable. Among other Austro-Asiatic tongues of India we may mention the Talaing, once spoken over a great part of Burma, but now driven to Pegu, in the south, and the Khasi of Assam, the language of the district in which Shillong, the capital of that province, is situated.

If we take Santali as an example of the most important group

of these Indian Austro-Asiatic languages, we are at once struck by the apparent complexity of its grammatical rules. While it is throughout a model of regularity—it is as easy as Esperanto in that respect—its method of expressing the simplest of ideas demands that every verb must, by itself, provide a reflected picture of the whole sentence in which it appears. For instance, the word *dal* means 'beat,' and that is simple enough; but if we wish to say that 'my slave's son allows people to beat him,' the word that we must use for 'beat' is *dalochoakantahentactifhae*, in which each syllable has its own special force, while the whole monstrosity means 'He, who belongs to him, who belongs to me, will continue letting himself be beaten'! It is no wonder that the full conjugation of a Santali verb would occupy something like 600 pages of an ordinary grammar, and yet the whole principle is so simple and logical that it can be mastered in a few hours.

The affinities of the Dravidian languages are not nearly so certain as those of the Austric. They are mainly spoken in the south of India, and among them are included languages such as Tamil (the tongue of eighteen millions of people), Kanarese (ten millions), and Telugu (twenty-four millions), each with a systematised grammar and an important literature representing ancient civilisation. There are also small tribes scattered over Northern India, and even in Baluchistan, far to the west beyond the Indus, which speak minor languages of the family, so that the total number of people whose vernacular is Dravidian is sixty-four millions, or considerably more than the population of Germany. It may be taken as certain that in bygone ages tribes speaking languages of this family once occupied a great part of Western India and of the Punjab, but where they came from and how they got there are questions on which scholars are not yet agreed. One set, of which Mr. Slater is the latest exponent, maintains that, like the Aryans, they came into India from the north-west, but long before the latter, and it is indeed pretty certain that when the Aryans did enter India they found them a civilised people, inhabiting cities, and in possession of the Punjab, where many a hard fight had to be won before they could be mastered. Another school looks upon them as coming in prehistoric times from Australia, when there was land communication between the two continents. This aspect of the case is still under inquiry, and it would as yet be premature to give a decided opinion in regard to it; but, though we cannot now quote anything as proving that such a connection exists, we can at least refer to certain points of resemblance that prevent us from assuming that it is impossible.

The original home of the speakers of Tibeto-Chinese languages seems to have been between the upper courses of the Yang-tse-kiang and the Ho-ang-ho, and from here they spread in all directions. So far as India is concerned, they entered it in at least three great series of waves of migration along the river valleys down the Chindwin, the Irrawaddy, and the Salween into Burma, down the Brahmaputra into Assam, and up the same river into Tibet. Each swarm forced its predecessors either before it down to the seaboard or else into the hills overlooking the river valleys, and thus we find the speakers of the older Austro-Asiatic languages of Burma and Assam confined, as I have said, either to the coast country of Pegu, in the extreme south, or scattered about in mountain tracts where they were safe from invasion.

The Tibeto-Chinese languages have two main branches—the Siamese-Chinese and the Tibeto-Burman. So far as India is concerned, the former, with about a million speakers, is found only in Burma, whither the Shans, whose tongue is closely allied to Siamese and through it to Chinese, came from Yunnan, and now form an important community. More important to us are the Tibeto-Burman forms of speech heard in Tibet, Burma, and large tracts in Assam and Eastern Bengal. In Tibet the speakers have covered the whole country as far west as Kashmir. To their south lies the Himalaya, and numerous colonies have spilled over that range and have occupied Nepal and the whole southern face right along as far as the Punjab. The time of the earliest invasion of India is unknown to us, but the immigrations have been going on for many centuries, and we know that a powerful Tibeto-Burman kingdom existed in Assam when it was conquered by the Ahoms, a Siamese-Chinese tribe, in the thirteenth century. Swarms of invaders have come at intervals ever since, and the last invasion—that of the Kachins—was only stopped by the British conquest of Upper Burma in 1886.

The Tibeto-Chinese languages offer a marked contrast to the Santali of which I have just been speaking. Their vocabularies either consist entirely of words of one syllable or are based on such, and phonetic rules so limit the number of even such monosyllables that in some there are not more than 500 or 600 possible words. Nevertheless, by a system of building up compound words from these monosyllables, they are capable of expressing complicated concrete ideas without difficulty.

If we except the two great literary languages, Tibetan and Burmese, all the speakers of Tibeto-Burman forms of speech now live in mountainous districts. As a rule, each tribe is separated from its neighbours by difficult country, and when the members of one do meet those of another it is often only to settle some feud by a fight, or in wilder tracts, to satisfy the craving for head-

hunting or for captives for human sacrifice. Hence communication between the various tribes is difficult and rare. Moreover, a monosyllabic unwritten language, the words of which are liable to be altered under various causes, such as taboo or the like, is particularly easily changed. There are cases on record in which a tribe has sent out a colony to a distant hill, and in a couple of generations the respective members of each community have become unintelligible to each other. In this way tribal speeches rapidly split up into separate dialects, and dialects into separate languages; and so, while there are about 120 Tibeto-Burman languages, the number of speakers of each, excluding Tibetan and Burmese, averaging about 17,000, is small.

Another peculiarity of these languages is that they have no proper noun or verb. In English, if we say, 'My hand is strong,' 'hand' is a noun; and if we say, 'Hand me this,' it is a verb. This occurs only occasionally in English, but every Tibeto-Burman word can be treated in the same way. For instance, if we want to say, 'I went,' we must say, 'My going finish,' in which 'going' and 'finish' are neither noun nor verb, but something between both, and can be used as either.

This failure to distinguish clearly between nominal and verbal categories has in some of the Tibeto-Burman languages resulted in making them incapable of expressing abstract ideas. In tongues such as Tibetan or Burmese, which have developed literatures, this has been overcome by various devices, but in the more uncultivated speeches of the wild tribes of the hill country between Bengal and China the difficulty still exists. Here we find tribes whose languages appear unable to express anything in general terms, and who confine their vocabularies to purely concrete ideas. Many, for instance, do not possess a general term for so simple an idea as 'man.' They can speak of an Englishman, of a Singpho, of a Mikir, of a Garo, or of a man of any other tribe, but they have no word for 'man' in the abstract. Similarly, in one of these languages—Lushei—while there are at least nine or ten words for different kinds of ants, there is no word for 'ant' generally.

Words denoting relationship or parts of the body are the results of an abstraction. A father, in the abstract, who is not the father of any particular individual, is an idea which requires a certain amount of reflection. Such words are accordingly hardly ever used alone in Tibeto-Burman languages, but, with a few exceptions, are always associated with some particular person. We come across words for 'my father,' 'thy mother,' 'his hand,' and so on; but 'father,' 'mother,' or 'hand' is not used by itself. Most Tibeto-Burmans would be sadly put to it to translate literally such sentences as 'A father is naturally kind' or 'The

hand possesses five fingers.' In some cases we come across languages conscious of this difficulty and struggling against it, and can watch the process by which the mentality of a savage tribe expands and develops its speech so as to become an implement for expressing higher and more abstract thought. In ordinary talk the possessive pronoun of the third person occurs much more frequently than 'my' and 'thy,' and in some of these languages the word for 'his' has gradually become more and more indefinite, till it is ultimately used as a mere meaningless prefix, employed with all nouns to which it is desired to give an indefinite sense.

Similarly, these languages possess no grammatical form corresponding to what to us seems so essential—a relative pronoun. To express such an idea as 'the man who came yesterday' a speaker would have to make up some such sentence as 'the yesterday-come man.' Some, however, of these tribes now find themselves in contact with Aryan languages all of which make as full a use of the relative pronoun as does English. Attracted by its manifest convenience, they have begun to adopt the idiom into their own language, and the way in which they have solved the problem is a remarkable example of how the human mind in the most distant countries works along the same lines. Just as we in England have taken the interrogative pronoun 'Who?' and now use it also as a relative, so the Lhota Nagas of Assam, acting quite independently and with no neighbouring language from which they could borrow the idea, have done the same. If a Lhota wishes to tell you to take what you want, he says (if we translate it literally), 'What do you wish to take? Take it.'

Very different from these Tibeto-Burman tongues are the Aryan, spoken by 233 millions (about half the population of Europe) over Northern and Western India. Here we have languages distantly related to our own, with full array of vocabulary and grammar according to our European notions and capable of expressing with clarity and elegance any idea that the mind of man can conceive. We know more about how these forms of speech came into India, and can even give approximate dates for their entry. The Aryan languages are a branch of the great Indo-European family, of which Latin, Greek, English, and most of the other European tongues are also members. The original home from which the Indo-European languages spread over Europe and Western and Southern Asia has been a subject of discussion for many years. We in England are probably most familiar with the cautious opinion of the late Professor Max Müller that it was 'somewhere in Asia'; but since that opinion was uttered many other localities have been proposed, of which the one that for long

was most generally accepted, and is still adhered to by many authorities, is the steppe country of Southern Russia. The latest theory, urged with great felicity by Professor P. Giles, of Cambridge, in the *Cambridge History of India*—based on the distribution of the vegetables and animals the names of which have survived from the most ancient times, on geological history and on discoveries lately made in Asia Minor—places the centre of dispersion farther to the north and west, in a tract which may roughly be considered as equivalent to the modern Austria-Hungary. From here there issued, to the north, south, and west, tribes whose speech is now represented by the European languages to which reference has been made above. Other tribes, in raid after raid, crossed the Dardanelles and invaded Asia Minor—forerunners of similar incursions that occurred over and over again and have been recorded in classical history. Some of these hordes appear to have worked their way towards the East, across Asia Minor and Northern Mesopotamia, and about 2000 years before Christ we find them as a people called Manda settled in North-west Persia, in and about the ancient Media. Whether they did come thither across Asia Minor or by some other route may be a subject for argument, but there can be no doubt about the existence of the Mandas or about the country where they were to be found at this date. They were in touch with the Hittites of Asia Minor, and many of their names and other words have been preserved in inscriptions and in correspondence with the rulers of Egypt. According to the latest opinion, it was these Mandas, or Medes, who, under the name of Aryans, overran the country now known as Persia and sent out colonies that invaded India through what is now Afghanistan. Isolated in India from their brethren in Persia, and surrounded by hostile tribes, these colonists retained their language in great purity, just as the Spanish of Mexico and Peru is much more like the Spanish of the sixteenth century than it is like the Spanish of the present day, and as the English of the lower orders in Ireland recalls the English of Elizabethan times. They had a hard fight with the Dravidian and Munda tribes whom they found already settled there, and who opposed their entry; but they gradually spread over the Punjab, down the Gangetic plain as far as Bengal, and also down the western coast as far as Goa. As they progressed they became more and more racially mixed with the natives of the country, so that there is now little Aryan blood in an inhabitant of Bengal, but their language was maintained and imposed upon the conquered peoples. As in the case of the Tibeto-Burmans, the Aryan invasion of India was not one migration once for all, but came in wave after wave, continuing over some centuries, so that the speech of the latest comers differed widely from that of

the earliest, and we can trace this difference in the languages that are the posterity of these speeches at the present day. Some, such as Hindostani, are as simple and direct as English, while others, such as Marathi, have all the panoply of grammar that we find in German.

The Aryan languages of India are generally called 'Indo-Aryan,' and the earliest form of these with which we are acquainted is Sanskrit. Its oldest dialects, as represented after centuries of oral transmission by the Vedic hymns, were probably identical with the Aryan tongue spoken in Persia just before the first migration. Later forms of it represent in the main the Aryan language then spoken in the neighbourhood of what is now Delhi, and in it we have a huge literature, on the merits of which it is unnecessary to dilate. From it, and from its allied dialects, are sprung the modern Indo-Aryan languages. Of these the principal are Hindi (spoken and written in several dialects by something like ninety-eight millions, or more than the total population of the United States), Bengali (about fifty millions), Marathi (nineteen millions), Gujarati (ten millions), and Panjabi (sixteen millions). Of these Hindi, which includes the well-known Hindostani, is the language of the whole Ganges valley between the Punjab and Bengal; Bengali, as its name implies, is spoken in Bengal; Marathi in Bombay and the country to its south and east; Gujarati in Gujarat, north of Bombay; and Panjabi in the Punjab. All these have literatures which began in our Middle Ages and are often very beautiful, embodying some of the greatest poetry that has found its birth in Asia.

After the last Indo-Aryan migration the language of those Aryans who were left behind in Persia continued to develop on its own lines, and, just as Italian developed from Latin, finally became the delightful modern Persian. This, as it is not an Indian language, does not immediately concern us, but mention must be made of other Aryan movements in the direction of India which were of dates later than those of the earlier migration already described. Not long after the ancestors of the Indo-Aryans had passed through Afghanistan on their way to India, and when the language in Persia had just begun to develop towards its modern form—when that was, so to speak, *in statu nascendi*—other swarms took a more north-easterly direction, and ultimately found themselves on the Pamirs. From this inhospitable roof of the world they attempted to find their way southwards into the plains of the Punjab. Some of them got as far as the Indus valley, where they met and mixed with their cousins who had previously arrived *via* Afghanistan. Others remained in the mountainous country of Dardistan, below the Pamirs on the Indian side, and became the parents of the uncivilised Kafirs of Kafiristan and of

the people of Chitral and Gilgit—names familiar to our frontier officers. Some of these last settled in the lovely valley of Kashmir, and the language of their descendants is the modern Kashmiri.

Still later colonies from Persia, when, by this time, the general lines of modern Persian had become fairly fixed, settled in Afghanistan itself, and brought with them the language which has become the Pashto, now spoken by the Pathan tribes, with whom we have lately had a good deal of fighting. Pashto is a very complete and flexible language, but is most inharmonious to Western ears. Let me therefore round up this survey of the languages of India with an episode in the history of what, if it occurred, must have been the first linguistic survey ever undertaken. It is said in Afghanistan that King Solomon sent forth his vizier, Asaf, to bring him specimens of all the tongues spoken on the earth. The official returned with his task accomplished. In full durbar he recited passages in every speech until he came to Pashto. Here he halted and produced a pot in which he rattled a stone. 'That,' said he, 'is the nearest approach that I can make to the language of the Afghans.' And yet Pashto is a first cousin of the beautiful language of Sadi and of Omar Khayyam!

I think that it will be admitted that the foregoing summary justifies my claim that India offers an unequalled field for the study of the methods by which mankind has solved the problems of speech. Here we find languages whose phonetic rules prohibit the existence of more than a few hundred words, and which can express only with difficulty what are to us the commonest and most simple of ideas, and others with vocabularies rivalling that of English in all its power and clarity of expression. We have seen languages in which every word must be a monosyllable, and others in which syllable is piled on syllable till the whole monstrous compound is almost a sentence in itself. There are languages with neither noun nor verb, which, to our ideas, have no grammar at all, and others which rival Greek and Latin in the complexity of their grammatical systems. There are parts of India where each group of hills has a separate language—a language which becomes unintelligible to the descendants of its speakers after but a couple of generations—and there are great plains, thousands and tens of thousands of miles in area, over which one language, with a history and literature extending over centuries, is spoken from end to end. And over all there broods the glamour of Eastern mystery. In speech after speech we catch inarticulate murmurs of past ages—of ages when the Aryans wandered with their flocks across the rivers of Mesopotamia; when the Indo-Chinese had not yet issued from their home on the Yang-tse-kiang; when some pre-

historic Indian Teucer dared to lead his companions across the Bengal Bay to Indonesia, thence to wander east and people the Pacific; and perhaps when there existed the Lemurian continent where now sweep the restless waves of the Indian Ocean. Aryan, Tibeto-Burman, Austric, or Dravidian, each represents a different original home, a different culture, and a different stage of development, and each has ultimately solved the problem of intercourse by speech in some different fashion.

Speech is the mirror of thought—nay, the very order of words in a sentence is a mirror of the order of the thoughts of the speaker—and in India we find a series of pictures of the human mind in many stages of civilisation, pictures that illustrate its marvellous power, under the most unfavourable conditions, of finding means for expressing new demands. The mind of the head-hunting savage of the Irrawaddy sources may be two-dimensional and unable to conceive anything but concrete ideas. Yet even it is capable of progress. When occasion demands, it invents means for rising to the conception of the third dimension, and learns to imagine and express an abstract thought. It takes the first step which leads from savagery to civilisation, and has set its foot on the road from crude animism to the philosophies of the ancient and the modern world. Examples of all these language problems and of all these stages of mental evolution are ready to our hand in India.

GEORGE A. GRIERSON.

THE RELIGION OF THE UNDERGRADUATE

I. BY AN OXFORD UNDERGRADUATE

ONE of the truisms which has been made so often that it is really becoming true is that the present age is a material age. The worst of the pessimists saying this sort of thing repeatedly is that other people in the end come to believe it and say it about themselves, and then their character gradually approximates to this opinion. It is not altogether a parody of modern religion to say that it is based on the theory that it is hard for the poor man to enter the kingdom of heaven. Once this position is granted it is an easy step forward to the command 'Seek ye first wages and houses, and everything else will be added unto you.' This materialist spirit, if it is possible to make sense of such a combination of words, is reflected to some degree in university life. Business enterprise in Oxford has led to the multiplication of teashops with jazz bands and to the opening and extension of cinemas. Three years ago tea in college rooms was the rule; to-day it is the exception. Any conversation that might take place at tea, when it is taken in college, is displaced by jazz records on the gramophone. The weekly sum spent by undergraduates on amusements must be very large and probably increasing, while the appeals made by such organisations as the European Students' Relief Committee meet with a disappointing response. These may be but small details, but they seem at any rate to be symptomatic of what may be after all only a phase of Oxford life.

In an atmosphere of teashops, of high-necked jumpers and mauve flannel trousers, of motor cars and motor bicycles, of cinemas and jazz music, how does religion fare? Religion may mean so many different things, that in talking about it it is difficult to adhere to any one definition. If it means anything, it ought to mean everything to the man who believes in it. Perhaps it is impossible to get nearer to a definition of it than this, so that if in discussing the religion of the undergraduate what seem to the reader to be extraneous subjects are introduced the blame must rest with the writer, whose personal opinion it is that religion includes the whole of life, or if it does not it ought to.

There are, of course, two classes into which people may roughly and arbitrarily be divided—the religious and the irreligious. The religion of the irreligious is prevented from being a religion by a feeling of laziness. It is the religion of a public school boy, not of an undergraduate. The public school boy is perfectly prepared to take a gentlemanly interest in Christianity, only the trouble is that he feels it is not quite gentlemanly to take too great an interest in it. His idols are fair play and sportsmanship, loyalty to a corporate cause, and he has a high sense of chivalry. These prevent him from being immoral or disloyal in friendship, and his loyalty keeps him a member of the Church of England. He attends chapel occasionally, and even goes to Communion, because he has been taught to do so and because he is a great believer in tradition. He is a worshipper of cleanliness, and infinitely prefers to meet it rather than godliness. He has a sort of uneasy suspicion that there is a great deal more to be said for religion than he can say, but he is disquieted by a vague sentiment that were he to give it a thorough examination he might have to revolutionise his life, and this he feels he would be too lazy to do. His instinct for being ordinary advises him to let sleeping dogs lie, not because he is afraid of dogs, but because they might turn out to be lions.

There is in Oxford a widespread religion which is based on shallow intellectualism. It is shallow because it, too, is lazy. It is believed that after all it is rather stupid to be an orthodox Christian. So many able people say that there are a great many insuperable difficulties in the way of accepting Christianity. Institutionalism has superseded religion, and not to go to chapel is not to be considered laziness, but the sign of a strong stand against an outworn organisation. As a man from a well-known public school said: 'There are two things which no old — ever does in Oxford. They are chapel and the O.T.C.' How much better than to worship God with obsolete and misleading formulæ in a musty old chapel it is to worship Him smoking a pipe in silence under the blue dome of heaven. These 'blue domers' have a great belief in the writings of Mr. Wells, and pride themselves on having cast away fear from religion. Surely they are not the ideals of Lucretius!

Of course, to be quite fair, such an attitude is very often not the result of any *dilettante* spirit, but of a sincere devotion to truth. It is to be found in budding philosophers and scientists, who would like to believe what they were taught at home and at school but feel it is dishonest to do so. They, too, spend time smoking a pipe contemplating the absolute, but it is not mis-spent time. It is time full of that stress which is the inevitable accompaniment of sincere thinking. They think and they talk

seriously and sometimes even passionately, finding out what the problems are, and not being content with a sceptic solution which they believe to be no solution at all.

Akin to these are those who would call themselves modernists in theology. They think and talk as seriously as the others, but they believe that it is better to think and talk inside an institution than outside it. The Church, in spite of all its difficulties, does represent to them something which they value, and they are inspired by the thought that, if Christianity is true, free thinking by those who call themselves Christians cannot harm it but will rather strengthen it. A year ago this attitude was fairly widespread in Oxford, but it seems as if to-day there is among undergraduates a desire for a more orthodox position. It is only a change of emphasis from the truth of truth to the truth of Christianity.

Many of those who take up this position are members of the Student Christian Movement (S.C.M.), which is undoubtedly the strongest religious organisation in Oxford. Up to this year the emphasis of the S.C.M. has been on the intellectual side of religion. It has organised—and still does—study groups on every conceivable subject from Buddhism to birth control. Indeed, the main feature of the S.C.M. to the external observer would be study groups, but this is not all. There is a very considerable uneasiness among the S.C.M. leaders and members that study by itself leads nowhere. The problem, as they themselves would put it in S.C.M. language, is how to increase the devotional side of their work. It is a difficult task to provide services for an inter-denominational body. Perhaps the most interesting sign of this attitude is the affiliation of the Oxford University Bible Union (O.U.B.U.) to the S.C.M. The O.U.B.U. represented the strong Evangelical element in Oxford, famous for their piety in the best sense of the word. The desire for affiliation came from the O.U.B.U. leaders, and is designed to help the work of reunion in the Church. This affiliation is not yet working in practice—it was only passed by both bodies in February of this year—but it is felt that it will materially strengthen both parties to the agreement. The O.U.B.U., which is henceforth to be called the Devotional Union, is to be a society inside the larger organisation of the S.C.M. This movement is a fair indication of the increasing strength of the Liberal Evangelicals and the passing away of the older die-hard Evangelicals.

It is hoped that the Devotional Union will be able—again to use S.C.M. language—to enrich the spiritual life of the S.C.M. There is a growing reaction against the S.C.M. type of man, who has a *dilettante* knowledge of many subjects connected with religion—what is known as an international mind and a keen social

conscience. These are felt to be all very well in a way, but religion means something more than this. The emphasis must again be laid on the value of the good life and not exclusively on wide ideals. This thought is reflected by the position which certain intelligent men are beginning to take up towards C.O.P.E.C. They felt at first that it was a first-rate thing, but now, possibly influenced by the vehement pronouncements of certain leading Churchmen, they are coming to the conclusion that C.O.P.E.C. is an attempt to save men's bodies rather than their souls, and that in a material age the Church, instead of following everybody else, must raise its voice in protest, or else cease to fulfil its mission in the world.

The third large religious organisation is the Oxford University Church Union (O.U.C.U.). It is meant to be a fellowship of all keen members of the Church of England, but it has a tendency to be representative of the Anglo-Catholic party. It is only fair to say that some of its leaders realise the defect of making it one-sided and are doing their best to counteract it, but the Anglo-Catholic party is strong. A year ago it looked as if Anglo-Catholicism were losing its hold upon the undergraduate, but to-day there would seem to be a considerable revival. An average undergraduate's opinion of the Anglo-Catholics is that they are a neurotic sort of people who take no interest in anything but vestments, candles, banners, and incense. It is true that there is nothing quite so odious as 'the bright young spike'; 'the bright young spark' is infinitely preferable. The 'spike' is not interested in religion; he is interested in its trimmings. At the same time there is among many Anglo-Catholics a very genuine devotion to their religion and a very real piety, but all of them seem to be afraid of being thought heterodox by the rest. An eminent theologian summed up the position of the three large religious organisations in some such words as these: 'The S.C.M. is intellectual and very little else; the O.U.C.U. is æsthetic and nothing else; the O.U.B.U. cannot possibly be called intellectual, and certainly is not æsthetic, so that there is probably some real religion in it.'

There is a great deal of tasting different varieties of religion in Oxford. Men go to the Cowley Fathers' Church one Sunday and the next to Mansfield Chapel or Manchester. There are so many people in Oxford that one wants to hear, and, besides all this, there are constant visitors to Oxford who are of the front rank in preaching. This is true not only of religious meetings, but of all kinds of societies. 'Big men' seem to think it worth while to come and air their views in Oxford, so that there are so many distractions that it is difficult to make a choice, and generally very little choice is made. In a world of distractions it is difficult to keep a fixed and settled purpose.

Among most serious-thinking people there would seem to be a tendency to react against the anti-institutionalist attitude. This is only a recent development. The Church is charged with many sins. It is regarded with a sort of tender affection which is felt for people who are very old. Associated with recollections of family life and school tradition, the Church is venerated as a dignified and stately institution. On the other hand, it is felt to be antiquated and obsolete. When it tries to move forward it moves to a social and international gospel, and not to an individual message. People really do want a corporate organisation, and have a belief in a body organised for active service. This accounts for the strength of the Anglo-Catholic party in Oxford—at any rate, to some extent. But the Church is either, as has been said, concerned with politics or else with domestic differences. If it is an article of faith that somehow the universe must be a harmony in spite of all the appearance of evil, misery, and ugliness in the world, it is felt that in the Church it ought to be possible to arrive at an outward form of harmony. There is still a passionate desire for free thought, but it is honestly felt that free thought can only lead to acceptance, and not rejection, of religion. Shaw's play *St. Joan* has probably had a good deal of influence in this direction. The attitude is expressed by the phrase 'Personally I believe in Catholicism.' This is, as a matter of fact, a Protestant position. It claims the right of the individual to take his own reason or conscience as the authority by which he decides the truth of Catholicism. There is belief, on the other hand, in the ideal of an all-embracing Church and a dislike of tests devised, as it is thought, to keep people out. People inside the Church thinking freely are more likely to arrive at truth than outside it. There is strength in people working together and supporting each other, even if their views may not be the same. Great harm is done by the pessimistic tone of some Church leaders in addressing university congregations. Nearly every sermon by a bishop deals with the need for ordinands, either directly or indirectly. The appeal when made is strictly rational; the speakers seem so frightened of false emotion that they discard all emotion. It is felt that the only way to secure candidates for ordination is not by dwelling on the horrible possibility of the supply of candidates stopping altogether and involving the ruin of the Church, as this implies a lack of faith, but by preaching a courageous individual gospel which will fire men's souls and compel them to go out and preach it to others.

An individual gospel must not lay stress on what sort of good things the good man must do, but upon how to be the good man. The problem is how to quicken spiritual life. This, it is felt, can be done only inside a body which unites all sorts and conditions

of men and challenges them to take part in a glorious adventure in which others are engaged.

This attitude, which is becoming fairly general, might be called a sort of Catholic Protestantism. How these two positions are to be reconciled in a harmony, which will work in practice, it is hard to see. But it is a genuine desire, and it can only come from inspiration and from the faith of young men in the truth of truth and in the truth of Christianity.

ARREEN GRUNDY.

THE RELIGION OF THE UNDERGRADUATE

II. BY A CAMBRIDGE UNDERGRADUATE

AN Oxford Don had been brought in to dine at Trinity high table, and, not unnaturally, the conversation turned to a comparison of the vices and virtues of the two universities. With a smile of triumph the Oxford ecclesiastic was expecting to have concluded the contest in favour of his own university with the remark that 'while it was true that the coats of arms of both universities included a Bible in a central position, the Cambridge Bible was always shut and the Oxford Bible always open,' when Bishop Lightfoot instantly rejoined, 'Yes, but open always at the same place!'

No comparison, however, is made in this essay between the two universities. The attempt is made to outline the prevailing tendencies of religious thought and the general attitude of the modern undergraduate to God, Religion, and the Church.

There may be such a thing as 'the Oxford manner'—Cambridge thinks that there is—and perhaps the appearance of not caring one iota to whom the world belongs may denote the Cambridge man; but an infinite variety of objects may be tarred with the same brush, and the tarring will not make them similar. In fact, the typical undergraduate has not yet occurred. Certainly there are characteristics which are associated with different colleges. But in a general view of Cambridge it would be safe to say that there is far more uniformity in the eccentricity of undergraduate dress than there is in religious belief.

Cambridge may be divided into four main classes in the matter of religion:

1. The Atheists (the smallest class).
2. The Agnostics.
3. The Christians.
 - (a) Active.
 - (b) Passive.

4. "The Otherwise Engaged" (the largest class).

The Atheists (the smallest class).—Atheism on a large scale and in fully developed minds would be a serious disease, but at a

university, atheism is only an ailment comparable to measles or mumps at school. One has to go through it, and it probably will not happen again. Indeed, it is a sign that the mind is growing up. For until a boy comes to the university his mind has not had the chance of being independent, even if it were capable of becoming so. The public school system (which still provides over half the members of the university) is that of the City State in Greece at its most parochial epoch. The boy exists for the school: he must do as the others do, think as the others think, be as the others are. Nonconformity is a crime, and is punished as such. It is almost impossible that a good public school boy—that is, 'good with the excellence of' the public school—should have an independent mind when he comes to the university. In consequence, when he becomes a member of a college where the surrounding hedges of regulation no longer stifle his growth (or protect him either), where almost the only rules are those that prevail unwritten in ordinary society, where he may walk adventurously across the grass of the court and pay a mere shilling fine, whereas before such iniquity could only be beaten out by the rod, it is no wonder that the contrast turns his head. Now that he is free, never again will he eat the bread and drink the water that was his prison diet, and as he shuffles off the coils of his public school he often skips gladly from the last ties of religion also. For is he not now a man? Of whom, then, need he be afraid? He has a 'gyp' of his own, a cheque-book of his own, a mind of his own, and a colour-scheme of his own, adorning a body that now has become his own. As if shot from a catapult, the young intellect flies onward and upward till it finds conviction of its new egocentric theory of the universe. Presently the young man comes down to earth again, feeling the better and being the wiser for his flight.

Occasionally, having returned from the stars, the young man thanks them that now he is not as other men are; and he becomes 'an intellectual.' He therefore continues to revolt from all fetters, and the world and society as it is, and with a cry of 'Back to Nature!' lets his hair grow long and invests in a Savile Row skin-tight coat. If 'the intellectual' would be a poet—and not infrequently that is his desire—he acquires a pallid look of pasty melancholia, 'the priceless heritage of youth,' and addresses introspective balderdash to a pedestrian muse. He is too selfish to allow a greater god.

Less creative, and much to be pitied, is 'the intellectual' who, finding new fields and pasturage for his restless mind, indulges a new taste for 'sexual' psychology.

But, as was said before, university atheism is but a passing phase, longer and shorter in individual cases. There are, of course,

some serious atheists, men who have sadly wrestled with a dying faith, and often sadly find that they have won; but they are few.

The Agnostics.—It might reasonably be supposed by anyone not closely acquainted with modern undergraduates that agnosticism would be prevalent among them. It would be argued that their minds are in the melting-pot at the age which covers a university course, and that their views on the religion which they held as children and schoolboys would be sure to undergo a highly critical examination, that 'authority' would cease to hold them, that a process of refinement would take place and for their childish anthropomorphism substitute a deep and spiritual religion evoking an intenser and a lasting loyalty. To some extent this process does indeed take place. But in the majority of cases, even the critical examination, apart from the process of refinement, is hardly consciously made, so often does the schoolboy religion just sink back into a remote corner of the mind which is filled up with more exciting diversions. For the class of 'the otherwise engaged' is probably as large as the agnostics, the Christians, and the atheists together.

A 'working' agnostic, that is to say an agnostic who is still engaged in the search for truth, can only be sincerely admired. Most of the agnostics at Cambridge are not content to let the all-important problem of God and religion meet with no solution other than 'I do not know'; they are usually active thinkers, and spend hours of an evening talking and arguing about the eternal verities. They are honestly thinking, in an endeavour to satisfy the intellect's claim in a rational being that no belief should depend on any external authority, but on reason alone. The 'probable' is not enough—they would not gamble their lives on it; as for faith, it is a coward's refuge.

That the conflict between natural sciences and religion is at an end would not be denied by the average developed intellect; but to a young, growing mind there is such a conflict. The trouble is that with the jettisoning of the mythological and allegorical elements in Scripture the young thinker is apt to cast away all the beliefs that as a child and a schoolboy he may have cherished and found worth cherishing, as if there had been no truth, admittedly in nursery garb, in anything that until now he had been taught. The years at the university are, of course, precisely those in a man's life when extreme views and temporary enthusiasms are most readily accepted, held whole-heartedly, for a moment, and discarded, but not necessarily without a veritable agony of mental conflict! And then a second disturbing factor is that immense intellectual pride which, by the natural reaction seen in the case of the atheist 'intellectual,' and in the rapid develop-

ment of body and mind in the early 'twenties, easily upsets balance of thought. Reason and Logic win his worship: they are the gods of his universe and his mankind: anything therefore that is not comprehensible in the light of his two gods the mind of twenty-one rejects. There are no bounds to the young mind:

Beyond the visible world it soars to seek
(For what delights the sense is false and weak)
Ideal form, the universal mould.

and finds, to its momentary satisfaction, not ideal form, but a vital urge or an Anaxagorean cosmic *Noûs*, with no problems to spoil it such as beset the Virgin Birth, the Resurrection or the Atonement. Of making cosmogonies there is no end, for their manufacture is simple at the age of twenty-one, when one is happy building castles, *sub specie æternitatis*, upon sand.

Probably it is the Christian Church itself, its history, and often its performance, which has been a stumbling-block to many who are now agnostics more than they would care to admit. They may have a horror of its ritual, or of the people who direct it. But can a true judgment be given on a religion from observation only of its adherents, or its ministers? If many of the latter do wear black coats that have gone green with age, the fact does not prove that their religion is also outworn; but it is human nature to think so, apparently.

'The Heretics,' a society composed largely of agnostics, at its weekly Sunday evening meetings has done much to enlarge the ideas of many. One of the conditions of membership is a refusal to accept 'authority' for religious belief.

The agnostics, though not numerically a large class, are important, honest, and interesting, and much can be learnt in discussion with them. It would be reassuring to know that Christians of the age of twenty-five had been through a course of university agnosticism!

The Christians.—When in the middle of the night the clocks of Cambridge strike the hour, there is dinned into the mind the painful realisation of the number of churches and chapels which the town possesses. Every shade of religious opinion, from the brightest scarlet to the most funereal black, seems to have its shrine and its clock. Variety is found equally among undergraduate Christians. But in a doctrinal examination there would be a large percentage of failures, though the examinees would be the last to care that they were doctrinally at sea. Correctness of belief, a cut-and-dried gnosticism, acceptance of 'authority'—these are hardly the virtues calculated to appeal to the undergraduate Christian. He sees, at least he usually sees, that there are innumerable problems to befog him, but he does not on that account

throw up a religion which he loves for other reasons than because his pastors and masters taught it to him. For this very reason, that Christianity is not an easy thing, he clings the more closely to it; and the undergraduate who has come up to Cambridge a schoolboy Christian, flown to the stars on elementary materialistic, rationalistic or atheist wings, come down to earth and crawled in agnostic humility, when he ends up a Christian, is usually not a passive one.

If a mediæval bishop arose from his dusty grave and went to call upon the college chapels on a Sunday morning, he would say that since his day Cambridge had gone to the dogs; and from the point of view which sees in Sunday corporate worship, or rather in church attendance, a barometer of religious feeling, the bishop would be right. The college chapels are not full; most of them are empty. Attendance is not compulsory, though the Deans inform a man if he is particularly delinquent; but in not many colleges would this information be given to anyone who had been to chapel twice in a term. Why should anyone go to chapel to worship God *viâ* the bulls of Basan or Moab and the washpot? The beauty of Hebrew poetry cannot be expected to appeal in comparison with the fresh air of the Gog-Magog hills. But it is not in every college chapel that at eleven o'clock on Sunday mornings they cast out their shoes over Philistia or let the runagates continue in scarceness, for at the most convenient hours beautiful choral Eucharists are sung in several colleges. The college authorities complain that those who profess and call themselves Christians and should, if anyone, support the chapel services, often prefer to go to a church in the town or to one of the unofficial religious societies' meetings which are such a remarkable feature of Cambridge Christianity. But even if all these men did support their college chapel from a feeling of loyalty to the college, the chapels would still be very sadly empty.

There is some deeper cause than æsthetic dissatisfaction with the forms of worship provided which keeps not only the Cambridge college chapels, but the churches of the country at large, free from the necessity of enlarging their premises. Is it a modern form of the disease which Pindar and Æschylus diagnosed? Has mankind, flushed with success, become arrogant? It seems to be a case of the old Æschylean quartet over again: *δαβος, ὑβρις, κόρος* . . . and *ἀρη*?

When, however, the mediæval bishop walked through the streets on his way to the chapels, he would be amazed at the lavish advertisements of Christian activities. The Student Christian Movement would be holding a meeting to be addressed by some eminent visitor in the largest hall available: the Inter-Collegiate Christian Union in one of the big churches; the European Student

Relief Fund would be launching a campaign, and so forth. On his way to the Guildhall he might walk through the market-place and hear an undergraduate, using the back of a motor lorry, which he shares with a piano, pouring out his soul to an audience, usually of townspeople, who hang upon his words. Deep can call to deep even in the market square hallowed by 'rags' from immemorial times. Oxford would agree, perhaps readily, that Cambridge Christianity is of a less academic and more evangelistic kind than their own.

There are three campaigns held every year in the Long Vacation. 'The Fruiting Campaign' brings active Christianity and kindness and practical help to the London fruit-pickers, their wives and babies, who go up *en masse* for the Wisbeach 'season.' The women-students look after the babies; the 'medicals' are in constant demand; other men run canteens, concerts, and anything to help the fruit-picker physically, mentally, and spiritually. The elaborate 'rag' recently illustrated in the daily Press, at which Eros was unveiled, was held for the purpose of raising funds for this 'Fruiting Campaign.'

The Evangelistic Campaign takes forty or fifty Cambridge men and women students to one of the big industrial towns to preach the Gospel at street corners and in factories. Last year they went to Derby; this year they go to St. Helen's, Liverpool; and the command to go out into the highways and byways is literally obeyed. For ten evenings crowds gather round the 'pitches,' listen, question, and listen again. The campaign is strictly inter-denominational; and on the two Sundays the campaigners occupy the pulpits in churches of their own denomination. All that they set out to do, and what in fact they do achieve, is to communicate what at first hand they themselves know of God as revealed in Jesus Christ, and to tell the people 'the good news.'

The Missionary Campaign is on a larger scale, but its members are of the Church of England only. Every year it, too, visits one of the large centres of population, for instance Liverpool, Bradford, Greenwich, Plymouth, Bolton, and this year, at the end of September, Croydon. In this campaign the message proclaimed in 600 addresses in the course of ten days in churches, schools, and public halls is that there is 'one God and Father of us all,' black and white, brown and yellow.

More than once an old Cambridge man has remarked when he has heard of these campaigns, 'We did not do that sort of thing when I was up.' But modern Cambridge is far from proud of its religious achievements. The enthusiasts are few, and though two years ago after a mission to the university, before breakfast on a Monday morning, the largest Holy Communion service ever held in Cambridge history took place in King's Chapel, and 750 men

and women witnessed to their faith, it must not be forgotten that there are 5,000 members of the university.

'*The Otherwise Engaged*' (*the largest class*).—When it is frankly stated that the majority of undergraduates are 'otherwise engaged,' are not interested in religion, and very little concerned about their relation with God, there is no implication that they are either anti-religious or irreligious, but that they are unreligious.

The agnostics, most of the Christians, and the few serious atheists are men who have thought out, and yet are still thinking out, their position; but with 'the otherwise engaged,' as their name suggests, the thinking has yet to be done; at present they have no time for such thoughts, and it is probably thoughtlessness that makes them unreligious. Not that the mass of the university do not think; but there is so much to fill the mind. If a man has a personal interest in music, art, games, religion, science, literature, dancing, motoring, drinking, in anything at all, at the university he will find the like-minded in abundance, and such scope for the gratification of his desires, legitimate and illegitimate, as he never had before and perhaps will never have again. The tendency, therefore, is to become wholly absorbed in that interest, which becomes an idol, and receives much genuine worship. For one man athletic distinction (more than athletic ability?) and admittance to the Hawk's Club will be the end of life. He will not understand that even a Hawk's tie wears out, and the pleasure with it. Another will spend from 1.30 p.m. to 6.30 'down at the river' coaching, day after day, incessantly; he will be unconscious of the transition from heroic altruism to stupid waste of precious time. A third, a hermit in a tobacco-laden cell, will work, and work, and work for his examination, missing half of what the university can give him, and yet cooling a fevered brain with the fond hope that a first class in his Tripos examination will for ever solve the problem of his life and happiness.

That the university is but a glorified nursery without a nurse (unless she be the *alma mater*) is a conception which would not be understood by these feverishly busy people, for whom the things they do are ends in themselves.

If the question was put to the undergraduate in the street—he is usually there—'What do you think about God?' the answer would be either 'Oh! I'm sure I don't know' (which sounds Socratic, though 'the otherwise engaged' must not be honoured with the title 'agnostic'), or perhaps 'Religion is a man's private concern,' or a third answer, more truthful: 'I'm afraid that I've forgotten about God. . . . You see, I've been so busy. . . . I've got a new car. She's a ripper! Come for a run?'

What can be done to interest people of this sort in religion? The Churches do not attract even their passing attention. As it

is a man may have to wait for his mother's death or till he finds a wife before he sees beyond his nose.

Let the critic have mercy upon the undergraduate. He is at an age when either he is too busy to give his God a thought, or, if he has the time and the will to think, he is sure of everything, or equally sure of nothing, and when it seems but an intellectual shirk to say with Tennyson:

I cannot argue, I can only feel.

A. G. G. C. PENTREATH.

MARX OR CHRIST?

IN the February number of *The Nineteenth Century and After*, Lord Salisbury dealt with the teaching of Christianity on the subjects of property and industry.¹ He pointed out that private property is not condemned in the New Testament, and that inequalities of reward are recognised therein. Private ownership, indeed, is equitable, and even necessary, if self-sacrifice is to be free. The ideal motive is the principle of voluntary service. This implies certain duties on the part of owners of property. Lord Salisbury applied this principle to various problems of social reform. His contention may be summed up in the statement that without self-sacrifice there is no redemption.

It is the object of the present article, which was written independently, to set out the statements made in recent authoritative Communist books as to the teaching of Christ on property and industry, to examine the real teaching of Christ on these subjects, and to explain the antagonism which present-day Communism shows towards Christianity.

Attention is also called to the activity of Communist teachers among school-children.

What is the reason for the violent hostility which the advocate of social revolution always evinces towards Christianity, both its precepts and its practice? First let me give some instances of this hostility, taken from authoritative sources.

The French Revolution, which began in 1789, went through a phase of strong opposition to Christianity. Laws were passed against the clergy, and personal violence was shown to individual priests. The condition of France in 1799 is thus described by a writer in the *Cambridge Modern History* (vol. viii., p. 666):

The State, neutral in name and profession, was in reality hostile to all forms of worship. A petty but effective persecution succeeded the coarser forms of violence. No church could summon its congregation by a bell; no priest nor bishop could publish an ecclesiastical charge, or wear his ecclesiastical raiment outside the sacred edifice. To bear a crucifix in a village street was a crime, and a priest was sent to prison for attending a funeral with a surplice hidden under his great-coat. All kinds of petty

¹ 'An Outline of Christian Anti-Socialism.'

tyrannies were connected with the *Culte décadaire* (the observance of the week of ten days). All work was to cease on the *décadi*, save such as was pronounced urgent by an administrative authority. No shops might be opened on the *décadi*, no shops shut on Sunday.

Instances could easily be given of the desecration of churches, violation of altars, and blasphemous enthronement of the Goddess of Reason.

Soviet Russia has declared war on Christianity, and on those who profess this faith. In the Russian villages to-day Bolsheviks tear down the crucifix at the cross-roads with sacrilege and insult. They crown the image of Judas Iscariot, and commit other abominations of the same kind.

But let us turn to teaching published in our own country. I quote from the *A.B.C. of Communism*, by N. Buharin and E. Preobrazhensky, translated by Eden and Cedar Paul, and published by the Communist Party of Great Britain.

Chapter XI. of this book, which was published in 1924, and is now in a second edition, is entitled 'Communism and Religion.'² It begins with the inquiry, 'Why are religion and Communism incompatible?' and, quoting Karl Marx's statement 'Religion is the opium of the people,' proceeds to say that it is the task of the Communist Party to make this truth comprehensible to the widest possible circles of the labouring classes:

Religion has been in the past, and still is to-day, one of the most powerful means at the disposal of the oppressors for the maintenance of inequality and exploitation, and slavish obedience on the part of the toilers. . . . A Communist who rejects the commandments of religion, and acts in accordance with the directions of his party, ceases to be one of the faithful. On the other hand, one who, while calling himself a Communist, continues to cling to his religious faith, one who in the name of religious commandments infringes the prescriptions of the party, ceases hereby to be a Communist.

For the Communist, the Church is a society of persons who are banded together to keep the proletariat poor and ignorant. The Church assists the State in the oppression of the workers, and receives from the State help in the business of oppression. The demand for the separation of Church and State was originally made by the liberal *bourgeoisie* and the *bourgeois* democracy. The real basis of the demand was a desire for the transfer to the *bourgeoisie* of the revenues allotted by the State to the Church. But when it was realised that the struggle of the working class against the capitalists was growing more intense, it seemed inexpedient to the *bourgeoisie* to break up the alliance between Church and State. The capitalists thought it would be more advantageous to come to terms with the Church, to buy its

² Pages 256, etc.

prayers on behalf of the struggle with Socialism, thus keeping alive in the masses the sentiment of slavish submissiveness to the exploiting State.

The work which the *bourgeoisie* had left unfinished was carried to an end by the proletarian State. One of the first decrees of the Soviet power in Russia was the decree concerning the separation of Church from State. All the landed estates of the Church were taken away, and handed over to the working population :

Religion has become the private affair of every citizen. The Soviet Power rejects all thoughts of using the Church in any way whatever as a means of strengthening the proletarian State.³

Moreover, in the past the maintenance of religious fanaticism was fostered by the schools, which thus diffused 'religious poison' among the young :

We must not remain content with the expulsion of religious propaganda from the school. We must see to it that the school assumes the offensive against religious propaganda in the home, so that, from the very outset, the children's minds shall be rendered immune to all those religious fairy tales which many grown-ups continue to regard as truth.⁴

After the separation of the Church from the State, and the school from the Church, there remains a long struggle demanding much steadfastness and great patience—the struggle against the religious prejudices of the masses. But the mere fact of the organisation of the Socialist system will deal religion 'an irrecoverable blow.'

The transition from Socialism to Communism, from the society which makes an end of capitalism to the society which is completely freed from all traces of class division and class struggle, will bring about the natural death of all religion and all superstition.

But judgment must be shown in the conduct of the war against religion :

The credulous crowd is extremely sensitive to anything which hurts its feelings. If the Church were to be persecuted, it would win sympathy among the masses, for persecution would remind them of the almost forgotten days when there was an association between religion and the defence of national freedom.⁵

The book gives statistics purporting to show how the Church was directly supported in Russia by the common people, who drained their slender purses for the support of a 'parasitic caste' of priests, monks and nuns. The Socialist State will introduce labour service for the clergy, as for all unproductive classes, so that they will have to become workers or peasants.

The 'literature' quoted at the end of this chapter⁶ of the

³ Page 259.

⁴ Page 262.

⁵ Pages 264, 265.

⁶ Page 267.

book in question contains a number of works with such titles as *The Clergy: Its Income, Its Prayers, and its Curses*; *The Black Army*; *The Myth of the Immaculate Conception*.

Communism and Christianity is the title of a work published by the Bradford-Brown Educational Company, of Galion, Ohio, and written by Bishop William Montgomery Brown, D.D., of whom a portrait (in lawn sleeves) is given as a frontispiece. Here the author is described as 'Fifth Bishop of Arkansas, resigned, Member of the House of Bishops, Protestant Episcopal Church, sometime Archdeacon of Ohio, now *Episcopus in partibus Bolshevikium et Infidelium*.'

The contents of the book may be estimated from the motto which appears on the title-page: 'Banish the Gods from the Skies and Capitalists from the Earth, and make the World safe for Industrial Communism.' It is claimed that 125,000 copies of the book have been sold between 1920 and 1923.

Here again Karl Marx is quoted: 'Religion is the opium of the people; the suppression of religion as the happiness of the people is the revindication of its real happiness.'⁷ The official manifesto of the Socialist Party of Great Britain lays down, as a test of admission to a Socialist party, the acceptance of a number of working principles, one of which is 'that the party seeking working class emancipation must be hostile to every other party.' 'No man can be consistently both a Socialist and a Christian. The entry of Socialism is the exodus of religion.'

A few extracts from 'Bishop' Brown's work may be of interest:

Christianism as a religion has collapsed. It promised to secure to the world peace and goodwill, but it has never had more of strife and hate.

This is illustrated by the European war, and by the 'slavery' of the American negro. Again, 'cannibalism is the basis of our Sacrament of the Holy Communion of bread and wine.'⁸ In ancient days the victorious ate the vanquished; then animal sacrifice was substituted for human victims. Our service is a relic of those barbarous times.

Jesus was nothing if he was not a revolutionist. Anyhow, his alleged mother is authoritatively represented as believing him to have been fore-ordained as a revolutionist, for this song is put into her mouth:

'He hath showed strength with His arm: He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

'He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble and meek.'⁹

Until the Reformation Christianity was dominated by monks—parasites who lived by begging, lying and persecuting; and since then by capitalists—parasites who live by robbing, lying and warring.¹⁰

⁷ Page 5.

⁸ Page 22.

⁹ Page 24.

¹⁰ Page 32.

Christian Socialism is essentially imperialistic in its character ; Marxian Socialism is essentially democratic.¹¹

The Christian Socialist is a contradiction in terms. His policy is the conciliation of classes. He is, in fact, an anti-Socialist.¹²

Both the Old and New Testaments are utterly worthless as history. . . . Jehovah is the Sun-myth, rewritten to fit in with the ideals and hopes of the owning, master class of the Jews ; Jesus is the Sun-myth, rewritten to fit in with the ideals and hopes of the owning, master class of the Christians. . . . Jesus serves Christians as the God of slavery. When the capitalists have appropriated all the means and machines of production, they reconcile the propertyless to a terrestrial hell of toil, want, sorrow and slavery by preaching the Jesuine Gospel of hope for a celestial heaven of eternal rest, joy, plenty and freedom.¹³

In the second part of the book, much use is made of the *Encyclopædia Biblica* as proving 'the surrender which Christianity has made to the forces of rationalism.' No confidence, it is said, can be placed in the reliability of the Gospels as historical narratives. None of St. Paul's Epistles were written by him. The whole dogmatic framework of Divine revelation has been surrendered.¹⁴

It is alleged that, on the disappearance of capitalism, human nature will improve so as to fit the new conditions. A classless world will be born and live on a co-operative¹⁵ instead of a competitive basis, in a heaven instead of a hell. Russia points the way. She is now one huge corporation ; every man, woman and child is an equal shareholder. The ideal of a human brotherhood is, it is true, not yet realised in Russia. She has had great difficulties to face, and the time since the change has been short. But she is already past the most difficult period of transition from a capitalist State to a Communist State.¹⁶

To avoid misapprehension, 'Bishop' Brown disclaims any intention of violating the law as laid down in the statutes of Ohio ; and he does not advocate the duty, necessity, or propriety of violence as a means of accomplishing industrial or political reform. His object is 'not to promote class hatred and strife. Far from it. It is to persuade to the banishment of gods from skies and capitalists from earth.'¹⁷ It will be seen that Jesus is regarded now as a Sun-myth, now as a revolutionary whom (by some curious process) his followers have converted into the most rigid of Conservatives.

It would no doubt be easy to quote from other books similarly inspired by the teaching of Marx, the author of *Das Kapital* (1867). Marx was a German Jew ; he was expelled from one country

after another, and, finally, settled in England. Stirred to write by his own grievances, he found a ready audience among the newly emancipated serfs of Russia, a backward and illiterate population chafing under the wrongs from which they had long suffered. Serfdom in Russia dates from about 1600, and lasted until 1861 ; then twenty-three million serfs were emancipated. The teaching of Marx was conveyed to Russia by German immigrants.

The Bolshevik revolution of 1917 was ultimately due to German activity ; the opportunity was afforded by the Great War, and by the breakdown of Tsarism in the face of an unprecedented strain.

My immediate object in this paper is to consider whether the teaching of Christianity in regard to industry is what is represented by the authors whom I have quoted above. Is Christ on the side of the master against the worker, or on the side of the worker against the master ?

So far the statements of modern Communists have been quoted.

The evidence of Christ's teaching is to be found in the Gospels. What do they prove in regard to respect for authority, to the relations of master and servant, to the use of riches ?

In the first place, Jesus recognised the principle of authority, the natural control exercised by one man, or group of men, over others. This control is obtained by superior gifts of brain or character. It is usually directed to the common good in civil or religious matters. Let me give examples.

Christ said : 'The disciple is not above his master, nor the servant above his lord.'¹⁸ The Syro-Phœnician woman who submitted to His authority, and accepted the religious superiority of the Jewish nation, was approved and rewarded.¹⁹ Christ agreed to the payment of tribute to the secular ruler, even when the ruler was a usurper : 'Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's.'²⁰ In His own person Christ accepted a position of authority : 'Ye call Me Master and Lord, and ye say well, for so I am.'²¹ He compared His Church to a State or kingdom which, by means of organised authority, cultivates the virtues of justice and honesty. He also accepted the comparison of His Church to an army, which, by means of organised authority, cultivates the virtues of courage and subordination. For example, He approved the centurion who sent to Him to entreat His help for a sick servant and, when Christ promised to exert His power in person, deprecated an honour which seemed to him subversive of the distinctions of rank ; 'For I also am a man set under authority,

¹¹ Page 72.¹² Page 88.¹³ Pages 90-92.¹⁴ Pages 92, etc.¹⁵ Page 201.¹⁶ Page 205.¹⁷ Page 215.¹⁸ Matt. x. 24.¹⁹ Matt. xv. 28.²⁰ Mark xii. 17.²¹ John xiii. 13.

having under me soldiers: and I say to one man, Go, and he goeth, and to another, Come, and he cometh, and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it.' ²²

In approving these words Christ was approving the conception of society as a graduated State, in which some must rule and others must needs obey. It is a conception in which every member can take a proper pride, neither desiring to rise above his place nor consenting to fall below it.

Thus, in regard to social inequalities, Christ recognised the distinctions which He found. He mentions several times the distinction between master and servant, and never with disapproval, though servant in those days included slave as well as hired freeman.

But, besides recognising authority, He also recognised the duty of mutual service between employer and employed alike in the great households with large numbers of slaves and in the occupations in which hired service was the rule. The principle in all cases is the same. Men are bound together by the common obligation of assisting each other. The duty of the master to his servant is one of patience, kindness, forgiveness. When the servant who owed his master ten thousand talents asked for patience that he might pay his debt, the lord of that servant was moved with compassion, and loosed him, and forgave him the debt. ²³

The duty of the servant to his master is often emphasised as a type of the Christian's duty to God. It is watchfulness, rectitude, activity. The loins must be girded, the lamps kept brightly burning. ²⁴ The talents which are entrusted to the servants—to some more, to others fewer—must in all cases be wisely and profitably used, for the good of others as well as the master. ²⁵ The servant who does what he is bidden, but no more, is unprofitable. ²⁶

The servant, in his turn, has duties to others who are inferior to him in the social scale. He should be compassionate to them if he wishes to deserve his master's forgiveness. ²⁷

In the mind of Christ no indignity was attached to service, whether manual or intellectual. He washed the feet of His disciples. From His life as a carpenter, manual labour was familiar and natural to Him. His earliest followers were fishermen. He drew lessons from the sower, the ploughman, the reaper. He spent most of His life among people who had to work for their living. In the Gospels there are several references to the freeborn labourer who worked for a wage. This is specially

²² Luke vii. 8; compare Seeley, *Eccle Homo*, 5th edition, p. xv.

²³ Matt. xviii. 27.

²⁴ Luke xii. 35.

²⁵ Matt. xxv. 14-30.

²⁶ Luke xvii. 10.

²⁷ Matt. xviii. 28.

the case in vineyards, which required a number of labourers, both regular and casual.

The regular labourer is bound to work in the interest of his employer and to remain faithful to him in his absence. Some labourers combine against the rights of the owner, with the view of ultimately securing the property for themselves. They are treated patiently, and have full opportunity of amending their ways. Finally, after continued insubordination and personal violence, they receive punishment. ²⁸

The casual labourer is hired, as a rule, in the morning to do a full day's work. But circumstances may make it necessary to engage other labourers as the day wears on. In each case a definite engagement is made. If those who work for only part of a day receive a full day's wage, it is a proof of the generosity of the employer. To some the engagement will appear less advantageous than others; nevertheless, all are bound by its terms, master and men alike. Christ puts in the mouth of the employer, apparently with full approval, the words 'Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own? Is thine eye evil because I am good?'

The conditions of the New Testament times were nearer to those of to-day than is sometimes allowed. Commerce had made great strides in the period before New Testament times; the products of the fertile soil of Palestine, such as oil, grain, wine and flax, were exchanged for the products of Egypt and the Mediterranean lands. Both priests and teachers of the law engaged in trade. Jesus borrows a parable from commercial life when He refers to the merchant who found a pearl of great price and sold all that he had and bought it. ²⁹ The law of creditor and debtor was theoretically harsh, and debtors could be put in prison till the debt was discharged. But the rigour of this rule was tempered by mercy, and we gather that debts even of a considerable size were often forgiven.

Where Christ likens Himself to an unkind or unjust master, and especially to a hard and usurious one, the gist of the parable in each case is, 'If ye do so, and are thus faithful to hard and cruel masters, in earthly things, how much more should ye be faithful to a merciful Master in heavenly things.' We receive from Him the order not to lay up for ourselves treasures upon earth, but to sell that we have and give alms.

The general attitude of Christ towards riches is perfectly plain. Wealth was regarded by Him as dangerous: 'How hardly shall a rich man enter into the kingdom of heaven.' More than a small measure of material wealth is a hindrance rather than a help to the Christian life. On the other hand,

²⁸ Matt. xxi. 33-41.

²⁹ Matt. xiii. 45.

those who possess riches are bound to regard them not as a property, which they may use for their own satisfaction, but as a stewardship, which they must justify by administering it for the good of the community. His teaching favours the co-operative rather than the competitive view of society. By the multiplication of luxuries material success is wrongly glorified: 'What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?'³⁰

The rich man is responsible for Lazarus,³¹ his poor and unfortunate neighbour. He has no excuse. Lazarus lies at his very door, where the rich man cannot avoid seeing him. Such instances of great wealth contrasted with grinding poverty were perhaps rare in Palestine, where, in spite of heavy taxation, the condition of the majority of the population was not unfavourable.

The right use of moderate wealth is illustrated by the story of the good Samaritan. The Jewish traveller who had fallen among thieves is rescued, placed in safety, and his bodily wants attended to by a member of a nation which the Jews despised.³²

This duty of rich towards poor, of the whole towards the sick, of the happy towards the unhappy, is part of the general lesson of humanity, the gospel of brotherhood:

To love one's neighbour as oneself is the first and great law, a point of duty. In the Sermon on the Mount, Christ includes in this rule the duty of loving those whom we have most reason to hate—our enemies and those who maliciously hurt us. He delivers an imperative precept: 'Love your enemies.'³³

Christ is therefore not static; He is dynamic. The Sermon on the Mount is not a mere acceptance of the present order, nor an *apologia* on behalf of the ruling powers. It is a programme of reform, first of the individual, then, through the individual, of society. It shows us in the clearest and most practical way, by illustrations which are intelligible to the youngest and the dullest, how we may rise to a higher conception of our duty to ourselves, to our neighbour and to God. It is concerned with moral and spiritual development; but if it is followed consistently, it will invariably lead to material progress, to improved conditions of life. An employer who acts, however imperfectly, in the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount, will assist his workpeople (not his 'hands') to secure those better conditions. For the central core of the teaching is unselfishness, beneficence.³⁴ When struck upon the cheek, we strike not again; when compelled to go one mile, we go two miles; when our coat is taken, we give the cloak as

³⁰ Mark viii. 36.

³¹ Luke xvi. 19.

³² Luke x. 29.

³³ See Seeley, *Eccs Homo*, chap. xiv.

³⁴ See article by Lord Salisbury in *The Nineteenth Century and After*, February 1925.

well. These are paradoxical illustrations of the great truth that all true progress is wrought by love of man, which in turn is inspired by love of God.

When Christ spoke (in apparent contradiction of the Sermon on the Mount) of bringing not peace, but a sword, He was speaking of the clash of two ideals, the non-Christian ideal against the Christian. The non-Christian ideal is not necessarily bad, but it is inferior to the Christian, and a struggle for supremacy follows in which the good is the enemy of the better. But violent methods of settling disputes are not approved in the Gospels. 'He that draws the sword shall perish by the sword' (this is not a menace, but a statement of the inevitable result of violence). The individual conscience is first stirred, and it in turn stirs the conscience of others. Thus action on a large scale becomes possible. It is in this way that great changes have gradually been wrought by the infiltration of Christian ideals. A conspicuous instance is that of slavery. Jesus Christ did not lead a movement for emancipation, nor did His disciples conceive that to be their duty. But the effect of Christianity was to modify and undermine slavery. The relation between the Christian master and the slave was gradually transformed, till eventually the influence of great Christians, such as Clarkson and Wilberforce, caused the abolition of British slavery, and led the way for the general movement of abolition. The process might have worked itself out more quickly if society had been more truly Christian during the nineteen centuries which elapsed between the beginning and the end of this movement.

The quotations which have been made in the course of this paper have shown that there are two conceptions of society which divide men's allegiance to-day: the Christian and the Marxian. Between these two conceptions there is fundamental hostility. One has for twenty centuries, not without success, advocated and practised duty, as a means to amelioration. It calls into play the nobler qualities of contentment, mutual help, self-abnegation. The other advocates violence, as a means to revolution. It calls into play the baser qualities of discontent, greed and selfishness.

I have before me as I write a list of some twenty publications through which Marxian Communism is disseminated from well-known bookshops. In one of these publications³⁵ I read: 'Boys and girls are not so afraid of anything of a revolutionary nature as grown-up people. It is ten times as easy to make a convert of fifteen as a convert of fifty.' I also read that 'the Boy Scouts is an organisation which teaches the children to fight

³⁵ *The Young Comrade* for February 1925.

against the workers and for the bosses.' In another ²² there is a catechism which begins :

' Did Jesus come from heaven ? ' ' No.'
 ' Was his mother a virgin ? ' ' No.'
 ' Is the story about him true ? ' ' No.'
 ' Who was his father ? ' ' Joseph, just in the ordinary way.'
 ' Thus the story is a legend ? ' ' Of that there is no doubt.'

As one who has long been engaged in the education of boys, I denounce, in the strongest terms, these attempts to set boys of one class against those of another class, fostering hatred where love should reign, and preaching atheism instead of faith. Under the guise of social progress, the Communist Party is attempting to corrupt the youth of the nation, and I shall feel proud if this article helps to arouse general indignation against those who are steadily doing the devil's work. Let us remember our Lord, who took a little child and set him in the midst of them, and said : ' Whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in Me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.'

J. A. NAIRN.

²² *Proletcult* for October 1923.

AS A BIOLOGIST SEES IT

THERE is no world but one world, and every man is its prophet. Yet as each of us can be but the prophet of the small part of which he has experience, in effect we are in the position that each man has a world of his own. The natural insistence of man upon his own point of view must be my excuse for obtruding here a biologist's outlook.

In speaking of the world, whether that of the poet, the biologist, or of the philosopher, I am of course speaking of that symbolical world which exists in thought : of the peculiar propaganda which each of us feels called upon to push in order to escape the charge of stultifying his own existence. And as most of us are probably agreed that thought is a function of man, the understanding of the human material is a matter of some importance. For not only does thought emanate from this material, but, through percolation, it reacts upon it to produce what is generally termed progress. But whether as concerned with the production of thought or of its reactions towards thought, it is with the nature of the material that we have to do. That this material is in a marked degree heterogeneous was probably recognised long before human records existed. There has always been the question as to how far this heterogeneity was dependent upon surrounding circumstances, and how far upon the inherent nature of the material itself. The recent outburst of experimental work upon heredity has led the biologist to lay increasing stress upon the latter factor, and to emphasise the importance of nature as opposed to nurture. New methods have enabled us to analyse the living thing in a way undreamt of a few years ago. The most distinguished of American geneticists has told us that the problem of heredity is solved ; and though some of us deem the statement over-sanguine, it must be conceded that it may nevertheless be true. A few years' more work are necessary to tell us whether certain apparently unconformable cases are in reality essentially different, or whether they will ultimately fall into line with those already worked out in such detail.

If such should prove to be the case, what exactly does this ' solution ' mean ? Neither more nor less than a clear conception

of the mechanism by which the qualities of one generation are passed over to the next. It does not necessarily entail any understanding of these qualities in respect of their chemical or physical basis. Nevertheless our conception of their nature must of necessity be limited by our knowledge of the mechanism through which they are transmitted. The more precise our knowledge of the machinery, the more clearly can we envisage the nature of the material with which it can adequately deal. If, with the majority of biologists to-day, we look upon the chromosomes contained in the cell as the physical basis of heredity, and if we regard the peculiar phenomena presented by these bodies in the formation of the germ-cells as expressive of the mechanism by which are distributed the factors corresponding to definite qualities, then we are led to draw certain inferences as to the nature of these factors.

In the first place they must be very small. The chromosomes themselves are minute. They vary, of course, very much in size. The larger are naturally more comfortable to work with, and the cytologist would probably consider himself fortunate if he had to work with those of such magnitude that only a million went to the millionth part of a cubic inch. Small as are the chromosomes, the transmissible factors must be very much smaller. The American school has brought forward evidence for supposing that more than fifty may be contained in a single chromosome, and there is little doubt that, with further analysis, this number will be added to. That a limit will eventually be reached is indicated by the fact that more factors have been identified with the larger than with the smaller chromosomes.

We may take it then that the factor, the something that in the germ-cell corresponds to a given quality in the individual, is ultra-microscopic in size, and perhaps of the order of the larger chemical molecules. Minute, however, as it must be, the facts of transmission force us to believe that it is a perfectly definite thing; for in its passage through the mechanism it preserves its integrity. The factor that in a rabbit gives rise to black as opposed to white will continue to be transmitted in its entirety, no matter how often the black is crossed with white. It goes through the mechanism again and again, and again and again it gives rise to the same result, viz., black. There is no reason for supposing that it undergoes alteration as the result of repeated distribution.

Lastly, these postulated factors must be capable of reproduction of their like. A single sperm of a black buck mated to a white doe contains the factor that brings about the development of his son's black coat. And not only is his son's coat black, but 50 per cent. of that son's germ-cells also contain the 'black'

factor. Hence we must suppose that the black factor augments in quantity with each successive cell division in which the chromosome containing it takes part. It is living matter in so far as it possesses the property of continuous growth.

To sum up, our factors must be regarded as exceedingly minute but definite bodies, having relative permanence, and with the capacity for reproducing their like. It may be remarked that, after all, they are not so very different from the 'physiological units' of Spencer, the 'gemmules' of Darwin, or the 'biophors' of Weismann. This is true. Nevertheless the discovery of the nature of the hereditary mechanism gives to the conception of such particles a higher validity than heretofore.

Given our factors, then, there are two questions that force themselves upon us: What is their nature? and How far can they be held accountable for the qualities of the living thing? In the former we are asking whether we can identify our factor with anything in the experience of the chemist, and ultimately of the physicist. Though we cannot say that much progress has been made in this direction, there are indications of a close relation between the factor and the chemist's enzyme, a relationship in some cases so close as to suggest identity. In the disease known as alkaptonuria the urine becomes dark after exposure to air, owing to the arrest of the normal breaking down of the nitrogenous products at a stage precedent to the formation of urea. It is the oxidation of this antecedent to urea—homogentisic acid—that leads to the darkening of the urine in alkaptonuric patients. Now the transition from homogentisic acid to urea is dependent upon the action of a specific enzyme. The natural inference is that alkaptonuric people lack this enzyme. But the alkaptonuric state behaves as a Mendelian recessive to the normal, and we therefore suppose that the normal contains a factor which the former lacks. The genetic evidence, taken with the chemical, clearly points to the identity of a hereditary factor with an enzyme-producing substance, if not with the enzyme itself. Moreover, we are now acquainted with other examples, both in plants and animals, which point to an equally close connection between the factor and the enzyme.

It is not suggested that a living organism is merely a collection of enzymes. Clearly there must be some stuff for these to work upon. But it is possible that the waste products elaborated by one enzyme may be the stuff upon which another enzyme works later on in the sequence of life changes. Stuff, it is true, we must have in the beginning, but this may be provided by the original substance of the ovum, inert of itself, but under a series of enzyme reactions, initiated either by a spermatozoon, or by some other stimulus as in artificial parthenogenesis, producing in orderly

sequence the various products that go to make the living body. What that sequence is we can readily see, but the manner of its control is at present beyond us. It may be that the by-products of one enzyme reaction give, as it were, the signal to the next to come into action—that the life of the individual is a series of chemical reactions, preordained when the ovum was fertilised by the sperm. Or it may be that some other form of control dictates the manner in which the hereditary factors eventually find expression in the qualities of the organism. But whatever light future research may throw upon the mechanism of development, we have at any rate some knowledge of the mechanism of heredity. For we have established a genetic relation between the beginning and the end terms—between the factor as it exists in the germ-cell and the character as it manifests itself in the individual.

And this brings us to our second question—How far are all qualities dependent upon genetic factors? It is to try and answer this question that most of the genetic work of the past twenty years has been carried out. Anyone surveying the field from the early days of Mendelian research, when only the very simple cases were capable of analysis, cannot fail to be struck with the enormous progress that has been made. The rapid growth in the technique of analysis enables us to-day to attack problems which ten or fifteen years ago seemed almost insoluble. Given comparatively few facts, the geneticist can often suggest at once a reasonable and plausible interpretation, in much the same way as the older anatomists were able to make an approximate reconstruction of a whole animal from a few odd bones. Such interpretations are naturally put to the test of experiment before being admitted into the corpus of genetic knowledge.

We may, however, to-day claim that, in view of the variety and number of qualities proved to be inherited on a factorial basis, there are good grounds for supposing that *all* hereditary qualities are on the same basis, and are capable of interpretation in terms of genetic factors. A given quality of course cannot always be interpreted in terms of a single factor, and the fact that such cases bulk largely in the text-books is due to the ease with which they can be analysed, and the facility with which they lend themselves to purposes of demonstration. But careful analysis has already been made of qualities of which the manifestation is dependent upon the interaction of two, three, or even four factors, and there is little doubt that as time goes on even more complex cases will be expressed in terms of hereditary factors. But, whatever the number of factors concerned, the principle remains the same, and we have yet to find heritable qualities which cannot be expressed in terms of relatively few genetic factors.

The world of the biologist, therefore, is a world to be inter-

preted in terms of genetic factors, much as the world of the chemist is one of atoms and molecules, and that of the physicist is a world of electrons. And as the atom is now being resolved into electrons, so we anticipate a day when the factor will be resolved into the molecule, and biology will become a branch of chemistry and so of physics. But, after all, it is not a static world with which we are dealing. The conception of evolutionary change must find a place in it. There are two ways in which we may attempt to reconcile our ideas of the factor with the changes in the form of the protoplasmic scum that intermittently covers the globe. We may assume either changes in the constitution of the factors themselves, or we may suppose that the factors remain the same in organic evolutionary time, and that the varied qualities of organisms are due to differences of factorial arrangement—to the varied permutations and combinations conceivable among a very considerable number of factors. The latter view is compatible with much that is known of the origin of new forms among cultivated plants and animals. For the fresh variation in most cases behaves as recessive to the form from which it springs, and so can readily be interpreted as having arisen through the loss of a factor.

Evolution on this view is a process of degradation brought about through the gradual unpacking of the original complex, and accompanied by the successive loss of definite factors. Where the new form appears as a dominant its origin can at times be traced to hybridisation between nearly allied species, and the subsequent process of segregation or resorting to the factors. There are, however, other cases in which this explanation is unsatisfactory, where it is more logical to assume that a definite and specific change has taken place in the factor itself. Probably we must regard evolutionary change as dependent upon both processes: sometimes upon the loss of a factor, or complex of factors; at others on some definite change in the factor itself. The matter is, however, one upon which further research may be expected to throw more light.

Such then, in crude form, is the picture of the biologist's world. He is tending to think less in terms of genera and species; more in terms of hereditary factors—of what are for him to-day the ultimate entities upon which the qualities of living things are based. He has discarded the conception of complete continuity in the gradation of living forms, or rather he has replaced it by a continuity of discontinuity. The change of view may be illustrated by the change in the meaning attaching to the term *species*. In the days when the business of the naturalist was the construction of a catalogue of the forms of life it was a convenient term to use for purposes of that catalogue. Few inquired, and

even then with little insistence, as to the manner in which one species differed from another. God had made them different, and there was an end of it. Variations within the species there were of course, and they were apt to become troublesome as classification became more refined. However, they were best regarded as due to the debasing influence of a sinful world upon the species as it had been struck from the mint of the Creator. The rise of evolutionary thought towards the close of the eighteenth century naturally directed attention to the nature of these species that had been so elaborately catalogued by Linnæus and others. The eventual outcome, as we all know, was Darwin's *Origin of Species*, an acceptance of which doctrine was the negation of species altogether. For on the view of a complete and imperceptibly grading continuity between living forms none could say where one species ended and another began. Species became merely a time concept, different according to the point of time at which we may elect to view it. There was nothing fixed about it, for it was one thing to-day and another to-morrow. But, as Bateson has pointed out, the doctrine of continuity never conquered the systematist. Though troubled by variations he nevertheless felt that species were real things; that in spite of variation they possessed hard, sharp outlines which were not transgressed. And if we accept the factorial conception the systematist has been justified of his refractory attitude.

On the factorial conception, a species is a collection of individuals containing a similar, or nearly similar, aggregation of factors. If the individuals comprising the species showed no variation of heritable nature, every individual would have to be regarded as containing the same aggregation of factors. Variation exists within the species in so far as this or that factor, out of the complete collection found within the species, may be absent. In a variable species there will be a certain number of factors common to every individual, and there will be other factors which may or may not be present. According as individuals differ in one or more of these 'voluntary' factors, as we may figuratively term them, so do they present variation within the species.

One species differs from another in presenting a different aggregation of factors among the individuals of which it is composed. The more nearly species are allied, the greater the number of factors common to the two aggregations. Moreover, what we have termed the voluntary factors may also occur in different species. There is, for example, every reason for supposing that the black, blue, and chocolate coat-colours in the mouse depend upon the same factors as the corresponding colours in the rabbit; or that the purple, red, and white colours in the sweet-pea and the stock are based upon the same factors.

In most cases these factorial aggregations, which are conveniently termed 'species,' are characterised by the phenomenon of sterility towards one another. But this, though widespread, is by no means universal. Sterility may occur between members of the same family, while on the other hand complete fertility may occur among what are regarded by the systematist as very distinct species. Sterility doubtless depends upon definite factors, just as other qualities do, and cannot of itself be regarded as an absolute criterion of species, as has been urged from the time of Ray onwards.

The factorial interpretation of living organisms has been founded for the most part on investigations dealing with definite physical characters, such as flower colour, seed shape, coat pattern, feather structure, and so forth. It rests to-day upon the experimental analysis of a host of most diverse characters, both in animals and plants. But in the minds of some there appears to be a sharp distinction drawn between physical and mental qualities. There are those who, while readily granting the validity of a factorial interpretation of physical qualities, are inclined to question it for mental ones. It may be of interest, therefore, to ask how far such evidence as has been accumulated can be regarded as justifying the drawing of any such distinction. Since the mentality of animals is, from the genetical standpoint, a field unexplored, we must search for scraps of evidence in man. It may, however, be mentioned that the wild, nervous temperament characteristic of some breeds of fowl appears to segregate, as one would expect it to do if it is dependent upon some factor or factors; and the same may be said of the brooding instinct. On general grounds there is some presumption for supposing mental qualities to possess a factorial basis. That ability, and often ability of a special kind, tends to run in families is well known. We have only to recall the Bach family among musicians, or certain modern families where histrionic capacity is unusually marked. Moreover, the evidence collected by Galton some years ago points strongly to the hereditary nature of general intellectual ability. And if it is hereditary, it is likely that it will, with adequate analysis, be shown to conform to the only scheme of hereditary transmission of which we have certain knowledge. Though in general we have far less genetic knowledge of man than of the rabbit or of the domestic fowl, there are on record a few instances where the facts of transmission of mental qualities clearly conform to the idea that they, like physical qualities, are based upon definite factors. This is brought out in the pedigrees collected by Hurst in connection with musical sense. Careful investigation of the population of a small village near Leicester, where all of the inhabitants were known to the investigator,

showed that the quality was clearly defined, and that it could be readily interpreted as a simple recessive to the definitely non-musical type. More recent researches by Drinkwater have served to confirm Hurst's deduction, and have also shown that a certain form of artistic ability appears to be inherited in the same way. But the best known and most extensively investigated case in man is that of feeble-mindedness. Doubtless the classification of this condition is at present imperfect, and cases of inherently different nature are sometimes grouped together. Nevertheless there can be little doubt that the great majority of cases fall into the same category. Nor can anyone who has studied the numerous pedigrees collected by Goddard and others fail to draw the conclusion that this mental state behaves as a simple recessive to the normal. In other words, a definite factor is concerned, and when this factor is not present the feeble-minded condition results. The eugenic workers in America, where more interest is taken in these matters, claim that a simple factorial explanation can be applied to other mental features, *e.g.*, lack of control over temper, the nomadic instinct, etc. Sound pedigree data, however, especially for mental traits, are hard to come by, and it cannot be said that the evidence for any other mental trait is so strong as that for feeble-mindedness. Still, the small amount of work yet accomplished tells strongly in favour of a factorial, and therefore material, basis for mental qualities as well as for physical ones. Progress must necessarily be slow, for the pedigree method is here the only one available; and where we have, as is probable in most mental qualities, to take account of the interaction of several factors, a very large amount of accurately sifted material is necessary before we can arrive at a satisfactory conclusion. If, however, we grant that mental qualities, like physical ones, rest on a factorial basis, the admission carries with it certain definite views as to the nature of a population.

On this subject a brief but fundamental contribution was made some years ago by G. H. Hardy. Considering the conditions of equilibrium in a mixed population of a pair of characters of which one was dominant and the other recessive, he showed that such a population will normally remain in equilibrium. In other words, the population will continue to exhibit the same proportion of dominants and recessives provided that mating is at random, and that the dominant and recessive forms are equally viable and equally fertile. If the condition of equilibrium be upset, the population will at once adjust itself, and fall into a new position of stable equilibrium as soon as the disturbing cause is removed.

Where we are considering the distribution of a single factor there are three classes of individual—viz., the pure dominants, the impure dominants which carry the recessive character, and the

recessives. The whole of our population, in respect of these characters, falls into one or other of these three classes. If we suppose that the number of pure dominants is p , the number of recessives r , and the number of impure dominants $2q$, then the population is in stable equilibrium when the equation $pr = q^2$ is satisfied. It is of interest to note that a population with a small proportion of dominants is just as stable as one with a small proportion of recessives.

As an illustration of the working of this principle we may take the case of the feeble-minded. The data come from America, where the problem would seem to be more pressing. Statistics have shown that the proportion of feeble-minded in New York State is about three per thousand. Assuming that feeble-mindedness is a recessive character, and that the population is in a state of stable equilibrium, we are in a position to calculate from Hardy's formula the proportion of pure dominants, *i.e.*, of normals that cannot transmit feeble-mindedness, and of impure dominants, *i.e.*, normals that transmit it because half of their germ-cells are 'feeble-minded.' This calculation has been made and shows that more than 10 per cent. of the normals are carriers of feeble-mindedness. When such normals mate together, approximately one-quarter of their offspring will be feeble-minded, while half of their normal offspring will transmit this mental quality. It has been urged in some quarters that immediate steps should be taken to segregate the feeble-minded into asylums and prevent their propagation, thereby purifying the population from the taint. The method sounds attractively simple, and a few years ago I enlisted Professor Hardy's help in calculating the time it would require in order to reduce the proportion of feeble-minded by its means. The answer was as follows. To reduce the proportion of feeble-minded from

1 per	1,000	to 1 per	10,000	would require	68 generations.
1 "	10,000	to 1 "	100,000	"	216 "
1 "	100,000	to 1 "	1,000,000	"	684 "

Though the method is a sure one, it is slow, very slow; and it is doubtful whether a sense of obligation to an exceedingly remote posterity will persuade a country to incur the very great expense it would necessarily entail. The real position is of course much more obvious if we regard our population, not from the standpoint of the number of individuals exhibiting a certain quality, but from the standpoint of the various germ-plasms contained by the members of that population. If a census could be taken of all the germ-cells of the population with respect to the factor that makes the difference between a normal and a feeble-minded person we should find that about 94 per cent. would be normal germ-cells

and the remaining 6 per cent. would be 'feeble-minded' ones. The great bulk of the 'feeble-minded' ones live in the bodies of normal people, and consequently the greater part of the feeble-minded will continue to arise from matings between normal people, unless it should come about that more than 25 per cent. of the population were feeble-minded.

I have dwelt upon this question of the feeble-minded because it offers what the biologist regards as a typical example of the distribution of a quality in a mixed population. If we turn to what from the social standpoint is commonly regarded as a more desirable departure from the normal, viz., unusually high mental ability of some sort or another, we shall probably find that most of these at any rate are of the nature of recessive characters. Such men are very much rarer than the feeble-minded. Nevertheless the principle involved is the same. The germ-cells of the necessary factorial constitution which go to the making of such men may form but a minute fraction of 1 per cent. of the total population of germ-cells. Nevertheless the population is just as much in a state of equilibrium as in the case where the recessive appears in a much higher proportion. In a population where the supremely great intellect occurs once in 100,000,000 we may confidently look for its reappearance from time to time. For, although the individual type is so scarce, the germ-cells that are properly constituted for the quality he represents occur in individuals who, though scarce themselves, are proportionately very much more numerous. Though the outstanding individual may disappear untimely through some accident, the factors that go to his making are spread about in the germ-plasm of a number of other individuals, and these will preserve the quality for the race.

Probably there will come a time when we shall be able to apply direct chemical tests to determine whether this or that factor is present in an individual, and to decide in a few minutes whether a normal carries 'feeble-minded' germ-cells or germ-cells with factors for marked ability of one kind or another. At present we have only the cumbrous test of breeding, which, though applicable generally for animals and plants, is for man out of the question. Yet there are already some observations on record which foreshadow what is to come. We know that blood transfusion in human beings may sometimes be successful and at other times not. Recent work has shown that human bloods may be divided into four classes, and that these four classes exhibit a specific behaviour towards one another. When any two are mixed there is either a definite reaction, leading to the formation of a precipitin, or else this reaction is absent. In the latter case transfusion would be successful, though not in the former. There is evidence that these four classes depend upon the presence or absence of two

definite factors showing the usual Mendelian scheme of heredity. It is possible by the use of standard serums to take a drop of blood from a man and to decide in a few minutes what his constitution is in respect of the two factors in question. As this line of research develops (and at present it has barely started) there is little doubt that it will enable us to analyse the individual with an accuracy that is to-day beyond us.

For the biologist, then, man is a species with the various implications embodied in that word. His qualities, physical and mental, depend upon definite factors transmitted according to a definite scheme. He is polymorphic to a high degree, though probably not more so than many another beast. This polymorphism merely means that there are many factors which can be either present or absent in the constitution of the individual without affecting his humanity—factors for which we used the term 'voluntary' in contradistinction to those factors which, being present in all men, are in a sense 'obligatory.' It is upon the various permutations and combinations of these voluntary factors that the differences among mankind depend: upon the rarity or frequency of this or that combination will depend the rarity or frequency of this or that quality. And in so far as the factors are stable entities, so far will this stability appear in the qualities that they connote. Moreover, there is an element of stability, not only in the factors themselves, but in the proportions in which they occur in the germ-plasm of a population. When the character is recessive, even stringent measures of elimination would only produce an appreciable effect after many generations. Lamentable as this may appear in the case of the feeble-minded, the position is not without its consolations when one reflects that the majority of the qualities which we consider desirable are probably of this nature. Russia may recover from the slaughter of her professional classes more rapidly than most people imagine. Recessive characters in a population are only diminished with great difficulty owing to their enormous reserves among the impure dominants. The general character of a population is a very stable thing, highly resistant to external influences, and marked changes in its inherent nature are to be measured only in terms of centuries or tens of centuries. But it may be objected that progress is rapid, and its effects are striking in periods far shorter than the span of a man's life. To which the biologist would reply that such progress is not dependent upon any change in the constitution of the population itself, but to the appearance in it of a few individuals endowed with exceptional qualities. Those who want more progress must see to it that more of these exceptional minds are produced and given their opportunities.

R. C. PUNNETT.

THE CHARM OF THE WOODLARK

THE most recent authorities say that the woodlark is decreasing, and is not found in places where it was formerly known. But in one district of the West of England the converse is the case, for it is certainly commoner there than it was ten or twelve years ago.

When first I heard the song, one bright September morning on the way to a meet of hounds, I was quite at a loss as to the identity of the singer. But for the season, certain notes and phrases in its song would have suggested a nightingale; others resembled the desultory cadence of the tree pipit. I failed then to get a near view of the bird, and it remained a mystery to me, living, as I then was, in a county where it is unknown; twice afterwards, on visits to the West, I heard the song again, but both times under circumstances which forbade my tracking down the songster and so solving the mystery.

At last one May morning I heard once more the unknown yet familiar cadences. We were walking up a deep Devonshire lane, whose high banks were topped with beech hedges; from somewhere on our right, where fields, whose gorse patches hinted that at no distant period they had been moorland, sloped gently upwards, the elusive, mysterious melody came, but whether from heaven or earth it was impossible to distinguish. The strain was broken, intermittent. 'Tis here! 'Tis here! 'Tis gone! Now a few notes, faint, far off, like the tiny bells rung by heavy rain-drops falling upon water; then silence; and then again, quite near, the throbbing, nightingale-like phrase. It was as though some delicate Ariel, in shape unseen, were mocking us. We stretched ourselves at length beneath the sheltering shade of a hedge and listened. And then at last the riddle answered itself. Above, almost invisible against the dazzling radiance of a May noon, the singer swam into our ken across unfathomable depths of blue sky. The bird could only be a woodlark; the difference between his wide, irregular circles and the spirals of the skylark was obvious. Like his cousin, 'a privacy of glorious light' was his; even when we saw him our uplifted eyes were momentarily almost blinded. In broad ellipses he made his winged ascent into the empyrean, then glided downwards, and then, with a few swift

wing beats, rose again. Both song and flight were wayward, impulsive; he was 'Nature's child, warbling his native wood-notes wild.' A sudden dive to earth ended our Ariel's melody. Carefully we stalked him and found him quite tame and not averse from our making his closer acquaintance. We could mark his short tail, pale yellow eye-stripe, continued round the back of the head, his almost black crest, the small black-and-white mark on the 'shoulder' of the wing, and his pretty pink legs and feet. His identity was clearly established.

Since then I have had many opportunities of becoming familiar with this delightful bird, for I now live in a district where woodlarks are common. They seem to prefer low-lying country, and are rarely seen on open moorland, though both in and out of the breeding season I have come across them in rough pasture bordering the moors at an altitude of 1000 to 1200 feet. For months they haunted the land round my house, and at length, to my great joy, a pair built a nest in rough grass not many yards from the edge of my lawn.

The lovely song deserves more detailed comment. Both in quality, as well as in the actual notes, it is entirely distinct from that of the skylark, who pours out his

silver chain of sound
Of many links without a break.

The woodlark's *vers libres* are more meditative, as though he paused betweenwhiles to take pleasure himself in their beauty. Were his song not so artless, one might hazard the guess that he had studied the technique of metrical pauses to some purpose. The same difference in mood is apparent in the songs of blackbird and thrush; the throstle, like the skylark, has the robustious exuberance of a *prima donna*; both merle and woodlark are, to my mind, truer artists, because they exercise more restraint.

The woodlark's song may be heard in any month of the year, except, perhaps, in August. Last year they went up with a merry noise all through the dismally wet autumn and winter whenever the sun came out in the morning. One bright, warm day in January they sang perpetually, almost without a pause. Perhaps the music reaches its highest perfection in April and early May. At this time, singing as often as not from tree or post, the woodlark's flow of melody may be for a short period almost as continuous as the skylark's 'silver chain,' though always more varied. The finest passage is the trill, descending chromatically with infinitely small gradations, which recalls to mind a well-known phrase in the nightingale's song; there are, indeed, in the woodlark's, delicate *nuances* of tone-colour, of *piano* and *forte*, which are not, so far as I am aware, attained by any other British songster except

Philomela. These *piano* phrases occur even when the bird is singing from a perch, and thus cannot be due to its nearness to, or remoteness from, the listener. While singing, the woodlark turns his head from side to side, but for a bar or two he will sometimes drop his voice; it is this trick which imparts the contemplative character to certain passages, as though he were singing to himself. And then, again, the sudden silences heighten the listener's expectation. When he is singing in the air these unconscious, innocent *ruses* clothe the song with that faërie elusiveness which is so well expressed in the late Father Hopkins' little-known poem:

So tiny a trickle of song strain;
And all round not to be found
For brier, bough, furrow or green ground
Before or behind or far or at hand
Either left either right
Anywhere in the sunlight.

He will go on to execute a series of shakes, first on one note and then on another a little higher; this will be followed by a single note often repeated; in fact, he improvises on notes pitched now high, now low, in a scale whose infinitesimal modulations are imperceptible even to the musically trained human ear. I have heard the song at night, at dawn, and at dusk; when snow lies thick upon the ground he will still sing, if the sun comes out, or in warm rain when it is cloudy. He will soar into a strong wind, progressing by means of little leaps upward with half-folded wings, and still pour out trills of gusty melody.

Courtship, with its attendant combats, begins early in the year. Owing to the similarity in the appearance of male and female, it is difficult to distinguish the sexes. True, the hen is said by one authority to be 'usually smaller, duller in plumage, more flecked, and shorter in the wing.' But it is practically impossible to note these distinctions in the field. At first I thought that I could see a slight difference in the colour of the pair which I had under close observation during last summer, but I was eventually driven to the conclusion that there was no real dissimilarity. In some lights the cock looked paler than the hen; in others the reverse was the case; in size they appeared practically the same. This similarity sometimes made it extremely difficult to decide whether a particular piece of behaviour was referable to courtship or to a preliminary contest between two males. In mid-January last year there was a small party of eight woodlarks on my land. One, evidently a cock, sang from a perch in the hedge, and also gave the call-note (usually written 'too-lui-ie'), to which one of the others responded with two soft notes, 'wee-ou,' the first slightly higher than the other. I have no doubt that the answering

call came from the hen, as, later on, when watching a nesting pair, I frequently heard the male's 'too-lui-ie' answered in this manner by the female. The cock then flew down to the ground, bobbing and ducking his head and spreading his tail to display the whitish outer feathers. Nothing further ensued on this occasion, but I believe that this was an early experiment in courtship. February was a cold month, with bitter east wind, but early in March I noticed woodlarks in pairs on our land, the male being in full song.

In April I witnessed a combat between two males which was, I think, a struggle to decide territorial rights, and perhaps also a combat for possession of a female. They were perched on two posts in a fence, which, significantly, turned out later to be the boundary between the territories of two different pairs. One called 'too-lui-ie,' and the other answered defiantly in song and then attacked the first one; both of them lowered their heads, slightly raised their wings, spread their tails, and raised their crests. A third woodlark, which I took to be the female, though quite near, seemed indifferent to their rivalry. It was interesting to note that the same attitudes and actions were adopted by the male both in courtship and in fighting. Three times within the ensuing week I witnessed similar struggles. Evidently these excursions and alarms had a happy ending, for two, at any rate, of the parties concerned, for a week or so later I saw two woodlarks in the act of pairing. The hen, at the conclusion of a dust bath, gave a low call, and shivered her wings; the male flew down to her at once. Early in June two adult woodlarks were feeding four fully fledged young near our house. For weeks I had searched for the nest, but without success. I suspect it was in an adjoining field, but as it was sown with oats I was unable to investigate.

Soon after this it became obvious that there were now two pairs of woodlarks engaged in courtship near our house, the boundary of their respective territories being our fence. As a result it was sometimes impossible to say which pair one was watching. One was, no doubt, the couple who shortly afterwards nested just off our lawn; the other, I believe, raised a brood in a field some fifty yards away, but as it was covered with growing corn, I never found this nest. These courtships were more complete affairs than the preliminary bouts which I had seen in January. I will describe one of them. Both parties perched on posts in our fence a yard or two apart. The cock's passion declared itself in snatches of song, mingled with the usual call-note, to which the hen replied, sometimes with a low warble, sometimes with a short single note. Both birds ducked and bobbed their heads and opened and shut their tail feathers. Gradually the cock came nearer, sharpening his beak on a stump between-

whiles ; but when he arrived opposite the lady she attacked him, and both sprang into the air, sparring at each other ; they came down in growing oats, which concealed the *dénouement*. Some time later I saw both birds on the ground, facing each other, with heads depressed, but quite motionless. The male does not discontinue these delicate attentions even after he has won his mate—a hint which might be taken by other than avian couples. The day after the hen had begun to sit on the nest I saw the cock fly down near her ; she came off the eggs, and both birds began bowing to each other ; the male then fluttered in the air over his mate for some seconds, opening and shutting his tail feathers. He afterwards sang to her for some time from an adjacent stump, and the little love passage concluded with a joint dust bath.

One day in mid-June my wife saw one of the woodlarks carrying nesting material ; six days later I found a nest with three eggs, in rough grass, about a dozen yards from the further end of the lawn, and only about forty yards from our house. Woodlarks certainly have two broods in a season ; some allege that they rear three. If the latter statement is correct, then this nest was probably the third effort of the birds whom I had seen feeding young a few weeks previously. The eggs had a whitish background, with greyish-brown spots. The nest was but partly covered with grass and thistles, which afforded very slight concealment. It was built of bents and dead grass, but neither now nor on careful examination afterwards could I find the hair lining which is usual. The less open side was slightly raised. This peculiarity has been noted by other observers ; in fact, nests have been found with a superstructure of grass and bents which almost amounted to a dome. While the hen was sitting the cock was constantly in attendance ; his usual perch was one of the stakes supporting a young crab-apple tree, about five yards from the nest. From this vantage point he poured forth frequent song, a challenge to all intruders, and an aubade and serenade to his mate. During this period he almost invariably sang from a perch, but rarely or never in the air.

The couple maintained a constant conversation, the meaning of which I was able, partially at any rate, to interpret by means of patient attention to their various and varied call-notes. Besides the well-known call 'too-lui-ie' (also described as 'tloo-ee-et' and 'tee-i-u'), there are several others. The cock from his perch would call 'too-lui-ie' to the hen, and she would answer with 'wee-ou.' My wife interpreted these remarks as 'two-to-me,' 'me-too.' At first I thought that 'too-lui-ie' was exclusively the male bird's call and 'wee-ou' the feminine answer, but eventually I heard both birds use each note ; 'wee-ou' was sometimes the question and not the answer. When the young were out of

the nest it served, with a preliminary short guttural sound, as an alarm signal to them. It is a call of very beautiful musical quality (as, indeed, all woodlarks' notes are, though in varying degrees), with something of a croon in it. Often the cock used 'two-to-me' to call the hen off the nest ; usually she responded with 'me-too,' and they both flew off a little distance to feed and take dust baths together.

Another call note, 'tscheeta-tscheeta,' is not employed as frequently as the others. I think it is either an alarm note or an ejaculation evincing great emotion. The first time I heard it the cock was, from his actions, evidently in a state of great excitement about something. It was also used once when he was driving the hen back to her domestic duties, and also when both were, I regret to say, having a bout of sparring near the nest, but in the *mêlée* I could not distinguish whether on this occasion it came from one or both birds. There is also another series of notes which appears to be purely conversational. One evening, after the young were hatched, we saw both the old birds tripping delicately on their small, pink feet down the garden path from the direction of the nest towards the house. As they ran they called continuously to each other, a low, sweet, melodious twitter, evidently of a confidential and confiding nature. Subsequently in the autumn I heard a similar conversation while two birds were feeding together one fine morning, but now the cock was so full of beans and *bonhomie* that he ever and again drew himself up to his full height and broke into snatches of song.

The hen woodlark is an excellent mother. Once she remained off the eggs for three-quarters of an hour, but the sun was shining brightly during the whole of her absence, and evidently she knew that her treasures would not suffer. Usually she was not absent for more than a few minutes. On these occasions she fed ravenously, sometimes from crumbs below our bird-table ; she would tear a bit of bread in pieces and gobble them up in a great hurry, sometimes flying back to the nest with a fragment in her beak to consume there at her leisure. When the young were hatched and almost full-fledged she was not so assiduous. Once she left them unbrooded in heavy rain ; but twice when it was raining she ignored the cock's suggestion that she should come off the eggs to feed, no doubt with a feminine contempt for male stupidity. On the other hand, I more than once saw him drive her back to the nest when she had left it ; at any rate, there was first a battle, and then she returned, so that this seems a reasonable explanation. He was a good lover and a good hater. He defended his territory vigorously. One, and at times both birds of the pair whose territory adjoined our land, occasionally trespassed upon his domain ; he at once attacked the interloper with lowered head and spread

tail: the contest was continued in the air until the intruder was ejected. One of the most charming traits of this pair of woodlarks was their sociability; the devoted couple seemed to do everything together, and usually in perfect harmony and delight in each other. True, there were occasionally small matrimonial differences of opinion, but they were not sufficient permanently to mar their connubial happiness.

Some authorities state that the incubation period is twelve to thirteen days, but these eggs hatched out on the fifteenth day. I believe that only the hen sits. The cock was in song from his adjacent perch almost continuously while she was sitting, and though I watched carefully on many occasions, there was no sign of his changing places with his mate. Whenever I saw her leave the nest the cock went off with her, and I invariably found the eggs uncovered. I examined the nestlings just after they had emerged. They were partially covered with long, silky down, which from above seemed lavender grey, but closer examination showed that it was really yellowish; there are purplish-blue patches on portions of the skin which make the down appear grey when one is looking down at it, but this is an optical illusion. There was no sign of the egg-shells in or near the nest. It has been observed that the beaks of young skylarks are not sensitive to touch, as the food is placed by the parents on the tongue. I touched the beaks of the young woodlarks lightly with my pencil point, but there was no response. It seems, therefore, that woodlarks adopt the same method of feeding. Later I noticed the three curious black spots at the tip and sides of the nestlings' tongues which are said to guide the parents when introducing food.

The rapid development of the young of birds always fills one with amazement. On the third day the eyes were open, the wing quills were showing in a greyish sheath, and small feathers were apparent at the top of the spinal tract. On the fifth day the wing feathers were well grown, and also those on the head, body, and tail. By the eighth day the youngsters were quite lively and looked as if they might soon be out of the nest; the tail feathers were half an inch long, and the wing and body feathers well developed. If one had not noted from day to day the almost uncanny swiftness of their growth, it would have been difficult to believe that little more than a week ago they were but naked, blind, helpless, sprawling squabs, less than two inches long. On the morning of the thirteenth day they were still in the nest, or rather two were in, but bulging out of it, and the third was sitting partly on the top of them and partly on the flattened side of the structure. In the evening they had disappeared, and I could not find any trace of them, but as the old ones were about, the young were

probably not far off. It has been stated that the young leave the nest before they can fly, and one observer found that the parents, perhaps in order to discountenance this dangerous precocity, refused to give food except at the nest. But the day after they had left their birthplace I put up a young one about thirty yards away from his deserted nursery, and he flew quite well. I doubt if this youngster had strayed from home before he could use his wings.

For rather more than a fortnight after this, both old and young were often in evidence in the vicinity of our house and garden. Woodlarks love dust baths; it was amusing to see them indulge in this salutary pastime *en famille*; they would all, to use a West Country word, 'crump' themselves down with their bodies, heads and bills in the dust, and scabble up against each other, scuffling round and round, and fluttering their wings in evident enjoyment. They would walk in procession along the paths and across the flower-beds, which were only three or four yards from our windows. While in the nest the parents sometimes fed their tender offspring with currants from our bird-table, and I saw cheese and boiled green peas taken to them from the same source. The authorities state that the young are fed on diptera and caterpillars; a more varied diet apparently agreed with these, for they thrived amazingly.

There was much of interest in the behaviour of the pair at the nest and while feeding the young. On occasion, both before and after the brood had hatched, one or both birds would fly directly down to and up from the nest; but usually they would alight a few yards away from its site and run up to it; there were two runs through the grass distinctly visible by the time the young were ready to leave. The hen on these occasions kept lower down in the herbage than the cock, and this method of progression is also adopted by the fledged young, who can run with rapidity. The cock constantly went to the nest when the hen was sitting, but I could never be sure whether he fed her, though I suspect that such a devoted husband did not neglect to do so. I once saw him offer her food after incubation was over, but it was refused. At first I was doubtful whether the cock assisted the hen in feeding the family, but when the nestlings were a week old, and afterwards, both parents certainly brought food to them. Possibly in the early stages the provision of the proper sustenance is too dainty an operation for any but feminine attention. Both birds removed the excreta from the nest.

I have several times wondered whether the female woodlark does not sometimes sing as well as the male. In describing the courtship above, I have mentioned that the hen responded with a low warble to the song of the cock. Later, when the hen had

come off the nest to feed on crumbs below our windows, I heard her warble a few notes between mouthfuls shortly before she returned. It has lately been ascertained by a patient observer that female robins sometimes sing. Such scanty evidence does not permit one to dogmatise, but the question deserves investigation. Owing to the close resemblance between the sexes, the point can only be decided by very careful watching.

Our pair of woodlarks was delightfully tame, and this, of course, made it much easier to watch them. My observations of the young or eggs were always made at times when I had seen the bird leave the nest. I was careful never to frighten her by putting her off it, and kept the grass all round it uncut. Woodlarks had haunted our land ever since the preceding autumn, and before they nested had become accustomed to feed on crumbs spilled from our bird-table by greedy and quarrelsome chaffinches. They were accustomed to our presence. The cock would not trouble to move from his adjacent perch when I approached the vicinity of the nest or was working near by in my garden, and after the first occasion they did not seem to resent my examining the nestling young. I only once saw a woodlark perch actually on our bird-table. He stayed ten minutes. Perching on the low parapet which surrounds the board, his long yellow hind claw stretched down its whole length, like a long yellow thread, he ate potato and butter ravenously, but cleaned his bill very carefully afterwards. At the end of his repast he sang a short grace and retired with a piece of potato, perhaps as a tit-bit for one of his family. Early in May I twice noticed woodlarks pulling off blades of green grass and swallowing them. Possibly there were grubs concealed in the shoots. I at first supposed that they were collecting material for their nest, but I am quite certain that they did not carry the grass away.

The song certainly continued after the young were hatched, but it was not so frequent, nor was its volume so great. It ceased altogether at the end of July, and I did not hear it again until the middle of September; in fact, for about a month from the second week in August I saw no woodlarks on our land. At this time most of them retire to the cornfields, where I have several times put up small family parties.

Though the woodlark's music probably reaches its highest pitch of beauty in the spring, yet there are times when the autumn song seems, after so long a silence, richer even than the April melody; it certainly has some new phrases, and some of them, particularly a throbbing shake upon one note, recall the nightingale even more vividly than the spring-time ecstasies. Listening to the song again quite recently, I felt less surprise at my having wondered whether I was not listening to some late singing Philomel

when I heard the song first, some fourteen years ago. This bird, pranked out in beautifully fresh and clean plumage after his autumn moult, sang almost on end for a quarter of an hour one September morning from a heap of dead grass not more than twenty yards from my bedroom window. I was amazed and thrilled by the wonderful sweetness and endless variety of the song. At this time of year so much melody cannot have any relation to mating, nor, since woodlarks remain in small parties throughout the autumn, can it well be attributed to territorial arrogance. It must surely be pure *joie de vivre*.

What is it that endears one bird to us more than another? We admire the nightingale, not only for its moonlight melodies, but for the romance which poets and lovers have woven around it. We wonder at the peregrine's amazing mastery of the air and courage in pursuit and attack. The crow tribe intrigue us by their cleverness and spice of devilry. But it is rarely that one gets the opportunity of becoming intimate with any of these birds in a wild state, and it is only under these conditions that one can be sure of knowing the real bird. It is his confidingness that has made the robin the most popular of our English birds, and it is this trait, too, which has now given the woodlark a special niche in my affections; true, his song, which cheers us often when all other birds are silent, makes a special appeal as well; but when one has given attention to a bird almost daily all the year round, and has learned to know him in all his moods, his loves, his hates, his fears, and his feuds, when one has watched with solicitude over his domestic adventures, he becomes a friend. We grow to learn a little, perhaps a very little, of—

The secrets held by creatures nearer than we
To earth . . . and the link of their life with ours;
And where alike we are, unlike where, and the veined
Division, veined parallel, of a blood that flows
In them, in us, from the source by man unattained
Save marks he well what the mystical woods disclose.

Watching and learning thus, one may avoid the errors both of the dry-as-dust to whom a bird is nothing but a stuffed mummy in a glass case, or a cured skin in a specimen cabinet, and of the sentimentalist who attributes to the feathered people his own neurotic sensibilities. The complete Nature-lover should endeavour to deserve the epitaph:

He saw life steadily, and saw it whole.

E. W. HENDY
(Ernest Blake).

MAYERS, MAYINGS, AND MAYPOLES

'In the month of May, namely on Mayday in the morning,' says an old writer, 'every man, except impediment, would walke into the sweet meddowes and green woods, there to rejoyce their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers and with the harmonie of birds praising God in their kinde.'

And very charming are some of the glimpses one gets of 'maying' in olden days, as when one reads how the young King, Henry VIII., a prince most gay and *debonnaire*, and his girl wife Katharine—no ugly clouds on the horizon, no grossness yet in evidence—rode with their lords and ladies from Greenwich to Shooters Hill 'to bring in the May.' On the way they fell in with 200 archers, clad all in green, with bows and arrows (doubtless a planned fantasy), whose chieftain was called Robin Hood, and who begged the courtly cavalcade to halt and see his men shoot. Then at his whistle the archers all loosed together, and yet a second time did they shoot, and their arrows flying overhead made a noise, says the chronicler, that was 'strange and loud, which greatly delighted the King, Queen, and their company.' Queen Elizabeth, too, loved her Maydays, and even in the last spring of her life, as an old woman, went a-maying to Sir Richard Buckley's at Lewisham. But 'maying' by the Court was no new thing in Tudor days; it was but the keeping up of an ancient custom, for a couple of centuries earlier Chaucer tells how on a Mayday morning

Forth goeth al the courte both moste and leste
To fetch the floures freshe and braunche and blome.

Officialdom was no whit behind the Court in its observance of Mayday. In the reign of Henry VI. the Aldermen and Sheriffs of London spent one, at least, of their Mayday mornings at the Bishop of London's Wood, in the parish of Stebunheath, where their celebration took the very characteristic form of a 'worshipfull dinner for themselves and other commers,' though a touch of idealism was added by the poet Lydgate, a monk of Bury, sending to them 'a joyfull commendation of that season containing sixteen staves in meeter royall.' One wonders whether they delayed

dinner to read it or heard it in the satisfaction of repletion afterwards. On another occasion we read of them going out to join the King (Henry VIII.) and his Court in their maying at Shooters Hill.

Then, again, from time immemorial the first day of May would seem to have been the great countryside festival, when young men and maidens of all degrees went out into the woods long before dawn and came home in the very early morning, laden with flowers and branches of greenery of every kind, accompanied by the beating of drums, the blowing of horns, and other 'May music.' These branches were put up over the doorways of the houses, so that the whole village or township became a bower of fresh green. Herrick's well-known verses to Corinna on Mayday refer to this pretty custom:

Come, my Corinna, come, and coming mark
How each field turns a street and each street a park
Made green and trimmed with trees; see how
Devotion gives each house a bough
Or branch; each porch, each door ere this
An ark or tabernacle is,
Made up of whitethorn neatly interwove.

Sir Henry Piers, writing somewhat later (1682), records, in his *Description of Wastmeath*, that each family used to set before their door a green bush to celebrate the May, while in some parts, e.g., Northamptonshire, tall, slender trees were erected, one before each house, and flowers thrown about them.

The origin of this Mayday festival is generally derived from the Floralia, or floral games, of the Romans, which used to take place at this season in honour of Flora, goddess of flowers; but without doubt the idea underlying it is still more remote and subtle, and must be referred back to the dim ages of antiquity when tree worship was practised and every tree was believed to be the home of a beneficent tree-spirit. So 'bringing in the May' was not, in the beginning, merely the ebullition of high spirits natural to the season, but a religious ceremony, a survival of tree worship, and performed with the intention of bringing this beneficent spirit to the homes of the people. In the course of time the custom lost its beautiful meaning, and, with the loss of meaning, degradation inevitably followed.

Before one goes on to look more closely into these Mayday celebrations of our forefathers one very material fact must be called to mind. Prior to the revision of the calendar in 1752, when eleven days were dropped out of it, May the 1st—Mayday—was really our May the 12th. This means much at this season of bursting leaf and flower, and Maydays before the revision had a far better chance of being idyllic both as to sunshine and blossom than had those after it. The hawthorn, for instance, has always

been definitely associated with Mayday—indeed, it is 'may' to the countryfolk—and Chaucer particularly mentions that it was specially brought back by both 'page and groom' when the Court went a-maying. Yet to-day the hawthorn is not in full bloom at Mayday; and one really *wants* the hawthorn in its complete bridal dress over the countryside if one is to capture the true May spirit, when the sense of joy is at its zenith, the zest of life at its keenest. For, as Swinburne so truly says:

The coming of the Hawthorn brings on earth Heaven.
All the Spring speaks out in one sweet word,
And Heaven grows gladder, knowing that Earth has heard.

May revellers in addition to being accompanied by musicians often had with them various other figures dressed to represent Flora, Robin Hood, Little John and the rest of that band, 'lords' and 'ladies,' and so on. These took part in the revels afterwards. Spenser, in his delightful description of 'The Shepherd's Maying,' speaks of

Lady Flora on whom did attend
A fair flock of fairies and a fresh bend
Of lovely nymphs

as being among the mayers.

Flora, represented by the prettiest girl, later became the 'Queen of the May,' crowned with flowers and throned aside in a flowery bower, but taking no part in the actual games, the honour compensating for what must have been rather a dull part.

Further, in Tudor times at any rate, in addition to the branches carried by all, a great maytree or maypole was brought in to be the centre of the revels. Phillip Stubbes, in his *Anatomie of Abuses*, published in 1584, gives an excellent description of how this was done, though he sternly disapproved of the whole proceedings. 'They have,' he wrote, 'twenty or thirty yoke of oxen, every oxe having a sweet nosegay of flowers placed on the tip of his hornes and these oxen drawe home this Maypole' (here, I regret to say, he refers to it as 'this stinkyng ydol!'), 'which is covered all over with flowers and hearbs, bound round with strings from the top to the bottome, and sometime painted with variable colours, with two or three hundred men, women and children following it with great devotion. And thus being reared up, with handkercheefs and flags hovering on the top, they straw the ground ronde about, binde green boughs about it, set up sommer haules, bowers and arbors hard by it. And then fall they to daunce about it' (and here his bitterness once more breaks out) 'like as the heathen people did at the dedication of the idols, whereof this is a perfect pattern, or rather the thing itself.' He was firmly convinced that the 'Lord over their pastimes and sportes' was 'Sathan, prince of hel,' and he explains his abhor-

rence by a reference to the gross misdeeds that were current during the night of merrymaking, 'so that scarce a third of the maides returned home again undefiled.' No doubt there was licence on the *fête* days of the sixteenth century, as there still is on the bank holidays of the twentieth.

In the earlier days a fresh maytree was cut and brought in every year, but later it was found not practicable to have a new one each May; nor, indeed, as the idea of its being a living, fructifying spirit had long been forgotten, was it considered at all necessary, so there came to be permanent and more or less stereotyped maypoles which served as the centre of the games on the village green or in the city streets, and on which yearly decorative renewals of flowers and ribbons took the place of the old living greenery.

The Maypole is up,
Now give me the cup,
I'll drink to the garlands around it—
But first unto those
Whose hands did compose
The glory of flowers that crowned it.

HERRICK.

The earliest representation of one of these is said to be in the *Variorum* Shakespeare, taken from one portrayed on a window at Betley, Staffordshire, probably in the reign of Henry VIII. Some of these maypoles have become of historic interest, as, for instance, that which gave the name to St. Andrew Undershaft in the City of London, the 'shaft' being the maypole which was set up every Mayday in the middle of the street opposite the south door of the church. It was a particularly fine one, overtopping even the church steeple—hence the church's subsidiary name 'undershaft.' Between Maydays the shaft hung on iron hooks under the eaves of the adjacent houses and across Shaft Alley, but after 'Evill Mayday' (1517), when there was a great riot of apprentices and servants, the City fathers discouraged May games, and it hung unmolested for thirty-two years, until, in fact, a fanatical sermon preached at Paul's Cross by the curate of St. Katherine's against this 'idoll' roused his hearers to such a frenzy of religious zeal that, gathering more assistance and dining, we are told, 'to make themselves strong,' they, with great labour, raised it from its hooks and cut it into pieces. Each house claimed the portion that lay along it, and the inhabitants of Shaft Alley shared the bit over their gateway. Thus, says the chronicler, 'was his idol (as he termed it) mangled and after burnt'—though it seems difficult to understand what harm it was doing as it lay reposefully under the eaves.

Another notable City maypole was that in Fenchurch parish, 'as goodly maypole as you have scene; it was painted whyte and

greene,' proudly boasts an Elizabethan writer. A third, a fir forty feet high, graced Basing Lane, near St. Paul's Cathedral, and was fabled to be the jousting staff of Gerard the Giant. It was kept, when not in use, close by in the inn known as 'Gerard's Hall.'

When the Puritans came into power under Cromwell such frivolities as May games were abolished, and constables and churchwardens were ordered, under penalty of a five-shilling fine, to do away with all maypoles, which the new Government characterised as 'heathenish vanities generally abused to superstition and wickedness,' and among those which disappeared was a well-known one in the Strand. But the very first Mayday after the Restoration, namely, in 1661, a worthy successor was put up with much ceremony. It was 'a most choice and remarkable piece,' we are told, a cedar, 134 feet high, a maypole which 'in all our land, no city, towne nor street can parallel.' Made 'below bridge' and brought in two parts up to Scotland Yard, it was eventually carried before a great company to its destined place just opposite Somerset House, flags flying, bands playing, and twelve seamen 'off a boord' being sent by the Lord High Admiral of England to raise it, no mere landmen being thought capable of such a feat. After four hours' effort it stood erect in all its glory of crowns and garlands. It remained *in situ* until 1717, when, being old and decayed, it was bought by Sir Isaac Newton and sent by him to Wanstead, in Essex, to help in the support of a great new telescope there.

A maypole, interesting from its associations, was set up in Drury Lane after the Restoration by one John Clarges to commemorate his daughter's good fortune. She had married as her second husband a certain George Monk, and he became General Monk and ultimately Duke of Albemarle, so she ended as a duchess. As her first husband had been a farrier, her ascent in the social scale seemed to merit a maypole.

The maypole that stood longest near the metropolis was the one on Kennington Green, beloved of milkmaids. It was not taken down until about 1795. Some old maypoles still survive in remote villages in various parts of the country, but they are now few and far between.

It is interesting to review the different forms that Mayday celebrations took in course of time up and down the land. For instance, a letter written from Hitchin just about a century ago describes the mayers—here all men and youths, no women allowed—coming home soon after 3 a.m. singing a May carol and bearing leafy branches, one of which they affixed to each house; the more honourable the house was esteemed, the larger was the branch attached. Should any of the household have offended the mayers during the past year, a piece of elder with a bunch of

nettles took the place of the usual branch. This was considered a great disgrace, and doubting maids came down extra early for an anxious look. All the houses were decked by 4 a.m. During the day the mayers went round playing clownish games. One was Mad Moll, and another was her husband with a broom. There were also a 'lord' and a 'lady' and other fantastic folk, and Mad Moll's husband created great amusement by continually and furiously sweeping away the accompanying crowd of revellers. The May carol they had sung at daybreak was one version of a carol that was chanted in many parts of England. It began:

Remember us poor Mayers,
And thus we do begin
To lead our lives in righteousness,
Or else we die in sin.
We have been rambling all this night
And almost all the day,
And now returned back again
We have brought you a bunch of May.
A bunch of May we have brought you,
And at your door it stands—
It is but a sprout,
But it is well budded out
By the work of our Lord's hands.

Other verses follow, concluding with:

The moon shines bright and the stars give a light
A little before it is day.
So God bless you all, both great and small,
And send you a joyful May.

In Northamptonshire, about the same date, the mayers were girls, dressed in their best, who carried round a may garland composed of two hoops crossed vertically and decorated with flowers and ribbons and having dolls in the apertures. Doubtless the doll was a now unmeaning survival of Flora. In the carol they sang, it is very apparent, Puritan sentiment had been grafted on to some older form, making a most curious patchwork. It begins much as the Hitchin one did:

Here come up poor players all, and thus we do begin
To lead our lives in righteousness for fear we die in sin,

but goes on with puritanical unction:

To die in sin is dreadful, to go where sinners mourn,
'Twould have been better for our souls if we had n'er been born.

Then crops up the older form:

Good morning, lords and ladies, it is the first of May,
I hope you'll view our garland, for it looks so very gay.
The cuckoo sings in April, the cuckoo sings in May,
The cuckoo sings in June, in July it flies away,

concluding with a Puritan patch piece :

Now take a Bible in your hand and read a chapter through,
And when the day of judgement comes the Lord will think of you.

In Penzance the custom was for young men and maidens to assemble at midnight and then perambulate the farmhouses for four or five miles round, receiving junket, cream and 'heavy-cake.' As it grew light some 'gathered in the may' while others made the 'May-music.' The latter was done by cutting a circle through the bark at a suitable distance above the end of the branch. By tapping and coaxing, the tube of bark was then slipped off and a hole cut towards one end, thus turning it into a whistle. Then at about 5 a.m. or 6 a.m. the whole band started to bring home the may to the accompaniment of much 'May-music.' After dancing round the town the revellers returned to their respective employments. Here, it is obvious, the primitive form had been retained almost unchanged.

At Padstow and other places a great feature of Mayday revels was a hobby horse, that is, a man with a framework intended to represent a horse. Its grotesque appearance and its prancings and caracolings were the delight of all, while its attendants fired pistols, happily charged with powder only, in all directions.

In many parts up to within living memory children would go about dressed in white and decked with flowers, singing a May ditty and carrying a garland and hoping for small money presents from all those they met. Sometimes they carried a doll which was known as the May Lady.

A part of all true mayings was 'gathering the May-dew,' for May-dew, especially that of Mayday, had a wonderful reputation as a cosmetic and for preserving perpetual youth. Thus Pepys noted in his *Diary* one May eve: 'My wife away to Woolwich in order to a little ayre, and to lie there tonight and so gather May-dew tomorrow morning which Mrs. Turner hath taught her is the only thing in the world to wash her face with'; and the *Morning Post*, more than a century later (May 2, 1791), records that the day before, according to annual superstitious custom, a number of persons went into the fields and bathed their faces with the dew in the grass under the idea that it would render them beautiful. The innuendo that they were not beautiful already was hardly worthy of the *Morning Post*!

An Edinburgh writer in 1827 describes the custom of 'gathering the May-dew' as followed in the metropolis of Scotland. About 4 in the morning, he tells us, there was an unusual stir, a great opening of gates, ringing of bells and gathering of folks of all sorts on Arthur's Seat, so that in half an hour the whole hill was a moving mass with bakers and other craftsmen in kilts dancing round a maypole. The scene was picturesque

enough, save that some, alas! gathered 'Mountain dew' from itinerant vendors rather than May-dew from the grass, and soon their prostrate bodies strewed the path. At 6 a.m. came the gentry, 'toiling and pechin' up the path, and the servants and craftsmen got them home to their duties.' By 9 a.m. all was over, the place deserted, and only the drunkards left to stagger home.

Two very different sets of people eventually came to have special celebrations of their own on Mayday—the milkmaids and the sweeps. The milkmaids used to fill their pails with garlands and dance carrying them. Thus the observant Mr. Pepys set down in his *Diary* for Mayday, 1667, that as he was going to Westminster he saw a number of them thus dancing, a fiddle playing, and pretty Nel Gwyn in her smock sleeves and bodice watching them from the door of her lodgings in Drury Lane. In the eighteenth century sometimes a milkmaid, gaily dressed, would lead a garlanded cow; at other times there was a milkmaids' pageant, which consisted of musicians with drums, tabors or fiddles, followed by milkmaids in their best adorned with flowers, who, in their turn, preceded the 'garland,' carried by two men on a 'horse' or stretcher. More milkmaids, the staid ones, brought up the rear. The 'garland' of the milkmaids was no ordinary one, but consisted of a high pyramidal frame covered with damask, each side being decked with silver-plate and ribbons and flowers. This plate had replaced the show of milkmaids' humble utensils in earlier days, and being of considerable value was usually hired from recognised vendors. The pageant stopped before the respective customers' houses, and dancing took place, rewarded, no doubt, by gifts of money on the part of the customers. 'Ah, those were the days,' as a sententious contemporary remarked.

The Sweeps' Mayday is in the memory of many now living, and indeed is yet observed in certain places. The blackened faces, fantastic dresses, and above all the characteristic 'Jack-in-the-green,' made the little procession notable. A 'Jack-in-the-green,' or bush-carrier, was a man enclosed in a wooden framework in the shape of a cone, which was covered with leaves and branches and topped with a crown formed by tying two hoops together at right angles and covering them with flowers. Every little while the procession halted, when the rest of the sweeps solemnly danced round the 'Jack,' while one of the band played on a tin whistle, sometimes supplemented by a fiddle. The Oxford 'Sweeps' Procession,' still existing, or existing until quite recently, included also a lord carrying a frying pan, a lady with a ladle (both occupied in collecting gifts), a fool with a bladder, and a man with a shovel and poker—out of which the 'music' (save

the mark !) was produced. An odd rhyme is sometimes sung in these processions :

The first of May is Garland day,
And chimney sweepers' dancing day.
Curl your locks as I do mine,
One before and one behind.

The study of these ancient Mayday customs and ideas (of which this paper can be but a fragmentary bird's-eye view) has something more behind it than mere archæological interest. The spirit of to-day, though proclaiming itself loudly as progressive and even revolutionary, has yet a curious undercurrent within it leading it to hark back to the old ways of the old days. In every direction it is trying to recapture and embody in its progression all that was best and most full of meaning in those distant times of Chaucer, Spenser, and Elizabeth, when life was less complex, less congested ; when man could live more spaciouly and nearer to Nature, when England was beautiful in her woodlands and her countryside as a whole, instead of, as to-day, in mere patches between vast areas of mean dwellings and paved streets. This tendency to blend the old and the new is seen in our latest houses, designed of an old-time aspect, but 'replete with every modern convenience'; in the rescue of ancient country dances from oblivion, by much painstaking effort, that they may be taught in our most modern schools ; in the unearthing, after eager and diligent search, of songs and music from mediæval MSS. that they may grace the most musically advanced London concert.

So with these Mayday customs. In the effort to bring home some idea of the beauty of Nature, some realisation of the beneficence of the spirit of the trees and the true inwardness of the flowers, to the children of a land that man is daily pushing further and further from the Creator's first conception of earth as a garden, it is suggested that Mayday revivals may yet play a happy and not unimportant part. Hence up and down the country such revivals are being fostered, and, if the leading of them be judicious and spontaneity can be evoked, our boys and girls, even of the city, may learn of such simple joys as Chaucer found in the daisies, and of which he wrote :

To them have I so great affection,
As I said erst, when comen is the May,
That in my bed there daweth me no day
That I nam up and walking in the mead
To see this flow'r against the sunne spread,
When it upriseth early by the morrow ;
That blissful sight softeneth all my sorrow ;
So glad am I when that I have presénce
Of it, to doen it all reverence.

G. CLARKE NUTTALL.

RUGBY FOOTBALL TO-DAY

THE recent visit of a team from New Zealand, together with their excellent record, served to bring the game of Rugby more to the notice of the public than ever. This is, on the whole, a good thing for Rugby football, though there are many and serious dangers attendant upon too large a public support of a purely amateur game. But it hardly needed a visit from the All Blacks to make the game widely known. Since 1919-20, the popularity of the game has increased by leaps and bounds, and it is no exaggeration to say that there must be at least four times the number of clubs playing regularly nowadays that there were in 1913-14. The spectators, of course, have increased in numbers too, but far more important than this is the number of healthy young fellows who regularly indulge in this splendid winter game. Watching matches up and down the country as I do, I often still see, with much regret, huge numbers of young men looking on instead of playing. There comes a time—too soon, alas !—when we are unable to play this vigorous and exacting game, but until that time comes we should do our very best to get into a club where we can be sure of a match in one of the many sides that clubs of to-day run. With the increase in the number of Old Boys' clubs there will be greater facilities for young fellows who are really keen on using their youth 'youthfully,' and not as men past the 'Rugger' age. This question is closely allied with that of grounds, the lack of which is a great hindrance to the further development of existing clubs and the creation of new ones. The influential committee formed recently may do some good in this direction.

When the '1905' All Blacks came here the game was not nearly so widespread in its appeal as it was when C. G. Porter and his team arrived in September last. I had the good fortune to play my first game for England against the New Zealanders in that memorable match at the Crystal Palace in 1905, so that I have been more than usually interested in 'thinking back' to twenty years ago when watching our recent visitors, and pondering over what has happened in the meanwhile. It will be remembered by keen followers of the game that when David Gallaher's team came here English football, except in the West

Country, was undoubtedly at a low ebb. We had one of those lean times that all countries have in their turn, a time when high-class players are notably lacking. This was aggravated by the fact that the Rugby public in England was somewhat apathetic, and in this respect, at all events, the visitors did us a lot of good. We needed stirring up, and the overwhelming defeats sustained by our clubs and our international team had the desired effect of making us look into things a little. The fact that England did not win the International Championship between 1892 and 1910 illustrates my point.

Round about the time in question the Championship honours used to go, as a rule, to Wales or Scotland, with Ireland sharing them in 1906. It was the heyday of Welsh football. E. T. Morgan, Gwyn Nicholls, R. T. Gabe, and W. M. Llewellyn formed a line of three-quarters that has not been matched in Wales or surpassed in any other country, whilst they were fed by R. M. Owen—an inside half without an equal, in my opinion, purely as a 'feeder.' This side it was that inflicted the only defeat upon New Zealand. I wonder how many times E. T. Morgan, now in practice at Swansea, had to show people last season just how his famous try was scored! Whenever I saw him he seemed to be trying to avoid folk who wished to know exactly what happened. Both Scotland and Ireland had magnificent sides as well. K. G. and L. M. McLeod, 'Pat' Munro, E. D. Simson, Louis Greig, D. R. Bedell Sivright, W. P. Scott, J. C. McCallum, Basil Maclear, H. Thrift, C. E. Allen, Arthur Tedford, George Hamlet—these were just some of the stalwarts of those days; and that the New Zealanders crossed their line three times more than did either Ireland or Scotland is ample testimony to the fact that R. G. Deans, G. W. Smith, W. J. Wallace, J. Hunter, W. J. Stead, C. Seeling, D. Gallaher, and F. Roberts were members of one of the greatest sides of all time, even though they lost a match, which their successors did not do. Amongst other things that we learned from the 1905 visit were the value of fine physique, an increased knowledge of tactics (in a good sense), the importance of straight running, and the great assistance any visiting side has from the combination which the men are bound to develop by playing together and living together.

Things were different when the New Zealand team landed last year. England had been concerned in the Championship honours four times in the past five years, winning them outright three times out of the four. In addition, England had won the Championship in both seasons that immediately preceded the Great War. A. D. Stoop, John Birkett, Ronald Poulton, W. R. Johnson, F. E. Chapman, R. Dibble, Charles Pillman, C. N. Lowe, J. A. King, E. R. Mobbs, and W. J. A. Davies were some of the

players who took a leading part in this great change. The game was improved considerably by the careful attention given to offensive tactics by A. D. Stoop and his Harlequins. There is no doubt that the game had got rather stodgy in this country: it needed brightening, and the skilful use of pace and passing, together with a policy of 'attack whenever possible,' supplied this brightening. The first tangible result of this change of policy was seen when the Twickenham ground was opened in January 1910 with the match against Wales. England had not won this match since 1898, though the 1904 game at Leicester had been drawn. In the opening match at Twickenham England won, and restarted a winning sequence which has been unbroken as far as home matches are concerned. It was my good fortune to play in this memorable match too, partnering Stoop at half. Our defence was very shaky, but the prearranged policy of Stoop, captaining the side, enabled us to attack sufficiently to win by a small margin, though the whistle for 'no-side' came none too soon as far as we were concerned. This attacking policy was helped considerably by our putting it into practice right from the kick-off. Wales started the game. The ball reached Stoop, who, instead of kicking to touch, which was the orthodox thing to do, started a bout of passing from which we scored. England won the Championship that year, the first time since 1892.

After that, English football predominated for most of the time. Stoop was succeeded by W. J. A. Davies; C. N. Lowe came along; Ronald Poulton developed into one of the game's greatest geniuses; Charles Pillman became a most effective winger; and W. R. Johnston was as reliable a full-back as England has ever had. Welsh football continued to be good for a year or two, but with the withdrawal of the famous line referred to above the standard gradually deteriorated, though the continued presence of Owen and W. J. Trew among the backs tended to make mediocre players into moderately good ones. Things did not go too well with Scotland either. There were no really worthy successors to Munro, Simson, Greig, and the McLeods, which was not surprising, and for some time Scotland had to rely mainly upon her forwards, though in 1912 there came along one of the prettiest wings that Scotland ever had, viz., John Will. Ireland missed Maclear badly, but R. A. Lloyd's advent at outside half in 1910 served to give the backs a good player on whom to pivot. The mainstay of the Irish team, however, continued to be the forwards—the traditional strength of an Irish side.

Rugby paid a very heavy toll in the war, and many of the glorious players named above played their last game for their side in something more serious than Rugby football. Thus things were very much unsettled when the threads of the game were taken

hold of by the various clubs in 1919. The five years that had elapsed had meant the death or retirement of most of our great players of 1914, and new blood was badly needed. Fortunately for England, W. J. A. Davies was still fit and well, even though his delightful partner, F. E. Oakeley, one of the most effective and likeable inside halves I ever played against, had gone down with his ship. The question of finding a worthy partner to Davies was of urgent importance to English football, and I well remember early in the 1919-20 season talking over this matter with Engineer-Commander E. W. Roberts, R.N. I was rather pessimistic, for in that short time I had not seen an English inside half of any class at all. Roberts, however, cheered me up by speaking more than hopefully of a youngster he had seen at Portsmouth. The youngster was C. A. Kershaw, who got into the English side that very season and began a partnership with Davies that will form an important part of Rugby history. Kershaw's great qualities were his ability to give long and swift passes (a quality, though, that he was inclined to over-indulge), his magnificent dashes 'on his own' instead of feeding his partner, his defence, and his backing up of Davies, whilst his pace and weight made him as difficult to stop when on the run as a centre three-quarter.

Then what can one say of Davies that has not been said before? He ranks with Basil Maclear and Ronald Poulton as one of the greatest match winners of my time—that is going back to about 1900, the date at which I could take a critical interest in the game. No side that was not too far behind need despair if Davies was playing, and more than once since 1919 have England and the Navy won their matches solely through the individual brilliance of this great player. A wonderfully safe pair of hands, a superb faculty for drop-kicking and screw-kicking to touch, an uncanny instinct for spotting an opening through the defence that no other man on his side could see for certain, and great speed for a short distance were (and are still) just a few of his qualities. The memory of Davies fielding a bad pass, 'nosing' his opening, and going hard for the line with his head well back and with his long strides, is as abiding as that of one of his many glorious dropped goals.

The chief limitation in connection with Davies's play was that it was so individualistic in its nature that few, if any, three-quarters could show their very best form in playing with him. Centres must inevitably be perturbed in playing with an outside half who will leave them 'in the air' at any moment whilst he is winding his tortuous way through a defence in such a manner that it is well-nigh impossible for a three-quarter to follow in support. The result was that English three-quarter play tended to become, until latterly, individualistic too. The passing was not

well timed, and the machinery rarely seemed to run well. But England did have one three-quarter of the very highest class; in fact, I have stated on more than one occasion that I consider C. N. Lowe the best wing three-quarter I have ever seen play. Small, but superbly made, with a perfect poise (anybody who has seen him play can see him now, with that unusual lean forward—on his toes all the time), he was fast, resourceful, could kick, and had no superior as a tackler all the time he was playing. Lowe played in twenty-five consecutive games for England, and was first choice every time. This, for a man who was less than ten stone in weight and who never shirked the hardest tackle or the ugliest rush, is an amazing record. With him on one wing and Will on the other, Cambridge were indeed well blessed in 1911, 1912, and 1913.

With Davies, Kershaw, and Lowe as the nucleus of the backs, England has been fortunate in finding six or eight men of outstanding ability as forwards, and they have played so often together as to combine like clubmates. Foremost among these has been W. W. Wakefield, who first came into prominence in the Inter-Services Tournament for the King's Cup in 1918-19. But before Wakefield we had J. E. Greenwood, the old Cambridge captain, and L. G. Brown, the old Oxford captain, to link up the old with the new, which they did admirably. Wakefield, however, has been the most potent factor in the success of English forward play since 1919. Himself a great forward, very fast, full of dash, and skilful with his hands and feet, he is also a keen student of forward tactics, and there is little doubt that England has done so remarkably well in recent years largely because of the tactics of the forwards, alone or in combination with the backs. Never has a team brought this 'whole-team' combination to such a fine pitch as the English side since 1920, unless it be the New Zealand team that has just left us, and this was a different sort of combination, though this is too technical a subject to deal with here. Great though Wakefield is, he could never have done his work had he not had some superb forwards to help him. A. T. Voyce will go down as one of the game's greatest wing forwards, though many enthusiastic but ignorant folk have for long looked upon the fair-haired Gloucestrian as a man who 'lived' offside. I consider Tom Voyce at his best—in 1922-23, say—as a genius of the same class as Davies or Lowe. Then A. F. Blakiston was also a splendid player, so were G. S. Conway and H. L. Price, and R. Cove Smith and W. G. Luddington.

These men became brilliant in their work in the loose, carrying out Wakefield's ideas and their own, though both were probably derived from the superlative excellence of L. G. Brown's play in

the open. More than once has England scored after the ball has gone through ten pairs of hands, travelled half the length of the field, and from one side of it to the other. I can imagine no finer illustration of this point than the try that H. P. Jacob scored against Wales at Swansea last year. This movement began within inches of the Welsh line and near the corner flag. Jacob started it with a defensive kick (and a mighty bad one, too!). The ball nearly went into touch on the opposite side of the field before it came across again, the English forwards passing admirably, and the movement ended by Jacob coming up in support of these forwards to score between the posts. Only a side all of whose players looked upon themselves as an integral part of every movement could have brought about a score like this. This combination has been as noticeable on the defence as in the attack. What could be finer than the tackling, rush-stopping, and wheeling to the touch-line of the English forwards against Ireland at Twickenham and against Scotland at Murrayfield this season? In both these matches England were defending for four-fifths of the game, and yet in one case they drew and in the other only just lost.

This inter-combination of backs and forwards has made the game more complicated than it used to be. Up to about fifteen years ago the backs and forwards were looked upon as distinct parts of the team, roughly speaking; the backs did the open work, the forwards the close work. Nowadays you have forwards able to handle almost as surely and as cleanly as backs, and taking part in all, or nearly all, outside movements. I am not quite sure that all this has improved the game. At all events, it has brought great difficulties in its train. Foremost among these is the question of refereeing. The game has become so fast and so involved that it is rarely one sees nowadays a referee capable of handling an important game. Why is it that the retired player does not take up refereeing? This question is asked frequently. Certainly too few do; but, after all, to referee a modern game of Rugby, especially in an atmosphere of tension, is no easy task for a man whose Rugby fitness is a thing of the past. *Experto credite!* In its mental and physical strain it is a task for a young man, though there are a few older referees who can control adequately a fast game with the minimum of running about. An old player will generally not need to do the running about that a theoretical student of the game will, because he will know instinctively, in many cases, what is going to happen, and so can look ahead a move or two.

Then the prevalence of 'winging' is a perfect nuisance to the game. There is a rôle for the natural 'winger' to fill, and when it is filled by men like W. Spiers, Ivor Morgan, Charles Pillman,

A. T. Voyce, and H. L. Price, to confine myself to moderns only, the game is helped considerably. But these players have had so many imitators that the game is being seriously affected. These imitators have no instinct for this particular phase of the game, and their play consists all too often of an orgy of offside and obstruction, especially the latter. Many old players must feel as strongly as I do on this matter, for the 'wing' forward has so morally helped the game down the hill that I often wish 'winging' had never been born. The '1905' All Blacks are often credited with the introduction of this phase of the game. But it was here before they came, though their style of play intensified the practice, whilst the 'winging' done by the side that has just left us was of such a nature as to help the side very little intrinsically, and not at all morally. Strong referees do check this nuisance, but, as I have said, strong referees are rare, and even they seem averse from inflicting the severest penalty on the alleged 'winger,' who revels in these obstructionist tactics. Clubs must take a hand in eliminating this nuisance by discouraging the 'winger'—in other words, by dropping him.

The mention of obstruction, which is, I think, the worst offence in the game, reminds me of another phase—viz., the increase of ultra-vigorous play. The ordering off of a New Zealander in the match against England was a deplorable necessity, but the best referee we have had lately was perfectly justified in his action. Although the actual sending off of a player is fortunately rare, very many players have almost deserved the same punishment during the past season. There was at least one ugly incident in the England-Scotland match at Murrayfield that made most Englishmen blush. 'Tension is great; Rugby is a vigorous game.' Yes, we know all that, but a player who cannot restrain himself from abusing the vigour of healthy manhood, whatever the tension, should not figure in an international side, nor any side for that matter. One other grievance, and I have done with this aspect. In my opinion, the 'advantage rule' operates to the detriment of the game. Ethically it is quite sound: the transgressing of the rules, intentionally or otherwise, by one side should be used, if possible, to the advantage of their opponents. But in practice it works out badly, for often an appreciable length of time elapses between the transgression and the point of time at which it is proved that the other side can make no use of their opponents' error. During that time the game is in a state of almost suspended animation, which is decidedly unsatisfactory. The difficulty of getting the ball into the scrummage is another nuisance, but as the Rugby Union have recently appointed a sub-committee to go into this matter, it is more than likely that this difficulty will be removed. These are just a few dangers

and difficulties that are militating against the complete enjoyment of the game by spectators and players alike.

I do not belittle the splendid achievement of the New Zealand team that was here a few months ago in having two regrets in connection with their visit. One is that they were not here two or three seasons ago, when the English team was at its best. Then W. J. A. Davies, C. A. Kershaw, and C. N. Lowe were at their zenith, as were some of this season's players, who are now decidedly past it. Great though the historic match at Twickenham was on January 3, and wonderful though the rally was that our fellows put in during the last quarter of an hour, I think the English side of 1922-23 would have done better still—and, to be quite frank, I believe they would have won. But the losers were not without a lot of the honours. The other regret is that it was not possible for the New Zealanders to meet Scotland. It was ironical that the only country that our guests did not meet was the one that beat all the other countries. The New Zealanders made no secret of the fact that the hardest game they had was against Oxford University at Oxford, when the pace and skill of the backs, admirably led by the best centre playing this season, viz., G. P. S. Macpherson, were too much for them. Had the Oxford defence been even moderate instead of really poor, the Dark Blues might well have besmirched the New Zealanders' record. The Scottish international team had much the same backs, with a very much strengthened defence fore and aft. Though idle to speculate, it is interesting to do so, and I have a strong idea that Macpherson would have engineered a victory had he led the same team against New Zealand as he did against England at Murrayfield.

With very rare exceptions the New Zealanders met poor attacking sides, and the result was that their own defence was hardly ever tested severely. I saw it at odd times under heavy pressure, and I must say that it struck me as being decidedly shaky. The individual tackling was not particularly good, judging by the highest standard, whilst the team as a whole were inclined to get rattled when hard pressed. I am a great believer in the need of a strong defence, and I look upon hard tackling as one of the glories of the game. For this reason no team satisfies me fully unless it combines sterling tackling qualities with those of skill and pace in attack.

The brilliance of our visitors lay in their combined attack, when all the backs and one or two forwards seemed to be bunched up in support of each other in such a way as to beat almost any defence. There were always at least a couple of men handy to carry on a bout of passing at full speed when the man in possession was about to give the ball up. These efforts—and they figured in

every match played on a dry ground—were perfect, and Rugby football at its very best. A fact that has helped them in the developing of this short, sharp passing idea is that kicking to touch is not allowed under New Zealand Rugby Union rules—at least, only under certain conditions. Thus, with punting to touch out of the question, immediate passing on receiving the ball has become their order of the day. This is a lesson they have taught us, for our kicking is surely overdone. One does not wish the rules tampered with, least of all 'brought up-to-date'; but when watching some of the orgies of kicking, one has sometimes wished this rule were brought in here. Again, the direct running—that is, the straight run through the middle—of A. E. Cooke and H. W. Nicholls was altogether admirable. Never did you see them force their wings or centres to the touch-line. Short, sharp passing as a basis of combined attack, the elimination of kicking, straight running, and 'mass' attack were the things that impressed me most, and the play of Cooke, Nicholls, J. H. Parker, J. Mills, and J. Richardson I shall remember for many a long day.

Even this short article must not end without a slight tribute to the English selectors, and especially the chairman, James Baxter. The old Cheshire and England forward took on this work in 1919, and, except when a serious illness prevented his doing so for the greater part of the 1923-24 season, he has directed affairs on the Selection Committee ever since, to everyone's admiration. England's international record is ample reward for the efforts of the selectors. As colleagues Mr. Baxter has had Messrs. John Daniell, A. D. Stoop, B. C. Hartley, G. C. Robinson, E. W. Roberts, and R. V. Stanley at different times, the selectors for the past two years being Messrs. Baxter, Stoop, Daniell, Robinson, and Hartley, all famous old players. A well-merited compliment has been paid to Mr. Baxter by his fellow-members of the Rugby Union Committee in electing him senior Vice-President for the coming season, which means that he will be President of the Rugby Union in 1926-27, even though this means disturbing a practice that has prevailed for many seasons, viz., the appointment of Presidents by virtue of seniority only as members of the Committee.

The task of the selectors is going to be extremely difficult soon—next season probably—for the young players are not of the same standard as the old. At least half the present English side will be almost certain to drop out of international football owing to age or football staleness. Many of them would have been supplanted by youngsters during the past season, had men of the right calibre been found. But there were none to be found, and these comparative veterans have had one more season.

Everything points to our having a lean time whilst a process of team-building is going on. This will be all to our good. We have had the lion's share of honours and luck since 1919; it will do us a world of good now to have a period of adversity whilst the luck and the honours go elsewhere.

D. R. GENT.

VISITORS TO ENGLAND IN OLDEN DAYS

THE recorded impressions of visitors to our shores are generally interesting reading, and more especially when they refer to days long past when 'John Bull and his island' were indeed 'insular' in the fullest sense of the word. Many picturesque details belonging to English life in the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries reward the student of old travellers' tales, though the sidelights they throw on the national characteristics are not always flattering. In those periods, when commercial expansion was becoming a dominant feature in our politics, such slights and indignities as foreigners received appear to have been largely due to the fear that their influx would interfere with trade. The impressions, favourable and unfavourable, of their visits have been written down by many of them either as an inducement to their fellow-countrymen to cross the Channel or with the intention of telling them about manners and customs in England. Englishmen then paid little heed to the criticisms contained in the narratives of these travellers, nor did they modify their behaviour in consequence of them. It must be owned that when we glance through the reminiscences of these visitors—envoys, scholars, nobles and travellers—we often turn away from them with a feeling of boredom. There is a lack of thrilling incident, a wearisome repetition of the same criticism and an almost total absence of romance. The narrow circles in which each man moved limited and cramped his outlook. They came for a variety of reasons: the envoys on missions of peace or to propose a matrimonial alliance, the scholars to see their colleagues and the English seats of learning, and the travellers and adventurers for pleasure or by necessity, while many took refuge in England from religious or political persecution. And yet the difficulties and hardships they endured and the uncommon things they noticed deserve to be recorded, while the gradual progress of the country is abundantly made manifest by a perusal of these relations.

The most important early visitors were the ambassadors and envoys who brought messages of friendship. Their reports on England and English manners contain a few general remarks about the people, but are chiefly concerned with the Court, the King, or

the Queen. It is difficult to gather how they spent their days, for apart from receptions, feasting and sport, their visits were devoid of enlivening episodes. They nearly all mention the quantity and quality of the food set before them, the greed and meat-eating propensities of their hosts and the benevolent and courteous behaviour of the ruling classes. The secretary of the Duke of Wurtemberg (1592)—the Duke of Jamaine of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*—relates how his master was received by the Queen, and alludes with evident admiration to the stately and noble bearing of the lords and ladies, but he has hardly a good word to say for the common people, whose behaviour he condemns as proud and overbearing, and whose love of beer and bull-baiting in the Garden at Southwark and elsewhere he thinks barbarous. 'One dare not oppose them, else the streetboys and apprentices collect together in immense crowds and strike to the right and left unmercifully without regard to person.'

There is a general concurrence of opinion in this and other narratives that English women enjoyed a great deal of liberty and knew well how to use it. Fear of the consequences of bad behaviour may have produced a salutary effect on their conduct. A century later a French refugee named Misson, seeking a home in England after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685, describes the way of punishing scolding women as 'pleasant enough.' A woman was suspended in a chair over a pond or river and plunged into the water as often as her sentence directed 'in order to cool her immoderate heat.'

The cattle of England were described as beautiful and abundant. Horses were so highly valued that no one was allowed to export them without a licence, sheep were reared in great quantities, and cows were sleek and well grown. Shepherds, according to one writer, would not allow their sheep to drink anything but dew.

There are occasional references in the reminiscences to the peasantry, but they are few and far between; their huts were small and often hidden by the field produce which the farmer stacked high in front of his farm dwellings.

Along the river banks as well as on the sea-coast fishing was common. Two writers mention the method of catching fish from the rivers by means of cormorants trained for the purpose. Hans Warmsser von Vendenkeym, who accompanied Louis, Prince of Wurtemberg, to England in 1610, says he saw 'cormorants plunge into the water and catch eels and other fish and at a sign give them up and disgorge them alive, a thing very marvellous to behold.' The process is related in Willoughby's *Ornithology* (1678), and Mr. Rye in his *England as Seen by the Foreigner* (1865) makes various references to it. A leather thong was tied round the lower

part of the cormorant's neck to prevent him from swallowing the fish he caught. The birds were then thrown into the river, and diving under water, pursued the fish. On rising the keepers called them and made them deliver up their prey, a part of which was given them as a reward. This mode of fishing still obtains, it is said, in China. 'Fish ponds,' Rye says, 'and houses were made in 1618 for the cormorants within the Vine Garden at Westminster.'

The narrations of the envoys or their secretaries were, however, chiefly confined to the Court and to towns. In the former they and many other travellers, even as late as the eighteenth century, ran great risks from the mob, who could not bear the sight of a foreigner—a Frenchman in particular—with tranquillity. Don Pedro de Zuñiga, a Spanish Ambassador, had an unpleasant experience in July 1612. As he was riding in his carriage, with six mules, over Holborn Bridge, a fellow on horseback snatched his hat, which was adorned with a rich jewel, and rode away with it up the street as fast as he could, the mob laughing heartily at the rider's audacious conduct. Such being the temper of the populace, the thief escaped, and no more was heard of him.

Innumerable stories are told of street brawls. The Duke of Sully, deputed by Henry IV. to congratulate James on his accession to the crown of England in 1603, found himself in a very awkward predicament on the first night of his arrival in London. Some of his party got mixed up in one of these riots, a young officer of his suite killing an Englishman. The fight became so serious that the French were driven to take shelter in a neighbouring house. When the culprit had been identified nothing would satisfy the Duke short of delivering him up for immediate execution, but the Lord Mayor, who was familiar with the manners and ways of the London mob, was averse from acting so drastically, and after a very short time gave the young man his liberty. The action of Sully was so popular with the crowd that he became a universal favourite.

In other instances the spirit of comedy prevailed, as when Marshal Saxe (who paid a visit incognito to London in 1724) became embroiled in a dispute with a scavenger while strolling on foot through the town. 'He let the man come upon him, then seized him by the neck and made him fly up into the air, in such a direction that he fell into the middle of his cart, which was brimful of dirt,' the spectators greeting the Marshal with shouts of applause.

Readers of Boswell will readily recall the serious trouble in which Johnson's friend and teacher, Baretti, found himself, having stabbed a man in a drunken brawl in the Haymarket. Baretti was tried in October 1769 at the Old Bailey, and though

finally acquitted, cost his friends Burke, Garrick, Johnson and Goldsmith many anxious hours before the trial.

'Anything that looks like fighting,' says Misson—the French *émigré* already mentioned—is delicious to an Englishman. If two boys quarrel, the passers-by stop and make a ring round them in a moment and set them against one another that they may come to fisticuffs.' It was a common occurrence for two boxers or cudgel-players to go about the streets sounding a drum to attract spectators, and when a sufficient number had been gathered together the combatants would retire to Southwark or some other vacant ground and fight for the amusement of their patrons. This kind of entertainment fell into disuse in the reign of William III.

In early days travelling was not entirely limited to men. There were also adventurous spirits among women. One of our most extraordinary visitors of the sixteenth century was Princess Cecilia daughter of Gustavus Vasa of Sweden and sister of Eric, who was one of the many suitors for the hand of Elizabeth. Swedish writers say that Princess Cecilia was fairer than Venus; that her complexion was beautiful, her hair golden and her eyes dazzling. At the age of nineteen she fell in love with a Count of Friesland, who was twenty-one, but unfortunately her family was opposed to the marriage. The Count had come to Sweden in attendance on his brother, who was to marry Gustavus' eldest daughter, Catherine. During the wedding ceremonies he and the Princess were thrown together, and, disregarding all injunctions, roamed the neighbouring woods. Secret meetings took place by night in the castle of Wadstena, the Count climbing up to his lady's chamber by means of a ladder. Their stolen happiness did not last long, for the Princess's brothers, Eric and Magnus, having surprised their secret, laid a plot to capture the lovers, with the result that the Count was thrown into prison. The scandal caused by this episode had been so widely noised abroad by Eric that the old King was compelled, for the sake of appearances, to exercise the greatest severity, but we need not follow the Count's subsequent career. Through the intervention of German princes, he was at last set at liberty, and returned home, ending his life as a confirmed misogynist. Princess Cecilia, on the other hand, being very rich, soon found other suitors, among whom was the Russian emperor John the Terrible, but she finally gave her hand to the Margrave of Baden. Restless in spirit and dissatisfied with the dull conditions of her life at home, the Princess made up her mind to travel. Lured by the praises of England sung by her brother John, she made preparations for the journey, and after ten months' wandering to and fro arrived at Dover in September 1565, Queen Elizabeth having commanded Sir Henry

Crispes, Lord Cobham and others to attend on her. A few days later she and her husband reached London and took up their residence in Bedford House. The Margrave, with the help of his wayward and eccentric wife, lived a life of gaiety, and quickly contracted innumerable debts. When his credit was nearing its end, he decided to leave the country, trusting to his high position to enable him to evade his creditors, but, to his surprise and chagrin, he was arrested, by order of the Mayor of Rochester, on his way to Dover. History does not record how much he owed nor how long he was kept in a debtors' prison. Through the intercession of the Princess Cecilia, the Queen seems to have come to his aid, and being released after a short delay, he reached home without further molestation. The Cecil MSS. contain many particulars of this extravagant and improvident lady and her companions, who loved good living. She pledged her dowry; petitions were even presented by butchers and poulterers praying to be paid for goods supplied to her household (*Calendars of State Papers*); her chamberlain was detained for a petty debt of ten shillings, and her gentlewomen sought the help of money-lenders to enable them to purchase the bare necessities of life. After getting deeper and deeper into debt and having recourse to underhand ways of raising loans, the Princess left England after a sojourn, it seems, of less than twelve months, and ended her rambling and disorderly life in Germany, in the utmost poverty, at the age of eighty-seven (1627).

Even more unfortunate than the Princess Cecilia in his relations with creditors in England was the Italian Da Ponte, who wrote the librettos of *Figaro* and *Don Juan* for Mozart. He had already led a chequered life in Venice, Dresden and elsewhere, but on his arrival in London in 1792, whither he had come for peace and quiet, one misfortune after another befell him. No sooner was he settled in his lodgings than he was arrested for debt through his own stupidity and ignorance in signing some bills for an English theatrical friend, a Mr. Taylor, the proprietor of the King's Theatre (1793), where Italian opera was given. Da Ponte tells the story himself. Between six and seven on a morning in March, while lying peacefully in bed, the door of his room suddenly opened. A man entered, and without a word of explanation approached the bed and commanded Da Ponte to get up, dress himself and accompany him. Da Ponte, seizing his pistol, with an oath ordered the man to leave the room. When he had made his toilet a warrant for non-payment of a debt due by Taylor was read to him, and he was led away to prison. There, for the first time in his life, he found himself forced to occupy a room with other unfortunates behind prison bars. Taylor, far from coming to his aid, was deaf to every appeal. Sureties were found, however, and poor Da Ponte was set free. But he was no sooner released

than another summons was presented to him, and a third on reaching his lodgings. In the following three months the law pursued him so maliciously that he did not dare to show his face in public except on Sundays, when it could not harm him. Taylor, much troubled by Da Ponte's demands for justice, tried to arrange for his expulsion from London, but, to the honour of the higher officials of that day, the order was cancelled on their hearing from Da Ponte the true details of his circumstances. Taylor himself ended his days in prison.

While visitors were occasionally involved in trouble owing to extravagance and recklessness, others came to grief by mingling politics and romance. The best illustration of this is the visit of Louise Renée de Keroualle, who crossed the Channel at the command of Louis of France to further his schemes. Louise had already been to England in the suite of Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, when brother and sister met in conference at Dover, and had been introduced to Charles, whose susceptibilities were so greatly stirred that he prolonged the meeting to enjoy her company the longer. Shortly after, when relations between the English and French Courts grew strained, Louis bethought him of the bewitching Louise, and in 1670 sent her across expressly to captivate and win Charles over to his side. She set forth accordingly, and at Dieppe the King's yacht was in waiting to bring her over with a retinue of servants and pages. The story of her attitude of aloofness towards Charles (whether due to coquetry or no, historians have not decided), of the intrigues of her rivals, and of the King's passion, is long. Her behaviour puzzled and perturbed the French king and his ambassador lest her mission should prove a failure, but it had the effect of fascinating Charles and keeping him a fervent suitor. She repudiated every suggestion that did not involve a marriage ceremony—which did in fact finally take place. It is recorded that the King married her by virtue of his royal prerogative in Lord Arlington's house at Newmarket. Louise's influence, however, at last began to wane about 1675, when Nell Gwynne's gay laughter and ready wit made triumphant inroads on the King's affections. Madame de Sévigné tells us that Louise had not the power to detach the young actress from Charles for an instant. Little by little prejudice grew up against the French woman who had come in the interests of her own king, and who was filling her pockets with English gold. Her religion also made her disliked, and in 1680, during the Titus Oates conspiracy and the so-called 'Prentices' plot, she received warnings of her unpopularity which she could not ignore. When Charles died in 1685 she was forced to flee to the house of the French Ambassador prior to leaving England. Her reign was ended, and she returned to her native country,

having paid a unique and profitable visit. She had been created Duchess of Portsmouth, she had amassed a fortune, she had gained the favour of the English monarch, and her son had been ennobled as Duke of Richmond.

Absolutely dissimilar in all respects and with a very different purpose were the visits of the scholars. From Louise de Keroualle we learn nothing except of her activities at court and of her life of pleasure and luxury. The case of the learned men was different. They were anxious to make the acquaintance of those of their own calling; they wished to discuss questions which perplexed them. Erasmus (1497), one of the most notable of these, made Oxford and Cambridge his headquarters, though the presence of Sir T. More and others in London also kept him chained in the metropolis for long periods. He ingratiated himself with the dons at Oxford and Cambridge, and entered into their discussions with pleasure. When these became too animated he would change the conversation by telling a story. Country houses opened their doors to him, and his hosts even provided him with horses to ride. He had a good seat and rode well to hounds. The beauty of English girls, in particular, attracted him so much that he held out their attractions as an inducement to his French friends to come over and behold these phenomena for themselves. Everyone was kind and hospitable, and he was fêted wherever he went. The only untoward incident which marred his visit, and which might have turned an inferior personality into an enemy, occurred when embarking at Dover on his return journey. There the customs house officials deprived him of his money, for the law forbade anyone to export specie, and Erasmus was sent on penniless to Paris. The reason of his departure, which was sudden, the historians say, is a mystery; but there is no mystery without a woman. Is it possible that this great man fled the country for fear of being entrapped by some fair English lady?

Casaubon, driven to find a refuge from the theological storms then raging on the Continent, followed close on Erasmus. Braving the winds and waves of the Channel, he sailed into Dover harbour after a perilous voyage in 1610. Invited and welcomed by archbishops and bishops, it was not long before he found favour with the King, who treated him with singular kindness. Petted by his royal patron, he became absorbed and surrounded by the Court and Court officials to such an extent that Mark Patterson tells us that 'learning ceased to occupy his mind.' The King loved to talk to the scholar, and the theologians in Oxford and elsewhere were delighted to discuss points of doctrine and exegesis with him. So, flattered and beloved by his friends, Casaubon forgot at times that he was only the guest of a small and privileged circle, but he very soon found out his mistake. The wits of 'The Mermaid,'

that famous tavern, the resort of Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, 'were jealous of the foreign pensioner, and the 'prentices thought it meritorious to "'eave 'alf a brick"' at the Frenchman. His windows were more than once broken by stones. The streets were not safe for him to walk in, and his children were beaten by roughs.' On one occasion he even received a black eye on his way to obey the King's summons. His house also was burgled. Knowing no English, Casaubon and his wife were severely handicapped; they found it exceedingly difficult to accommodate themselves to English ways and to English servants, and even to learn the value of the coinage. The tradesmen imposed on them. His diary is full of complaints and expressions of distress. In short, his everyday life was full of petty annoyances which soured his spirit, added to which the English weather depressed him.

Giordano Bruno (1583), the Italian philosopher, makes the same complaints when writing: 'The British were as many wolves and bears who put on the malevolent look of a pig when you take away his trough.' For days he shut himself up in his house and did not venture to be seen in public.

We must not omit two eighteenth century travellers from this sketch: Carl Phillipp Moritz, a German clergyman (1782), and Kalm, a Swedish scientist (1748). Moritz was an ordinary tourist desirous of seeing English life for himself. Rather more adventurous than most of those who preceded him, he set out, after seeing London, on a walking tour through England, but the people, unaccustomed to foreigners tramping along the roads and village lanes, looked on the wandering, badly dressed German with suspicion; they were rude and rough; they turned him away from their doors, and often refused him a bed and even bread to eat. He tells us himself that 'a traveller on foot seems to be considered as a sort of wild man or an out-of-the-way being who is stoned at, pitied and suspected and shunned by everyone who meets him.' At Eton, worn out by a long march, Moritz was only offered a bedroom that 'resembled a prison for malefactors,' and on requesting a better room the innkeeper told him that he had no intention of lodging him, as he had no room for such guests. Discouraged and dismayed by continual ill-treatment, he abandoned his walking tour and returned to London by coach.

Kalm, a Swedish professor and member of the Swedish Academy, interested in agriculture, natural history and botany, was a man of a different type. He was granted permission in 1747 to leave his duties and was given a licence to travel abroad 'on the errands' of the Academy of Sciences. His book about England deals chiefly with the natural phenomena, the plant and animal life, he observed. Among the many things which attracted

his attention, perhaps the most unusual to us nowadays were the seagulls kept to clear the gardens of earthworms, caterpillars, frogs and snails. 'These birds were so tame,' he says, 'that even if they were at the farthest end of the garden they would come in response to a call and diligently follow the gardeners when they were digging.'

The usual method of travelling in England was on horseback. Coaches were very expensive. Those who were desirous of seeing the entire kingdom hired interpreters, of whom there were many, but they were not always satisfactory, and complaints were often lodged against them.

In spite of these and many other drawbacks, it is remarkable to note that Baretti, the Italian, who had had his full share of annoyances, could still sum up the English people of the eighteenth century by saying that 'there are no better people in the world than true Englishmen, and no one can deny the merit of sincerity to glorious England, mother of a valorous race and of learned, magnanimous and good men.' 'I can declare,' he says, 'that a grateful memory of your honoured sons will remain with me for ever, of men who have helped me in my affairs, encouraged me in my difficulties, comforted me in my disasters and enlightened me with their wisdom while walking through the gloomy roads of ignorance.'

C. HAGBERG WRIGHT.

THE PRESENT STATE OF THE DRAMA

THE most pressing need of the drama to-day is a sound basis of criticism. It is the function of the critic not only to instruct and educate the playgoer, to point out excellences and assist the growth of good taste, but also, and more important still, to give help and counsel to the playwright. But in order to perform these duties with success the critic must have criteria; he must be familiar with the fundamental laws of art and be able not only to say that a certain thing is good or bad, but to give his reasons for saying so. Moreover, since these laws are stable and immutable, they will, when once arrived at, prevent all real disagreement among critics.

It would seem, therefore, from a consideration of the criticism of to-day, that these laws are not known; for while the judgments of our critics are often at variance with the verdicts of the general public, they disagree still more often and acutely among themselves. Take, for instance, the good old-fashioned melodrama, the play in which villainy is punished, beauty rescued from danger, and a series of heroic adventures is brought to a close by reconciliation and marriage. From such a play the critic turns wearily away, damning it with faint praise, or if it take him in a petulant mood, pouring drops of envenomed ink upon the acting of its leading lady. 'A bad play!' he yawns. But why bad? And if bad, why so popular?

Or, again, consider the play of the 'intellectual' type, full of problems and complexes. This, perhaps, our critic will praise; he will admire the subtlety of its dialogue, the intricacy of its situations. But from such a play the public, who, in the dramatic world, are the ultimate arbiters of immortality, will fly as from the plague, and no amount of explaining why they ought to like it will lure them to the box-office.

Last, there is the 'moral' play, the play whose aim is to hold up to the public eye a particular scandal, to remedy a particular abuse. This type of play both critic and public unite in condemning, though, beyond explaining that 'it is not the business of the theatre to preach,' they can give no satisfactory reasons for their dislike.

It may be objected that, as every individual is different from all others, it is impossible to lay down any universal principles with regard to criticism, but that this conclusion is unsound is shown by the fact that in certain cases, such as that of Shakespeare, agreement is reached, although the real reasons for this agreement are unknown.

And yet if we can approach the subject with an unprejudiced mind we may be able to arrive at a basis of criticism which will enable us to put all plays in their proper places, set out their goodness and their badness, and arrive at some idea of their degree of perfection.

The drama is an art which engages the attention of the whole range of a human being. Its appeal is first of all through the senses to the emotions. By beauty of scenery and dresses, by music, by the pain or pleasure caused by its situations, by the emotions of the characters themselves, the emotions of the audience are aroused and swayed. To some dramatists this is the only end in view, but in the truly great play it is but one, and in a certain sense the lowest, channel of appeal.

For beside the emotional nature there is what may be termed the volitional, including all that is generally called conscience or moral sense. The appeal to the will, which is made by every play without exception, and, indeed, by every other form of art, is one which is often ignored or overlooked. But that it exists and is a very strong factor in the total effect of the play is evident upon a moment's reflection. It is the appeal to the will which causes the villain to be hissed in suburban melodramas, and the same satisfaction is felt, though perhaps not expressed so crudely, by the occupants of West End stalls. Human nature being what it is, no play which is really contrary to the will or conscience of mankind can ever live. The demand for a happy ending is perfectly right and natural. It is the universal will of mankind finding expression. And a happy ending of some sort there must be to the perfect play.

The appeal to the will may be of two kinds: either positive, as by the exemplification in the play of right action, or negative, by the holding up of wrong action as an example. But to hold up wrong action as right, or to tamper with justice in a play by giving rewards to the evil-doer, will inevitably doom it, for the will of the audience cannot tolerate such perversion.

Next in order is the intellectual appeal. Every dramatic representation, from a Greek tragedy down to a modern revue, must have some intellectual content. The importance of sound thinking in a play is obvious. The audience, who are themselves capable of thought, become rightly impatient of a play the situations of which do not logically follow one from the other,

or in which the characters act unnaturally, or which, owing to the obviousness of its platitudes, is dull. All these faults and that comprehensive one which includes them all—'weak construction'—cause a play to fail in its intellectual appeal.

Thus it is obvious that the critic is right in condemning the melodrama because it makes little or no appeal to the intellect, while the despised 'general public' are also right in shunning a play which is intellectually brilliant, but does not 'stir' them. Both are right in condemning the 'moral' play in so far as it is neither beautiful nor true, because the will in itself is not so much a force as that which releases the emotional and intellectual forces in any required direction.

A good play, therefore, must have these three appeals: emotional, volitional and intellectual; and inasmuch as the emotions may be controlled by the will, while the will is, or can be, controlled by the intellect, we can formulate, from the point of view of art, a hierarchical order of the three appeals, putting the emotional lowest, the volitional next, and the intellectual highest.

Such a classification will probably not commend itself to critics in general, for two reasons. In the first place, the emotional drama is the only one which has been in modern times brought to anything like perfection, and secondly, because, since all the faculties act together, it is very difficult in practice to analyse the effects of each kind of appeal, and therefore much confusion results.

The ideal play will provide a perfect balance of the three appeals. In the first place, it will have beauty: beauty of scenery, of characters, of dresses, of language, of situations, perhaps of music. This is a requirement which many dramatists have tried to do without, and in so doing have failed. If a play opens with ugliness and squalor, it must be in order to enhance by contrast the beauty of its conclusion. No human being will willingly suffer that which is ugly to be brought before his consciousness unless it is in order to bring into being a greater beauty than was before. Grand Guignol plays and the like are definitely bad, and doomed to failure, because their appeal is to the perversion of this desire for beauty. The appeal of excitement is not necessarily bad, though it is a lower form of appeal than others, but when the emotions are stirred, not by beauty, but by horror and fear, the drama is being misused and degraded.

Next, the play must be good; that is to say, it must be what we call satisfying and wholesome. There are many misguided playwrights who, with the best intentions, are seeking to reform the world by holding up to its view the enormity of its crimes. They deliberately set forth in a series of the gloomiest situations the most painful theme they can think of, and, after sternly

harrowing the feelings of their audience for a space of three hours or so, bring down the curtain on a waste of dead hopes, blasted affections and ruined lives. And they imagine that they are helping to better the world, not realising that by laying stress on these dark aspects of life they are helping to strengthen them. The surest and quickest way to combat all such evils is to ignore them as far as possible while holding up to view their antitheses. War-plays such as *Tunnel Trench* are not in the least likely to put an end to war; rather, they will be more apt to prolong its existence. Those who have experienced war do not need to be reminded of it, while those who have not, if they were so foolish as to witness such plays, would be worse, and not better, for the experience.

The fact is that all such plays are aimed (whether consciously or not) at the will through fear, and fear is that which it is the whole purpose of life to eradicate.

Therefore a play, to be really good in the true sense, must not deal with the evil or negative side of life except in such a way as to show that all that which is apparently evil and ugly must ultimately contribute to goodness and beauty.

Lastly, the play must be true. It must contain no flaws which the reason can detect; and not only must it be true, but the truth in it must be made plain to the audience with such force that they cannot fail to see it. It must give us something to think about, it must explain life to us, and cause us to see some truth or aspect of truth which we had hitherto overlooked. There is no greater pleasure which the human mind can have than that of recognising truth, and the thrill of the pursuit and capture of one idea after another is one before which the excitement of melodrama is sheer *ennui*. Therefore it is by its presentation of truth that any particular play will ultimately stand or fall. And it must be noted that it is not sufficient for the dramatist merely to state a case, to propound a problem; he must give us some hint, at least, of a solution. To say in effect, as so many dramatists do, 'Look at these people, all acting apparently with the best intentions. See what a mess they've got themselves into. Can you see the way out? I'm sure I can't,' is to leave the work only half done. The object of presenting a play to the public is in order to say something which they have not yet heard; therefore the dramatist is, whether he admits it or not, the teacher of his audience and has a teacher's responsibilities.

In order to solve a dramatic problem it is not, of course, necessary to put the solution into the mouth of one of the characters and fire it off towards the end of the third act. In a play that is true to life in the fullest sense, the action itself will imply, more surely than any set speech, the way out. It is because so

many plays are not true, in that they deal with results without relating them to the thoughts or actions which are their causes, that the writers of them find so much difficulty in coming to a satisfactory conclusion.

When in any play the three qualities and the three modes of appeal which have been enumerated are perfectly balanced, there enters into it a fourth quality which is the essence of them all. It is difficult to describe, because it is not a quality which appeals to any one human faculty, but to the human being as a whole. No play whose appeal is unbalanced can have it, no mere melodrama, no purely intellectual piece. It is a quality which constitutes greatness. It cannot be described, only experienced, when in the witnessing of a play the whole being is swept away in the enthrallment of the action and the consciousness is lifted up to a plane above its normal one. There are few of such plays to-day.

We have omitted from consideration what may be termed the sub-human drama, that is to say, so-called plays or dramatic representations whose appeal is merely or mainly to the senses. These are, of course, a prostitution of the dramatic art and unworthy of serious criticism.

Having thus established a criterion, it may be of interest to consider particular plays of the day and see how far they approach to our ideal. One of the most modern of recent plays, in the sense of its being a reflection of the spirit of the age, is *The Vortex*, by Noel Coward. This is a cleverly written and sincere attempt to find out what is wrong with us. We are shown a group of people, more or less typical of a certain class of present-day society, bored, superficial, and living an artificial life of so-called pleasure. The mother neglects her husband and philanders with a young man; the son returns from Paris and announces his engagement to an exceedingly modern young woman who, it turns out, is an old flame of the mother's lover. In the second act the characters, by now almost extinct with boredom, are shown undergoing a house party. It transpires that the son is addicted to drug-taking. The modern young woman breaks off her engagement with the son and returns to her former lover, thereby causing him to quarrel with her previous fiancé's mother (the hostess of the house party), whose lover he had been. In the last scene we are shown the effects of the 'Vortex,' where, after mutual recrimination and heart-searching, mother and son agree to turn over a new leaf and start again.

The value of this play is in its sincerity. It is a faithful picture of a certain aspect of life, and so far it is true and logical. There is no juggling with values. The results of a frivolous attitude towards life are clearly brought out, and the devastating

effects of certain modern tendencies are fully faced. As far as the appeal to the will goes, the play is satisfying in that it shows the remedial effects of suffering and because it ends on a note of hope. Emotionally it moves in the lower reaches rather than the higher ones. None of its characters can fairly be called beautiful, though there is a glimpse of beauty at the end, when the collapse of their illusions brings mother and son to their true selves, and the strength and beauty of real love shines out amid all the hysteria, ugliness and littleness of their lives.

The main criticism that might be made of *The Vortex* is that the action ends just where it ought to begin. We know without being told that the world is out of joint, that modern life is a kind of vortex which will suck down the weak and the unwary, and, as Mr. Coward shows us, the first step towards avoiding such a fate is to face the facts and by holding fast to real and true things, such as family affection, take a strong line and work out one's own salvation. But this is not enough: we must be told not only what is wrong, but why it is wrong, and how it is to be put right.

To consider another play to which the same criticism might be applied: Mr. Bernard Shaw's *St. Joan*. Here we are shown a conflict between the 'individual revelations' of a country girl received through visions and voices, and the official revelations as embodied in the teachings of the Church. In this play the three appeals might be said to be fairly well balanced, and yet somehow the last act fails to attain the heights which we have been led to expect. And the reason is explained by Mr. Shaw himself in his introduction to the play:

Thus [he says] it cannot be too clearly understood that there were no villains in the tragedy of Joan's death. She was entirely innocent; but her excommunication was a genuine act of faith and piety; and her execution followed inevitably.

The fact is that Mr. Shaw leaves his play at a loose end. The epilogue, in which the various characters who have been instrumental in Joan's death come back to pay homage to her, and then, when she offers to come back, make excuses and implore her not to return, does not lift the action out of the realm of human aberration into the world of real values. Of the epilogue Mr. Shaw says:

Without it the play would be only a sensational tale of a girl who was burnt, leaving the spectators plunged in horror, despairing of humanity. The true tale of St. Joan is a tale with a glorious ending; and any play that did not make this clear would be an insult to her memory.

Granted that any tale of heroism, however blind and misguided, must be inspiring, the point is that the play, as it stands,

does leave us despairing of humanity. The fact that Joan's enemies canonised her after her death makes no difference at all, if, as Mr. Shaw implies, they would have burnt her again had she come back and, moreover, have acted quite rightly in doing so. We are left exactly where we were at the beginning. The tragedy lies in the fact that two persons or bodies of persons, both acting from the best motives, can so come into conflict that it is necessary for one to inflict grievous injury on the other. If this were an inevitable part of human life, as Mr. Shaw seems to think, we should indeed despair. The most masterly exposition in the first part of the play of the antagonism between the two points of view—of Joan, who knows because her voices tell her, and of the Church, which knows by experience the results of heresy and what we now call spiritualism—is so true and so basic that it needs more than a canonisation to solve it. Must these two points of view—of the individual and the institution—inevitably be in conflict? Is there no means of reconciling them? The last sentence of the play—'O God, who madest this beautiful earth, when will it be ready to receive Thy saints? How long, O Lord, how long?'—raises a question which Mr. Shaw leaves completely unanswered.

The secret is that, whereas the play purports to be a conflict between two right motives, it is really a conflict between the wrong actions resulting from two different kinds of ignorance: the ignorance of Joan, which did not permit her to reconcile her own judgment with that of the Church, and the ignorance of the priests, which caused them to impose their will on her rather than bring her to their own point of view by reason.

It is interesting to compare the modern tendency of the drama with the phases of Greek tragedy from Æschylus to Euripides. For the last fifty years or so plays have become steadily more intellectual. The romantic, emotional plays which held the audiences of a generation ago, such as *The Lyons Mail* and *Trilby*, are not dead, for they will always have an appeal, but in addition there has grown up a type of play the appeal of which is pre-eminently to the mind. Now the essence of drama is some kind of action, and this action may be due to the opposition of individual wills and points of view, or it may be the clash or interaction of abstract principles. In proportion as it is more abstract and universal, so the resulting drama will be more sublime. In the romantic play we get usually a drama resulting from the desires of particular individuals, and the conflict which arises when opposition is offered to their fulfilment. In the comedy of manners the same holds good, though the presentation is less emotional. In the sociological drama the action turns upon the reaction of the individual to some law or custom, but

in the highest kind of drama the real protagonists are universal and fundamental principles for which the actual characters are but vehicles.

In the development of Greek tragedy from Æschylus onwards we see a process which appears to be, from the point of view of time, exactly the reverse of that which is going on to-day. Æschylus deals with principles. His plays owe their sublimity to the fact that in them the gods, the eternal principles of all things, are shown taking part in the affairs of mankind. The human characters of Æschylus are not individuals, but types. With Sophocles we come nearer to the personal and particular. The plot of the *Antigone*, for instance, is the conflict of the conscience of the individual with what purports to be the law of the State, but is really the arbitrary ordinance of another individual. With Euripides we are in an atmosphere quite like that of the present day. The gods of his plays are little more than human beings; there is the same atmosphere of questioning, of scepticism, of the overthrowing of established beliefs, which has characterised the most serious plays of the last twenty years.

Just as the Greek drama arose from the Eleusinian mysteries and progressively lost its sublimity as the mysteries became debased, so we can imagine the modern drama, by a reversal of this process, attaining, when religion and true philosophy once more arise out of scepticism and unbelief, heights greater even than those of Æschylus.

We are now, as it were, at the first and lowest point in the development of the intellectual drama, using that term in the best sense as referring to the drama which includes all other appeals, but makes them subsidiary to the appeal to the mind. But man has, as it were, a lower and a higher mind: the lower mind which deals with concrete facts and particular instances and the higher mind which is concerned with abstract principles and ideas. As long as our playwrights remain in the region of the particular they will not rise to the heights of which the drama is capable. There are many indications that the trend of thought to-day is breaking away from the particular and the partitive and turning to those principles in which alone is to be found complete satisfaction and the solution of all problems.

The true function of the drama is not only to amuse and interest: it is to hold up a mirror to life, to explain it and make clear its meaning. Therefore the drama is concerned with cause as well as effect, and its purpose is to show the relation of the one to the other. Hence the so-called realistic drama, which merely gives a photographic picture of life from the outside, is the least real of any, for it is concerned exclusively with effects, giving no attention to their causes. This is why a period of actual life

reproduced on the stage would not make a play, and would not be, in the real sense, true to life.

It is because we have been so concerned with the outward and objective, without giving due attention to the inward and subjective, that the drama of to-day is at its present level. It is not enough to discover the immediate causes; the playwright must set out those that are basic and ultimate.

In the absolute sense there is no such thing as tragedy. Looked at from below, a certain set of events may arouse emotions of sadness and despair, while looked at from above, the same events will cause happiness and joy. Looking at life from the point of view of the body, we may see pain and misery, but looking at it from the point of view of the soul, we shall see only beauty. It is the business of the dramatist to take into consideration both these points of view and to reconcile them with each other.

The potentialities of the dramatic art have not yet been realised. Its appeal is so direct and so fundamental that it is greater than that of any other art. When the true drama comes to be written and acted, those who witness it will go away more perfect than when they came. It will not preach in the ordinary sense of the word, for there will be no need for it to do so. The moral order, at the improvement of which so many plays are aimed, is but a part of the general scheme. Standards of morality vary in different countries and at different times. There can be no absolute standard of morality in this sense, but there is an absolute goodness, truth, and beauty, and it is the expression of this, within the unities of time and place and action, that the real drama will attempt.

The underlying aim of all drama—comedy, tragedy, or satire—is the greater perfection of humanity, but at present many of our dramatists are defeating their own object. The way to improve a man is not to keep on insisting on the fact that he is a black-guard, which is in effect the message of most plays of the present day, but to present to him some ideal in such a way that he cannot fail to see its goodness. There is no need for a play to 'preach,' and, in any case, it is useless, for the people at whom its preaching is aimed will not come to see it, or if they do, will take its message as referring to someone else. But a play which is good and beautiful, which has, as all true plays must have in the ultimate sense, a happy ending, and which illuminates the mind, cannot fail to elevate and inspire those who see it. Plato was perfectly right when in his ideal state he would not allow his citizens to imitate, on the stage, evil characters or persons carried away by passion. Such representations are not justifiable in the absolute sense, for they tend to perpetuate the negative side of life, and, even when held up as examples, are more productive of evil than good.

The true play will work through love and not through fear; its action will move from goodness to greater goodness. Man is by nature imitative, and the beauty of that which he beholds inevitably tends to be reproduced in his own life. The dramatist therefore has a great responsibility, for he holds up the examples which will mould human life.

The working of the Cosmos itself, the succession of the seasons, the flux of the tides, the movements of suns and worlds in space, are one vast perpetual drama of which human life is or should be a reflection. In proportion as human drama ceases to concern itself with individual and particular events, and turns its attention to the eternal reasons of all things, of human life no less than of the life of Nature, so it will begin its true work. Then will arise a drama such as the world has not yet seen, a drama which is the natural and inevitable expression of the joy of living.

G. H. BONNER.

SOME WRITERS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

THE eighteenth century, tempestuous, turbulent, splendid, cruel, that began with the glory of a Marlborough, that gave us a Burke, a Chatham, and a William Pitt, and ended amidst the exploits of Wellington and Nelson, a century that witnessed the loss of our American Colonies, and saw us proceed on our career of greatness undisturbed, as though nothing had happened, possessed some indescribable virility which inspired thought and stimulated action. In literature a mere recital of its great names would cover pages of this Review. Pope, Addison, Defoe, Congreve, Fielding, Richardson, Sheridan, Swift, Johnson, and Gibbon, these were just a few of the intellectual giants that adorned it, while its closing years gave birth to Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, and Scott, whose greatest achievements were given to its successor. In this abounding versatility, this marvellous exhibition of genius, we feel lost and confused. A lifetime would hardly suffice to digest the feast of reason and the flow of soul that is offered to us. With so vast a mass of material the student can only explore a few of its endless ramifications. He can enjoy the perusal of some of the books from the title-page to the end; in the case of others he may taste of the Pierian spring as the limitations of time and opportunity permit. In truth we who live in the rush and whirl of the present day have not the leisure for either reading or writing that our ancestors enjoyed. Historians of the twentieth century dare not indulge in such space as Gibbon allowed himself in his *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. Richardson's *Clarissa* was issued in eight bulky volumes, with an interval of some months between the publication of the first and the second half. But the book was received with a burst of acclamation; and every word was perused with an intensity of interest in the most fashionable centres of town, and in the most distant and inaccessible country houses. The only complaint was that the romance came to an end. Men and women, young and old, would have gone on reading about the woes of *Clarissa* and the misdeeds of *Lovelace* for the term of their natural life. *Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis.*

If the eighteenth century may claim the proud distinction of originating the English novel, it must also accept the responsibility for the introduction of newspapers. Defoe incidentally remarks in his *Diary of the Plague in 1665* that in those days the people had no newspapers. We are almost tempted to say

O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint!

No boys to shout all the winners and the latest betting!

Who was the originator of the English novel? That honour is generally accorded to the brilliant contemporaries Richardson and Fielding. But I do not see why Defoe, their predecessor by some twenty years, should not receive the credit. True it was Richardson and Fielding who almost simultaneously discovered that the ordinary affairs of everyday life afforded rich material for absorbing narratives. On a foundation apparently so slender they built up their stories, delineated human nature in its good and bad aspects, designed plots and created characters. If Defoe did not proceed so far as these two arch-magicians in their great conception, if his books were lacking in plot, problem, or passion, yet his vivid imagination, and the simplicity and purity of his style, carry us with him wherever he chooses to take us. He portrays scenes and adventures, and throws over them all a wonderful appearance of reality. A voluminous writer from his youth upwards on historical, political, and social questions, it was not until he attained the age of fifty-eight that his prolific pen turned to fiction, and one volume after another appeared in rapid succession. His first venture, *Robinson Crusoe*, is immortal. One of the most dramatic incidents in romance is *Crusoe's* discovery of the footprint on the sand when he believed that he was the sole inhabitant of his island. Hardly less vivid is the dismay of the boy-thief known as Colonel Jacque when he finds that the money which he has stolen and hidden in the hollow trunk of a tree has been appropriated by someone else. Defoe, as he tells us himself, wrote many of his romances for the lower classes.

Most graphic and convincing is Defoe's *Journal of the Plague Year*, 'written by a Citizen who continued all the while in London.' We should most certainly gather that Defoe was giving us his own experiences; but he was only an infant in the terrible year 1665, and the book did not appear till 1722! But the air of verisimilitude is convincing. This is our author's gift. He can 'make lying appear like truth.' He talked of 'forging' his stories, and the phrase is apt. Dreadful though the subject be, the book is of enthralling interest.

In my walks [he tells us] I had many dismal scenes before my eyes, as particularly of persons falling dead in the streets, terrible shrieks and screechings of women, who in their agonies would throw open their chamber

windows and cry out in a dismal surprising manner. It is impossible to describe the variety of postures in which the passions of the poor people would express themselves. Passing through Tokenhouse Yard, in Lothbury, of a sudden a casement violently opened just over my head, and a woman gave three frightful screeches, and then cried, 'Oh, death, death, death!' in a most inimitable tone, which struck me with horror and a chillness in my very blood. There was nobody to be seen in the whole street, neither did any of the windows open, for people had no curiosity now in any case, nor could anybody help one another, so I went on to pass into Ball Alley.

He tells us of all the remedies and preventatives that were employed, the fires that were kept burning in the streets, the destruction of a prodigious multitude of mice and rats by poison; he records the prescriptions of the physicians, and gives us many religious and philosophic reflections. Just two more extracts, while I am tempted to reproduce a hundred passages:

The aspect of the city was frightful. The infection raged, and the people were now frightened and terrified to the last degree, so that, as I may say, they gave themselves up, and abandoned themselves to their despair. . . . This is to be said of people in London, that during the whole time of the pestilence the churches were never wholly shut up. Indeed nothing was more strange than to see with what courage the people went to the public service of God even at that time, when they were afraid to stir out of their own houses upon any other occasion; this, I mean, before the time of desperation which I have mentioned already.

So entirely authentic did this narrative appear that it was subsequently quoted by a leading physician as an authoritative document on the plague, while even the great Earl of Chatham was taken in by the *Memoirs of a Cavalier*, and recommended it as the best account of the Civil Wars!

If *Tom Jones* had appeared now the book would have been advertised with a sufficient number of stars, crosses, and dashes as 'The Novel of the Century.' This it undoubtedly was. It was Fielding's masterpiece. Byron styled Fielding 'the prose Homer of human nature.' Coleridge in his *Table Talk* classed the plot of *Tom Jones* with that of *Œdipus Tyrannus*, adding, 'How charming, how wholesome, Fielding always is!' Sir Walter Scott asserted that Fielding was pre-eminent in grave irony, a Cervantic species of pleasantry; and Thackeray considered that he was one of the manliest and kindest of human beings. Fielding tells us that his purpose was 'to recommend goodness and innocence.' He delineates ordinary humanity with absolute fidelity. He does not attempt to disguise blemishes. Some of the happenings that he narrates shock us; and the Bellaston episode seriously disturbed Colonel Newcome. Full of humour and subtle sarcasm, *Tom Jones* is the English novel of manners. Fielding has created Squire Western, Miss Bridget Allworthy, and Partridge the barber

schoolmaster, together with Square and Thwackum, whose lively theological disputations are delightfully refreshing. We may remember how in the *Vicar of Wakefield* the good vicar's wife asserts that her daughter Olivia is capable of argument with anyone inasmuch as she is thoroughly acquainted with the duologues of Square and Thwackum!

It may require some courage to dive into what Fielding calls his 'prodigious history' of *Tom Jones*. Its bulk is sufficient to terrify an explorer. But the author entices us irresistibly along with him. Tom Jones is the hero of the book. We are regaled with a long series of his adventures, some creditable to him, others by no means so. He sows his wild oats with a vengeance, but ultimately turns out an exemplary and worthy member of society. He was a foundling, brought up by Squire Allworthy. What was his parentage? That is the mystery of the book which the etiquette of reviewers does not permit me to reveal. The *dénouement* is certainly startling. I am, however, at liberty to say that Tom marries Sophia, the daughter of the immortal breezy, boisterous, hard-riding, hard-drinking Squire Western. On an early occasion Tom had saved Sophia's life from a runaway horse, and in doing so had sustained a broken arm. He was laid up in Western's house.

Squire Western was seldom out of the sick-room, unless when he was engaged either in the field or over his bottle. Nor did he ever lay aside that hulloo with which he entered into all companies, when he visited Jones, without any regard to the sick person's being at that time either awake or asleep. 'There, Tom,' he cried one day, 'I have had a battle for thee below stairs with thick Parson Thwackum. He hath been a-telling Allworthy before my face that the broken bone was a judgment upon thee. "D——n it," says I, "how can that be? Did he not come by it in defence of a young woman? A judgment, indeed! Zounds, if he never did anything worse, he will go to heaven before all the parsons in the country."'

At the end of the history, when everything is being settled satisfactorily between Tom and Sophia, Western bursts into the room, and with his hunting voice and phrase cries out:

'To her, boy, to her, go to her. That's it, little honeys, that's it! Well, what, is it all over? Hath she appointed the day, boy? What, shall it be to-morrow or next day? It shan't be put off a minute longer than next day, I am resolved.'

Truly a delightful Englishman is Western. Just one instance of Fielding's sarcastic touch. Captain Blifil had married Miss Bridget Allworthy for her money, and was calculating how soon Allworthy would die, and he and his wife would come in for his whole fortune.

But while the captain was one day busied in deep contemplation of this kind, one of the most unlucky as well as unseasonable accidents happened to him. The utmost malice of Fortune could, indeed, have contrived nothing so cruel, so *mal-à-propos*, so absolutely destructive to all his schemes. In short, not to keep the reader in long suspense, just at the very instant when his heart was exulting in meditations on the happiness which would accrue to him by Mr. Allworthy's death, he himself died of an apoplexy!

And to this unprincipled man the guileless Allworthy put up an epitaph crediting him with all the virtues! Fielding heads each of his chapters with a racy little heading: 'A very short chapter, in which, however, is a sun, a moon, a star, and an angel.' 'Worthy a very serious perusal.' 'A whimsical adventure which befel the squire, with the distressed situation of Sophia.' Lengthy this narrative may be, but it is extremely captivating and diverting.

History hitherto had been for the most part a dull chronicle of events, often singularly incorrect. But now a totally new system was to be adopted. David Hume, after writing a number of subtle and original treatises on philosophy and metaphysics, startled the world in the latter part of his literary career by branching out in an entirely new direction. I can imagine Hume saying to himself, 'Why should works on this splendid history of ours be so heavy and uninteresting? Let me try to make a record that is both trustworthy and readable.' This is what he did. If he does not quite possess the charm of Herodotus, he rivals Thucydides in his lucid description of events and in clarity of judgment. A new spirit was at work, a new atmosphere was created. Men lived in his book as they had lived in the historical plays of Shakespeare. Here is his brilliant summary of the character of Queen Elizabeth:

So dark a cloud overcast the evening of that day, which had shone out with a mighty lustre in the eyes of all Europe! There are few great personages in history who have been more exposed to the calumny of enemies and the adulation of friends than Queen Elizabeth, yet there is scarcely any whose reputation has been more certainly determined by the unanimous consent of posterity. The unusual length of her administration, the strong features of her character, were able to overcome all prejudices, and obliging her detractors to abate much of their invective, and her admirers somewhat of their panegyrics, have at last in spite of political factions, and what is more, of religious animosities, produced a uniform judgment with regard to her conduct. Her vigour, her constancy, her magnanimity, her penetration, vigilance and address are allowed to merit the highest praise and appear not to have been surpassed by any person that ever filled a throne.

Hume makes us feel proud of being English as we read his glowing words.

I have been greatly attracted by a predecessor of David Hume, who for a short time was engaged in ploughing the same furrow.

Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, the author of numerous volumes on politics and philosophy, gives us in a letter, 300 pages long, to the Earl of Oxford a vivid sketch of Charles II. and James II. and the reason for their religious bias. It was due, he tells us, to their banishment to Roman Catholic countries in their early and impressionable years.

The exile of the Royal family [he says], under Cromwell's usurpation, was the principal cause of all those misfortunes in which Britain has been involved, during more than half a century. The two brothers, Charles and James, became there infected with popery to such degree as their different characters admitted of. Charles had parts; and his good understanding served as an antidote to repel the poison. James, the simplest man of his time, drank off the whole chalice. The poison met, in his composition, with all the fear, all the credulity and all the obstinacy of temper proper to increase its virulence, and to strengthen its effect.

He makes some allowance for Charles, and proceeds:

James, drunk with superstitious and even enthusiastic zeal, ran head-long into his own ruin whilst he endeavoured to precipitate ours. . . . Even his good qualities worked against him; and his love of his country went halves with his bigotry. How he succeeded we have heard from our fathers. The revolution of 1688 saved the nation and ruined the king.

He goes on to describe the terrible misfortunes which would follow a restoration of the Stuarts in the person of the Chevalier. The directness and vigour of Bolingbroke's dramatic way of putting things are indeed refreshing.

It may seem ungracious to criticise the wonderful eighteenth century, but truth compels us to recognise a blemish. The exquisite taste which characterised the picturesque costumes of men and women, their courtly manners, their studied deportment and their wit, the beautiful furniture and refined equipment of their households, had strange limitations. With the airs and graces of the age there was intermingled a vein of coarseness and a want of taste in more than one sphere. Richardson's pathetic and delightful *Clarissa* is stained and smirched by the introduction of a degrading episode which was quite unnecessary to the story. Swift in his *Gulliver's Travels* revels in indecency; and Smollett's brilliant *Roderick Random* is naked and not ashamed. What would it be thought now if it were proposed to commemorate our gallant soldiers and sailors who fell in the Great War by erecting monuments representing Neptune and other heathen deities in the finest church of Christendom? If we are accustomed to the singularly inappropriate designs which might well cause the builders of Westminster Abbey to turn in their graves, our reflections are subdued by feelings of patriotism and pride in the dead. But the taste that could permit the intrusion of these excrescences must have been gravely vitiated. We glory in

Shakespeare, but there was little appreciation of this poet of all time in the eighteenth century. George III. is credited with the saying that a great deal of Shakespeare is sad bosh. But this criticism was mild in comparison with the prevailing ideas. The charming old Vicar of Wakefield regarded Shakespeare as pedantic and repellent, and not worth the trouble of reading. This is what was said by Lord Shaftesbury in his *Soliloquy, or Advice to an Author*, published in 1710. Shaftesbury is famous for his moral, metaphysical and critical philosophy, and for the loftiness and purity of his style :

Our old dramatic poet may witness for our good ear and manly relish. Notwithstanding his natural rudeness, his unpolished style, his antiquated phrase and wit, his want of method and coherence, and his deficiency in almost all the graces and ornaments of this kind of writings, yet by the justice of his moral, the aptness of many of his descriptions, and the plain and natural truth of several of his characters, he pleases his audience, and often gains their ear, without a single bribe from luxury or vice.

Concerning *Hamlet* he continues :

It has only one character or principal part. It contains no adoration or flattery to the sex ; no ranting at the gods ; no blustering heroines ; nor anything of the curious mixture of the fierce and tender which makes the hinge of modern tragedy, and nicely varies it between the points of love and honour.

A century earlier Milton had written :

Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warbles his native wood-notes wild.

Milton incurs no less drastic censure from the pen of Shaftesbury :

Paradise Lost has neither the softness of language nor the fashionable turn of wit, but merely solid thought ; . . . we may justly infer that it is not so much the public ear, as the ill hand and vicious manners of our poets which needs redress.

There were of course some gifted individuals, who had drunk deep of the Pierian spring, capable of appreciating Shakespeare and Milton. Addison wrote thus about Milton :

Whate'er his pen describes I more than see,
Whilst every verse arrayed in majesty,
Bold and sublime my whole attention draws
And seems above the critic's nicer laws.

Thomson and Cowper too express their admiration for the author of *Paradise Lost*. But 'the play pleased not the million, it was caviare to the general.' And not to the general only. Goldsmith's sweeping condemnation of all blank verse as 'disagreeable instance of poetry' suggests his view.

As an example of Shaftesbury's style I extract a short passage from his philosophical works :

Since all hopes of this are vain and idle if no Universal Mind presided ; since without such a supreme intelligence and providential care, the distracted universe must be condemned to suffer infinite calamities, 'tis here the generous mind labours to discover that healing cause by which the interest of the whole is securely established, the beauty of things, and the universal order happily sustained.

The admirable train of thought is expressed in dignified and pleasing language.

The art of letter-writing is extinct. We live in a perpetual cyclone, and there is no time for the elegant and entertaining correspondence that adorned the Georgian period. The modern tourist in Italy writes to a friend at home to say that she has had a 'ripping time' in Rome, and that the shops are 'top-hole.' How our ancestors had the leisure to compose the delightful letters that they have happily bequeathed to us is as mysterious as the riddle of the Sphinx. One of the most brilliant contributions to the literature of the eighteenth century is the collection of letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. This accomplished lady, the intimate friend of Pope until she treated with derision a half-concealed love-letter that he addressed to her, and so roused his ire, who had to weep over the sorrows of Clarissa, writes in the most fascinating way of places, people, books, in fact of almost everything. To Pope she wrote thus from Adrianople :

The princesses and great ladies pass their time at their looms, embroidering veils and robes, surrounded by their maids, who are always numerous, in the same manner as we find Andromache and Helen described. The description of the belt of Menelaus exactly resembles those that are now worn by the great men, fastened before with huge golden clasps, and embroidered round with rich work. The snowy veil that Helen threw over her face is still fashionable, and I never see half a dozen of old Pashas (as I do very often) with their reverend beards, sitting basking in the sun, but I recollect good King Priam and his counsellors. Their manner of dancing is certainly the same that Diana is sung to have danced on the banks of the Eurotas. The great lady still leads the dance, and is followed by a troop of young girls, who imitate her steps, and if she sings make up the chorus. The tunes are certainly gay and lively, yet with something in them wonderfully soft.

Thus to her daughter, the Countess of Bute :

It is a saying of Thucydides, ignorance is bold and knowledge reserved. Indeed it is impossible to be far advanced in it without being more humbled by a conviction of human ignorance than elated by learning. At the same time I recommend books, I neither exclude work nor drawing. I think it is as scandalous for a woman not to know how to use a needle, as for a man not to know how to use a sword.

We turn with a thrill of enjoyment from one of these fascinating

letters to another. If a title is needed for them one might be borrowed from Jane Austen, and the series headed *Sense and Sensibility*.

Lady Mary had scarcely a superior and not many equals. One of these was Thomas Gray, whom we remember chiefly for his *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*. His letters are full of life and vigour. Here is an extract from one written to his mother after a visit to the Grande Chartreuse :

This place St. Bruno chose to retire to, and upon its very top founded the aforesaid convent, which is the superior of the whole order. When we came there the two fathers who are commissioned to entertain strangers—for the rest must not speak one to another, nor to anyone else—received us very kindly, and set before us a repast of dried fish, eggs, butter and fruits, all excellent in their kind, and extremely neat. They pressed us to spend the night there, and to stay some days with them ; but this we could not do, so they led us about their house, which is, you must think, like a little city, for there are over a hundred fathers, besides three hundred servants, that make their clothes, grind their corn, press their wine, and do everything among themselves. The whole is quite orderly and simple ; nothing of finery ; but a wonderful decency and the strange situation more than supply the place of it. In the evening we descended by the same way, passing through many clouds that were then forming themselves on the mountain side.

Gray's descriptions of scenery are wonderfully graphic and poetical.

The mind of the century was nothing if not daring. Traditional barriers to thought were overleaped. Prejudice was overriden. Speculation untrammelled might rise to great heights, or at times to strange absurdities. Generally the atmosphere was pregnant with common-sense. At the dawn of this era harmless old women were being burnt alive on ridiculous and impossible charges of witchcraft. But freedom of thought asserted itself. Wesley might thunder from his pulpit that disbelief in witchcraft was nothing less than atheism ; but the good sense of the nation rebelled against authority ; and this disgrace to the community was wiped out. An arresting, if not commendable, instance of the flight of thought is afforded by Mandeville's *Fable of the Bees*, a metrical composition to which is appended a series of prose dialogues bearing the remarkable title *Private Vices Public Benefits*. This strange philosopher denies that it is the good qualities natural to man which are the foundations of society. No, it is exactly the opposite :

What we call evil in this world, moral as well as natural, is the grand principle that makes us sociable creatures, the solid basis, the life and support, of all trades and employments without exception ; there we must look for the true origin of all arts and science ; and the moment evil ceases the society must be spoiled, if not totally destroyed.

Fantastic as this sounds, Mandeville evidently meant it in no spirit of immorality. He gives a number of illustrations in support of his thesis. One of these is based on the drinking of gin and other forms of alcohol :

If we would see in a true light the many advantages, a large catalogue of solid blessings, that accrue from and are owing to the evil I treat of, we are to consider the rents that are received, the ground that is tilled, the tools that are made, the cattle that are employed, and above all the multitude of poor that are maintained by the variety of labour required in husbandry, in malting, in carriage, and distillation, before we can have that produce of malt which we call Low Wines, and is but the beginning from which the various spirits are afterwards to be made.

His arguments are prolonged. They are weird and fanciful, but certainly of interest. But for the vices of pride, emulation and vanity which induce people to make lavish purchases in order to cut a better figure than their neighbours, what would become of trade ? It is as possible, he observes, that there may be people devoid of such weaknesses as that cats, instead of killing rats and mice, should feed them, and nurse their young ones ! Mandeville's lucubrations are not all on these lines. Much of his writings, though always original, is sound and sensible ; and Adam Smith in his great work, *The Wealth of Nations*, is, it would seem, indebted to Mandeville for some of his leading ideas.

Who was Junius, the famous anonymous writer who in more than seventy letters from 1769 onwards, published in the *Public Advertiser*, assailed all the Government characters of the day ; who was familiarly acquainted with State secrets, private scandals and personal history ; who poured forth his invectives with unexampled brilliancy and boldness, and whose English has come to be regarded as a classic ? Macaulay tells us that it was Sir Philip Francis. I am reminded of the aphorism, ' I wish I were as cock-sure about anything as Tom Macaulay is about everything ! ' Junius, whoever he was, wrote to his publisher, ' I am the sole depositary of my secret, and it shall die with me.' The prophecy was fulfilled.

Not even the King was sacred. Junius addressed this letter to George III. :

Sir, It is the misfortune of your life, and originally the cause of every reproach and distress which has attended your Government that you should never have been acquainted with the language of truth until you heard it in the complaints of your people. It is not, however, too late to correct the error of your education. We are still inclined to make an indulgent allowance for the pernicious lessons you received in your youth.

The doctrine inculcated by our laws ' that the king can do no wrong ' is admitted without reluctance. We separate the amiable good-natured prince from the folly and treachery of his servants, and the private vices of the man from the vices of his Government. . . . We cannot long be deluded by nominal distinctions. The name of Stuart of itself is only

contemptible; armed with the sovereign authority, this principle is formidable. The prince who imitates their conduct should be warned by example; and while he plumes himself upon the security of his title to the Crown, should remember that, as it was acquired by one revolution, it may be lost by another.

How we should rejoice, even after the lapse of time, to identify this Man in the Iron Mask!

I have the most cordial sympathy with Byron launching his thunderbolt against his critics in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. The *Modern Critics of Eighteenth Century Poets* excite my indignation. If I were to accept their conclusions I should in most cases be put off from reading the books that they deal with. Here is an example:

His style is radically an affected and false one; and of what force it seems to possess, the greater part is the result not of any real principle of life within it, but of mere strutting and straining.

Obviously then the book should go to the scrap-heap. But who is the offender? It is Dr. Edward Young, the author of the *Night Thoughts on Life, Death and Immortality*. I for my part find in this beautiful poem exalted, nay sublime, thoughts. No one is called upon to read the book right through. Each of the nine books that comprise it (was Young thinking of the nine books of Sappho and her flower from each of the nine Muses?) is more or less independent of the others. There is no special scheme or continuity of design. But there are innumerable passages that appeal to the heart as well as to the intellect. I may select the following:

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!
How passing wonder He who made him such!
Who centred in one make such strong extremes!
From different natures marvellously mixt,
Connexion exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguished link in being's endless chain,
Midway from nothing to the Deity,
A beam ethereal, sullied and absorpt,
Though sullied and dishonoured, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute,
An heir of glory, and frail child of dust—
Helpless, immortal, insect, infinite,
A worm! a God!
Even silent night proclaims my soul immortal.

And this our critic terms 'strutting and straining.' I find it very eloquent, very real, and infinitely more convincing than Addison's cold lines:

It must be so,—Plato thou reasonest well—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?

It is comforting to find an admirer of the *Night Thoughts* in Wordsworth, who writes in his *Prelude*:

The Bard
Whose genius spangled o'er a gloomy theme
With fancies thick as his inspiring stars.

His fondest admirers would hardly claim that James Thomson was a great poet. Horace's 'Sublimi feriam sidera vertice' is not applicable. But there is much in his *Seasons* and his *Castle of Indolence* that we can read with real pleasure. Other poets have made a background of rural scenery for the characters of their theme. They have used it as a frame to their picture. But in the *Seasons* it is the beginning and the end. Thomson writes of life in the country, on the farm, the field and the copse; the blossoms of spring, the luxuriant foliage of June, the harvest and fruit of autumn, the snow and ice of winter. His people are just part of his subject, scarcely even a little better than his dog or something dearer than his horse. In an age in which artificiality was at times too obvious Thomson is absolutely simple and natural. His verse, unpolished, unelaborated, yet musical and charming, flows easily along on its unpremeditated way. Virgil in the *Georgics* gives us attractive little touches of farm life in his day. Thomson's entire poem is made up of such, and the whole atmosphere is essentially that of England, this dear, dear land. Who would have thought that Thomson was a Scotsman? Here are a few of his lines on a Summer Evening:

His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
Hies merry-hearted; and by turns relieves
The ruddy milkmaid of her brimming pail;
The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,
Unknowing what the joy-mixt anguish means,
Sincerely loves, by that best language shown
Of cordial glances and obliging deeds.

This is from a Winter Landscape:

The redbreast sacred to the household gods
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thicket leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half afraid he first
Against the window beats; then brisk alights
On the warm hearth; then, hopping on the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And picks and starts and wonders where he is:
Till, more familiar grown, the table crumbs
Attract his slender feet.

How many people remember that it was Thomson who wrote *Rule Britannia*? And how many know anything of the piece

beyond the familiar refrain? Yet these stirring verses are worthy to be had in remembrance:

The nations not so blest as thee
Must in their turns to tyrants fall,
Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreaded from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.

After all, Thomson did achieve greatness. The second of the two verses that I have quoted reminds us of the lament that Horace puts into the mouth of Hannibal:

Merses profundo: pulchrior evenit:
Luctere: multa prouet integrum
Cum laude victorem.

'Whatever you may do to the Roman race,' he groans, 'it only emerges from misfortune with greater strength, and crushes a foreign victor.'

I am told that people do not read Pope nowadays. If this is so, they miss a great intellectual treat. Never has poet been so criticised, so vilified, as Pope. I am content to follow Byron, who wrote:

Neither time, nor distance, nor age can ever diminish my veneration for him, who is the great moral poet of all times, of all feelings, of all stages of existence. His poetry is the book of life. Without canting, and yet without neglecting religion, he has assembled all that good and great man can gather together of moral wisdom clothed in consummate beauty.

It is generally supposed that the conventional form of his verse was inimical to thought. On the contrary, Pope expands from thought to thought in the style that suited his genius. He is an intense optimist. His philosophy may be summarised in the lines of Browning:

God's in his heaven, all's well with the world.

And it is all so musical. What did Lorenzo say to Jessica of

The man that hath no music in himself
Nor is not moved by concord of sweet sounds?

Who can fail to enjoy that lively conceit the *Rape of the Lock*, so playful, crisp and elegant?

'Restore the Lock!' she cries; and all around
'Restore the Lock!' the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caused his pain.

Whose heart is not thrilled by the tender pathos of Eloisa and Abelard?

Then ages hence when all my woes are o'er,
When this rebellious heart shall beat no more;
If ever chance two wandering lovers brings
To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,

Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,
'Oh may we never love as these have loved.'

Whose mind is not uplifted by the great thoughts in the *Essay on Man*?

Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,
Or in the natal or the mortal hour,
All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;
All Chance, Direction, which thou canst not see,
All Discord, Harmony, not understood;
All partial Evil, universal Good:
And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
One truth is clear, Whatever is is Right.

But there is another side to Pope's character; and undoubtedly by some his satires and epistles are held to be most typical of his poetry. His worst detractors could not deny their extraordinary cleverness; but while they contain beautiful lines, stirring passages and lofty sentiments, they are mainly composed of fierce invective and withering sarcasm. Pope felt a call to denounce vice, corruption, hypocrisy and incompetence in high places:

Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
Shall walk the world, in credit, to his grave.

Few prominent men or women of the day escaped his lash. His pen was dipped in vitriol. This from his flagellation of Attossa, as he calls the Duchess of Marlborough:

Full sixty years the world has been her trade,
The wisest fool much time has ever made.
From loveless youth to unrespected age,
No passion gratify'd except her rage.
Who breaks with her provokes revenge from Hell,
But he's a bolder man who dares be well.
Offend her, and she knows not to forgive;
Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live.

Pope does not spare Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, whom he designates as Sappho. He ridicules George II. as a mock Augustus.

Pope's versatility is astonishing. Surely it was a wonderful mind that could conceive his *Universal Prayer*, with its thirteen sonorous, inspired verses:

Father of All ! In every Age,
 In every clime, adored,
 By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,
 Jehovah, Jove, or Lord !

If I am right, thy grace impart,
 Still in the right to stay :
 If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
 To find that better way.

To thee, whose Temple is all Space,
 Whose Altar Earth, Sea, Skies,
 One Chorus let all Being raise,
 All Nature's incense rise !

So, reluctantly, I take my leave of the Eighteenth Century.

E. C. Cox.

Note.—The Editor of the *Nineteenth Century and After* kindly permitted me on a previous occasion to write about some of the great luminaries of the eighteenth century, hence their omission here.

A TURNING-POINT IN HISTORY

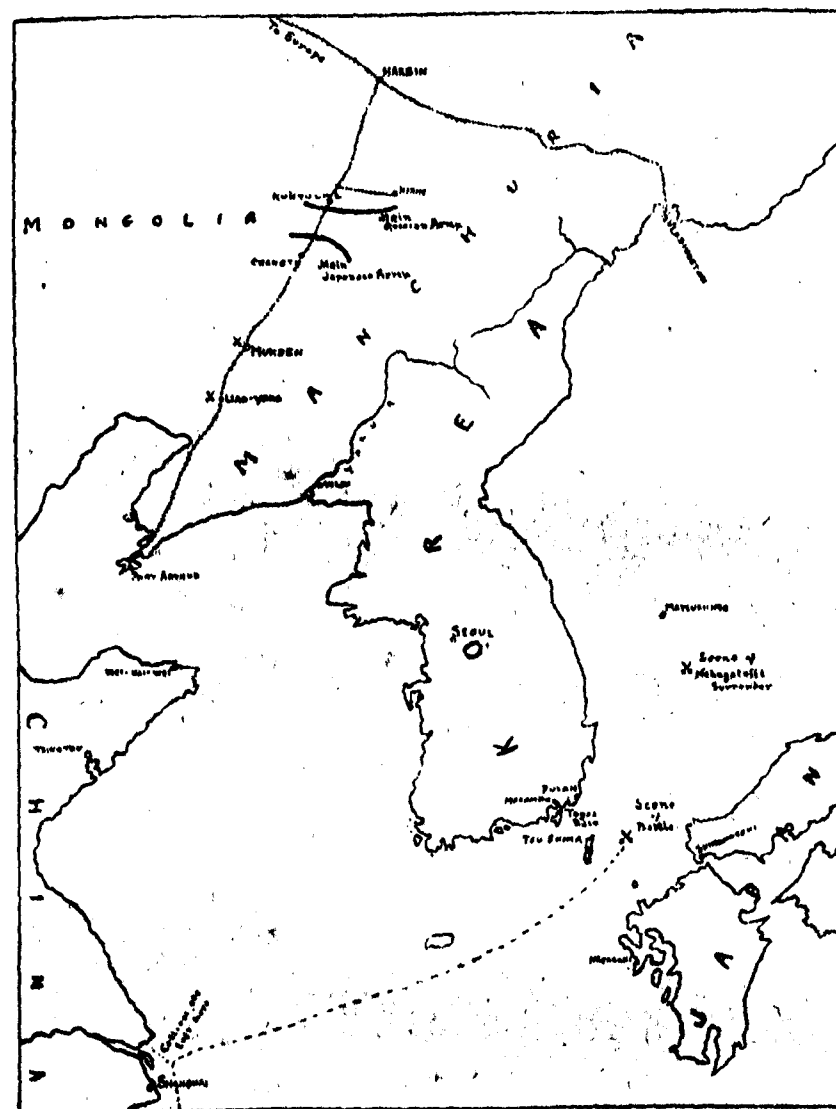
DURING this month there will be celebrated by the Japanese all over the world the twentieth anniversary of their navy's great triumph over the Russian Armada in the Straits of Tsushima on May 27, 1905. Many great conflicts have taken place since then, and yet it is questionable whether any single battle of the twentieth century can be said to have had such momentous influences upon the course of history as Admiral Togo's Trafalgar. For no other battle of the century can be established a clearer claim to be considered one of the great decisive battles of the world. Had its result been different the whole course of modern history would have been completely changed. It was one of the great turning-points of history.

The present situation in the Pacific dates from the battle of Tsushima. By deciding the Russo-Japanese War in Japan's favour it established Japan's hitherto precarious claim to be considered one of the great Powers of the world. A few decades previously Japan had had as little influence on world politics as Siam has at present. For assaults upon foreign nationals her defenceless coasts were repeatedly subject to ruthless bombardment, and her scanty revenues were drained by the payment of heavy indemnities. From the date of Tsushima Japan became supreme in her own waters and one of the three great naval Powers of the Pacific. As a consequence, a situation has been brought about which, it is absurd to deny, contains all the materials for a great conflict in the future. American immigration laws are a constant source of irritation to Japan's national pride. The battle of Tsushima gave the Japanese the power actively to resent indignities to which otherwise, as a yellow race, it would have been their lot passively to submit. Also, by thus assuring Japan's position at home, it has enlarged her ambitions abroad. Any attempt to carry out her but thinly disguised wish to enforce a counterpart to the Monroe Doctrine to Chinese questions would have serious international complications. The British taxpayer's attention has at last been turned to the problems of the distant Pacific Ocean by the decision of the Government to spend huge sums upon the construction of a strongly fortified naval base at Singapore.

The battle of Tsu-shima marks a turning-point in history because it forcibly brought about a complete reversal in Russian policy, and Russia is such a vast and populous country that a change in Russian policy automatically changes the policies of the other great Powers and consequently the whole trend of international affairs. From 1815 and for the first half of the nineteenth century Russia looked south-westward towards Constantinople, and as a consequence Great Britain and France forgot their centuries of warfare, rivalry and hatred, and became allies for the protection of Turkey. After the Treaty of Berlin in 1878 Russia turned her attention to Central Asia, thereby arousing the liveliest apprehension in Great Britain for the safety of the passes into India. But from 1891 onwards, when Nicholas II., then Czarevitch, turned the first sod of the Trans-Siberian Railway, Russia's attention was turned towards the Far East. This period of expansion eastward was brought to an abrupt ending by the battle of Tsu-shima in 1905.

Now there can be no question that during this period the Czar and his advisers had the most far-reaching ambitions in China. The overthrow of Japan was to be the first great step to their realisation. Military control of the Chinese provinces of Manchuria and Korea was to be the first stage of a process which would end only when Russia obtained a dominant position over the whole vast, rich and defenceless country. That Russia should hold a position in China similar to that of France in Morocco would be a menace to the very existence of the British Empire. Such a scheme would have been opposed by Britain by every possible means—by war if necessary. Amid this conflict of British and Russian interests in China the Triple Entente could never have come into existence. No French diplomacy, however brilliant, could have got Britain and Russia to work together in Europe with such vital questions outstanding between them in Asia. Those who doubt this should read the debates in Parliament over the Persian Treaty with Russia. Such was the state of public feeling between France's friend and France's ally, even as late as 1907, that Sir Edward Grey was roundly told that it was a moral disgrace for Britain to co-operate in any way with such a Power as Russia! Compare this to the attitude of 1914. The Great War, therefore, could never have taken place—at any rate, between the same two groups of combatants. If Germany was the most powerful Continental Power in 1906, it was largely because Russia had just been defeated in war and was distracted by the resulting revolutionary outbreaks. Had Russia triumphed over Japan she would have largely regained that dominating position she held in Europe under Alexander I. after the Napoleonic Wars. Foolhardy and short-sighted as the Kaiser and his advisers were,

they would scarcely in these circumstances have wantonly irritated their colossal neighbour either by acting the part of Turkey's protector or by interfering with the Slav peoples of the



Balkans. Rather would Berlin by hearty professions of friendship and support have encouraged Russia forward in her Far Eastern schemes—schemes which must inevitably have created bad blood between her and Britain. Obviously, also, it would be far better for Germany that the main Russian fleet should be based at Port

Arthur, and not at Kronstadt. It must not be forgotten that before Russia turned her attention to the Far East the Russian was the most powerful fleet in the Baltic. Had this been the case in 1914 the whole course of the Great War would have been different. But as a result of Tsushima the Russian fleet ceased to count: Von Scheer had no rival to face in the Baltic.

The direct result of Togo's triumph may be summarised as follows. Victory over Japan being thenceforth impossible, the Czar bowed to the inevitable. The Treaty of Portsmouth put an end to those plans for dominion in the Far East upon which Russia had concentrated her attention ever since the commencement of the Trans-Siberian Railway in 1891. Torn by internal revolt, she was in no position for a great struggle with Britain in Central Asia—hence the significant Persian Treaty with Britain in 1907. There only remained the West, and, a distraction from internal affairs of some sort being essential, the Czar and his advisers turned their eyes once more towards Poland and Constantinople. The enemy here was Germany, and with a common objective at last the alliance with Germany's arch-enemy, France, became a living reality. Also rival interests in the Celestial Empire no longer lay between France's ally and France's friend. The main outlines of the great world struggle which broke out in 1914 date, therefore, from Tsushima. As a result of this distant Asiatic battle the great European conflict was primarily a Franco-German war with Britain and a much-weakened Russia as allies of France. It is suggested here that the probabilities are that had Rojdestvensky succeeded in his mission, the next great world war would have been between Russia and Britain, and it would have resulted from the former's ambition to turn China into a Russian protectorate.

It does not often happen that the result of a whole war is staked upon a single battle. But, in spite of her striking victories in Manchuria and the capture of Port Arthur, the fate of Japan depended solely upon the result of the battle with Rojdestvensky's great fleet. At the time (May 1905) the Japanese army under Oyama, consisting of more than half a million men, was stretched in a vast semicircle north of Mukden (captured in the great battle fought only ten weeks previously), and was facing an equally large Russian army under General Linievich based on Harbin. All the supplies for this huge army had to be shipped from Japan across the Korean Straits. There is no need to enlarge upon the enormous difficulties and dangers of doing this once the command of the sea had been lost. And once definitely lost, this command of the sea could never have been regained, as the Japanese fleet was at that time, as regards capital ships, wholly foreign-built. It would have been impossible to have purchased new ships abroad in time of war, and it was utterly beyond the capacity of the then

existing Japanese dockyards to provide a new fleet. In fact, Togo received no additions to his fleet all through the war. At the commencement of the struggle in February 1904 he had had six foreign-built battleships, and in May 1905 he faced the Russian Armada with only four, two having been sunk in one disastrous day by drifting mines. The margin of bare safety had thus become terribly narrow, but no new ships were forthcoming. Also after the battle of Mukden the Russian army was largely reinforced, and it was only after Togo's 'crowning mercy' that the Czar very reluctantly gave up his intention to launch a great summer offensive which was to drive the Japanese out of Manchuria, and perhaps off the Asiatic mainland altogether. The result of such an offensive would in any case have been problematical, as all the experts are agreed that the Russian armies in the Far East had never during any period of the war been so strong, the losses of Liao-Yang and Mukden having been more than replaced. Japan, on the other hand, had from a military point of view shot her bolt. She had put forth her maximum strength and had failed to secure a Sedan. Had Russia won the command of the sea, it could only have been a question of time before she would have been in a position to dictate the terms of peace. When, just before the battle, Togo signalled that the fate of the Japanese Empire depended upon the efforts of his men, he was merely stating the plain facts of the situation.

It sometimes happens that the actual details of an epoch-marking battle are themselves without interest, but this is certainly not the case with Tsushima. In fact, quite apart from its far-reaching consequences, no naval battle since Trafalgar can be compared with it. To begin with, the fleets were equally matched and the fight was fought out to a finish. There was no withdrawal to port by the weaker side before a decision could be reached, as at Jutland. The battle was not merely between light forces, as at the Yalu or at Coronel, but between two of the finest fleets in the world at the time. Also the disparity in size of the rival forces was not grotesque, as at the Falklands. It is easy to be wise after the event and to declare that Rojdestvensky's mission was hopeless from the start. On the contrary, his chances on paper were excellent. He had five first-class battleships, four of them brand-new and sister ships, and two slightly older battleships. Each mounted four 12-inch guns, this being the normal armament of a ship of the line at the time. Against this formidable total of twenty-eight big guns Togo could only put the sixteen 12-inch guns carried by his four first-class battleships. In fact, so weak was Togo in this all-important type of ship, that he was compelled to place with his division of battleships his two best armoured cruisers—a very risky proceeding. Had the accidental explosion

which sank his flagship the *Mikasa* occurred before instead of less than four months after the battle, could he have risked a pitched battle at all in face of such odds as three battleships to seven? In cruisers Togo certainly had a great superiority, but, in the opinion of many experts previous to the battle, such ships would be useless in a struggle between heavily armoured battleships. In practice, however, Kamimura's squadron of six armoured cruisers, mounting between them twenty-four 8-inch guns, proved of immense value. But would this have been the case if the Russian shooting had proved better? Rojdestvensky was weak in cruisers and destroyers, but shortly before the battle he was reinforced by a squadron under Admiral Nebogatoff which included one old battleship and three large coast defence ships, old and slow certainly, but all heavily armed. Togo had no ships of this class, but an innumerable host of light cruisers, destroyers, and torpedo-boats.

Admiral Rojdestvensky had left the Baltic in October 1904, and the whole winter was spent upon a voyage unique in length, duration, and difficulty. Once arrived in the Far East, however, the task before him was simple enough in conception. Port Arthur having fallen in January, he had no choice but to make for Vladivostok. He chose the direct route through the Korean Straits—and doubtless wisely, as had he chosen the passage through the Tsugaru Straits it would have meant a long voyage round the Japanese mainland. Also the waters so far north were very stormy, and the Russian ships were heavily laden with coal and stores, besides being bad sea boats, Russian marine engineers, like the German, having a marked tendency to overload their ships with guns and armour. The Straits of Korea are about 120 miles in width, the rocky island of Tsu-shima dividing them into two channels. Rojdestvensky chose the wider eastern channel. Once through, there would be a straight voyage before him to Vladivostok, 600 miles due north.

On the night of May 26, 1905, the Russian fleet—battleships, cruisers, and destroyers—approached the entrance to the straits in a dense mist. They must have made an impressive spectacle looming vast and shadowy through the haze. Although not very large according to modern standards—the largest ships were of about 13,500 tons, which is considerably less than the average tonnage of the capital ships at Jutland—yet the peculiar design of the '*Suvarov*' class, with their two huge funnels, massive conning-towers and fighting-tops, and great bulging gun-turrets, made them appear to the eye the very embodiments of armoured might. So dense was the mist that the hope arose in the Russian fleet that perhaps they might slip through without being noticed by the Japanese at all. This was not to be, however, and early

the following morning a Japanese auxiliary cruiser almost ran into a Russian hospital ship and at once gave the alarm. The Japanese wireless messages which the Russians had been for some time picking up at once changed their character. In secret code and therefore unreadable, whereas up till then they had been merely short question and answer messages, they now became what were obviously long reports. A battle was unavoidable.

It did not start for some hours, however, and it was not till past midday that the Japanese main fleet appeared in sight far ahead to the north. The Russian fleet was in two columns, the one led by the flagship *Suvarov* and the other by the *Oslabia*, with the convoy of auxiliary ships following in the rear. Togo closed in rapidly as if to pass the Russians on their left or port side, and then suddenly turning sharp to the eastward he executed the famous manoeuvre known as 'crossing the T,' his single line of twelve ships passing right across the heads of the Russian columns. The first shot was fired at about 2 p.m. at a range of about four miles. The critical moment came right at the commencement of the battle. Had Rojdestvensky held to his northward course he must have crashed into the rear of the Japanese column then going east. At close range the two great Japanese advantages of superior speed and more accurate shooting would have been at a discount. The Russian superiority in heavy guns and thick armour might have decided the battle. But Rojdestvensky feared to stake all in a 'mix-up' and inclined eastward parallel to his opponents. By doing this he showed he wished to avoid decisive results and thereby admitted his inferiority. The moral superiority of the Japanese was thenceforth established. Psychologically the battle was won in these first few minutes.

A graphic account of the first part of the battle is given by Captain Semenoff, an officer on the *Suvarov*, in his book *The Battle of Tsu-shima*. Leading the Russian line, his ship was from the first a mark for the Japanese gunners, and she received a tremendous hammering.

I had [he says] intended in all seriousness to note the times and places where we were hit, as well as the damage done. But it was in fact impossible even to count the number of projectiles striking us!

In a very short time all the upper works of the ship were destroyed; fires raged everywhere. Semenoff, himself already twice wounded, went to the conning tower. Even in here two had already been killed. Admiral Rojdestvensky was watching the battle through the chink in the armour. He was depressed at the course of events, but the captain of the ship very reasonably pointed out there was no reason to suppose that the Japanese were not suffer-

ing equally severe losses. Cheered by this idea, Semenoff went aloft. He describes what he saw as follows :

The enemy had finished turning. His twelve ships were in perfect order at close intervals, steaming parallel to us, but gradually forging ahead. No disorder was noticeable. It seemed to me that with my Zeiss glasses (the distance was little more than 4000 yards) I could even distinguish the mantlets of hammocks on the bridges, and groups of men. But with us ? I looked round. What havoc !—burning bridges, smouldering *débris* on the decks, piles of dead bodies. Signalling stations and gun-directing positions, all were destroyed. And astern of us the *Alexander* and *Borodino* were enveloped in smoke.

Equally graphic is his account of a later stage of the battle, when, the *Suvarov* having fallen out of the line an unmanageable wreck, he watched from her shattered deck the retirement of the Russian fleet :

'We were now able to see plainly the *Alexander*, which was steaming straight towards us, the rest following her. With our glasses we could clearly see her battered sides, broken bridges, burning cabins and spar decks, but her funnels and masts were still standing. After her came the *Borodino*, burning furiously. We all waited, holding our breath, watching the Japanese fire, which was apparently concentrated on the *Alexander*. At times she seemed completely enveloped in flames and brown smoke, while round her the sea literally boiled, throwing up great pillars of water. Then one after another we saw a whole series of shells strike her fore-bridge and port 6-inch turret, and turning sharply, she steamed away, having almost reversed her course, while after her went the *Borodino*, *Orel* and others.

It is unnecessary to follow the actual details of the battle, which resolved itself naturally into three distinct parts. The first lasted through the afternoon and evening of May 27, and consisted of a fierce artillery duel between the capital ships of the hostile fleets. Firing at a range varying from four to two miles, and with a heavy sea running, the Japanese enjoyed this important advantage—that the black hulls and yellow funnels of the Russian ships afforded much easier targets than their own vessels, which were painted grey like the ships which fought at Jutland eleven years afterwards. In this duel the Russians lost by gunfire four out of their five best battleships, it being the Japanese policy to concentrate their fire on these. Rojdestvensky's own ship was very soon a helpless wreck, and the Admiral himself, badly wounded, was transferred to a destroyer. Semenoff gives a graphic description of the difficulties of getting the wounded man aboard. The second part of the battle lasted all through the night and consisted of a series of furious attacks by the Japanese torpedo-boats on the Russian fleet. Although most of the Russian light guns and searchlights had been smashed

during the artillery duel of the afternoon, yet most of these attacks failed, the Japanese succeeding in torpedoing only two or three already badly damaged ships. The third part of the battle took place late the following morning, when the remains of the Russian fleet under Nebogatoff, consisting of the only surviving first-class battleship, the *Orel*, one old battleship and two coast defence ships, were rounded up and forced after a short fight to surrender. The destroyer with Rojdestvensky on board was also pursued and captured and the Admiral made a prisoner. Various isolated ships were either sunk or driven ashore. Of the great armada only one fast cruiser and two destroyers reached the Russian objective, Vladivostok, while a few other light vessels escaped to various neutral ports.

The victory was won by the gun, and by the gun alone. The torpedo failed to realise the great expectations which many had held for it previous to the battle. In many respects the naval history of the Great War adds little to the lessons of Tsu-shima. The invention of the aeroplane and submarine has greatly modified the conditions of naval warfare—such an unsupported venture into hostile waters as Rojdestvensky's would now, of course, be utterly impossible in face of submarine attacks—but accurate gunnery and speed in manœuvring still retain all their importance. In this respect Tsu-shima only emphasised the lesson of the battle of the Yalu fought eleven years before. One of the features of the battle was the extraordinary resisting power of some of the Russian ships. The *Suvarov*, for example, was under almost continuous fire from heavy guns for five hours, but, although riddled with shells and with both funnels and masts gone, she still floated a helpless wreck, until finally sent to the bottom by a torpedo. The *Orel* was hit forty times by heavy shells. So good was her armour, however, that out of a crew of 700 officers and men only eighteen were killed. In the end she did not sink, but, after being surrounded and captured, she survived to become a valuable unit of the Japanese fleet. One is reminded of those battles in the Dutch wars in the seventeenth century in which the rival fleets cannonaded each other for two or three days without result, and in which the admirals had to change their flagships half a dozen times during the struggle.

'The most important event in the political history of the last generation is the awakening of Asia,' wrote Mr. Gooch in 1913. The battle of Tsu-shima was the crowning event of that awakening. Its reaction throughout Asia has been immense. Everywhere a tendency has become manifest to become Westernised but without becoming Western—to resist the West by absorbing the secrets of its strength. In China, the reactionary nationalism which culminated in the Boxer movement gave place

to an enthusiasm for Western learning and Western methods.' Even in far-distant Turkey its effects may be traced. The ambition of the Kemalists is, by adopting Western methods (including Prohibition and universal suffrage), to defy the West. It must be remembered always that as a sea battle Tsu-shima made a much greater impression than would be possible with any land battle, whatever its scale. No human invention would probably more impress a visitor to this earth from another planet than a modern battleship, with its vast size, incredibly complex and delicate machinery, enormous strength and far-reaching power. At Tsu-shima it was in a conflict between these huge and complicated engines of destruction that a so-called backward race completely defeated a white race. Chance, surprise, or local circumstances have often enabled undisciplined savages to overthrow highly trained civilised armies. Thus the Italian rout at Adowa by Abyssinian tribesmen had nothing but a mere local significance. A naval triumph is quite different, and it made a profound impression throughout the world. Hallam defines a decisive battle as one in which 'a contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of history in all its subsequent scenes.' The battle of Tsu-shima dissipated for ever the legend of the invincibility of the white races. By hopelessly discrediting the rule of the Russian autocracy it prepared the way for Lenin and his Bolsheviks. It turned Russia's eyes once more to European objectives and to expansion westward, thus making the Triple Entente a working possibility. By abasing Russia it automatically made Germany the greatest military Power in Europe, which, as a consequence, turned the heads of her arrogant militarists, who at once inaugurated the policy of the 'shining armour.' The main outlines of the great struggle of 1914 emerged in 1905. In short, in few of the fifteen decisive battles included in Sir Edward Creasy's list did greater issues hang upon the result than those which were decided for ever by Japan's great triumph over the Russian Armada off the island of Tsu-shima, in the Straits of Korea, now twenty years ago.

F. J. P. VEALE.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER



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PALESTINE AND LORD BALFOUR

LORD BALFOUR has long since returned from his ill-advised expedition to the Holy Land, where on April 1 he duly performed, according to programme, the somewhat premature ceremony of opening the Hebrew University—premature because the University is not yet born and no more than an embryo in the womb of expectant Zion, and not only premature, but entirely superfluous, for the University had already been opened! Short indeed is the public memory, but on the afternoon of December 22, 1924, as *The Times* correspondent at Jerusalem then duly recorded, 'in the presence of Sir Herbert Samuel, the High Commissioner for Palestine, the Institute of Jewish Studies in connection with the Hebrew University on Mount Scopus was opened. This is popularly regarded as the real opening of the Hebrew University, of which the foundation-stone was laid by

General Allenby in 1918.' The necessity for a second inaugural function under auspices more brilliant than those of the High Commissioner for Palestine may not be clear to the casual observer, but is obvious enough nevertheless, and may be discussed in connection with the motives of the Zionist leaders who led Lord Balfour into danger.

Those motives were mainly of a financial order, but not entirely. Whatever modifications of principle or interpretation may have supervened with the passage of time, the 'Balfour Declaration' of November 1917 was intended by its Zionist co-authors to pave the way for a Jewish domination of Palestine, and that intention was still uppermost in the minds of men—and practically unchallenged, as we had not then broken our promises to the Arabs—when in 1918 Lord Allenby laid the foundation-stone of the new temple, the temple of Mammon. Since then those foundations have been buried by the sands of controversial storms, and Jewry has been discouraged by the apparent recoil of the British Government before the many-headed monster which it has failed to exorcise. And the murmuring is loud against 'the princes,' for the utmost that Israel will concede to the inhabitants of the land is that they should 'be hewers of wood and drawers of water unto all the congregation, as the princes had promised them.' If that ideal is not to be realised, there are as good universities among the Gentiles as ever there will be on Mount Scopus.

But the leaders of Zion are wise in their generation. They know that the British Government, for all its good-will, is subject to certain limitations in a land where the Hivites, the Jebusites, the Perizzites and the rest of them, outnumber Israel as nine to one. The official census of 1922, which did not fully account for the nomad Arabs of Southern Palestine, showed but 83,000 Jews in a population of 757,000 souls, and the proportion is much the same to-day as it was then. They know, moreover, that the achievement of a Jewish national home in Palestine is an essential preliminary to the transformation of Palestine into a national home for the Jews. And their one concern is to maintain a steady influx of Jewish immigrants into the country against 'the day.' The University is their sheet-anchor, for education is a prime necessity of the chosen race; but to fill its yet unbuilt courts a practical demonstration of the political future of Zion was needed. And none so fit to grace that demonstration as the author of the great covenant—or, rather, perhaps, 'the captain of the Lord's host.'

Lord Balfour did not go to Palestine to study the measure of Arab hostility to the scheme which bears his name. He went convinced that it existed only in the imaginations of 'enthusiastic intermediaries,' and he left Palestine, after a triumphal progress

through the Jewish Home, confirmed in his conviction. But he would have been wiser to wait till he was out of the wood before he shouted. He certainly shouted too soon, and the incidents which clouded and abruptly curtailed his visit to Syria would seem to require some explanation in view of the painful impression, mixed with universal satisfaction at his own escape, which they have created in the public mind. The facts are plain enough. From them conclusions will be drawn as various as the sentiments of men. But this country and other countries—to say nothing of the League of Nations—must base their policy on the conclusions which appeal to the average man, that is to say, to the majority; and it will not be without interest to sum up the evidence provided by Lord Balfour's visit for the benefit of the jury of the world's democracy, on which lies the responsibility of finding a verdict.

Be the pros and cons of the Zionist policy what they may, there were many among its friends and supporters who viewed with misgiving the project of a visit to Jerusalem by one who, justly or unjustly, is saddled in popular estimation with specific responsibility for a dispensation, admittedly distasteful to the great majority of the population of the country on which it has been imposed—by force. Lord Balfour, however, was at the moment a private individual and free to go whither he would at his own risk, and the responsibility for making a decision in the face of prevalent misgivings lay on himself, on the Palestine Government and the Colonial Office, which could of course have prevented or discouraged him, and finally on the Zionist leaders. The latter were mainly concerned, for financial reasons, to revive enthusiasm for a scheme on which the hopes of Zion are largely founded. Financial support could only be obtained by some striking effort of publicity, and they decided in favour of the visit and got their subscriptions—very considerable subscriptions. Lord Balfour was willing to risk his life in a noble cause, and His Majesty's Government, acting of course behind the effective screen of the Palestine Government, saw to it that the risk should be reduced to a negligible minimum. Everybody concerned is to be congratulated on the very effective manner in which the arrangements were carried out, and, as Government servants do not ordinarily receive remuneration for overtime services, it is to be hoped that their devotion will be duly recognised in the next distribution of 'Birthday' honours. We are told that these arrangements involved no extra expense to the Palestine Government, or therefore to the British taxpayer. That is satisfactory enough, and, while a statement of fact in the House of Commons cannot always be taken as absolute evidence of its truth, we may be content to suppose that the Zionist Executive paid the bill

for an exhibition organised in its interests. That extra expense to someone was involved admits of no dispute. The extra police vigilance and activity necessitated by special occasions involves extra expenditure, as also presumably did the return of the 9th Lancers from Egypt to Palestine 'according to programme'—a phrase with which the Great War has made us familiar enough. We are told, however, that the return of the 9th Lancers to Palestine coincidentally with the visit of Lord Balfour had 'nothing to do with the case,' and we may be content to believe—if it is true—that neither the British taxpayer nor the Palestine Government spent a penny more than they would have spent if Lord Balfour had not gone to the Holy Land. And we need not concern ourselves unduly with the extra expenditure incurred by the French administration in Syria.

But it was not only the financial and military efficiency of the Anglo-Zionist administration of Palestine that was put to the test and triumphantly vindicated on this occasion. After all, anyone who has had any experience of the Royal Air Force and its ancillary services—be they police or levies, or *gendarmerie* or detachments of the British Army—would have been surprised at their failure in the circumstances. But the main interest of the spectator and the student inevitably focussed itself on the conduct of the Arabs under the ordeal to which they were subjected by the public celebration of their humiliation. Any act of public acquiescence in the programme of the distinguished visitor would have been read by the world as substantial confirmation of the optimistic conclusion drawn by Sir Alfred Mond from his recent visit to Palestine, namely, that Arab hostility to the Zionist policy had been greatly exaggerated. Any act of folly would have been punished unmercifully like the recent folly of Egypt. The Arabs were certainly between the devil and the deep sea, and they drained the cup of bitterness to the dregs without flinching. Let us give them their due and congratulate them on that. Whether impressed and overawed by a thinly veiled demonstration of irresistible force, or of mere malice prepense—let us not too minutely examine their motives—the Arabs of Palestine, all political groups among them acting *pro hac vice* in concert and sinking the tactical differences that divide them in the greater interest of a common cause, maintained consistently and unswervingly an attitude of dignified protest against the unwelcome visit to their country of one who is publicly and peculiarly identified with an act of betrayal for whose parallel—the shekels and the kiss and all the rest of it—we have to go back to the Garden of Gethsemane. It was to be expected—and it was hoped by the Arabs—that a demonstration of displeasure so peaceful, so dignified and so unanimous, would have led thinking men to

reconsider the wisdom or the justice of the policy which had provoked it. But Lord Balfour has only drawn from it the interesting and novel inference that Jew and Arab can after all live peacefully together. Whoever said they could not? Are there not Jews in plenty living in peace among the Arabs of Syria and Iraq and even in distant Yaman? And did not the old subsidised Jewish colonies in Palestine itself manage well enough to live in peace and harmony with their Arab neighbours? Of course the Jews and Arabs can live together in peace, and Lord Balfour is by no means the first to discover that; but he has yet to discover that it is his own declaration, with all its implications of Jewish dominion over an Arab country, that has made the continuance of peaceful relations impossible in Palestine except under the shadow of British aeroplanes. And it is perhaps as well that Lord Balfour was not destined to leave the Middle East without an ocular demonstration of the strength of Arab feelings on the subject. Damascus, at any rate, he will not readily forget, nor his furtive flight therefrom, which, again, has its parallel in ancient history:

But all that heard him were amazed, and said; Is not this he that destroyed them which called on this name in Jerusalem, and came hither for that intent? . . . And they watched the gates day and night to kill him. Then the disciples took him by night, and let him down by the wall in a basket.

It is scarcely likely that scales will fall from Lord Balfour's eyes to give him sight forthwith, but the Feast of the Passover should ever hereafter serve to remind him of the blood that is between him and the Arabs, who execrate his name as their descendants will execrate his memory.

And the Arabs are not altogether unreasonable, though Lord Balfour himself has perhaps been saddled with an unnecessarily large share of the blame for the measure which arouses their resentment. His name after all is but a label, as he himself pointed out in his addresses to the Jews in Palestine—a convenient and valuable trade mark of honesty, as it were, on a quack remedy concocted not by him alone, but by the British Government of the time. Responsibility for it rests on that British Government and on each subsequent British Government that has adopted it. We shall never be allowed to know the exact nature of the negotiations with the Zionist leaders which preceded the publication of the Balfour Declaration in November, 1917, or the exact terms of the bargain for which the *quid pro quo* was the establishment of Jewish domination in Palestine. But surely it is unworthy of the British Government to take refuge behind the rest of the civilised world and the League of Nations and to shuffle off on to them a responsibility which rests justly on none but itself! It is absurd, at any rate, to suggest that the civilised world as a whole approves of the Zionist policy except in so far as it constitutes a

future embarrassment to Great Britain, or that it views that policy as anything but an instrument of British imperialism. France and Italy, to name but two of the Great Powers, have never given the movement the slightest encouragement and never will, but they have had the sense, themselves having Imperial ambitions in the Middle East, to leave Great Britain to do as she will in Palestine in return for her support or passive acquiescence in their designs elsewhere. So much for the Great Powers who drew up the post-war treaties and divided up the territories conquered from the foe among themselves under the thin disguise of mandates. But what of the League of Nations, which is made to shoulder responsibility for the conditions of those mandates? In season and out of season, and particularly in Parliament, we are told that the administration of Palestine is conducted strictly in accordance with mandatory conditions for which the League of Nations is responsible. *Proh pudor!* We are expected to believe that the terms of the mandate constrain us to administer Palestine as at present; that we cannot alter those terms without the permission of the League; that the League would not give such permission if it were asked for and would insist on the maintenance of the existing conditions. Mr. Ormsby-Gore and the rest of them know perfectly well that the conditions of the mandate were drawn up by His Majesty's Government in consultation with the Zionists, and that the League of Nations had nothing to do with them except to approve of them when invited to do so: that was necessary to give them validity in the eyes of international law. They also know that they could get any condition altered to suit themselves by expressing a desire for its alteration, and, further, they know that they could equally well discharge the responsibility laid upon them by the mandate by appointing an Arab as High Commissioner or setting up a legislative body truly representative of the population of Palestine. And, lastly, they know that the League cares not a fig for Palestine or anything in it, or indeed for any other place or problem—Syria, for instance—in respect of which it knows in advance that to run counter to the fixed policy of a Great Power is to sign its own death warrant.

The whole business of these 'A' mandates in general, and of the Palestine mandate in particular, is humbug writ large; and there are two points in connection therewith that perhaps deserve particular consideration. In the summer of 1922 an Arab delegation came to England to protest against the continuance of the Zionist policy in Palestine, and Mr. Churchill, then Secretary of State for the Colonies, had the wisdom to give them an extended hearing and the problem his deepest consideration. He was unable to yield his ground, and, wisely enough in the circum-

stances, he sought to discourage further agitation by setting forth in the greatest detail the terms of the final and irrevocable decision of His Majesty's Government, which was forthwith submitted to the League of Nations for approval and published in a White Paper. It so happened, however, that Mr. Churchill's subordinates in the Middle East Department had been guilty of unaccountably bad staff work and had allowed the final decision of Government to issue in a form which was, to say the least, exceedingly disturbing and unpalatable to the Zionists. They had forgotten the details of the boundary desired by the Zionists, and omitted from the area now placed finally and irrevocably at their disposal two rather important strips of territory—a triangular area lying between the Jordan, the Yarmuk and the Sea of Galilee, and a larger tract of potentially valuable petroliferous country in the south. But the decision had already been published as final, and of course there could be no going back on that. Nevertheless the Zionists were not to be beaten by so simple an obstacle; the League of Nations could always modify even a final decision of the British Government. And this it did at the invitation of the British Government itself, moved thereto by the High Commissioner for Palestine, but the transaction was not subjected to the limelight of publicity.

The second point is not less interesting to the student of British political morality in modern times. Criticism of the Balfour Declaration is always met by the objection that the document which bears his name—perhaps it would be more correct to say the pronouncement which emanated from his lips—is not only not the work of Lord Balfour himself, or even of the British Government, but the spontaneous product of the united Allied and Associated Powers, who alone are responsible for it and capable of interpreting it. And similarly with the conditions of the Palestine mandate, which are not the product of, and therefore not to be interpreted by, the Palestine administration or the Zionists, or the Middle East Department, or the British Government, but the Council or Assembly of the League of Nations. It is a convenient line of defence against inconvenient criticism; but what becomes of the promises made to the Sharif of Mecca in 1915? Whatever those promises may have meant when made, it is incontestable that certain correspondence took place during 1915 and 1916 (resulting in the Arab rebellion against the Turks to our general advantage) between the Sharif of Mecca and the British authorities. On the British side those negotiations were conducted by Sir Henry MacMahon, at that time High Commissioner in Egypt; he corresponded with and received his instructions from the Foreign Office, which acted in subordination to the Cabinet and the British Government, which in turn was

acting in the Middle East for the Allies. The official sequence is, *mutatis mutandis*, precisely the same as in the case of the Balfour Declaration, but neither the Allies, nor the British Government, nor the Cabinet, nor the Foreign Office hold a brief for the Sharif of Mecca, and Sir Henry MacMahon is put forward to explain the exact meaning, as intended by him, of a document of which he was not the author, certainly not the sole author—of a document which had the full approval of the British Government of the time before it was despatched to Mecca. Why then make a difference in subsequent treatment between the promises of Balfour and those of MacMahon? The reason is obvious, but may be stated. The British Government has not the slightest intention of keeping its promises to the Arabs, and has every intention of implementing its promises to the Jews if it can. The British Government, in other words, is laying up a rod in pickle for itself against the next war, and its enemies have not failed to note that fact with satisfaction.

Be that as it may, Lord Balfour has been to Palestine, seen it and triumphed. The bitterness of Arab hostility towards the child of his old age will but serve to consolidate his enthusiasm for the new-born Israel, and the British Government cannot be expected to acknowledge the error of its ways. On the contrary, it takes comfort from the reflection that the Arabs, by rejecting its manifold overtures, have absolved it from the obligation to reopen negotiations except on a settled basis which the Arabs can never accept. The British Government is firmly minded to ride roughshod over the deadlock, and that method affords, in fact, the only hope of the effective establishment of Zion. The financial and administrative future will give it ample food for thought and action; but let it not delude itself and its followers with the hope that the path will be smoothed by time or with self-congratulation on having done all that was reasonably possible to secure the co-operation of the Arabs in the administration of Palestine. The best offer it has ever made to the Arabs was that they should have eight (or rather ten, including the Christian representation) elective seats in a legislative council of twelve elected and nine or ten official members, the Jews having two elective seats. That offer bore but little resemblance to the offer of independence made under the stress of war, but was cleverly conceived, and the Arabs are to be congratulated on not falling into the trap. What on the face of it could be more attractive than an offer to them of representation on the basis of their admitted preponderance in the population in company with a strong body of impartial official representatives designed only to obviate unfair sectarian or communal discrimination? The Arabs had the best of reasons for questioning the impartiality of the administration and rejecting the

offer. Impartial it cannot be so long as it includes Jews in some of the highest posts—for instance, in that of High Commissioner—and so long as the High Commissioner can control the nine votes of officialdom on every vital question. The eleven votes of the officials and Jews combined would always outweigh the ten votes of the Muhammadan and Christian Arabs. The British Government can renew its offer, with every hope of its acceptance, as soon as it realises that to secure justice between Jew and Arab it must either close the higher posts in the administration to the Jews—even British Jews—as it does to the Arabs, or forego the usual privilege of using an official *bloc* to override the decisions of a natural majority.

Once upon a time, as readers of Herodotus will recollect, in the days when Egypt was famed for its wisdom, the authorities at Elis were so pleased with the regulations they had devised with the object of securing fair play for all competitors, of whatever nationality, in the Olympian games that they sent a deputation to Egypt to ascertain whether the Egyptians in their superior wisdom could devise anything more equitable. King Psammis convened the wisest of his subjects to discuss the matter with the Eleans. The latter, in describing their regulations, had to admit that the games were open to all Greeks, including the Eleans themselves, and the wise men of Egypt delivered themselves of an unfavourable verdict, declaring

That¹ in making such enactments they [the Eleans] had totally deviated from the rules of justice, for that they could not contrive so as not to favour a citizen of their own to the prejudice of a stranger. But, if they really wished to make just enactments and had come into Egypt for this purpose, they advised them to establish games for foreign candidates and to allow no Eleans to enter the lists.

His Majesty's Government would do well to take that verdict to heart in relation to the conflict between Arab and Jew; and it will not be long before an opportunity of acting conformably to it presents itself. On July 1 Sir Herbert Samuel will have completed the normal period of five years' tenure of the post of High Commissioner for Palestine. The choice of a suitable successor to him is an issue of the first magnitude. And let it be remembered that not only the peace and prosperity of Palestine but the future of Zionism itself in the moderate and unobjectionable sense of the term—for it should be realised more clearly than perhaps it is that the Arabs have no objection to the Jews settling in Palestine on the basis of perfect individual equality with themselves—depend on the appointment of one who, not being a Jew or a declared Zionist, can be regarded by all parties as a fair representative of British justice. Whoever it may be, he will have to carry

¹ Herodotus II., 160, translated by Robinson.

out the policy of the British Government—the Zionist policy, if you will. But, free of the disadvantage of personal prejudice one way or the other, he will be better able than Sir Herbert Samuel has ever been to understand and appreciate the feelings of all sections of the community, and, above all, he will start on his task with the full confidence of the great majority of the population and of the British officials—an advantage which Sir Herbert Samuel has never enjoyed. Such an indictment of Sir Herbert Samuel requires, perhaps, a few words of explanation. Throughout his period of office he has been personally popular even among the extreme sections of the Arab community, but his personal popularity has never succeeded in taking the edge off the bitter and widespread hostility both to his administration and to the policy which he represents. With the initial and continuing handicaps of such a policy and his own natural bias his administration was foredoomed to failure, and has been saved from disaster by force alone. That the force available has not had to be used more freely during the past five years is, it must be admitted without reserve, due in no small measure to his moderation in the face of constant disappointment, which has bred a similar moderation in the enemy's camp. But the enemy's camp still represents nine-tenths of the whole population, and an administration which can show no better result than that can only be recorded as a conspicuous failure. And on occasion Sir Herbert Samuel has perpetrated acts and measures that can without exaggeration be described as unjust and taken as evidence that he has not 'contrived so as not to favour' the Jews to the prejudice of the Arabs. The jockeying of the boundary question already mentioned is a case in point; the Permanent Court of International Justice has recently exposed and quashed another act by its verdict in favour of a pre-war Greek concessionaire at the expense of Mr. Rutenberg; the recently imposed extra tax on imported sugar and the refusal of the Palestine Court to protect the local cultivator from the unfair competition of cheap and diluted Australian flour are others, whose adverse effect was felt by the great majority of the population who are the penurious Arab agriculturists, whose woeful situation has quite recently and very tardily been recognised by the reduction of the land revenue burden by 2½ per cent. Other cases might be cited, but one will suffice. Sir Herbert Samuel was consistently unjust to the Arab State of Trans-Jordan throughout the anxious period of its bid for stability, and, indeed, until it collapsed in ruins and became what it now is in effect—a mere dependency of the Palestine administration. Abdullah, having by persistent maladministration forfeited the confidence of the Arabs and merited deposition and dismissal, has saved himself by selling his people's birthright for a mess of pottage, and Sir Herbert Samuel, who con-

sistently resisted Trans-Jordan's just claim for a larger customs contribution than 19,000*l.* per annum until the spring of 1924, has since, doubtless with the full approval of the Colonial Office, raised the figure to 30,000*l.*, the figure always claimed on behalf of that country, besides arranging for other contributions direct or indirect. The virtual annexation of Trans-Jordan to Palestine is cheap at the price, and Sir Herbert Samuel and the Colonial Office have long coveted certain territories of another neighbour, the unhappy Hijaz—but that is another story.

To return from this digression into matters of detail, it is to be hoped that Sir Herbert Samuel will not be succeeded by a Jewish High Commissioner. The British Government has in all conscience a wide enough field of tried statesmen and administrators to choose from without fishing in the muddy waters of racial animosity. And the new High Commissioner will in any case not be altogether envied his task of remedying some of the more glaring defects of his predecessor's administration. Assuming that he will not be a Jew, that consequently the Arabs will tentatively relax their present attitude of non-cooperation, and that he will meet them half way with an attitude of unswerving justice and impartiality on every issue, the political problem will indeed be in a fair way towards solution without notable exertion on the part of anyone. His chief concern will then be the restoration of the sadly shaken financial credit of Palestine, and a few remarks on that subject will form a fitting conclusion to the consideration of a problem which has received so much prominence owing to Lord Balfour's visit.

It will be remembered that during the summer of last year considerable progress was made with the long-mooted project of a loan for Palestine on the security of a British Government guarantee, and the Government of the day announced that it had approved the scheme in principle. Circumstances favoured the opponents of the project, which was stifled in decent privacy while the public was clamouring for the blood of a Government that proposed to lend its money to the Bolsheviks. So far the project has not been revived, but Palestine had in fact already had the money, and the loan was only required to enable it to pay back money it had already borrowed from the British taxpayer without his knowledge—or in other words, to regularise under parliamentary sanction past transactions which were irregular in that they had involved payments of public money without the privity of Parliament. The loan project was dropped, but the debt remained. The British public was, however, admitted to partial knowledge of its extent and nature, while the Palestine Government received a hint that a serious effort to repay or reduce its debt would be welcome. A sum of 2,190,000*l.* was at that time

(July 1924) due to the British Government in respect of the capital value of railways, telegraphs, buildings, etc., handed over to Palestine on the termination of the military administration; another sum of 1,583,000*l.* had been advanced at various times without proper authority by the Crown Agents to the Palestine Government; the total liability of the Palestine Government admitted by the British Government, therefore, amounted to 3,773,000*l.* To this figure must be added in assessing the debt of the country—even though arrangements are to be made for its payment in twenty equal instalments without interest—the sum due on account of Palestine's share of the Ottoman Public Debt liability; the annual sum assessed by the Financial Commission at Constantinople to run as from March 1, 1920, was 157,000*l.*; by March 31, 1925, therefore, this liability may be taken as amounting to 798,000*l.* The Palestine Government is, moreover, morally, if not legally, liable to refund various sums collected in respect of various special taxes which it was not entitled to use for its own purposes—the Hijaz Railway stamp tax, for instance, which was allocated by law to the service of the railway, and certain special taxes collected by the military administration during the war and, strictly speaking, repayable to the bondholders to whom they were allocated; while it has also enjoyed the revenues, such as they have been, of the local sections of the Hijaz Railway, whose ownership it has usurped. Leaving all such sums out of account, however, the debt of Palestine may fairly be assessed at the sum of 4,571,000*l.* as on March 31, 1925, or 4,453,000*l.* on July 1, 1924, which is perhaps a more suitable date to take. This sum, be it remembered, takes no account whatever of interest due up to that date on the debts of the Palestine Government to the British Exchequer, and tallies very closely with the statement made by the Jerusalem correspondent of the *Near East* (March 12, 1925) that 'the total liabilities of Palestine at March 31, 1923, were approximately 4,500,000*l.*' The same authority goes on to say that 'at March 31, 1925, they are estimated to be 3,753,000*l.*,' but he does not consider it necessary to explain that this latter figure can only be arrived at by docking from the country's total liabilities its very solid debt of 798,000*l.* (March 31, 1925) to the Ottoman Public Debt bondholders—simply because, forsooth, it is to be paid in instalments over the next twenty years! His object, of course, is to demonstrate the financial stability of Palestine, and he clinches his argument by revealing the secret 'that the surplus balance [he means the actual excess of the year's revenue over the year's expenditure] of Palestine on January 31, 1925, amounted (the fact is startling, but the figures are reliable) to *something over half a million pounds.*' The italics are his, and he does not think it worth while to explain

that the figures for the annual expenditure do not include a very important item, namely, the whole of the military expenditure, amounting approximately to 750,000*l.* *per annum* and found by the complaisant British taxpayer. Such a trivial matter may be disregarded in considering the solvency of a country like Palestine, but unfortunately for the correspondent of the *Near East* his 'reliable' figures have proved to be illusory, as we have it on Dr. Weissman's authority that the actual surplus on March 31, 1925, was only a *quarter of a million* pounds, which would scarcely pay the interest due to date on the debts of Palestine to this country. Palestine is to be congratulated on having kept its actual expenditure (less military charges) within its revenue during the past financial year, but it serves no useful purpose to represent it as having cleared a sum of 1,318,000*l.* on the year's turnover. As Mr. J. B. Barron rightly pointed out in a more recent issue of the *Near East*, Palestine will have to secure a bigger annual surplus than a quarter of a million pounds to meet annual charges in respect of its debts and interest thereon, which are apparently to appear in its accounts this year for the first time. A very much larger surplus will be required before the British taxpayer can be relieved of his annual contribution of 750,000*l.* towards the maintenance of a *régime* which can only be maintained by force in face of a popular opposition, of the reality and strength of which even Lord Balfour should by now be persuaded.

The issue is not one of Imperial strategy, but of peace and goodwill in a portion of the earth's surface which has had enough, and more than enough, of strife 'in the name of God the Merciful, the Compassionate.' Is it too much to hope that Lord Balfour may yet be numbered among the prophets? Many will be 'afraid of him' and say with Ananias: 'Lord, I have heard by many of this man how much evil he hath done to thy saints at Jerusalem.' To them, peradventure, we may be able to answer that—

As he journeyed, he came near Damascus; and suddenly there shined round about him, a light from heaven: And he fell to the earth, and heard a voice saying unto him, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? And he said, who art thou, Lord? And the Lord said, I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest: it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks.

H. ST. J. B. PHILBY.

THE TEACHERS (SUPERANNUATION) BILL

ON March 19, 1925, Lord Eustace Percy, supported by the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Duchess of Atholl, presented to the House of Commons his Teachers (Superannuation) Bill. The subject is not one which excites the interest of the ordinary citizen, but as the provisions of the Bill involve a permanent expenditure of about ten millions a year, if circumstances do not alter, and as some considerable part of that sum must be derived from taxes, it is a subject to which it would be well that the taxpayer should give some consideration. The condition that circumstances should not alter is important, because no one can guess what the Bill will cost if circumstances do alter, for instance, if the number of teachers or the scale of salaries is greatly increased or diminished. Such consideration is all the more essential because we are far removed from the days when Dr. Johnson said that a pension was 'generally understood to mean pay given to a State hireling for treason to his country,' a definition which caused him some discomfort when he himself came to be a pensioner. In recent years not only State hirelings, but schoolmasters, policemen, railwaymen, municipal servants, and bank officials have been the subject of public or private pension schemes, while the Old Age Pension Acts and the proposed scheme for widows' pensions cater for less well classified members of the community.

In fact, there is in existence a welter of pension schemes, disagreeing with each other on almost every conceivable point, overlapping, conflicting, or failing to coincide; and it might have been wished, though scarcely hoped, that before this stream of philanthropy, public or private, had been directed on the aged or disabled, there had been some comprehensive consideration of the questions who should be pensioned, who should provide the pensions, what should be the amount of the pensions, and what is the relation of pension to salary.

In the absence of such comprehensive inquiry, it may be suggested that the answer to these questions is that the employed should be pensioned in respect of his employment, that the employer should provide that pension, that the pension should be

sufficient in amount to secure the pensioner a minimum subsistence during disablement or on retirement, and that pension is and should be merely part of salary or deferred pay. A realisation of this last fact should lead the employed to be satisfied with a minimum subsistence allowance by way of pension, because it is in his interest that the salary which he gets and can spend as he likes should be as large as possible, while the pension which he earns, but may never enjoy or may never need, should be as small as possible. In fact, pensions exist mainly for the benefit of the employer and the State. The employed ought to ask for a larger salary and no pension. The employer insists on a pension because he cannot humanely allow the employed, who has spent his salary without making provision for his old age, to starve on retirement. He would, in fact, welcome a system under which he paid no salary and a large pension, since every employer likes to defer his liabilities. The State insists on a pension for much the same reason, namely, that otherwise there is a risk that the employed will come on the Poor Law. That those who are employed have some faint glimmering of these truths is shown by the fact that pension schemes are invariably compulsory. The employer cannot afford to give the employed a chance of escape. That the employed do not realise them to the full is shown by the fact that they are constantly pressing for pension schemes and like the pensions to be as large as possible, ignoring the fact that the larger the pension, the smaller the salary.

Some writers distinguish between contributory and non-contributory schemes of pension. There is no such distinction. All pension schemes are contributory; in some the contribution is visible, in others it is invisible. In all cases the pensioner pays for his pension by his salary. From what other source can it be paid, since the employer is not a philanthropist, and does not willingly pay for services rendered a greater sum than those services are worth?

The inglorious history of the superannuation of teachers exhibits, and will continue to exhibit, the dangers inherent in a neglect of these principles, in pensions paid not by the employer, but by a third party, in pensions which provide at one time less and at another time more than a minimum of subsistence, and in a disregard of the truth that pension is a part of salary.

The history of teachers' pensions in England began in the year 1846, not many years after the first introduction of State grants in aid of elementary education. In that year the Treasury, by minute, took power to award pensions not exceeding two-thirds of the average salary of the teacher to teachers disabled by age or infirmity who had conducted an elementary school for fifteen years, and who received a favourable report. The amount of the

pension was dependent on the character of the report. Anyone familiar with State documents of this character would conclude that any teacher who received a favourable report and satisfied the other conditions could look forward with confidence to a pension equal to two-thirds of his average salary, and the teachers understood the minute in this sense. It would serve little purpose at this date to inquire what evil influence inspired this unfortunate minute and what evil influence led to its virtual withdrawal. For five years teachers entered the service in the expectation that on retirement they would receive a pension on what was practically the Civil Service scale, and it may be presumed that during those five years the Treasury were counting the cost, a process which could more usefully have been performed before the minute of 1846 was issued.

In 1851 the Treasury issued a further minute which, while it purported to explain the minute of 1846, in fact annulled it. It declared that the charge on moneys provided by Parliament arising out of the minute of 1846 must be limited to the award of 270 pensions, and a few gratuities, at a total annual cost of 6500*l.* An entirely new condition was introduced, that the pensions should be limited to those who did not possess sufficient means from other sources. Thus, at a time when the number of retiring teachers was constantly increasing, the expectation of the teacher that he might look forward to a pension equal to two-thirds of his salary was converted into a scramble for 270 pensions the highest of which did not exceed 30*l.* a year, and the majority of which were 20*l.* a year. A concession, however, was made to those who had served between 1846 and 1851, and the limit of 6500*l.* a year was not observed in their case. It was obvious that as the numbers of retiring teachers increased the sum of 6500*l.* a year available for pensions would become so miserably inadequate that it would be necessary either to increase the amount available or abolish the award altogether. The Treasury took the more economical course, and in 1862 the provision for the award of pensions disappeared from the code of regulations for elementary schools. The discontent thereby engendered led to the appointment by the House of Commons in 1872 of a Select Committee on the subject, and that Committee took the view that the minute of 1846 was not intended to hold out a promise of pensions to all who satisfied the conditions. On this point it need only be observed that it never ought to have been issued unless such an intention had existed, and whatever may have been the intention of its framers, it is quite incredible that the miserable performance of 1851 can have carried out that intention.

After a lapse of a further three years the Committee of Council

on Education restored the old code pensions of 1851 (which had then been in abeyance for thirteen years), with the old limitation of a total expenditure of 6500*l.* a year and a preference for those who had served before 1851. The effect of this was that scarcely any pensions were available for those who had served after that date. The limit of 6500*l.* was consequently removed, and eventually upwards of 40,000*l.* a year was spent in code pensions in the year 1898. Code pensioners are a disappearing class, as pensions are now awarded under the Acts of 1898 and 1918, and it may be permissible to shed a tear over their fate. They received wretched salaries in their working years, were disappointed of the hope of any adequate pension, and on retirement, after a contest with a large number of competitors, they were permitted (but only if they did not possess other resources) to linger on till death in the receipt of a pension which was usually 7*s.* 8*d.*, but occasionally, by a magnificent stroke of generosity, was increased to 9*s.* 7*d.* or, in rare cases, to 11*s.* 6*d.* a week. Their last years, however, have brought them a crumb of comfort. The Pensions (Increase) Acts have increased their pensions, though contemporary conditions have simultaneously more than increased their expenses.

A wealthy and generous country could not for long be content to leave an important class of public servants in so deplorable a position as respects both salary and pension, and the question assumed prominence when the School Board for London promoted a Parliamentary Bill providing for the superannuation of the teachers in its employment. The Bill was rejected by the House of Commons, but its introduction led directly to the appointment in 1891 by that House of a Select Committee to consider the best system of providing for the superannuation of public elementary school teachers in England and Wales. The Committee reported in 1892. As many of their conclusions were embodied in an Act of Parliament of 1898, it is unnecessary to refer to them in detail. It is well, however, to take note of their conclusion that after a certain age the teachers 'lose the vivacity needful for success,' and their consequent recommendation that male teachers should be able to retire at fifty-five and female teachers at fifty, while the compulsory age for retirement was to be sixty for males and fifty-five for females. In this beneficent proposal they were far in advance of any subsequent legislation.

The House of Commons took the matter up warmly, and in 1893 unanimously asked for a superannuation system 'at an early date.' The Government consequently appointed another Committee (this time departmental), and the 'early date' of the House of Commons became April 1, 1899, when the Elementary (School Teachers) Superannuation Act, 1898, came into operation.

The Act was not, strictly speaking, a contributory Act. It consisted of two parts which were almost entirely distinct. Every male teacher was to contribute 3*l.* a year, and every woman teacher 2*l.* a year. These sums were invested in Government securities, and at the age of sixty-five the teacher became entitled to such an annuity as was purchasable by his contributions, according to tables based on an actuarial calculation, which was subject to revision from time to time. The contributions of 3*l.* and 2*l.* were based on average salaries of 119*l.* and 76*l.*, and power was taken and was exercised to increase the contributions if salaries were increased. Eventually in 1912 they were fixed at 3*l.* 12*s.* for a man and 2*l.* 8*s.* for a woman. The experience of this part of the Act was uniformly unfortunate. It was really a scheme by which teachers were compelled at unremunerative rates to ensure their survival until sixty-five. If they died before that age they got nothing. Only those who have attempted to live on a salary of 119*l.* a year know how difficult it is to lay aside 3*l.* a year as a provision for old age, and, in fact, it is believed that of the 18,000 teachers who refused to accept the benefits of the Act a very large proportion were deterred by inability to pay the necessary contributions. But, if it was hard to contribute, it was still harder not to obtain value for the money contributed. The contributions were initiated in 1899, when Government stocks were high, and were invested continuously in Government stocks from 1898 to 1918, a period during which the value of Government stocks was almost continuously declining. The capital depreciation of the invested funds was enormous, and it would have been difficult to discover any direction in which the teachers could have made a less profitable use of their scanty savings. It was, of course, a hardship that a teacher who died before the age of sixty-five lost all he had been compelled to contribute, and an aggravated hardship where death was due to war service, as it was in many cases after 1914. Broadly speaking, it may be said that this unfortunate fund broke the back of the Act of 1898.

The other side of the Act consisted of a State payment of a pension of 10*s.* a year, payable at sixty-five, for each year of service. This meant that a teacher retiring after forty years' service got a pension of 20*l.* a year together with the annuity purchased with his own contributions. There was superadded an ingenious system by which the State pension in respect of service before the Act was increased, in order to compensate for the fact that the teacher had not contributed towards a deferred annuity, and a (comparatively) not ungenerous system of disablement allowances for those who failed in health before sixty-five.

Apart from the failure of the deferred annuity fund, the Act was conceived on wise lines, and was capable of successful develop-

ment, though it must be confessed that its conception of the financial requirements of teachers was entirely inadequate. Its main defect was that it provided only for certificated teachers in elementary schools, the class which is best paid and least in need of a pension. It did nothing for uncertificated teachers, who now represent one-fifth of the total number of teachers, and at that time represented a larger proportion, or for supplementary teachers, for whose exclusion there have always been special reasons. Furthermore, it did nothing for teachers in secondary and technical schools, who at that time were coming in increasing numbers within the purview of the State.

The Act can scarcely be regarded as generally acceptable, since, for various reasons, more than a quarter of the existing teachers refused to accept it.

In 1912 Lord Gainford introduced a Bill, which became an Act, whereby the State pension under the Act of 1898 was exactly doubled, and became 40*l.* for forty years of service. Corresponding alterations were made in the amount of disablement allowances. The effect of this change was to make the maximum pension (State pension and annuity combined) for a male teacher about 75*l.*, and for a female teacher about 59*l.*, a year.

Concurrently with the Act of 1912 the question of pensions for teachers in secondary and technical schools came to the fore, and a Departmental Committee of five members was appointed to frame a scheme. Its experience was somewhat unfortunate, as two of the members, Lord Farrer and Mr. FitzHerbert Wright, dissented from the main recommendation of the Committee, which, put shortly, was that secondary school teachers should get the same pensions from the State as elementary school teachers, but that, in place of the deferred annuity fund, they should be compulsorily insured, at the cost of their employers and themselves, with approved insurance companies. It is doubtful whether the machinery of the proposal would have rendered its adoption practicable, but it had two fatal flaws in principle. It involved compulsory insurance with private insurance companies, and it perpetuated the division between elementary and secondary education, which it must be the main design of educational reformers to obliterate. Both the Act of 1898 and the report of 1912 adopted the same principle. The provision of superannuation by the State was based strictly on years of service, and was almost entirely independent of the provision made by the teacher. The State gave the teacher a fixed sum by way of pension for each year of service, and a teacher who had spent a lifetime in service could reckon on a State pension at first of 20*l.* a year and afterwards of 40*l.* a year. Even the latter sum was inadequate, and it should have been raised to such an amount as would provide a minimum

standard of subsistence for every teacher. It could have been raised to 80*l.* a year at less than half the cost involved to the State by the subsequent Act of 1918.

Both the Act of 1898 and the scheme of 1912 were marred by the inherent belief of every Government that it knows better how to spend a teacher's salary than the teacher himself, and by the mania for forcing on teachers at their own cost a pension in excess of the needs of minimum subsistence. This resulted in the case of the Act of 1898 in a compulsory investment of part of the teacher's salary in unremunerative and constantly depreciating securities, and in the case of the scheme of 1912 in a somewhat fantastic proposal to compel him to insure himself at his own cost with a private insurance company. Political wisdom is generally to be found in minority reports, and Lord Farrer, in his note to the report of 1912, appreciated the merits of the case when he pleaded that the State should provide an inalienable minimum subsistence maintenance, and that the individual employee should be able to add to this amount by his own savings as the result of thrift. This could easily have been done by scrapping the deferred annuity fund and the compulsory insurance scheme, and by providing a State pension of a reasonably adequate amount. The adoption of this course would probably have provided the best possible permanent settlement.

As it took the Government six years to respond to the demand of the House of Commons in 1893 for pensions for elementary school teachers, so six years elapsed (but with much better excuse) before Mr. Fisher, almost immediately after the passing of his great Education Act, 1918, presented to Parliament a Bill for the superannuation of teachers which completely abandoned the Act of 1898 and the scheme of 1912. It proposed to pension teachers, whether elementary or secondary, on the principles on which civil servants are pensioned. That system provides a pension of one-eightieth of salary for each year of service, retirement at any age from sixty to sixty-five, a payment on retirement of one-thirtieth of salary for each year of service, and a gratuity on death in service.

The Act was constructed on broad lines and had great merits. It refused to recognise any distinction between elementary and secondary school teachers, provided pensions for uncertificated teachers, and adopted a scale of pensions which not only existed in the Civil Service, but was rapidly receiving recognition as the accepted mode of providing pensions for the servants of municipalities and large corporations.

To the teachers the coming of the Act of 1918 must have seemed like the advent of a golden age. Their pension prospects were vastly increased. Their compulsory contributions disap-

peared. They were afforded a chance of not accepting the Act, but almost unanimously they accepted it with fervour. Immediately afterwards, under the influence of the Burnham scales, there was a prodigious increase in their salaries. When the Act of 1898 was passed, the average salary of an elementary school teacher was 104*l.* In 1922 it was 250*l.*, in 1923 261*l.* With every bound in salary there was a bound in pension, and every estimate of the cost of the Act of 1918 was falsified, not because of any erroneous calculation, but because the estimate was the estimate of an actuary, and not of a prophet; and the actuary could only estimate on existing facts.

It was a bubble which Sir Eric Geddes was bound to prick. When he was enjoined by the Government to remove some of the more luxurious trappings of public expenditure, his eyes naturally fell first on the temple of Solomon which the Treasury and the Board of Education had erected, and it appeared to him to be a splendid edifice to sack. He encountered, however, many obstacles. From the first it was apparent that the money which education cost was almost entirely money spent on the provision of teachers. Pennies could be saved in other educational directions at great educational loss, but the only way to save pounds was to reduce the numbers, or salaries, or pensions of teachers. So long as teachers were teaching classes of sixty children, there was not much room for reduction in their numbers. The Government were bound by the most solemn obligations not to touch teachers' salaries, and it only remained to touch their pensions, a course which he accordingly recommended, adopting the simple proposal that, pending a more permanent revision, they should contribute 5 per cent. towards the cost of their pension rights.

Of all the proposals which had been made this threatened least damage to the educational system, and Mr. Fisher, who had manfully stuck to his post, with his back to the wall, resisting the enemies of education, gave way on this point, and introduced in 1922 a temporary Bill requiring teachers to pay 5 per cent. of their salaries towards the cost of pensions.

The teachers immediately raised an outcry that pensions were a part of salaries, that salaries had been fixed with regard to pensions, and that to alter the pension system was to break the undertaking of the Government that they would honour the Burnham scale of salaries. The Government were defeated in the House of Commons, and Mr. Fisher was put in the unenviable position of appearing before a Select Committee of the House of Commons which was appointed to consider whether his proposals involved a breach of 'any undertaking by the Government or Parliament,' 'given or implied.' The Committee consisted of nine members, and Mr. Acland was Chairman. In the crucial

division four members voted that there was not a breach of an undertaking, three that there was. Mr. Acland, who had presented a draft report, maintaining that there was a breach, did not vote as he was Chairman. The members present were, therefore, evenly divided. By so narrow a margin did the Select Committee decide that a Minister of the Crown had not broken an undertaking. Now that the heat of the controversy has died away, it may be permissible to express the opinion that no undertaking was broken. Whether the Bill was, as Lord Burnham said in evidence, by permission of the House of Lords, 'from the point of view of morals a little shabby,' may well be left for moralists to decide.

The heart went out of the fight as soon as the Select Committee had reported, and the Bill passed with little further opposition. A Committee was appointed, under the chairmanship of Lord Emmott, in August 1922, to inquire what modifications were desirable in the Act of 1918, regard being had both to the economy of public funds and to the provision of adequate and suitable benefits for the members of the teaching profession. That Committee reported on July 30, 1923. The Act of 1922, however, expired at the end of May 1924, and an Act was passed on May 29, 1924, not without serious protests in both Houses, extending the contributory system till April 1, 1926. If any of the Presidents who have passed through the Board of Education since 1922 has relinquished that troublesome office with regret, he must have found consolation in the reflection that he had not been required to deal with the thorny question of teachers' superannuation. Eventually at the beginning of 1925 Lord Eustace Percy succeeded to the *damnosa hereditas* with little opportunity of escape.

The Act of 1922 was entirely due to the panic engendered by the scale of national expenditure, and, like most legislation due to panic, provided temporary relief at the cost of permanent damage. It brought into the Exchequer an immediate revenue of about 2,500,000*l.* derived from teachers' contributions, and that revenue was used, not, as the Act states, by way of contribution towards the cost of providing pension benefits, but merely for the purpose of relieving the taxation of the year, with the result that when the cost of providing for the benefits falls on the taxpayer many years after the contributions have been paid, the contributions will not be there to defray the cost.

It was particularly unfortunate that the legislation arising out of the Report of the Geddes Committee was treated as temporary legislation, since it was even then quite apparent to independent observers that the excessive cost of the pension system was a permanent evil for which a permanent remedy must be found. The remedy of making teachers pay half the cost of their pensions merely halved the benefits of the scheme. It would then have

been, and would now be, in the interests both of the teacher and the State to drop the contributory system and merely to provide that the benefits allowed by the Act of 1918 should be halved. The teacher would be assured by way of pension of a minimum subsistence, and would be free to deal with the 5 per cent. of his salary which at present he is required to contribute to the pension fund in the manner which best suited his financial interests and personal needs. The State would be relieved from the enormous administrative expense, both central and local, which is inherent in a contributory scheme. Such a solution was rejected both by the teacher and the State in 1922 because it was permanent. The teacher rejected it because he then hoped that the 5 per cent. levy would endure for only two years; the State rejected it because it was looking primarily for a scheme which gave relief to the taxpayer of 1922, and not for a scheme which afforded permanent relief.

Though the Act was in terms a temporary Act, it was not likely that the Treasury, in the existing and any probable future state of the national finances, having acquired a revenue of two and a half millions in aid of current expenditure, would abandon that source of revenue, and consequently the temporary Act of 1922 practically committed the country to a permanent system of pension based on salary with teachers' contributions representing 5 per cent. of salary.

The Act of 1918 too readily assumed that a pension scheme which was suitable for the Civil Service was necessarily suitable for teachers and ignored the important differences between the two services. The civil servant is a permanent servant who, in order to secure a pension, must serve continuously from the beginning of his working life till death, disablement, or the age of sixty or sixty-five; the service of a teacher may be, and frequently is, an in-and-out service. A certificated teacher can retire at about forty-five, and other teachers can retire at about fifty-two, with the certainty of a pension at sixty. The Civil Service consists predominantly of married men with dependants; the teaching service consists of about 180,000 persons, of whom about 140,000 are women, and of the women the vast majority are unmarried and without dependants when they reach the age of retirement. The civil servant is the servant of the State, which controls his salary and can adjust it in close relation to his pension; the teacher is not the servant of the State, which should not, and for most purposes does not, control his salary.

It is of the first importance that, in a pension system involving necessarily such heavy charges on the taxpayer of the future, the amount of those charges should be ascertainable. The effect of the Act of 1918 is that those charges can never be ascertained

even with approximate exactness. They depend on at least three uncertain factors. First, they depend on the amount of the average salary of a teacher for the five years antecedent to retirement. We have already seen salaries rising from 10*4*l. to 26*1*l. a year in the course of two or three years, and no one can tell what further fluctuations the future may have in store. Secondly, they depend, if 5 per cent. contributions are adopted, on the grading of salaries throughout service. If the salary rises rapidly to a maximum, the revenue from accumulated contributions is large; if slowly, it is small. Thirdly, they depend upon the age at which teachers retire. A teacher can retire at any age from sixty to sixty-five, and, whatever the age, the pension for each year of service is the same. Actuarially a pension of 1*1*l. for a man at sixty-five is equivalent to a pension of 12*s.* 7*d.* at the age of sixty. Consequently, if all teachers retired at sixty, the cost of pensions would be greatly enhanced, while if all retired at sixty-five, they would be greatly decreased. Probably there will be an increasing tendency for teachers to retire at the earlier age. It is equally important to the teacher, if he contributes towards his pension, that he should know what his contributions will bring him; but the Act of 1918 leaves this to blind chance. He may have served while salaries are high and retire when salaries are low. He then contributes on the high value, and is pensioned on the low. If towards the end of his teaching career he is out of employment and cannot command the salary he commanded in his prime, it may well be that he cannot afford to be employed at all, owing to the adverse influence which employment at a low salary at the end of a teaching career has on pension. A teacher who has many dependants in early life, but who expects to be free from them at sixty, finds himself compelled to starve his dependants during his working life in order to provide at sixty a lump sum designed for dependants who in his case do not exist. A teacher who can only look forward to a short life is consoled for the fact that it is not a merry one by the reflection that the contributions he makes against his will eventually enure to the benefit of some next of kin in whom he possibly takes no interest.

The fact is that a pension system with pension and contributions based on salaries, however well suited for some occupations, is ill adapted to the teaching profession.

Practically the effect of the Act of 1922 was that the Emmott Committee were committed in advance to the 5 per cent. contribution, and, on the assumption that the total cost of the 1918 scheme for new entrants was 10 per cent. of salary, the only serious questions they had to answer were, first, how the remaining 5 per cent. should be provided, and, secondly, how the contributions should be treated. They answered the first question by saying

that 5 per cent. should be provided by teachers, 2½ per cent. by employers, and 2½ per cent. by the State; they answered the second question by saying that the teachers' and employers' contributions should be paid into a fund, while they gave no certain answer as to the State contribution.

The Superannuation Bill now before Parliament throws over the Emmott Committee on both points. Subject to a two years' moratorium so far as employers are concerned, the whole of the cost of pensions for future service is to be borne by teachers and employers, 5 per cent. by each, and the whole of these contributions are to be paid into the Exchequer in relief of current taxation. The divergence on the first of these points is more apparent than real. Under the financial system of the Education Act, 1918, the employers will usually earn a grant from the Board on the contributions they pay, and at present the amount of the grant is about 56 per cent. of the expenditure. Consequently in substance teachers will contribute half, and employers a little less and the State a little more than a quarter, of the cost of the pensions. The gradual divergence from the Act of 1918 is indeed remarkable. Under that Act the whole cost of pensions was thrown on the State. Under the Act of 1922 half the cost was thrown on the teachers, or, in other words, the teachers' pension rights were halved. Under the new Bill the State nominally divests itself of all responsibility for pensions, though indirectly it pays more than a quarter of them. The State has never consulted the other two parties to this arrangement. It made a free gift in 1918; in 1922 the teachers were compelled to pay half the cost of the gift, whether they would or not; and in 1925 the employers are to be compelled to pay nearly a quarter, though they have never had an opportunity of expressing any opinion as to the magnitude of the gift or the form it should take.

These observations are true of the permanent system the Bill seeks to establish, but they are for the present subject to the important qualification that the State pays the whole cost of pensions for back service, that is to say, service before the levy of contributions. The cost of this payment is estimated by the Emmott Committee to amount to 4,500,000*l.* a year for forty years.

On the question of the fund, the Bill proposes that no contributions shall be funded. The reason for this is clearly that the Treasury cannot regard with equanimity a proposal to sacrifice an existing revenue of 2,500,000*l.* a year, and still less the possibility of having to pay into the fund the ten millions of contributions which have been collected between 1922 and 1926. The real meaning of the proposal is that posterity is left to pay the cost of pensions, while the present generation enjoys the contributions which are paid for that purpose. If contributions were funded,

the immediate net cost to the Exchequer would be about four millions a year, rising to six and a quarter millions in 1944, and then gradually falling to about two and a quarter millions, at which figure the amount of the cost would be stabilised. If the contributions are not funded, the immediate cost to the Exchequer is about one and a half millions, rising eventually to a permanent figure of over six millions. Many specious arguments can be used in favour of the proposals of the Bill in this respect, but they really depend, not on argument, but on the essential fact that it is easier to tax posterity than it is to tax the present generation. It cannot be right in any system of finance to collect money for the specific purpose of meeting a distant liability and to use it as current revenue. The fundamental objection to the proposal rests on the ground of financial propriety, and not on any question affecting the interests of teachers. The proposal has sometimes been defended on the ground that posterity will be more able to bear the burden of taxation than the present generation. Such an assumption can only appear amazing to any serious student of the national finances.

An attempt is made in the Bill to conceal the financial profligacy of its proposals by the institution of an imaginary fund. The actuary is invited to imagine that the employers have paid contributions from 1922 to 1928, which, of course, they have not done, and that the contributions of teachers and employers (instead of being spent) have been accumulated at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. interest, and to determine every seven years on this basis whether the contributions are sufficient to pay the benefits. The assumption presumably is that if they are insufficient the contributions are to be increased, and if they are more than sufficient, they will be decreased by Act of Parliament. In fact, however, the finance of the Bill defies actuarial calculation, since it depends on uncertain factors which an actuary can neither calculate nor foretell; and probably the only effect of this clause will be to produce a septennial and inconclusive wrangle as to the rate of contribution.

As the Bill contains two unpopular features, opposition is placated by various concessions, some of great value and some of doubtful wisdom. It is provided that as a minimum every teacher shall receive in benefit the amount of his contributions with 3 per cent. compound interest. This is a costly concession which puts the teacher in a far more favourable position than the civil servant. The State will lose by the longevity of a teacher without any corresponding gain from the short-lived teacher.

Any teacher who is absent from service for a year is entitled to claim his contributions back with compound interest. This is a leap in the dark, and it is impossible to foresee its effects. So

far as women-teachers are concerned, it may prove to be rather a Bill for the provision of dowries than a Bill for the provision of pensions; and the temptation to withdraw a very substantial sum of money and leave a profession which sometimes becomes distasteful will be considerable.

Another proposal of doubtful merit is to bring within the sphere of the scheme the small but very influential class of directors and secretaries of education. It is no doubt right on the merits that secretaries and directors of education should be pensioned, but the proposals of the Bill are likely to achieve somewhat chaotic results. The concession is confined to those who have previously been teachers, and consequently some of the most able directors and secretaries of education are excluded. At the present time many such officers are eligible for pensions entirely out of the rates under the Local Government Officers' Superannuation Act. Consequently, in this small class of officials all doing the same work, we shall in future find some who are pensioned entirely under that Act out of the rates, some who are pensioned partly out of rates and partly out of taxes under the Bill, and some who are not pensioned at all. It can scarcely be described as an orderly solution of the superannuation problem.

A great merit of the Bill is that it seeks to achieve the unity of the teaching profession by bringing within the ambit of superannuation teachers, not only in grant-aided schools, but in public and private schools which are not grant-aided, and not only teachers in England and Wales, but teachers in Scotland and the Colonies. This is a fine conception, and it is pleasant to find a President of the Board who realises that his duty to 'superintend matters relating to education' includes a duty to take care of the interests of education in those schools which are not in receipt of public money. For some classes of these external teachers the proposals are worked out in detail, and the extraordinary complication of the clauses relating to them exhibits the difficulty of the problem, and foreshadows even greater difficulties in formulating a scheme for the far larger classes of teachers who are not at present the subject of any detailed provision in the Bill. A review of the difficulty of bringing non-grant-aided schools within the provisions of the Bill on terms which are sufficiently attractive suggests that the true solution is to be found in the formulation by those schools, with the assistance of the State, of their own independent superannuation scheme, and that the Bill will have done all that is needed if it provides for the passage of a teacher from a non-grant-aided school to a grant-aided school, and *vice versa*, without the loss of pension rights.

The Government will have the support of a comforting majority in the passage of the Bill. They have more to fear from local

education authorities who are employers of teachers than from the teachers themselves ; but they ought to be able to secure the passage of the Bill without any substantial amendment. If the Bill is not an ideal Bill, it is because it is the inevitable consequence of an antecedent history which is mostly bad, and of a financial stringency which is not likely to be temporary. It may be hoped that it will afford that permanent settlement of the pension question which it has taken eighty years to achieve, and undoubtedly the settlement is on broad and generous lines. It is the best that can be done in the circumstances, and we may leave our grandchildren to grumble about its financial policy in the full assurance that they will grumble very heartily, and can do nothing except grumble.

W. R. BARKER.

PARLIAMENTS AND COMMERCE

THE House of Commons has had its non-party Commercial Committee since 1902. That is to say, the existing Commercial Committee of the House of Commons, which is nearly 250 members strong, can trace a continuous existence for twenty-three years. Possibly analogous Committees were in existence at an earlier date, for it would be surprising if, acting independently of and sometimes athwart the party tie, the bond of common commercial interests did not constantly seek expression in the 'Great Inquest' of what to-day is, more than ever in the past, a 'nation of shop-keepers.'

Originally, indeed, the existing Commercial Committee was formed to 'ginger up' the Government of the day, whatever its party complexion, in regard to matters affecting the commercial community. Active inter-party sub-committees were formed, and there were frequent delegations of members to the Prime Minister and other members of the Cabinet charged with the expression of views held in common by commercial men irrespective of party. Possibly the modified procedure of the Committee is due to the growing catholicity of Governments in all save one article of the commercial man's creed. Possibly it is due in even greater measure to the increasing rigidity of the party tie, which to-day renders almost sacrilegious the inter-party discussion, within the precincts of the House of Commons, of articles of policy to which the Government of the day has set its hand and seal. The dissidence of dissent expresses itself freely enough in Committees derived from one party only ; it preserves silence when there are 'chiels' from other parties 'taking notes.'

To-day the inter-party Commercial Committee would seem to exist for two main purposes. It provides a platform from which it is possible for non-members of Parliament to inculcate among members of all shades of opinion 'the best that is known and thought' on commercial topics. The addresses delivered this session before the Committee by Mr. McKenna and Mr. J. M. Keynes on the gold standard, when the Chancellor of the Exchequer had still to announce his policy, are an example of the exercise of this function. On the other hand—and this is a task of the

Commercial Committee which appears to be growing in importance, more particularly in view of the Inter-parliamentary Commercial Conference of over forty nations that is to meet in London in 1926—the Commercial Committee exists to furnish annually a delegation of English Parliamentarians capable of giving expression in an international commercial gathering to the synthesis of financial, commercial and economic principles which English commercial men—and, indeed, British commercial men the Empire over—hold in common.

The practice of inter-parliamentary gatherings has become of late so common as to be almost fashionable. Consultation between Governments outside the usual diplomatic channels was imperative during the war. Parliaments followed the fashion set by their Governments, and, happily, peace has emphasised a habit of parliamentary fraternisation which war began or strengthened. Within the British Empire the British Empire Parliamentary Union has done, and is doing, work of incalculable benefit in associating members of the Dominion Parliaments with one another and with members of the British Parliament. The Inter-Parliamentary Union, with its permanent organisation at Geneva, is performing a parallel service for the Parliaments of an ever-expanding list of nations.

In this development of inter-parliamentary association the Commercial Committee of the House of Commons can claim to have been among the pioneers, inasmuch as the first International Parliamentary Commercial Conference was held on its initiative at Brussels in 1914, before the outbreak of the war. Subsequent assemblies of the Inter-Parliamentary Commercial Conference were held in Paris in 1916, in Rome in 1917, in London in 1918, in Brussels in 1919, in Paris in 1920, in Lisbon in 1921, in Paris again in 1922, in Prague in 1923, in Brussels again in 1924, and—the eleventh of the series—in Rome in April last. From a gathering representative at first only of a few selected Parliaments the Conference, after constituting during the war years a rallying point for Allied commercial opinion, has become an important concentration of commercial deliberation in which, in the present year, no less than forty nations were represented.

Nor is the Conference yet within sight of the maximum development which it may finally attain alike in the sphere of international representation and of international utility. Although the Austrian Germans were represented in this year's deliberations, the Germans of the Reich have not yet been included, and possibly will not be included until the vexed question of their admission to the League of Nations has been settled. Much, too, remains to be done in the direction of the development of procedure if the Conference is to become a fit arena for the full expression of inter-

national opinion on important economic topics of international significance. In its permanent Secretariat at Brussels, in the commercial groups of the various Parliaments of Europe, and in the now well-established practice of an annual international discussion of commercial topics the Conference presents the nucleus of an inter-parliamentary institution which may be destined to have an important influence in the creation of sound economic opinion throughout the world. Whether or not it will rise to the height of its possibilities must depend on the degree of adaptation to the necessities of the situation that is exhibited among its promoters.

The eleventh assembly of the Inter-Parliamentary Commercial Conference, held in Rome last April and attended by a delegation of twenty-five members of the Commercial Committee of the House of Commons, was chiefly remarkable for the complete identification of the Italian Government with the general objects of the Conference. The inaugural session of the Conference was held in the historic setting of the Capitol. The inaugural address was delivered by His Majesty King Victor Emmanuel, who was followed by Signor Mussolini, while the older Italian parliamentary tradition was represented by Signor Tittoni. The 'Duce' laid all the emphasis on the possibilities of international negotiation and discussion in the commercial sphere, and there were not wanting those among Italian politicians who were disposed to see in his attitude a differentiation between the possibilities of international deliberation in general and international deliberation which should confine itself rigidly to the sphere of possible commercial and economic agreement. King Victor Emmanuel's interest in the Conference was shown on a subsequent occasion by a reception at the Royal Palace of the Quirinal, when the King and his consort received the delegates personally. Signor Mussolini, in addition to his speech at the inaugural ceremony, was present and spoke again at the dinner offered by the Rome Chamber of Commerce, and remained for an hour or two at a gathering for tea in the cloister gardens of the Palazzo di Venezia and at an official evening reception at the Senate. Delegates retained from these four meetings the impression of a grave, kindly and even deferential presence which they reconciled with difficulty with the traditional demeanour of a 'dictator.'

The inaugural ceremony concluded, the Inter-Parliamentary Commercial Conference resolves itself into two committees for the consideration of topics arranged in advance of its deliberations by the General Council of the movement. At the meeting of the General Council proposals for discussion in the Conference are submitted by the representatives of the executives of the various national groups. Such proposals, if accepted by the General Council, are made the subject of a thesis prepared by a nominee of

the particular national executive advancing the proposal. The theses thus prepared in advance of the Conference are sent in to the central executive in Brussels for translation into French—if need be—and for printing in the extended agenda of the Conference. To each thesis is appended a draft resolution, and it is on the ultimate form to be assumed by these draft resolutions that the discussions in committee of the Conference, and ultimately in the final plenary sessions of the Conference, turn.

Needless to say, the practical utility of the Conference depends largely on the selection of subjects by the General Council and on the selection of the original authors of theses by the various national executives. Judged by this test, no careful student of the eleven considerable volumes comprising the advance theses submitted to the Conference since 1914 would contest the claim that they constitute a serious and definitely constructive contribution to the study of the more pressing of the economic problems with which Europe and the world have found themselves confronted since the outbreak of the war. Not every thesis has contemplated a practical development of the means which the various nations have at their disposal; some of the proposals incorporated in these volumes are definitely futile and represent a waste of valuable time which might well have been devoted to a better cause. In every volume, however, there is at least one paper which will repay study—in the agenda of the Rome Conference, the paper by M. Adolphe Landry, the French Deputy for Corsica, on the high cost of living and its underlying causes, is an arresting example of a valuable contribution to the subject under discussion—and so long as such a claim can be advanced the Conference will never be entirely without its justification.

Of the verbal deliberations of the Conference it is difficult to write with the same precision. As with every international conference, the problem of ensuring easy intellectual communication between representatives of forty Parliaments speaking a score of different languages is one of great difficulty, though scarcely insuperable. Even if the primary difficulty of language be overcome with the help of good interpreters, there remain the difficulties arising out of multiplicity of standpoints and personalities and the extreme rarity of chairmen experienced in committee work and possessing the linguistic and other qualifications necessary to a chairman of committees working under these exceptional conditions. The second meeting of the Conference in London, which is due to take place next year, will give the English branch of the gathering an opportunity to bring to bear upon these problems that experience which has made the House of Commons and its Committees a model for the deliberative assemblies of the world. Even so the Inter-Parliamentary

Commercial Conference will be obliged to consider sooner or later whether, according to its present practice, it does not give unnecessary encouragement to prolixity by the large number of topics presented to the general gathering for discussion by the General Council.

At the eleventh assembly, in Rome, eleven topics were considered by the committees; and the general session, on receiving the reports from the committees, passed resolutions regarding the majority, if not all, of them. This achievement was the result of three days' deliberative labours, and the immensity of the task—no less than the inevitable inadequacy of the discussions—is suggested by the fact that the resolutions dealt with the high cost of living, the gold standard, the demand for international loans as a means to the stabilisation of exchange, the utilisation of aviation for commercial purposes, arbitration between employers and workmen, and such definitely commercial topics as international railway agreements, consular arbitration, the unification of the company law administered in various countries, and the employment of commercial paper as a credit basis. Had the two committees devoted their whole time to the consideration merely of the two first-mentioned subjects of discussion, they would still have left vast areas of those problems unexplored. In both cases, indeed, the debates on these topics were productive of conflicts of opinion and of voluminous contributions to the economics and the politics of the subjects which sufficiently emphasised the almost irreconcilable differences that separate Latin from Anglo-Saxon—and possibly Teuton—when these problems are under debate. The debate on high prices yielded in particular a masterly analysis of the economic and financial position of Italy at the present time by Signor Crespi, of the Banca Commerciale d'Italia, which deserved a wider publicity than it could hope to obtain in the deliberations of a sub-committee.

As an example of the resolutions reached by the Conference I give an English translation of that resulting from the debates on the high cost of living:

The Inter-Parliamentary Commercial Conference, having debated the question of the cost of living, holds (1) that any artificial restriction of prices can only be followed by undesirable consequences; (2) that Governments should refrain from all interference with the development of production and mitigate as far as possible the obstacles to the international exchange [of goods]; (3) that Governments should direct their attention to the evil consequences of currency inflation, which menaces the spirit of economy and the thrift instinct that are essential elements of progress; (4) that, in view of the evils resulting from disorganised exchange, all Governments should concentrate on the measures necessary to the re-establishment of their monetary system; and, finally, trusts that the States, realising the solidarity of their common interests, will resort increasingly to mutual assistance.

I have referred to the advantage enjoyed by the Rome Conference of an exposition of the Italian economic position by a distinguished Italian banker. It is the invariable experience that the greatest advantages derivable from the International conference are those flowing, on the one hand, from the close contact enjoyed year by year with the leading and acknowledged masters of at least one set of national problems, and those derivable, on the other hand, from fruitful and friendly intercourse with a large number of minds accustomed to work normally in totally different surroundings. The Rome Conference opened for English and other foreign Parliamentarians a new window on Italian life and problems, while it ministered to the creation of innumerable friendships between men of different race, which will have their ever broadening effect as the years pass. Each year the opportunity recurs for the study of a different set of national problems, and each year those who are most influential in the nation acting the part of host endeavour to the utmost of their capacity to assist the visiting members to apprehend their country's true national genius.

In 1926 the opportunity will fall to the people of this country, and it is to be hoped that the most will be made of it. No nation in the world has more to teach than the British in the economic sphere, and the experience of the Inter-Parliamentary Commercial Conferences proves that from no nation in the world are the other nations more willing to accept suggestion and guidance. On the other hand, there are nations, as British members of Parliament realised recently in Milan, which can teach the British people much in regard to the reorganisation of national economic life after the destruction of the war period. Three years have seen the reduction of Italian unemployment figures from 541,000 to 130,000, and depreciated exchange has by no means been the sole explanation of the miracle.

For the Conference of 1926 in London the official help and recognition of the Government and the personal sympathy of the Prime Minister are now assured. The experience of 1918, when the sessions were last held in this country, supplies every justification for expecting that the example of the Government will be followed by all who are influential in the English world of commerce. The presence of some 300 representatives of the influence exercised by commerce in forty of the world's Parliaments will render memorable next year's London season. It will be the object of the executive to render the discussions worthy of the occasion and to enlist the assistance of acknowledged leaders of thought and action in this country in the task of conveying to other nations England's economic message at the present critical time.

GEORGE PILCHER.

THE ST. LAWRENCE-GREAT LAKES DEEP WATERWAY

THE project of a deep channel for ocean-going vessels extending from the Atlantic to the head of the Great Lakes is at present receiving the serious consideration of the people of the United States and Canada. For more than a century before the war this undertaking existed as a remote possibility in the minds of engineers and statesmen, but during the last five years the plan has received practical investigation and active support from Governments and business men. The problems raised by the scheme are delicate and involved, threatening to range provinces and States against each other and introducing questions of international significance. Public opinion is being educated and organised to regard the projected waterway as the solution of grave transport difficulties and as a means of developing vast quantities of needed electric power.

The movement for the deepening of the St. Lawrence dates back to the Cleveland meeting of the International Deep Waterways Association of September 1895, which was followed in 1897 by the appointment of a Deep Waterways Commission. The most comprehensive and thorough investigation that has up to the present been undertaken was carried out by the International Joint Commission, consisting of three members from Canada and three from the United States. The question was referred to it for report on January 21, 1920, by agreement between the two Governments concerned, and under provision of Art. IX. of the Boundary Treaty of 1909. This body has reported itself in favour of the plan which is supported also by the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence Tidewater Association formed in the United States and by the Canadian Deep Waterways and Power Association organised in the Dominion.

The two chief obstacles which prevent ocean ships from making a continuous voyage from the Atlantic to Lake Superior are the Niagara Falls and the rapids of the St. Lawrence. The former will be overcome by the new Welland Canal which, when completed, will be able to accommodate any ship afloat. This enormous undertaking, upon which the Canadian Government has

already spent more than \$50,000,000, is to be regarded as an integral part of the lakes-to-the-ocean project. With seven gigantic locks carved out of solid stone this canal will be able to lift the largest vessels 366 feet and carry them a distance of twenty-five miles. The time required to do this will be about eight hours. The Joint Commission has recommended that the cost of the Welland Canal be included in the international scheme, but nothing definite has been settled with regard to this point.

The chief source of controversy and discussion is the means to be adopted of surmounting the obstacles to deep-sea ships presented by the rapids of the mighty St. Lawrence. If these hindrances to navigation are not removed, the Welland Canal when completed will only serve as a feeder to American commerce going by way of Buffalo to the sea. At present the river is navigable for sea ships as far as Montreal; but above this city the water route is broken by three groups of rapids lying between Lake St. Louis and Lake St. Francis. The total length of the rapids is forty-three miles, with a drop of 220 feet. Thus the whole problem is fairly well concentrated in one small section of the stream.

The existing canals, which have been in operation for many years, are entirely inadequate for the traffic of modern sea-going vessels. In 1875, when the Canadian Government ordered these old canals to be deepened to accommodate ships drawing 14 feet of water, a reconstruction was undertaken without regard to the other dimensions of the locks. These were found to be too short. The Joint Commission therefore recommended that the Governments of Canada and the United States should enter into a treaty arrangement for the total reconstruction of the canals to make the river navigable for large ships all the way from Montreal to Lake Ontario. The plan consists of the building of canals with a depth at low water of 25 feet, equipped with locks of sufficient size to enable sea-going vessels to pass.

The Engineering Board divides the project into two principal sections—the international from Lake Ontario to Cornwall, the national, or Canadian, from Cornwall to Montreal. For the former it suggests a composite plan of navigation and power development; for the latter a navigation scheme only, with the possibility of hydro-electric installations in the future. On the international section between Cornwall and Long Sault Rapids a canal is to be constructed on the Canadian side, equipped with two lift locks 860 feet long and 80 feet wide, having lifts of 48 and 31 feet. To restrict the number of locks and curtail the mileage of restricted navigation it is proposed to construct dams across the canals. The main dam between the islands of Barnard and Long Sault and a smaller one from the head of the latter to the American

shore are expected to render possible the development of a million and a half horse-power of electrical energy. Another dam is suggested on the United States side at Ogden Island. The estimated cost of all the undertakings in the international section is somewhere in the neighbourhood of \$159,000,000.

In the Canadian section the Engineering Board advises the construction of a channel 220 feet wide provided with two pairs of locks. This is to replace the present Soulanges Canal, which offsets the rapids of Coteau, the Cedars and the Cascades. To overcome the difficulties presented by the Lachine and Normond rapids it is proposed to build a new waterway following the course of the existing Lachine Canal, except that the former would run along the southerly and westerly outskirts of Montreal. This national section of the river drops about 134 feet. All the undertakings in connection with this part of the project, including the dredging of Lake St. Francis and Lake St. Louis and the construction of certain protective works in the harbour of Montreal, would call for an expenditure of \$93,000,000. This brings the total cost to over \$252,000,000, inclusive of all expenses for the installation of turbines and other apparatus for the generation of electric power. Should the depth of the canals be increased from 25 to 30 feet an extra outlay of \$17,000,000 would be required. It is estimated that the annual charges for maintenance and operation would not exceed \$2,562,000.

The possibility of great power development is regarded as of paramount importance, especially by Eastern Ontario and the neighbouring States to the south. Engineers report that, should it be deemed advisable to develop power from the Canadian section as well as from the international, 2,260,000 additional horse-power could be generated for an outlay of about \$220,000,000. Mr. W. M. German, of Welland, in the Dominion House of Commons estimated the total possible revenue from the sale of power at \$17,587,000 per year; the annual expense of the power undertakings would amount to \$15,970,000 (including interest charges, maintenance and sinking fund), leaving a profit of \$1,608,000. The absence of coal deposits in Ontario and the crying need for electric power in New York State and New England would make it possible to market any amount of electricity that could be generated.

It is interesting to observe the different attitudes adopted toward the project by the various sections of the country affected. The fourteen States of the Union tributary to the Great Lakes are most enthusiastic in favour of the plan. This great Middle Western region has about one-third of the Republic's area and population, the greater part of the mineral output, and about 40 per cent. of the manufacturing capital.

Sea hunger has gripped the West. It will hack its way through to the Atlantic, or know the reason why. There is something primal about the impulse. When it grips a man or a nation it has the force of an instinct.

But perhaps the solid economic advantages have more real weight than any unreasoning 'sea hunger.' It is claimed that the freight rate on grain shipped from the West would be reduced by at least 5 cents a bushel; the expensive transfers necessary under present conditions would be eliminated; the congestion which now arises at certain points on the railways would be avoided. It has also been pointed out that the shipment of grain by way of the St. Lawrence would remove the delays which now occur on account of waiting for ocean space, and that grain shrinkage resulting from constant handling and transshipping would be diminished. The prospect of increased profit to grain growers, the facilities promised for the transport of vast mineral resources, and the attractive possibility of the American lake ports becoming available to ocean vessels are substantial benefits more persuasive than any blind impulse to reach the Atlantic. Moreover, it is apparent that if imported goods could be carried by ocean vessels right into the heart of the continent without transshipment there would be a large saving to buyers throughout the western area.

The city of Chicago may be called the leader in this agitation for a deeper St. Lawrence. A newspaper in this city declared that if Canada refused to support the project an alternative American plan would be carried out: a waterway would be built joining the Great Lakes with the Hudson River by way of Oswego. Though this proposal may be mere bluff, it indicates the keenness which exists in the lake cities for an outlet to the sea. Toronto, Duluth, Milwaukee, Detroit, Hamilton, and Toledo have all declared their willingness to do their part in preparing harbour facilities for ocean-going vessels.

But this attitude of approval is not universal throughout the United States. The City and State of New York are afraid that the money invested in the New York Barge Canal will be wasted and that the St. Lawrence will divert a large volume of traffic from their great port. All kinds of reasons for abandoning the undertaking have been advanced from this part of the country. Boston and Buffalo have also issued protests against the proposed waterway. The latter, of course, is disturbed by the prospect of losing the advantage accruing to her from the considerable traffic that now finds an outlet to the sea by way of the Erie Canal. The Pacific States are apprehensive lest the St. Lawrence route should divert western traffic from the Panama Canal; while in the southern part of the country there is some fear that the new waterway will compete with the Mississippi route to New Orleans.

The attitude of the United States as a whole, however, has been favourable to the project. In September 1923 the Committee on the Development of Waterways and the Co-ordination of Railway and Waterway Service appointed by the United States Chamber of Commerce reported itself convinced that the plan should be carried out. A more friendly attitude has also appeared recently in New England, where an association composed of business men from each of the six north-eastern States has been organised to advance the undertaking. The Associated Industries of Massachusetts have indorsed the scheme, and the Boston Chamber of Commerce has reversed its previous hostile attitude. Favourable resolutions have been adopted by the Manufacturers' Association of Connecticut. President Harding announced himself in sympathy with the scheme, and President Coolidge has followed suit.

On the Canadian side of the border there is also a marked divergence of opinion as to the advisability of deepening the St. Lawrence. The prairie provinces are either opposed or indifferent. They now enjoy a smaller freight rate on grain from the west to the Atlantic ports than their neighbours to the south—a competitive advantage which they fear to lose through a general reduction of transport charges on account of the new waterway. Moreover, many people in the Canadian West are vigorously supporting the Hudson Bay route as offering a better solution of their transport difficulties than a deeper St. Lawrence. These are the chief reasons why the West of Canada takes a different attitude from that which has been adopted by the Western States. But it is doubtful whether this opposition will be maintained in the face of the obvious advantages of the proposed undertaking. In the first place, the prairie farmers cannot long remain blind to the significance of cheaper rates in their competition with the grain growers of Australia and the Argentine who are not compelled to ship their produce such long overland distances. These countries are more serious competitors of Canada in the grain markets of the world than the United States where high rents and high costs of production are a serious handicap. In the second place, there are insurmountable obstacles in the way of utilising the Hudson Bay route. The impossibility of navigating the bay in the late autumn and winter would render it necessary for wheat to be held over till the following summer. The high insurance rates on vessels taking the bay route would largely counterbalance the advantages arising out of a diminution of the overland distance.

Opposition also comes from the people of the Province of Quebec and especially from Montreal, whose citizens are uneasy at the prospect of sea-going vessels proceeding beyond their port

to the upper lakes. They insist that navigation on the St. Lawrence requires all the available depth of water between Montreal and the sea, and that this may be interfered with by the proposed dams and power plants. They maintain that the delay in proceeding through the canals and the danger of damage would be such as to discourage ocean ships from proceeding up the river. They further declare that the cost of the undertaking was underestimated by the Commission, and that, since border waterways must be free of toll, the carrying out of the plan would place an intolerable burden on Dominion finances. They propose as an alternative the Georgian Bay route by way of the Cardinal and the Ottawa which could be constructed at a cost of only \$80,000,000.

Probably the city of Montreal is needlessly alarmed as to the future of her harbour interests. The St. Lawrence, according to the engineers, can be deepened without affecting the available depth between Montreal and the sea. Senator Reid takes the view that vessels of large tonnage will travel between Port Arthur and Montreal where they will tranship their cargoes to ocean vessels. This transfer could be effected, he claims, at less than a cent a bushel, and instead of damaging the trade of Montreal the improvement of the St. Lawrence would bring increased traffic to her harbour. Since an ocean vessel costs a great deal more to build than a lake freighter of the same tonnage, this argument seems reasonable. If a deep channel were provided the immense grain carriers now confined to the upper lakes would be able to sail to Montreal with the consequent saving of the expense involved in transferring cargoes from ships to railway.

The objection that joint construction and control would lead to international complication is one that has been expressed on both sides of the border. In Canada it is feared that co-operative action in connection with the St. Lawrence will enable the United States to obtain more than her due share of control over what is virtually a Canadian waterway. In case the United States were at war with some Power allied or friendly to Canada or the British Empire serious misunderstandings might arise with regard to the utilisation of the St. Lawrence. Mr. F. M. Williams, State engineer of New York, asserted in his annual report for 1919-20 that 'the St. Lawrence project will take the control of the waterway out of the hands of the United States.' In view of the fact that only a small portion of the river touches American soil, this seems to be a very extraordinary contention.

The Dominion Government is rather non-committal on the subject. Early in 1924 it was decided that expert engineers should report anew on the feasibility of the plan and the accuracy of the cost estimates. Canada's national debt of over two

billion dollars is a heavy burden for a country so sparsely settled, and it is not surprising that a large body of conservative opinion is opposed to any scheme designed to increase the country's financial obligations. This feeling is particularly strong in the Maritime Provinces which would share in the expense without participating directly in the benefits of the scheme. It is of course a standing grievance with these provinces that their interests are ignored by the wealthier and more populous provinces of Ontario and Quebec. The supporters of the scheme, however, have pointed out that the deepening of the St. Lawrence would serve to develop the coal and other industries of the Maritime Provinces by opening to them the markets of Ontario and the West.

There are some important points that must be settled before the work can be undertaken. There is the question of power rights to be decided. Before that part of the proposals relative to power development can be carried out, some agreement must be reached between the Dominion Government and the Province of Ontario. Any excess of water above that which is needed for navigation in the St. Lawrence is under the control of the Ontario Legislature. The latter is not disposed at the present time to countenance the giving up of Ontario power rights to any private interests in the United States, though that country affords the best market for the sale of electrical energy.

What is to be the distribution of the construction and maintenance costs as between the United States and Canada? This is another point to be settled. Many Americans claim that the United States will be paying for Canadian public works calculated to draw trade from their own cities. Many Canadians take the position that most of the ships using the proposed waterway will be owned by American companies, and that therefore the bulk of the profits from the improvements will go to the United States. By such arguments each side tries to show why the other should bear the lion's share of the cost. The Joint Commission suggested that the expenses should be apportioned according to the benefit accruing from the waterway to the respective countries. How this benefit is to be measured is one of the unsolved problems of the projected undertaking.

Other problems have arisen such as the diversion of water through the drainage canal at Chicago, the alleged necessity of increasing the low water flow in the lakes, and the severity of the ice situation in the winter. But the obstacles to be surmounted are not chiefly those of an engineering nature. The competent engineers who advised the Joint Commission have pronounced the scheme practicable from that point of view. The chief impediments are economic and political. The unfortunate experience of Canada with railway development has made her cautious about

the construction of public works beyond the economic requirements of the country. Undoubtedly the opening of a new and efficient water route means the diversion of traffic from the railways. This is not as serious for the United States as it is for Canada. The American lines are pretty well congested with traffic, especially at crop moving time; but in Canada the railways are suffering from a lack of business. Should the waterway cut into the traffic which the railways now have, the people of the country will probably be compelled to carry the heavy burden of railway deficits longer than would otherwise have been necessary.

Except for those who have money invested in private power undertakings in Quebec, the possibility of great power development in connection with the St. Lawrence project is a feature that meets with universal approval. Sir Adam Beck, speaking for the Ontario Hydro-Electric Commission, predicts a dearth of power in Ontario within a very short time. The prospect of power generation is a big consideration for New England and New York State. It is claimed that high potential energy can now be distributed throughout a radius of 300 miles without a loss of more than 6 per cent. But however far the beneficial influence of power generation may extend, it cannot compare in this respect with the area affected by the proposed navigational developments. The Joint Commission concluded that, 'without considering the probability of new traffic created by the opening of a water route to the seaboard, there exists to-day between the regions economically tributary to the Great Lakes and overseas points, as well as between the same regions and the Atlantic and Pacific seaboard, a volume of outbound and inbound trade that might reasonably be expected to seek this route sufficient to justify the expense involved in its improvement.' The Commission also pointed out that, because of the wider area and population served, 'the benefits derived will (at first) accrue in a much larger measure to American than Canadian interests.'

It is fairly apparent that, unless something unforeseen happens, the supporters of the project will gain the day. The fact that some people will be damaged by the undertaking cannot be allowed to outweigh its great and obvious advantages. Someone must pay the price of progress. If there is any foundation for the prediction that in the future the industries and peoples of the world will congregate about the sources of water-power, we may perhaps look forward to the time when the basin of the St. Lawrence will have become a busy populous centre of industry and the Great Lakes an American Mediterranean.

R. E. FREEMAN.

THE PROBLEM OF ALIENS IN FRANCE

THERE is no new thing under the sun. The subject of which we write does not escape the universal rule. It is very old. A humorist, we are told, even traces it back to the days of the garden of Eden, Adam's first words to Eve, 'Madam, I'm Adam'—the earliest palindrome on record—implying, he says, the challenge 'Who are you?' and hence being sufficient evidence that our forefather strongly suspected his female companion of being an alien.

But if the subject in itself is somewhat hackneyed, yet in each country it reveals indigenous features, at each stage of civilisation it assumes peculiar aspects; for these we may claim novelty. Thus some years ago it was barely more than an academic dispute; now, in France at least, it has risen to the dignity of a problem.

Without going back to antiquity, a short historical survey is here necessary. Let, then, the chief landmarks be recalled.

Under the feudal system, when vassals held lands from lords superior on condition of military service, all persons born outside the limits of the manor, seignior or domain, and therefore not held to such service, were indiscriminately ranged under the generic name of *aubains*, a corruption of *alibi nati*, born elsewhere, *i.e.*, aliens. The *aubain* stood in a by no means enviable position; subject to many disqualifications, he was notably forbidden to hold, acquire, inherit, dispose of either by will or as intestate, any property. He was a negligible quantity, wholly at the mercy of the lord of the manor, and he might account himself fortunate if, by especial favour, he were permitted to give the Church, for the salvation of his soul, a pious legacy, not, however, exceeding five sous. At his death the lord of the manor, in virtue of the *droit d'aubaine*, was entitled to all the alien was worth. Yet, little by little, the long struggle sustained by the lords against the royal power—a fight wherein they were ultimately the losers—resulted in their being bereft of the *droit d'aubaine*, which then accrued to the Crown. From that time the definition of the *aubains* changes. Henceforth such persons are termed *aubains* as are born no longer beyond the narrow precincts

of the manor, but outside the more extensive frontiers of the realm. The intervention of the royal power had another noteworthy effect. Not content with thus reducing the number of aliens, the kings strove to show themselves more lenient in the enforcement of the *droit d'aubaine* than had ever been attempted hitherto; at times they even renounced the right, by way of encouragement to a particular class of foreigners. Thus Louis X. abolished the *droit d'aubaine* on behalf of the students of all nationalities, graduates and undergraduates of the colleges then existing on the site where have since been built the *lycées* Henri IV., St. Louis and Louis le Grand, the Panthéon, and the Sainte Geneviève Library, at the summit of the hill-top forming the centre of the Latin Quarter. In the year 1364 Charles V. extended a similar benefit to the Castilian merchants who traded in Paris. About a century later, in 1443, Charles VII., while granting to the city of Lyons leave to hold three fairs yearly, took advantage of the opportunity to release from the *droit d'aubaine* such foreigners as might die in that town during those festivities. Louis XI. multiplied the exemptions: he relieved from the *droit d'aubaine* first all foreigners born in Brabant, Flanders and Holland, then the inhabitants of the Hanse Towns. Henri II., in the year 1554, freed the Scotch merchants from all taxes, tributes or duties to be levied on the goods they chose to import into France. A decree of Henri III. of the year 1579 gives official notice to all whom it may concern that the *droit d'aubaine* is no longer to be exerted against the movables of any foreign merchant whatever who, having come into the kingdom with a view to carrying on trade, has died in the country: '*Le droit d'aubaine n'a pas lieu es biens meubles de tout marchand étranger qui est venu en France pour y trafiquer et y est décédé.*' The Franco-English treaty of 1606 went one step further, inasmuch as it authorised the merchants of both contracting Powers to bequeath their personal property unrestrainedly. And foremost amongst Henri IV.'s praiseworthy efforts to introduce into France the new industries then flourishing abroad historians quote his decision authorising all foreigners employed either at tapestry work in the manufactories of Flanders, Beauvais and the Gobelins, or in the silk industry, if such were their desire, to be divested of their status and considered as French subjects. A royal declaration of the year 1736 officially confirmed in favour of the English monks of the Benedictine Order the exemption from the *droit d'aubaine* formerly granted to them by old texts.

Parallel to these liberal yet to a great extent individual measures, the custom of granting by international treaty the same advantages to all subjects of a nation in bulk became more and more prevalent, until on June 6, 1790, at the outset of the

French Revolution, the *Constituante* totally suppressed the *droit d'aubaine*. However, as several countries persisted in taking advantage of it against many French subjects dying in their territory, the Civil Code, in the way of retaliation, cancelled that law and set forth:

The foreigner shall enjoy in France the same civil rights as are or shall be conceded to the French subject by virtue of the treaties of the nation to which that foreigner belongs. (*L'étranger jouira en France des mêmes droits civils que ceux qui sont ou seront concédés aux Français par les traités de la nation à laquelle cet étranger appartiendra.*) (C. C., liv. i., tit. i., art. ii.).

These examples are not meant to be exhaustive, but they illustrate a fact: the principle of equality of civil rights had been proclaimed as early as the beginning of the nineteenth century.

Ever since this time the number of foreigners living or settling in France has steadily kept increasing. Putting aside the flow of tradesmen and tourists coming from other countries—a normal and unquestionably wholesome result of the ever more intricate conditions of modern economic interdependence—each war, each revolution, nay each important change, occurring in Europe at times when unsettlement is the note prevalent everywhere, immediately results in the swarming of refugees into France. After the failure of the insurrectionary movement launched in their country thousands of Poles fled to Paris in quest of a shelter and a new home. Everybody remembers that sad exodus. It is but a typical example amongst many others.

Now, as long as those immigrants were not disproportionately numerous in comparison to the French-born inhabitants they rightly might be regarded without disfavour. As a rule, they were heartily welcome. Buonaparte can be quoted in witness of the fact. Of all men he will not be suspected of exaggerated tenderness towards foreigners. Yet, in one of his contributions to the drafting of the Civil Code, he expressed himself very clearly on the subject:

The sons of foreigners settled in France have acquired a French turn of mind and the French habits; they are bound to France in the same manner as every human being is naturally bound to the country wherein he is born. (*Les fils d'étrangers qui se sont établis en France ont l'esprit français, les habitudes françaises; ils ont l'attachement que chacun porte naturellement au pays qui l'a vu naître.*)

Buonaparte's point of view was sound. The greater part of those foreigners proved a boon for the country, introducing new industrial methods, and, occasionally, improved processes of cultivation; furthermore, some of them were either ready to perform various exceptionally toilsome kinds of work or, again, had specialised in certain crafts requiring particular aptitudes, and

economic conditions created in France by the war—dearth of population in general, and especially of workmen, and hence necessity of obtaining hands at all costs—the country has played the part of a huge suction pump collecting foreign labour.

During the war the Government, having mobilised 7,932,000 Frenchmen, were compelled to resort to immigration to maintain and even intensify the output of the munition factories. Factory hands were recruited from the French colonies and also from China. The number of natives thus brought over during hostilities amounted to — Algerians, 75,864; Tunisians, 18,538; Moors, 35,010; natives from Indo-China, 48,981; natives from Madagascar, 5535; Chinese, 36,740.

The Armistice fortunately put a stop to the flow of these foreign labourers, many of whom were of an inferior standard and became an element of disturbance and of crime. But it could not stem the invasion from the neighbouring countries. Neither, for the matter of that, would it have been safe to check European immigration too suddenly.

There were 741,993 houses, 32,000 manufactories, 6123 bridges, viaducts, canals and tunnels, to rebuild; 58,697 kilometres of roads and 3,306,350 hectares (about 7,000,000 English acres) of arable land to reinstate. And no time could be lost. The survivors of the gallant British and Canadian combatants of the Vimy Ridge have not forgotten the condition of the Lens mining district. Most of the French coal mines were similarly destroyed. Yet the country needed coal at all costs. For want of it the life of the nation was on the point of coming to a standstill. During several months after the Armistice the gas and electric works of Paris and many French towns never had a greater stock of fuel in store than sufficient to last a few days. The coal to be sent by Germany, in compliance with the compensation clauses of the Treaty of Peace, was but scantily delivered, and such supplies as were imported from England and the United States attained prohibitive prices.

An appeal to foreign labour was a vital necessity. From almost all European countries workmen came by thousands. Some mining companies brought over whole train-loads of Poles.

But, the conditions having grown so widely different, immigration—a magnificent thing while rightly controlled—began to assume a new character, and threatened to become a danger rather than a boon. The aliens ceased to be merged in the body of the French nation. Only when a comparatively small element is lost in another of a much larger extent can such an amalgamation be effected. This no longer was the case. Recruited in thousands, the Poles came to France not as private individuals, but as a foreign nation, bringing in their train their own tradesmen,

teachers, priests. On some points of the territory, in four years, mushroom Polish cities have sprung up, with Polish churches, Polish shops, Polish schools, Polish theatres, Polish clubs, Polish newspapers. The immigrants have not only transported themselves to France: they have taken all their traditions with them. Living amongst themselves, they cling jealously to their customs, and are not even tempted to learn French.

This picture, it will be objected, is exceptional, peculiar to the devastated departments. We agree. Yet other examples, though less striking, could be furnished. Several parts of France exhibit compact islets of foreigners forming solid nuclei round which the fellow-countrymen of the first settlers rapidly conglomerate. In the Gers Department Italian peasants, after earning high wages, have bought the lands whose original owners had been killed. In Paris Tunisians and Moors occupy large blocks of buildings in the Thirteenth and Nineteenth Arrondissements. Close to the Hôtel de Ville Jews from Central Europe abound; in many narrow lanes of the Fourth Arrondissement, in the Marais, near the celebrated churches of St. Paul and St. Gervais, the French language is hardly spoken at all. In one of the primary schools of the Reuilly quarter, 33 per cent. of the pupils were born of foreign parents.

Mere number, however large, is not the whole difficulty. Another point arises when we put the question 'What is, from a point of view at once moral and social, the value of those aliens?' The answer is discouraging. Too often they prove incapable of developing any of the solid virtues indispensable for creating, we will not say a high, but a merely acceptable, standard of citizenship. A second time we must quote from statistics. They show that criminality is much more frequent amongst the foreigners living in France than amongst the French subjects. A perusal of official documents (*vide Comptes Rendus Généraux de l'Administration de la Justice*) shows that in 1913 the total number of persons convicted in France consists of—

(a) Persons found guilty of crimes: 1774 French subjects, 214 aliens;

(b) Persons found guilty of misdemeanours: 173,171 French subjects, 29,144 aliens known as such, besides 1017 more aliens whose nationality could not be ascertained.¹

Taking into account the proportion of foreigners as compared with French subjects, the number of offenders is four or five times greater for the former than for the latter. And this is not peculiar to the year 1913. As early as 1885 out of 983,051 foreigners

¹ As regards those minor infringements against regulations which the French Code terms 'contraventions,' we cannot quote any figures, as the returns published range the French and foreign offenders under the same heading.

living in France 20,255 were found guilty of crimes or offences. In 1879 out of an aggregate number of 33,603 offenders apprehended in the Department of the Seine 2090, i.e., 6.21 per cent., were aliens; in 1883 the proportion had reached 7.34 per cent.²

On the other hand, the numbers of undesirable aliens expelled from France have always been comparatively small. In 1913, during which year, as has been said, the number of convicted aliens had reached the figure of 29,358, only 4456 of them were expelled; in 1920, notwithstanding the formidable increase of immigrants and despite the Press campaign denouncing their ill-doings, the police did not expel more than 6483 of them, 5718 of whom had been found guilty of crimes or misdemeanours. Again, we should not forget another point: certain acts, though not punishable at law, and not coming, therefore, under the head of any statutory offences, are nevertheless either sins in the public eye or dangers to the nation. Here again the aliens take the lead. Too many of them lack morality, or belong to that class of social agitators and disturbers of the peace whose typical picture has been so powerfully drawn by Zola in *Germinal*.

Things, it will be acknowledged, have drifted far away from the conditions prevailing in the old times. We are confronted with a new problem; a new policy of immigration must be adopted. It is so much the more necessary because of the length of the frontiers of the country. The control of immigrants is easy enough in islands such as those forming Great Britain, or even in a country like the United States, whose immediate neighbours have but a thin population and can hardly constitute a dangerous source of immigration. Supervision in ports is a simple matter. But it becomes arduous, perhaps impracticable, where the aliens can pass from several densely populated Continental countries into another neighbouring one by following hidden paths across the frontier or sneaking through the field, forest, or mountain tracks. Nothing short of a continuous line of troops would be up to the task of keeping the frontiers. Such a screen itself might prove ineffective, as experience has shown.

If, then, control is to fulfil its object and not remain a merely bureaucratic formality, it must be effected within the country itself, not at its frontiers. Several French politicians have advocated this scheme. As early as June 3, 1919, the Government brought in a Bill to that effect. The text provides as follows: 'The access to the territory of the Republic is henceforth free, passports no longer being called for from foreigners.' Necessary in war-time, passports are by no means desirable under ordinary

² And it may, moreover, be noted that during the same year, 1883, 3167 aliens being heads of a family without means of support fell on the poor rates of the city of Paris.

circumstances: they involve a loss of time and money, give rise to vexatious measures and soon become a hindrance to traffic and trade. They offer the further drawback of making access to the territory of a country subject to the goodwill of the authorities of the foreign nations, that may, as they judge fit, stop or limit the immigration of their fellow-citizens by simply refusing to issue them any passports.

As far as their supervision is concerned, the foreigners entering France are divided into two distinct classes:

(a) The mere passers-by, who do not wish to settle definitely in France or to carry on any business, industry or trade in the country;

(b) Those wishing to exert a special trade in France, to take up private lodgings and possibly settle in the country.

From the former, class (a), the Bill requires the filling up, the signing and remittance to their hosts on their arrival of a written statement setting forth their name and nationality. The document must be immediately sent to the police. From the latter, class (b), the Bill requires the obtaining from the police of an identity card granting them leave to abide in the country. Should that card be withheld, the refusal would amount to a *consilium abeundi*, and an expulsion order, in due form, would be served on the aliens persisting in not understanding the real sense of that tacit invitation voluntarily to quit the country.

So far the provisions of the Bill do nothing new. All nations have always claimed the right to expel undesirable aliens guilty of actual violations of the peace or constructive violations by tending to make others break it. In France the matter is ruled by the law of December 3 to 11, 1849. But whilst under the present legislation any alien whatever is entitled, until he has been served with an expulsion order, to travel freely all over the country, the Bill under consideration confers on the Government full powers, by means of special or general regulations, to withhold leave either to enter the territory or to sojourn in certain areas, towns or places.

The promoters of the Bill argue as follows:

(a) The fact of granting certain classes of aliens full liberty to settle in the precincts or close vicinity of fortified towns, sea-ports, dockyards, arsenals, public manufactories, or naval and military stores, is apt to encourage the practice of spying and consequently to endanger mobilisation.

(b) Furthermore, the heaping together in the neighbourhood of the frontiers of such aliens as are amenable to the jurisdiction of bordering nations may likewise create insecurity.

(c) And also the return of foreigners belonging to ex-hostile Powers to the localities they have personally taken a part in

devastating or amidst a population they have overawed during the occupation is bound to kindle the old enmity and run the risk, should their attitude be in the least provocative, of giving rise to lamentable incidents. '*Præstat cautela quam medela.*' In view of the revival of normal international relations and the benefit of the foreigners themselves, and as a measure of precaution, it is highly advisable that the Government should be given sufficient powers in case of need to keep those aliens away from the places in which their presence might prove undesirable.

Even in this respect the Bill does not propound anything 'notable, new, and hitherto unsaid.' It accomplishes nothing beyond taking up again various provisions scattered in the legislation of other nations, viz., the Dutch law of August 13, 1849; the Luxemburgian law of December 13, 1893; and the Belgian law of February 12, 1897. While so doing, it most fittingly conciliates the demands of national security by a marked alleviation of the provisions of the French legislation on expulsion, which would only be resorted to as an extreme measure.

Monsieur Paul Escudier, Deputy and former President of the Municipal Council of the city of Paris, drafted, in the name of the Select Committee, a report in which he commended most of the provisions of the Bill. Political events unfortunately prevented the House from passing the Bill at that time, which, however, was brought in again after the elections and favourably reported upon by Monsieur Niveaux, Deputy for the Vienne Department. But this time, again, the powers of the House expired prior to the Bill being passed.

On July 31, 1924, shortly after the last elections, the Chamber of Deputies finally decided to take up, as forming the subject-matter for all eventual debates, not the first draft, but Monsieur Niveaux's, which at bottom but very slightly differs from the one brought in by Monsieur Escudier in 1919. We have been fortunate enough to interview Monsieur Paul Escudier, to whom for the second time will be entrusted the honour and the delicate task of reporting on the Bill. He proposes to defend before the Select Committee, whose work will consist in drafting the final wording of the new Bill, a text which may be condensed as follows:

As was the case in the first scheme, all the foreigners coming into France are divided into two distinct classes:

(a) Those who are mere passers-by, not wishing to settle in France or to carry on any business, industry or trade there;

(b) Those who, on the contrary, desire to settle in that country for good and all, and who are bound to apply for and obtain an identity card. The Government may, at their discretion and for

such reason as they think fit, withhold that identity card, thus causing an alien to quit the territory prior to an expulsion order having been served on him. The Government, furthermore, retain the right of expulsion which they hold from the law of 1849; but, so as to compel the executive to free the country from all undesirable elements, a provision of the Bill enacts that all aliens convicted of such crimes or misdemeanours as, had they been committed by French subjects, would have caused the same to be pressed into the African battalions of light infantry, shall at the end of their imprisonment immediately be expelled from the territory of the Republic.

A short explanation is here necessary. The French law relating to the recruiting of the Army enacts that special units, called *sections d'exclus* and *bataillons d'infanterie légère d'Afrique*, shall be the units to which shall be assigned all recruits who, before being called to the colours, have been convicted of specially odious or grave offences, a complete list of which appears in sections 4 and 5 of the law of March 5, 1905, as amended by sections 1 and 2 of the law of April 11, 1910, sections 1 and 2 of the law of March 30, 1912, and sections 1 and 2 of the law of December 6, 1912.

The criterion is very safe:

It is quite legitimate [writes Monsieur Niveaux] to expel from France such aliens as, had they been natural-born subjects of the country, would at the time of their being called to the colours either have been excluded from the Army or embodied in special units composed of men considered as unworthy of serving in any French or colonial regiments.

Moreover, the Bill provides that, unless and until so authorised by the Government, foreigners shall not be capable of following certain avocations, such as managing director or employee of an agency for the emigration, immigration, transport or transit of alien labourers; managing director of an insurance company, newspaper, etc.

Lastly, a section of the Bill determines on what conditions a company shall be entitled to term itself 'a French company.'

All these provisions are prompted by equity and the care of national security. None of them is inspired by any hatred of or suspicion against foreigners. The Bill does not even attempt, as might be advocated, to thrust the burden of an extra tax on the shoulders of aliens, though, in truth, they stand in several respects in a favoured position (neither being, *inter alia*, bound to serve in the Army nor compelled when their stay lasts under a year to pay income tax).

It is therefore to everybody's interest that a strict, minute, effective supervision be forthwith exerted on all immigrants

entering the French territory. Were the present state of things to continue, many people would be led to mistake the honest, worthy, industrial, painstaking foreigners that, even when not amalgamated, yet constitute a source of prosperity and wealth, for the undesirable aliens—the disgrace of their native country—that take advantage of the hospitality which is offered them.

The moral of this paper, nay, of statistics, is contained in five words: 'The Bill must be passed.' Failing this, immigration will shortly become—at least in France—according to Edward Gibbon's definition of history, 'little more than the register of the crimes, follies and misfortunes of mankind.'

ANDRÉ PAULIAN and
ADRIEN PAULIAN.

CHRISTIANITY AND CIVILISATION

ONE of the most absorbing, as it is one of the most baffling, problems presented to the modern mind concerns the place of Christianity as a constructive moral element in the civilisation of to-day. We say 'the place' advisedly, as the time has long gone by when Christianity could be regarded as the normal background of the social and political activities of the Western world.

In the Middle Ages policy was directed in the light of a theory that made Church and State one. Heresy and treason were for all practical purposes synonymous, and it required more than ordinary courage to challenge a spiritual authority that could, and very often did, invoke the secular arm in defence of those principles which lay at the root of Church and State alike.

In exchanging the mediæval for the modern spirit we have exchanged one world for another.

The spiritual prestige of mediæval Christendom was largely based on the ignorance and superstition of the masses, both carefully fostered in the interests of a priesthood which dared not submit its credentials to the dry light of human reason.

With the growth of the scientific temper and the removal of the age-long embargo on free inquiry which had kept the human race so long in leading-strings, men began to see the Church as she was, a human institution with her roots not in heaven, but in history, and showing all the distinguishing marks of her mundane origin.

Nor was resistance to papal pretensions possible until Luther had dislodged the corner-stone on which the whole vast edifice depended. The movement, once begun, was destined to continue *motu proprio*, more especially among those Northern nations which had never completely assimilated Latin Christianity, and it was not long before the principle of 'private judgment' had split the whole body of traditional belief into fragments, and religion became almost a matter of *quot homines, tot sententiæ*. The solidarity of the mediæval system, however, was not more than apparent. It was bolstered up by a fiction which, ignoring all local or national claims, invested Rome with a commission from God Himself, reinforced by a convenient anticipation of rewards and punishments usually reserved for the life beyond the grave.

Luther let the light of reason into this dark tunnel in which the human spirit had been immured for ten centuries, though it cannot be said that as yet men have learnt to make a very good use of their freedom.

To-day historical Christianity takes its place with other expressions of the human spirit, to be judged, as in the sixteenth century, in the light of results. It is no longer a question of invoking the spirit of tradition or relying on the *quod semper, quod ab omnibus*. The criterion of truth to-day is strictly practical. The question asked of any new synthesis, social or religious, is not 'Does it conform to some theory of Church or State?' but 'Does it work? Will it function?' Both at home and abroad there is a temper impatient of any appeal to the past. The war has damaged the historical credit of Christianity almost beyond repair, and thousands are exploring the wilderness in the hope of picking up some spiritual nourishment for their impoverished souls.

Men feel to-day that they have nothing between them and a reversion to sheer barbarism beyond, perhaps, a general vague sentiment that the appeal to right reason will prevail. They cannot forget that the appeal to arms, whether on the side of defence or aggression, was made by nations nominally Christian, and, in default of an authoritative statement that war is incompatible with Christian principle, religion may again be invoked to sanctify its use. We can only meet force by greater force, which, in view of the growth of scientific armaments, threatens civilisation itself with extinction, or as much of that commodity as can be said to have survived the late war.

But not only have we religious scepticism to deal with: we have social scepticism as well. Nothing that has come down to us from the past has any validity *per se*. We are committed to the task of revising the *principia* on which our whole social and religious life is based. The passions disclosed by the war have shown our civilisation to be no more than skin-deep, and beneath a veneer of purely conventional conformity to decent usage lurked a spirit of savagery not excelled in any previous epoch of history. From the shock of this discovery we have not yet recovered, though it must not be forgotten that the brutal elements in the late war were deliberately introduced by Germany in defiance of established customs which she felt herself strong enough to ignore. There is nothing in the present situation to suggest that the future will not resemble the past, and there is not the least indication that Germany repents her inhuman conduct except in so far as it contributed to her downfall.

There is no reason to suppose that the latest reconstruction of Europe will be any more lasting than its predecessors. It is the

chief irony of war that it 'settles' nothing. It causes a temporary redistribution of the centres of international gravity, which are liable to shift under the pressure of new interests or the consolidation of new national groups, when the whole weary process is destined to begin over again.

Men are seeking purely mechanical pledges and sanctions for the maintenance of peace in the League of Nations, which is backed as yet by little more than tepid sentiment and a general feeling that war should be stopped less because it is wrong than because it is uncomfortable. The issues, national and international, are pregnant with possibilities, and it is not unreasonable to seek a return to sanity through those rational qualities in human nature, reinforced by religion, the lack of which is largely responsible for the present distress.

But the issue must be frankly faced. It is no answer to the prevailing scepticism to say that it is not Christianity that is to blame, but our imperfect apprehension of it. It is, of course, possible that men have consistently misrepresented the Christian doctrine and sought to apply it to the larger field of social and international morality where it may not properly belong. None the less millions are conscious of having lived up to the Christian standard as far as in them lay, of having walked by the light they have. Are they to blame if that light has proved darkness, if they have been relying on an instrument of moral progress that cannot meet the conditions of our complex civilisation and has in the event proved bankrupt?

We are often told that if all men were Christians the world would become the social paradise we are so anxious to make it, that it is because men have never done more than lip service to Christian principle that the world is still 'full of darkness and cruel habitations.' But how far, men are asking, is a genuine and more than formal attachment to the Christian ethic compatible with modern life at all?

We cannot escape the fact that at its inception Christianity was based on a renunciation of all the normal social relationships in so far as they were incompatible with a real attachment to the person and doctrine of Christ. Those that loved parent or child more than Christ were unworthy of Him. It is true that Christ Himself shared in the social activities of His day without explicitly condemning them, but that His main object was to transfer human affections from worldly preoccupations to the sphere of the spirit is clear in all that He said or did, though we have been left with nothing but our natural reason to guide us in deciding on a just proportion between the conflicting claims of the 'flesh' and the 'spirit.' And it must be confessed that our natural reason has not proved equal to the task. It is not only that our normal

social and industrial relations cannot be 'Christianised': they are fundamentally opposed to the Christian ethic, and are rooted in a self-interest which all economists have declared to be the very groundwork of the social structure, without which it would speedily collapse. There are those among us who say that this is a 'consummation devoutly to be wished,' and who are bending all their multifarious energies in the direction of its accomplishment. But on the assumption that society, as we now have it, is the outcome of a rational evolution of social and racial forces, what we wish to discover is not how to destroy it, but how it can be permeated with those moral and religious principles which, it is generally agreed, are essential to a human nature that is to rise to the heights of its real destiny and not to sink back into the animalism from which it has so painfully emerged. If Christianity is really based, as some tell us, on a renunciation of the world which is 'too much with us, late and soon,' is it any use trying to square the circle? Would it not be better to face the facts candidly and admit that while Christianity may be suited to a primitive stage of social culture, and may be practised individually on the higher levels of the spirit reserved for a few regenerate souls, for the mass of humanity living under the social and industrial conditions of to-day it has no effective message?

That it is a suppliant at the circumference of life rather than the vital principle at its centre is indisputable. In no relation, political or industrial, does it exist as more than a habit of mind, of great value in its general tendency, but with no real momentum. It is probably no exaggeration to say that by far the greater proportion of our people regard religion as a diversion of the comfortable classes, with no real relation to life as it has to be lived at the lower levels of existence. The numberless movements and institutions designed to meet these conditions do not seem to have touched more than the fringe of the problem, if we are to judge by the exiguous proportion of the population which is even remotely attached to organised religion. As a vague philosophy of life Christianity is believed in, and to some extent practised; as a revelation that goes outside experience and endeavours to explain life in terms of a divinely ordered process that is carried beyond the borders of this world into the next it is largely disregarded.

It is not merely the old distinction between 'natural' and 'supernatural,' for it is widely recognised that the frontiers between these two orders of experience have been indefinitely extended. These are being more and more regarded as convenient terms intended to conceal our ignorance. What we have to meet is a revolt against a view of life which seems inseparable from any real attachment to the Christian ethic, and which is lightly held, where it is held at all, even by those who claim that their lives are guided

and controlled by the precepts of the Gospel. It is not mere indifference to the claims of religion that we are called upon to combat, but a deeply rooted conviction that Christianity as taught and practised is so little related to reality and experience that it must be an addendum to life, something superimposed upon our normal habit of mind rather than the groundwork or substance of it. This implies that something must be wrong either with ourselves or our religion. As an agent of moral progress the religion of Christ seems too tender a plant for the cruel realities of life as they have lately been brought home to us. What is its significance in relation to the national principle? How can it meet the disorders and inequalities of a social system that condemns a large part of the population to conditions of existence that allow of neither physical nor moral development? Does the fault lie in ourselves or our civilisation that after two thousand years of Christian precept and practice such an unparalleled horror as the late war was possible? Such are the questions that are being asked to-day, and an answer to them must be found if we are to re-establish life on a rational and progressive basis, and not sink into a hopeless Pyrrhonism with no reliable guide through the tangles and antinomies that beset us. Those who might be supposed to know tell us that there is no evidence that man has made any progress in morality since Christianity became the established religion of the Roman Empire, that civilisation has continuously gone back on its tracks, and that we are to-day in the presence of the same disruptive social forces that have wrecked policies and empires in the past. If this is so, it seems clear that Christianity cannot be relied upon as an instrument of progress on the scale of national or international history.

But was the religion of Jesus intended to be anything but a way of life for the individual? It is at least significant that Christ Himself gave His followers no hint as to their relation as Christians to the social and political order in which they were to carry on their work as evangelists. In so far as He touched upon the subject at all, He seems to have warned them that they were to expect nothing but persecution and even death at the hands of rulers and Governments. Has anything occurred since the first century to suggest that there is any essential change in the relation between the Christian religion and the world 'that lieth in outer darkness'? It is true that we have acquired a new sense of human solidarity, that we have evolved a public conscience that is no longer content to leave social misery to the tardy solvent of time. But it is at least possible that this is due to a quickened sensibility, a dislike of pain and a heightened sense of pleasure that have as much an æsthetic as a moral origin. We cannot believe that Christ Himself was unacquainted with social misery. He must have seen

it in forms no less harrowing than those with which we are familiar to-day. But He never touched on the question of reform or suggested that men would be happier under one form of government than under another. That the worst forms of social oppression must yield to the pressure of Christian principle we cannot doubt, but we see nothing in the early Christian enthusiasm remotely resembling the modern attitude to social questions. Christianity was a new way of life that did not so much solve the problem of human misery as transcend it.

Again, the intellectual difficulties that are part of our modern heritage were unknown to the first generation of believers. The implications, social and intellectual, that have since grown out of the doctrine of Jesus, had not had time to appear, though we find them in embryo in much of the theology of Paul. But we cannot believe that the Christian faith in its essence is to be realised to-day otherwise than as it was realised by the first group of disciples. We have so intellectualised and socialised our religion that we are in danger of forgetting that its appeal was primarily to the individual. In attempting to square our religious preconceptions with our experience we are reversing the order in the spiritual economy of Jesus, for light can only come when we have brought every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ.

Is there, then, any point at which the Christian ethic can penetrate our civilisation and bring societies and nations as such within the circle of Christian influence? The answer to this question must largely depend on the value of social institutions and the ends for which they exist. If man were an individual and nothing more, the problem would be easily solved. But man is a social animal and can only realise the potentialities of his nature in a series of relationships which are too complex to yield to the simple moral categories that belong to the Christian religion. This is not to say that civilisation can never be Christian, but it does imply that if we are to judge of its activities solely in the light of the Christian ethic we shall be putting a strain upon our faith that experience tells us it cannot bear. No civilisation is more than the temporary expression of human qualities that themselves belong to their time, though beneath their temporal forms there will always be found certain fundamental principles of social right and justice without which no society can endure. History gives us only one example of a polity ostensibly based upon the revealed law of God, the early Jewish theocracy, but the history of Judaism is one long record of corruption, while the national principle which was originally its chief strength merely hastened the decay it was primarily designed to avert. Nor does apostolic Christianity give us a criterion by which we can decide the social implications of the Gospel, as the attitude of the early

Church to social questions was determined by the apocalyptic outlook, and there was no point in reforming a social order that was shortly to come to an end.

The truth is that questions of government and social justice cannot be judged wholesale in the light of the Christian ethic. They belong to a different order of ideas, as is made clear in the famous reply Jesus gave to the Pharisees on the matter of the tribute money. Jesus seems to have regarded political questions as irrelevant. In no single instance do we find Him inveighing against the corrupt and oppressive rule to which the unfortunate provincials of the Roman *imperium* in Palestine were subjected. It was His silence on the burning issue of Jewish nationalism that contributed more than anything else to His condemnation and death. He lifted the whole sum of human thought and activity on to a higher plane, where man's normal relationships were transfused by a view of the Divine government that, while it was no less absolute than that which belonged to the old theocracy, was inspired by a deeper moral content. Men were henceforth to submit every vital issue to the keeping of their Father in heaven. Apart from the faith implied in this relationship, human life was destined to remain on the level on which Jesus found it, to continue to show all those hopeless antinomies against which an unredeemed humanity had struggled in vain.

Jesus warned His followers against just those domestic and social distractions which make modern life so intolerable. The 'morrow' was no longer to be an endless source of anxiety, but was to be left to take care of itself. If it be argued that this is a 'counsel of perfection' which, if acted on, must issue in mere 'quietism,' we can only reply that its truth has been attested again and again in Christian experience in all ages. It is irrational to inveigh against the religion of Jesus as a factor in man's moral regeneration if the fundamental truth on which it rests is disregarded. Is it not at least arguable that, if the Christian consciousness of to-day is so frail or misdirected that it is powerless to bring a distracted world back to sanity, a return to a more apostolic type of faith might be more effective? Certainly we shall achieve nothing so long as the motives that inspire our conduct retain their frankly mundane character and we continue to fight the prince of darkness with weapons of his own forging.

But the main problem still remains as to the method by which we can Christianise a world built upon and sustained by sanctions that belong to an order of ideas in conflict with Christian principles. The dualism implied in the Gospels, in which 'the world' is contrasted with the inner circle of believers and regarded as lying outside it, must be our first point of departure. Historic Christianity has never been more than an attempt to reconcile the

irreconcilable. While we cannot abjure the social order into which we have been born, we can at least, by our individual detachment from those sensual elements in it which 'war against the soul,' aid in the process of its redemption. Not, indeed, by any extension of those religious agencies with which the Christianity of to-day is identified, for they are built upon traditions that are but lightly held where they are held at all. Men are impatient of the dogmas which are still regarded as inseparable from any effective hold upon the Christian faith, and while it is true that attempts are being made to bring the traditional beliefs of Christianity into line with modern thought, it cannot be said that as yet any clear line between essentials and non-essentials has been marked out. While criticism has done much to throw light on features of Christian teaching hitherto obscure, it has necessarily resulted in an eclecticism which is often arbitrary and liable to be misunderstood or resented by those ignorant of the methods by which it has been arrived at.

But mere intellectualism can never throw any light on the religious problem. Religion in the Gospels is represented as a unity in which man's moral and spiritual qualities reach maturity together. Throughout the New Testament intellectualism is regarded as the enemy of faith. The pioneers of the new truth were children in understanding. The mysteries had been hidden from the 'wise and prudent' and revealed to 'babes.' Moreover, it cannot be mere coincidence that religion to-day is almost the exclusive concern of the cultured classes, with a kind of social *cachet* attached to it that has evoked the contempt of independent minds.

While we cannot bribe people to be religious or lower the standard to the level demanded by an age that has made a fine art of compromise, we can show that the Christian ethic is congruous with all the legitimate motions of the human soul; we can exhibit the power of a genuine attachment to the person and spirit of Christ. But the stream cannot rise above its source. Human society is no more than the sum of forces working themselves out in sanctions and institutions that belong to a definite type of culture. This culture, which we call civilisation, is the direct expression of the time spirit, and reflects the *ethos* of the age which has produced it. So long as man is in the main governed by the impulses of his lower nature, so long will the civilisation he creates reflect the prevailing habit of mind. We inhabit a world wedded to materialism, by which we mean not only an attachment to sensual pleasures and refinements, but also a spirit rooted in a view of the world order that never looks beyond it, that regards the sphere of those eternal verities with which Christianity is concerned as too vague and shadowy to merit more than a passing attention.

It is clear that Christianity cannot come to terms with this spirit and remain itself. As Jesus said, 'where a man's treasure is, there will his heart be also,' and that men's 'treasures' have for the most part been confined to 'earthen vessels' is a fact in human history too self-evident to need more than passing notice.

Nothing seems so well established in Gospel criticism as the fact that Jesus contemplated a new order of society which was henceforth to be guided and controlled by sanctions the very opposite of those that rule in our ordinary human relationships. The obligations that were henceforth to bind human society together were rooted in mutual service, and the interest of one was the interest of all. The world as we know it is split up into a number of warring factions, divided by interests, social or economic, that are wholly irreconcilable, and which have their roots in just that 'enlightened selfishness' which men have come to regard as the necessary foundation of the social fabric. How the current of human impulse is to be reversed and the egotism of to-day is to be replaced by the altruism of a new and genuinely Christian social outlook constitutes the supreme problem of the moment. But it certainly cannot be done by the mere 'application' of Christian principle to our social institutions in the mass. It can only be done by a realisation of those spiritual values which must replace the material values now in the ascendant, by weaning men from the pursuit of the 'meat that perisheth' and teaching them to seek the only true nourishment of the soul. It is true that we have a society in existence whose task it is to keep alive the spark of faith and restore man to his lost heritage, viz., the Church, but the Church is herself so committed to the current philosophy of life that in her attempts to create a new order of things she is like a man who is sawing away the branch of a tree he is sitting on, or whose only hope of freedom lies in his destroying the building that shelters him. Moreover, we shall never rally men to the standard of institutional religion so long as the Church fails to put the faith that inspires her into a more logical and coherent form than the one she now presents for their acceptance. Among the many discordant voices all clamouring to be heard, which is the true one? which most faithfully represents the spirit and method of Jesus? It must not be forgotten, however, that, in spite of superficial differences, the Churches are the only witnesses we possess to that higher order of truth in which man's real interests are bound up, and it is not the duty of the Churches to accommodate themselves to the demands of an age that seeks to get more out of religion than it is prepared to put into it. The 'beauty of holiness' can be realised apart from the particular setting in which it may happen to be presented, and while men will continue to

differ in the modes in which they apprehend the truths of religion, the fundamentals of the faith remain the same.

It seems, then, that we shall never reach society except through the individual. A new social order will arise when man demands it, or rather when man is prepared to abandon the 'beggarly elements' of a world whose only criterion of truth is expediency and to guide his path by the only light that can lead him back to the security he seeks. For man is himself the true measure of his world.

REGINALD F. RYND.

1925

THE FUTURE OF ISLAMISM

BEFORE the suppression of the (Turkish) Caliphate by Turkey herself and the expulsion of the dynasty of Osman, in which this dignity had been vested for more than four centuries, if anybody had predicted that such a consummation was impending or that, Turkey having shown herself capable of the 'folly' of despoiling herself of the leadership of Islam, an event of this description could take place without giving rise to a terrible and prolonged crisis in the world of the Faithful, that person would have been put down as a presumptuous meddler in a question of which he understood nothing.

How the Grand National Assembly of Turkey decided, after a debate lasting not more than two sittings, to proclaim the abolition of the Caliphate, this leading to the dispossession of the national dynasty, of the caliphal authority; how the Imperial family, already shorn of the Sultanate, was hurriedly turned out of the country, the deposed Caliph himself being given only a few hours within which to depart—how these and the other acts of the sensational drama enacted last year on the Turkish stage were sprung on an unsuspecting public, is still fresh in the minds of all.

But none of the portentous reactions took place which were expected to follow upon such events: no general upheaval in Islamdom; no clash between the Mussulman sovereigns for the supreme office vacated by Turkey; no division of the Islamic community into conflicting factions; no violent denunciations of Turkey for having disturbed a secular situation accepted by the overwhelming majority of the Faithful; and, what was particularly remarkable, no commotion in Turkey herself, the country directly and principally affected.

On the whole, great moderation and discretion prevailed in the councils of Islam. The only Mussulman ruler to move in the matter of the caliphal succession was the King of the Hedjaz, whose election in family conclave to the vacant post only provoked the scorn and amusement of the other reigning princes. Significantly enough, they neither recognised Hussein as Caliph, nor did they put forward rival claims in their own names. The Wahabi campaign against this potentate is indeed connected with

the caliphal question, but in the mind of Ibn-es-Seoud it was not intended, as events have shown, to place him at the head of Islam. Its object was simply to depose Hussein as pretender to the leadership of the Arab world no less than as usurper of the Caliphate and, this having been achieved, to convoke a pan-Islamic congress in view of electing a Caliph enjoying the suffrages of the entire Mussulman community. On the other hand, although Egypt indulged in some vituperation of Turkey, this did not last long, while such other important sections of Islamdom as Afghanistan, Tunisia, India, Java, etc., refrained from all intemperate comment. In Turkey, except for mild protests on the part of a few ecclesiastics and a somewhat more energetic demonstration on the part of one solitary civilian, the country bowed in silence to the change.

The situation created by Turkey, which was considered to be fraught with such tragic possibilities, resolved itself into an anticlimax.

The fact is that, as a result of Turkey's action, the Caliphate as an institution found itself suddenly shorn of its prestige, appearing instead in the light of a prodigious sham, one of those world-shams against which Carlyle waged such strenuous battle. For centuries this sham held together, simply because it had become a habit of mind which no one cared or dared to disturb or even to discuss. Turkey's remarkable initiative in dispossessing herself voluntarily of the Caliphate brought into discussion the whole question of the significance of this institution from the doctrinal and historical points of view. The imposture became evident. Indeed, many people, non-Mussulmans as well as Mussulmans, asked themselves how it had been possible for them to remain so long dupes of what was a manifest fraud. This requires to be explained.

The Caliphate is not an institution of Divine origin. But it sprang up as a logical and indispensable organ of Islamism as *originally constituted*. It was designed to be the central authority and rallying point of a creed which is even more a political and social code than a religious, or rather it is a code in which these three notions are so intimately and inextricably interwoven as to be indistinguishable from one another. This creed can only exist, strictly speaking, in the shape of a theocratic polity in which Church and State are identical categories. It follows that the boundaries of the State must coincide with the boundaries of the Church, and that the Caliph must reign supreme, in the political as well as the spiritual sense (the latter understood to refer to representation, and not to legislation), throughout an *undivided* Islamdom. Failing this, the holder of the pontifical office is not a real Caliph.

Now, with so many parts of Islamdom severed from that part of the complexus which was the seat of the Caliphate and constituting separate political entities, most of which had even passed under Christian rule, the institution itself ceased to be a reality. Neither the Damascus, nor the Baghdad, nor the Constantinople, so-called Caliphs had any right to the title, since their authority as sovereigns was *nil* in the Mussulman lands outside their personal dominions. Thus it becomes apparent that in renouncing the Caliphate Kemalist Turkey gave up what had become since the break-up of the Arab Empire a purely honorific dignity, such advantages as it possessed proceeding from the importance falsely given to it in Western political circles.

The Angora Government has been violently criticised, paradoxically enough by Turkey's enemies, delighted though they were at heart at the turn taken by events, for what they called its stupidity and sectarianism in 'wantonly' despoiling Turkey of the leadership of Islam. 'To deprive the country of the tremendous advantages attaching to the possession of the Caliphate,' say these unexpected advocates of Turkish interests, 'and deeply offend Islamic sentiment by the brutal manner in which the abolition of this dignity was carried out, was nothing less than committing political suicide.'

To these strictures the Angora leaders retort that the secularisation of the Turkish State, which is indispensable if the latter is to enter the ranks of the truly civilised Powers, could not be thoroughly achieved if the Caliphate survived in its midst. For the rest, they contend that it is an egregious mistake to believe that the possession of the pontifical dignity benefited their country or, if it did, that it was in such a form and measure as to compensate her for the incalculable harm, moral and material, of which it was also, and much more evidently, the source to her. Their thesis may be reduced to the following main points.

'The much-vaunted solidarity of Islam,' say they, 'is no less a fiction than the authority of the Caliphate. It never displayed itself in any appreciable measure during the long course of Turkey's struggle with Christendom, though it was prompt enough to assert itself when there was a share to claim of the glory resulting from the triumphs of the unaided Ottoman arms. The allegiance of the Mussulman world to Turkey, as the holder of the caliphal dignity, never exceeded the bounds of a distant and, on the whole, platonic attachment, which found its highest expression in latter times in contributions to the Red Crescent Fund. In her innumerable wars with the European Powers Turkey never received any assistance worth mentioning from any section of the great Mussulman community. On the contrary, in the Great War, in which Turkey joined to save her threatened existence, the ranks

of the enemy were crowded with Mussulmans from India, Algeria, Tunisia, Morocco, etc., who were well aware of having been recruited for the special purpose of fighting her, and who acquitted themselves of this task showing little or no repugnance for it. The action of Mussulman India in defence of Turkish rights *after* the Armistice was scarcely sufficient to wipe out the effects of her active contribution to Turkey's defeat. This belated manifestation of Indian goodwill—it was much more an indirect expression of resentment against England, accused of not fulfilling her promises of autonomy, than a display of sympathy with Turkey—was all that the latter ever received in return for the enormous sacrifices made by her in the cause of Islam. Again, the cost in blood and treasure to Turkey of maintaining her authority over Mecca and Medina, the holy cities *par excellence* of Islam, the possession of which is inseparable from the notion of the Caliphate, but which were in constant revolt against her rule, opened a chronic sore in her side which kept her in a state of perpetual debility, financial and physical, which acted as one of the principal obstacles to her internal development. Finally, what was supposed to be the principal advantage of the possession of the Caliphate, namely, the influence it was considered to procure her in the Mussulman world, proved, on the contrary, to be its greatest disadvantage, because, being taken seriously abroad, the imaginary hegemony with which she was credited caused her to be feared and suspected in many quarters as the holder of a particularly dangerous weapon. It was as the holder of the Caliphate that she incurred, for instance, the terrible hostility with which England pursued her in latter times. Apart from these considerations, and technically speaking, how could Turkey continue to occupy the Caliphate when even the holy cities are no longer in her possession?

To these statements, which are corroborated by history, should be added the fact that the system of separate Churches, which has been in reality in operation for centuries throughout Islamdom, has given entire satisfaction. The Caliphate having ceased to be in the hands of Turkey, the only Mussulman country recognised by all the others, this institution is doomed. Torn away from its Turkish anchorage, it has become a wreck abandoned to its fate and will sink rapidly into practical oblivion.

In proclaiming their views and causing them to be adopted by the Grand National Assembly as the basis of a new orientation of Turkish policy, the principal feature of which is the separation of Church and State, Mustapha Kemal Pasha and his coadjutors have rendered an inestimable service not only to Turkey, but to Islamdom in its entirety, nay, to the world at large. The liberation of Turkey from the caliphal bonds has hastened the

intellectual emancipation of Islamdom and started a movement destined to eventuate in the advent of a new Islamism essentially different from the old; and carrying in its flanks a mission of peace, progress and civilisation. That this is no imaginary prospect of the future of Islamism will be gathered from the following pages.

The fact is, that it is not only in connection with the Caliphate that the Law of the Prophet offers aspects which are totally at variance with the doctrinal prescriptions of this code. What is equally important is that the theocratic principle has not been fully maintained in any of the sections of Islamdom. In Turkey and Egypt in particular, although the Sheria't, the Sacred Law, is still nominally supreme, in reality a marked and ever-growing distinction has been established between the temporal and the spiritual, the former notion prevailing almost invariably in political and administrative affairs. This is taking place in forms borrowed from the West which are remote from, when they are not entirely antagonistic to, the spirit of Islam.

A radical change is also taking place in the orientation of social life in the Mussulman communities, whereby the transformation of Islamism into something entirely different from its original self is still further brought into evidence. As is generally known, the Law of the Prophet exercises a jealous surveillance over practically all the conceivable activities of the Faithful in private life and provides minute and stringent regulations for their accomplishment. Admirable as these prescriptions are in principle, being based on hygienic or moral considerations conformance with which is eminently advantageous to the community, especially as they constitute a perfect discipline, they sit more and more heavily on the individual owing to the growing complexity of life. It is therefore natural that the Mussulman communities should tend more and more to free themselves from these restraints.

The process of 'denaturalisation,' as it may be called, which Islamism is undergoing is completed by the renunciation throughout Islamism of the basic conception of the mission of the State formulated in the Koran. This mission is to extend the rule—not necessarily the doctrine—of Islam at the point of the sword, idolaters being given the choice between conversion and extermination, the peoples of the 'Book' (*i.e.*, those provided with a written revelation) between conversion and political subjection. Humanity is divided by the Koran into two great divisions: the Mussulman world, called the Dar-ul-Islam (House of Islam), and the non-Mussulman world, called the Dar-ul-Harb (House of War). The hosts of Islam may not rest until they have achieved the conquest of the entire non-Mussulman world! War, war, war, perpetual

war, in the cause of the Faith and apart from all practical interest—that is the primary policy to which Islamdom is committed by Mussulman doctrine.

Practised with extraordinary success and *éclat* first by the Arabs and afterwards by the Ottoman Turks, this policy had to be abandoned, like all plans of universal domination, which can only prosper for a time and with the help of exceptional circumstances. The ultimate result, however, was that Islam incurred the deadly hostility of Christendom, whose reactions culminated in a reversal of the situation, Turkey, Persia and Afghanistan being the only Mussulman countries which have escaped subjection to Christian domination. The point to be emphasised, however, is that the individual States into which the Arab Empire broke up were obliged to forego the principle of religious conquest as the basis of their policy, and as a consequence, and since the practical abandonment of the Sheria't and the separation of Church and State is added thereto, Islamism has ceased to be itself.

Thus the change has not the meaning of a reform in the sense of a reaction against abuses, as was the case in the Protestant movement, but of a radical metamorphosis of the constitution of Islamism. Protestantism was concerned to see Christianity become itself again; the Islamic movement connotes the transformation of the Law of the Prophet into something totally different from itself except on two points to be mentioned hereafter.

By a remarkable paradox this comprehensive departure from the principles of Islamism does not imply an infringement of its teaching. As stated previously, the Law of the Prophet is a political and social code as well as a religious code. Disclaiming infallibility in the matter of temporal legislation, though asserting it with the greatest vigour in the matter of dogma, it has provided against the possible miscarriage of its enactments. Says the Koran: '[existing] laws and regulations [may] change with the change of the times.' Inscribed on the frontispiece, as it were, of the doctrinal edifice of Islamism, this precept leaves the door wide open to any and every alteration or suppression that may be demanded by the ever-shifting play of political or social circumstances. If, in some senses, Islamism has operated to the detriment of the communities practising it, the reason is to be found, not in the letter, and still less in the spirit, of the Koran, but in the fanatical conservatism of these communities themselves.

Truly, Islamism is an admirably balanced code—a statement which will become more fully apparent from the further course of this article. Better known in the West, this creed would be admitted to be, if not the direct gift of God, at least the work of a transcendental and beneficent genius. Unfortunately for one

critic of Islamism of the type of Carlyle, Christendom has produced a hundred critics, like Sale, determined beforehand to find fault with it and to discredit it.

This movement is proceeding apace. Under the pressure of the modern formulas of life, Islamdom in its entirety is bound to come within its scope. The Senussi community may offer a refuge to Islamism in its original form, but only for a time. Like Communism, original Islamism might have had a chance of enduring—a temporary chance, since human nature must rebel sooner or later against all artificial limitations imposed upon its basic instincts—only if the entire world was subjected to its rule. A few countries remaining free or having escaped from such a *régime* as the theocratic, all the others must follow suit if they would survive. Failing this, they must become the prey of the emancipated nations, which will infallibly yield to the temptation of using the superior force accompanying the higher material progress ensured by elastic forms of existence, to subdue them.

By formally repudiating the theocratic principle of government and constituting herself into a 'lay' republic, which was virtually equivalent to the repudiation of the Sheria't, Turkey has cast a seed into the intellectual soil of Islamdom the full fructification of which, in the shape of the consummation of the revolution under consideration and its formal consecration, is a question of a few years.

In spite, or rather on account, of the excisions to which the Law of the Prophet will have been subjected, Islamism is intended to survive and flourish. The active principle of this vitality is to be found in the code of Islamic ethics. These cannot, and must not, perish. They constitute an incalculably precious inheritance not only of Islamdom, but of the world at large. Do they not provide a rule of action which represents a very high and yet perfectly attainable ideal, the spread of which is the means of saving an ever increasing number of human beings from moral and physical degradation in regions where other religious interventions are of little or no avail?

The great, the incomparable, merit of Islamic ethics is, first, that their conception of preparation for the next world does not exclude the notion of happiness in the shape of material welfare in the present world, where, however evanescent individual life may be, the species is meant to endure, and, secondly, that the measure of righteousness they demand of man does not exceed his normal capacity of accomplishment. The Ten Commandments are as much Mussulman as they are Judaic or Christian. Not so, however, the injunctions of the Sermon on the Mount. The latter are rejected because they are normally impracticable and as such injurious rather than beneficent in their operation. The fact is

that pressure exercised on the individual in a sense that runs counter to human nature only provokes a reaction in the opposite direction.

To be more explicit. Islamic ethics do not aim at raising humanity above itself. Taking it as it is, as God Himself has created it, they make full allowance for the basic tendencies which prevail in its midst and which have their roots in egotism. Instead of seeking to suppress these tendencies, which may succeed in the case of an infinitesimal minority of abnormally constituted individuals, freaks of nature, born with a vocation for self-sacrifice, but which must fail in the case of the overwhelming majority, they strive to moderate and regulate them.

In practice, the dominant note in Islamic ethics is precisely this sense of moderation and of equipoise. Thus, to take two instances in that part of the code which governs the relations between man and man. Charity is exalted as the highest virtue, but it is prescribed in a measure that does not produce the sensation of privation. Self-restraint is recommended in dealing with offence, but in spirit and not in action, by which is meant that the individual must not allow vindictiveness to take possession of him, but content himself with retaliation in the exact measure of the offence, retaliation being necessary in the interests of the offender and the community. Surely it will not be invidious to claim that this conception of personal ethics is much more rational and more serviceable to humanity than that which enjoins on man to share his possessions with his poor neighbour, down to his last and only cloak, and to offer his left cheek to the smiter of the right?

Again, as regards the general orientation to be given by man to his existence, Islamic ethics deny the necessity for renunciation and self-abnegation, which constitute the essence of Christian teaching. But when they proclaim the legitimacy of that form of happiness residing in the enjoyment of the good things of this life, and even urge man to strive after them, they take care to guard against excessive self-indulgence. The ideal they set up of material well-being is the *aurca mediocritas* sung by the Roman poet, the pursuit of which does not imply violent competition leading to strife, and the possession of which does not produce satiety and demoralisation. As a result, there is much greater harmony between doctrine and practice in Islamdom than in the Christian world. In the latter the automatic, irresistible, and therefore evidently preordained, progress of civilisation which is a standing challenge to the authority of the Christian doctrine has led to a development of the natural tendency of man to seek satisfaction in self-indulgence which has assumed the character and proportions of an all-devouring passion, a passion more

marked precisely in those parts of Christendom which were subjected at one time or another to the tyrannical restraints of puritanism. This is certainly more than a coincidence, and bears out the statement made before that when violence is offered to human nature in the moral domain she will fly off at a tangent.

The comparative ease of becoming a good Mussulman, which means becoming a thoroughly good man, and the ensuing condition of peace, serenity and dignity which develops in the individual, procuring him a profound feeling of internal satisfaction, explain the extraordinary hold this creed has on its adherents. Again, the principal secret of the prodigious success of this creed in Asia and Africa is to be found in this facility, as also in its power to make a living reality of the principles of fraternity and equality, irrespective of race and colour, principles which have remained a dead letter outside its fold.

Yes, divorced from its theocratic complexion and apparatus and representing no longer a system of state, but reduced to its wonderful ethics and sublimely simple dogmas, *whereby it will become a religion pure and simple*, Islamism is meant to survive indefinitely for the greater good of Islamdom and humanity at large. May not even the hope be expressed that, having lost its aggressive spirit and become an instrument of progress, a reconciliation will take place between it and Christianity? Islamdom is ready for the embrace. The obstacle resides in the persistence of the spirit of the Crusades in the Christian world, as was demonstrated in connection with the Great War and Turkey's defeat, which were the occasion for such an orgy of anti-Islamic activity.

The initiative rests with England and the United States. The former is the greatest Mussulman Power as regards composition, more than a hundred million of the Faithful living under her rule. She would derive tremendous advantages from a Christian-Mussulman *rapprochement* operated under her auspices. The United States is at the head of the movement for the establishment of universal and enduring peace. May she be promptly induced to realise what a supremely important factor such a *rapprochement* will be in the accomplishment of the transcendental task she has imposed upon herself. In any case *grandeur et noblesse obligent*.

As a concluding remark, it is interesting to note that the revolution in course of accomplishment in Islamism owes its origin and development to nationalism. Nationalism it is which has brought Islamdom into conflict with the idea of the predominance of the religious authority in the State, and which, substituting itself for a form of sectarianism impregnated with withered beliefs and the spirit of stagnant immobility, has allowed Turkey, Egypt and Persia—Afghanistan following closely upon their heels—to adopt the modern conceptions of progress, in the absence of

which the attainment of that ideal of independence which the East has embraced with such enthusiasm and determination is impossible. So far from connoting a blind and aggressive Chauvinism, as the professional opponents of Eastern emancipation would have the world believe, nationalism in Asia and Africa, where it has become the outstanding characteristic of the historic communities peopling these continents, is a healthy and vigorous source of inspiration, which has shown the East the road to salvation. It would be a great mistake, however, to imagine that its principle, as exhibited in its conflict with Islamism, is antagonistic to religion. On the contrary, it aims at the consolidation of the spiritual influences through the suppression of the worn-out forms in which they operated in the past.

A. RUSTEM BEY.

INDIVIDUALISM AND THE SOCIAL CONSCIENCE

INDIVIDUALISM as a political creed or philosophy seems at present to be relegated to the limbo of supposed Victorian fallacies. Its shallower and noisier supporters, only half understanding its foundations and its implications, as is the way with shallow and noisy supporters of all good causes, gave it a bad name; and, like any other dog with a bad name, the public is ready to hang it from the nearest lamp-post whenever it shows its nose round the corner of the street.

Nevertheless Individualism is the only sound foundation upon which a political system can be built.

On the other hand, it is equally true that no political community can flourish without a robust and healthy social conscience to keep Individualism on the right track, which of necessity in a community must be the community track.

Let us first consider the meaning of Individualism and then of social conscience. Afterwards we can decide the part that each should play in the life of the individual and of the State and can study the interaction between the two.

Individualism in the political sense is the employment of the individual's powers and energy within and in relation to the community, not by coming to the community and saying, 'How do you wish to employ me?' but by the individual seeking to employ himself in some way that he deems to be of benefit to the community and for the most part also of advantage to himself. One says of benefit to the community because obviously there are modes of employing individual energy which are anti-social and have no relation to any political system whatever. The thief and all those who, like the worse kind of money-lender, merely prey upon society and intend to prey upon society, even though a number of them may wear silk hats, are not examples of Individualism in the political sense. The Individualist in the political sense is the man who desires his work to be of benefit to the community, but desires the greatest possible scope for each to strike out his own line of employment with as little interference as may be from the community.

Obviously Individualism will degenerate into selfishness if sight is lost of the relationship of the individual's labour to the community, and selfishness may masquerade as Individualism, for what distinguishes Individualism from selfishness is the general purpose or guiding motive which directs or controls the action of the individual.

Unfortunately it is quite possible for a very logical and very shallow theorist to bring himself to believe that for each individual in a community to employ himself solely with a view to his personal advantage will, since the community consists of its individual component parts, result in benefit to the whole community. This theory, though quite fantastic, can readily be adopted as a salve to the conscience of the individual who is uncomfortably certain that some of his activities or actions in regard to others are of grave detriment to the community. Such people are apt to prove noisy supporters of Individualism. It is they who have brought into disrepute this sound and healthy foundation for community life.

But what is the community which, for purposes of his ordinary occupation, the individual has to consider? It is different in different stages of political civilisation. At one time it is the tribe, at another a city State, at another a nation. At the present day in the Western world it is often wider than the nation.

So much for the moment for Individualism. Now for the social conscience.

The social conscience is the sense of obligation to act in a community and towards a community in a fashion that is for the well-being of the community. In this article we are concerned only with a political community, though the community in respect of which a social conscience acts is not necessarily political, and here attention must be called to a very important point which can never safely be overlooked. The social conscience has a conspicuous peculiarity. It begins with a sense of duty towards known individuals, members of the family, friends, acquaintances, but its development does not seem to carry it directly to a sense of duty towards individuals unknown. The second step seems to be a sense of duty towards a community in the abstract, the city, or the nation, or the empire. An appeal to this sense of duty towards the abstract community seldom fails to attract applause at a political meeting, probably because each member of the audience is unconsciously thinking of that portion of the community which consists of himself and the reflected benefit or glory accruing to him. This is a kind of inverted social conscience or self-advantage seen through community spectacles. Individualism based on that kind of social conscience is not far removed from selfishness.

The third and more mature development of social conscience has a deep regard or sense of responsibility and duty towards the unknown as well as the known individuals who compose the community. As the comparatively unwealthy and those who earn their living by manual labour form the great majority of every political community, a highly developed social conscience must give the individual an abiding sense of responsibility and duty towards these large classes.

Of course some degree of social conscience is essential to any form of community existence. If no social conscience has developed, the individual will act on purely selfish motives, will be governed entirely by what are called his predatory instincts. He will be utterly regardless of the well-being of any other person. People are to be found who act in that way, and more frequently in this country people who talk as though they acted in that way. If a large proportion of individuals does act in that fashion, the community has no cohesive power, and will split up into fragments and destroy itself. Moreover, if the only community in regard to which a social conscience has arisen is the immediate political community to which its members belong and has no regard to other political communities, there is nothing to control antagonisms against surrounding communities, and the result is the kind of internecine warfare which has destroyed many civilisations, such as those of Chaldæa, Egypt, Greece, and various Indian civilisations of America. So far as our own islands are concerned, the growth of the social conscience merely within the limits of small communities is typified by the conditions of the Heptarchy; the struggles in which Picts, Scots, and Norsemen were prominent; and the family and tribal wars in Ireland, not yet apparently concluded. The completeness of the destruction of communities in such circumstances is chiefly dependent upon the extent to which skill in means of destruction has outstripped the growth of a social conscience, extending in some degree to outside or even enemy communities.

Civilisation can only spread by the growth of a social conscience within a larger community before the smaller communities have cut one another's throats and so destroyed the communities in which the then existing stage of civilisation is implanted. To take an example from our own peoples, our civilisation has been consolidated as a social conscience has arisen in regard to a wider area—in regard to the whole of England under the Tudors, to the whole of Britain under the Stuarts, to the British Isles under the Hanoverians, and to the British Empire in late Victorian times.

But social conscience must be carefully distinguished from an allied, though very different, impulse or feeling. I mean class

consciousness. I think many, if not most, of those who have a highly developed sense of class consciousness usually mistake their impulses and believe their feelings to be instigated by a social conscience. Amongst English Conservatives, for example, a strong class consciousness has developed in respect of a class possessing certain ill-defined social attributes, though Conservatives usually regard their feelings and actions as springing from a social conscience in that intermediate stage of development which has regard to the abstract community and describe their views as patriotic or Imperial.

Exactly the same tendency to develop class consciousness is observable amongst most of the supporters of the Labour Party, the class in this case being sometimes described as the working class, sometimes as the proletariat. Members of the Labour Party in this country generally include within the ambit of their class consciousness some workers who are not inhabitants of the British Isles or of the British Empire, except when some supposed interest of a British working class is threatened from abroad, when their view at once contracts and they, too, at once become noisily 'patriotic.'

Class consciousness, far from being a phase of the social conscience, is its most deadly foe, for class consciousness, if it does not arise from, at least thrives upon and is nourished by, dislike of some other class of the community. Its foundation is antagonism, not sympathy.

Having now discussed separately Individualism and the social conscience, it is worth while to direct our attention to a particular phase of material development in this country and to discuss the interplay of Individualism and of the social conscience in regard to it, the phase, namely, of the new application of scientific discoveries to the arts of manufacture known as the Industrial Revolution.

The men who introduced the Industrial Revolution, later known as captains of industry, were by no means men of a selfish type. They were progressive and believed in the progress of their country as well as of its manufactures. In politics they were Whig or Radical. Later they were known as Liberals. They saw that great improvements could be made in manufacturing processes: that goods of which people stood in need could be produced at a much lower cost and thus be brought within the means of greater numbers. They perceived that people employed in the new methods of manufacture could be paid—and they were paid—higher wages than were current under previously existing conditions. They saw that poverty was terrible, and that in the long run there would be more wealth to go round under the conditions they were seeking to establish. They did not see any effective

method of bridging the transitional period during which many of those who lived poorly on miserable wages would be thrown out of work and starve on no wages at all. Men's social conscience, even amongst the thinking and the wealthy, had not developed beyond the stage of a limited sense of responsibility amongst the landowners and the fairly well-to-do in regard to tenants and those whom they employed and had known for long, and a sense of devotion to the nation in the abstract. It had not developed in regard to all the members of the population of which the political community was made up. The pioneers of the Industrial Revolution therefore felt justified in disregarding present and individual suffering for the sake of future and national gain.

The result was disastrous and the disaster continues to the present time. New conditions arose which an awakened social conscience would have viewed with deep misgiving and would have set itself to straighten out. The higher wages brought men and women into towns from the country places. Towns were not new things, but neither social conscience nor ideas of sanitation and hygiene were sufficiently advanced to make towns into living places of tolerable comfort and health for those of small means. The workers seeking for the higher wages rushed to the factories. They had to be housed, and landowners, speculators, and building contractors united to provide streets upon streets of those back-to-back houses which are even to-day a standing disgrace to our industrial towns. As the Industrial Revolution progressed the number of manufacturers increased, and many became comparatively wealthy. The greed of wealth spread, and the perfectly sound creed of Individualism was used to shelter selfishness and callousness towards the life and sufferings of those who were participants in the production of wealth, but soon ceased to be sharers to a reasonable extent in the wealth produced. A tremendous jump forward in the power of producing wealth had occurred before the social conscience was sufficiently developed to control and guide individual effort along paths that were not harmful to the community.

Thus was Individualism brought into disrepute as the social conscience developed. What was to be done?

Three lines of development were followed, which may be exemplified by (a) factory legislation, (b) co-operation, (c) Socialism.

Of these three lines of development two, belonging truly to the Individualist scheme, represent, in fact, control of Individualism by the social conscience. The third, Socialism, is the antithesis of Individualism, and is the alternative political theory.

These three lines of development need consideration. (a) The first, exemplified by factory legislation, is Government interference in the interests of the physical or moral health of the community

or of individual members of the community. Other examples of such interference are building bye-laws, Merchant Shipping Acts, Truck Acts, Agricultural Holdings Acts, Town Planning Acts. Oddly enough, this kind of Government interference was originally challenged as being opposed to the theory of Individualism. The individualistic theory happened to have been cast into the convenient and easily misapplied phrase of '*Laissez faire, laissez passer*.' Properly understood, this was a very convenient and expressive—though if misunderstood a very dangerous—tag, and humanity is fond of tags. A tag economises the need for thinking. The phrase meant that Government should not interfere with the natural development of production (manufacture) (*faire*) or exchange (*passer*) by means of prohibitions, restrictions, tariffs, preferences, or bounties. The English Government had been accustomed to directing the activities of their people. They had destroyed the woollen industry in Ireland in order that it might thrive in England; they had enacted that every corpse should be buried in a woollen shroud; they had put protective duties upon food and other articles imported into this country. All such interference arose out of what was really a socialistic theory of government. They had even told people what to believe, by the establishment of a State Church, a piece of undiluted Socialism. Individualism desired to have that type—the directory type—of interference swept away. It was and is injurious and unhealthy. But then the 'tag' followers imagined that every sort of Government interference must, on the individualistic theory, be wrong and injurious to the community. The truth is that the factory legislation type of interference was merely the community method of supporting the social conscience in its application to Individualism, and was exactly comparable to laws in restraint of theft or personal violence.

(b) The second development was the co-operative movement, of which such schemes as profit-sharing, industrial superannuation funds, national health insurance, and the like, are merely branches. This was early recognised as one useful application of the individualistic theory under the guidance and control of the social conscience.

(c) The third development was on different lines, and is conveniently described as Socialism. In contradistinction to all Individualist conceptions, Socialism believes in the carrying on or the direction of individual activities by the political community. Various experiments were made with a view to proving the practicability of the theory, but as the political community was not really available for the experiments, they had to take the form of small group experiments on a communistic basis. All such experiments failed disastrously.

Industrial development, however, brought another change which gave fresh life to socialistic theory. Businesses grew larger, and owing to improvements in communication, the world grew relatively smaller. Public services developed which were in their nature more or less of monopolies—water, gas, electric light, railways, tramways. The owners of such undertakings may be able to raise a tax on the community as the price of these services. They may become 'profiteers' and act without regard to social conscience. Almost in self-defence the community undertook the management of water, gas, and tramway businesses. At the same time the number of civil servants greatly increased. The standard of Government and municipal service amongst British officials was high. Our civil servants sprang from classes trained to high ideals of service, in other words with a highly developed social conscience so far as their actual work was concerned. But as numbers increase the social conscience of public servants tends not to be stimulated, but to weaken. Moreover, a system of routine is produced which is detrimental to initiative and experiment.

Only a very high standard of development of the social conscience can maintain State employment or municipal employment reasonably efficient and reasonably free from corrupting influences. The same standard of social conscience under a system of Individualism will produce finer achievement in the more bracing atmosphere of individual responsibility, individual effort, and individual freedom. Individualism, unless guided by social conscience, is doomed; but in that case the collapse of the State is not far distant, and the members composing the State, after a great reduction in their numbers from some form of warfare—perhaps only an economic warfare—will have to start again to rebuild civilisation upon the foundations of Individualism. And that new civilisation in turn will succeed only to the extent to which social conscience guides its efforts.

R. M. MONTGOMERY.

HUXLEY'S RACIAL LINEAGE

WITH A REVISION OF HIS VIEWS CONCERNING THE ORIGIN OF
THE BRITISH PEOPLE

THE celebrations which marked the centenary of Huxley's birth—he was born on May 4, 1825—are sufficient to assure us that his memory is still fresh and green in the minds of men of science. Thirty years have passed since his death; we, his contemporaries and successors, can now look back and see him against the perspective of the past and take some measure of his permanent greatness. We can see that his was a giant figure in one of the most progressive and stirring epochs of England's intellectual history. We see him, like a Colossus, striding two periods—an old period, when it was still possible for a biologist to take all departments of the kingdom of life as the field of his endeavour, and this newer period of compulsory specialism, with its exact methods and its instruments of precision. He was the last of the master anatomists; his range of study extended from protozoa to mankind. He was more than a biologist: he drank deeply at the wells of general knowledge and of humanity. Thirty years have not altered the value of his intellectual coinage; he flooded the scientific and public markets of his time with the fortune of his mind, and the money he passed into circulation still rings true.

After Huxley's death, in the summer of 1895, various lecture-ships were founded in his memory, one being in the University of Birmingham. He had special ties with the capital of the Midlands: his father and mother were Midlanders; he was born of generations which had lived in the centre of England; he was a scion sprung from the very heart of the English stock. In his own body and brain were condensed all the problems relating to the origin and racial affinities of the English people. Hence, when I had the honour of giving the 'Huxley Lecture' in Birmingham last year, I chose 'Huxley's Racial Lineage' as my subject and sought to bring all the artillery of modern anthropology to bear on his racial characteristics. Was he Saxon or Celt or a hybrid of the two? Or did there run in his veins blood derived

from some unnamed race? What was his racial composition? I return to this subject again the more willingly because the racial composition of the British people was a matter on which Huxley brought his clear intellect to bear during a brief and busy period of his life. His lucid expositions of our racial problems have never received the attention they deserve, and certainly his opinions have never met with full acceptance on the part of the public. His centenary offers a suitable opportunity for reviewing the conclusions he formed concerning the origin of the British people and of ascertaining how far his opinions have to be modified in the light of recent knowledge.

Let us for a moment, then, treat this great Englishman as an anthropological specimen and, so far as it is now possible, dissect his physical characteristics. He was a tall man, standing quite six feet in height, six inches more than is usual among Midlanders. His frame was spare; his hair was dark brown, almost black. He had his mother's eyes, dark and flashing, and he had his mother's nervous temperament. His complexion was swarthy. As to the size and shape of his head we have no recorded information, but in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons there is a carefully modelled bust, done about 1865, near Huxley's fortieth birthday. From this bust an estimate can be made of the size and shape of his skull and face. His head was massive; I infer that the length of his skull must have been at least 200 millimetres, quite 12 millimetres more than the average for Englishmen; its width, which was equally great, I infer to have been about 154 millimetres; the width was thus about 77 per cent. of the length—a proportion which prevails in the Midlands and throughout the greater part of these islands. The volume of his brain must have been 1,700 cubic centimetres—at least 220 cubic centimetres—or one-seventh more than is given to the average Englishman.

Now the possession of these characters made Huxley an exceptional individual, and they may seem to invalidate any claim to his being of a true Midland lineage. They do not. Long ago Sir Francis Galton, also of Midland birth, discovered that in every herd or community of social animals—be they cattle, dogs or men—a few exceptional individuals are born in each generation. Galton recognised that these exceptional births were Nature's method of securing leaders for herds of cattle and communities of men. The appearance of a Huxley in a Midland community is but a vindication of Galton's law of leadership. A survey of British skulls of historic and prehistoric dates reveals the presence of these exceptional individuals at all periods. Some modern races are richer than others in the proportion of their exceptional births. Huxley's outstanding characters do not prevent us from

accepting him as a Midlander, nor do they keep us from following his racial lineage to its source.

The shape of head, the colour and texture of skin and hair, are the chief marks on which anthropologists rely in tracing a stranger's racial lineage. When we seek to assign a chance companion to his land and people, and can gain no help from speech, dress, manner or complexion, we fall back in making a diagnosis upon the form and expression of the face. Taking it all in all, the face serves better than any other part of the body as a guide to a man's racial origin. What were Huxley's facial lineaments? His forehead was noteworthy: it was broad, flat and vertical, but not lofty. One noticed that it was crossed by a groove or constriction between the eyebrows below, which were but moderately developed, and the frontal bosses above, which were prominent and set well apart, so that the upper transverse margin of the forehead bent sharply under the hair, to become continuous with the rather flattened roof of the skull. These marks are particularly common in the skulls of people who lived in the southern half of England before the period of the Roman occupation and during that period. It is a type of forehead which is not common in English graveyards of the early Saxon period. These features lead us to believe that some, at least, of Huxley's ancestors were in England before the coming of the Romans.

In comparison with the size of his skull, his face was not robustly developed, nor were its features regularly proportioned. The width of his face, if measured on the bare bones, would have been about 132 millimetres—a common dimension in English faces; its length, as measured from the root of the nose to the lower border of the chin, was about 115 millimetres, considerably under the English average. One notices that the upper part of his face, the part on which the nose was set, was short, not more than 65 millimetres—5 millimetres less than the average amount for English faces. His dark eyes were deeply set within ample orbital frames; the upper margins of his orbits were rounded. A well-marked recess or notch separated the root of his nose from the forehead. His nose, which Nature had apparently designed for a massive countenance, had grown somewhat irregularly on the restricted basis of his upper face. A want of harmony in the growth of the hard and soft parts of the nose is not uncommon in Western Europe, and particularly in the western parts of the British Isles. In Huxley's case the soft parts of the nose—the wings and point—were overgrown and prominent. In shape his nose was neither Roman, Greek nor Semitic. The shortness of the upper face and the width from jowl to jowl gave Huxley's face a rather squarish outline. His chin was not deep, nor was it

shelf-like and prominent, as is so often the case in British faces, but it formed a moderately developed oval eminence. His lips were mobile, his mouth ample, and its expression resolute. His beard, when he grew one, had an auburn tint; his swarthinness masked a ruddy tint.

Such were the lineaments of this great Midlander. To what race or breed of mankind did he belong? Let us listen first to the diagnosis made by Sir William Burnett, a Scotsman with a long experience of young men recruited from all parts of the kingdom. He was Director-General of the Medical Service of the Navy in 1846, when Huxley, who had just completed his medical studies and was then barely twenty-one years of age, called at Somerset House with a view to becoming a naval surgeon, with the hope of opportunities for zoological research. Huxley has given an account of this visit:

He [Sir William Burnett] was a tall, shrewd-looking old gentleman, with a broad Scotch accent. I think I see him now as he entered with my card in his hand. The first thing he did was to return it, with the frugal reminder that I should probably find it useful on some other occasion. The second was to ask whether I was an Irishman.¹

Huxley hastened to assure the Director-General that he 'was English to the backbone,' but we must not underestimate the old gentleman's anthropological acumen. Tall men with spare frames; dark hair, swarthy skins, deeply set eyes and turned-up noses are particularly common in Ireland. The interest for us is that Huxley, a thoroughbred Englishman, was mistaken by an experienced observer for an Irish Celt.

Let us compare this opinion of Huxley's racial origin with that which he formed of himself. In 1890, when he was sixty-five years of age and had retired to Eastbourne, he contributed to *The Nineteenth Century* an article on 'The Aryan Question.' In this paper he gave his final judgment concerning the anthropology of Europe and the racial composition of the British people. He held that only two racial stocks were represented on the Continent: the fair, or Nordic, stock of the North, which he named Xanthochroi, and the swarthy Mediterranean stock of the South, which he named the Melanochroi. The inhabitants of the British Isles, he maintained, had been recruited from these two stocks, and from no others. As for himself, he held that he was neither pure Nordic nor pure Mediterranean, but a mixture of the two. 'The combination of swarthinness,' he wrote, 'with stature above the average and a long skull, confers on me the serene impartiality of a mongrel.' Thus we see that, while Sir William Burnett regarded Huxley as having the external appearance of an Irish Celt, his own diagnosis was that he represented a blend of the two

¹ *Life and Letters*, by Leonard Huxley, vol. i., p. 23.

racial stocks of Britain. He drew his ancestry, so he believed, both from the north and from the south of Europe. We note that he speaks neither of Celt nor of Saxon. He rejected these terms as having no scientific, only a political, significance. He had convinced himself that the fairer people in the eastern parts of our country were compounded out of the same two racial stocks as the inhabitants of the western parts; the sole difference lay in the proportion in which the two stocks had been combined.

Let us see how Huxley came to form this opinion. After the appearance of Darwin's *Origin of Species* in 1859 he threw himself into the study of man's origin with great vigour. From 1860 until 1871—from his thirty-fifth to his forty-sixth year—he devoted his chief energies to the elucidation of anthropological problems. He published his first paper on the origin of the British people in 1866. This paper pretended to be merely a report on certain skulls and skeletons which Mr. Samuel Laing had removed from prehistoric graves in Caithness—graves which were then supposed to be of a neolithic date, but are now known to belong to about the time of the Roman invasion of Britain. He compared these skulls with ancient and recent skulls of Britain and of Continental countries, and drew the conclusion that the ancient people of Caithness were of the same racial stock as the fair Scandinavians, and that long before the dawn of the Christian period men of Northern type had settled in Britain. Further, he held that no distinction could be made between the Irish, Scotch, and Scandinavian types of skull. Finally, he flew in the face of public opinion by his emphatic declaration that there was no structural difference between the British-Saxon and British-Celt; both, he declared, were of the same racial type. In coming to this conclusion Huxley was but giving an emphatic verification of a statement made by Retzius, the celebrated craniologist of Sweden, twenty years earlier. Retzius had compared skulls of Celtic-Irish and Celtic-Scottish people with those of his own countrymen, and found between them no racial difference. To-day Professor R. W. Reid and Dr. Mulligan, of the University of Aberdeen, have made an elaborate and exact comparison of the young men of the north-east of Scotland, where Gaelic was spoken eight centuries ago, with the young men of Scandinavia, and found in both common racial characteristics.

In the course of a Sunday evening lecture delivered on January 10, 1870, Huxley gave utterance to the following emphatic statement:

If what I have to say in a matter of science weighs with any man who has political power, I ask him to believe that the arguments about the difference between Anglo-Saxon and Celt are a mere sham and delusion.

If people founded their national aspirations on a basis of anat-

mical difference, then Huxley was right. The trend of recent history has clearly demonstrated that claims for separate racial or national recognition are seldom bone-deep. Such claims are usually founded on qualities which are rather of a political or psychological nature.

In 1866 Huxley surveyed the peopling of Britain from John-o'-Groats; five years later he took up his stand near the Straits of Dover and examined the same problem from this new point of vantage.² Like most experts of his time, he thought there was but one prehistoric way to England—the Calais-Dover route. He drew a picture of the people who lived in Europe when the ice-sheet had finally retreated to the North. He was of opinion that the British Isles and South-western Europe were then inhabited by a people with hair as dark and skin as swarthy as his own, for in the discrimination of human races he counted colouring as more important than skull form. Northern Europe, on the other hand, including Russia, Poland, Germany, and Scandinavia, he regarded as the cradle and early home of the fair European; his Xanthochroi were there when the Ice Age ended, and at an early date made their way to Britain. It was to this fair stock that he attributed the spread of the various forms of Aryan speech throughout Europe and part of Asia. These fair-skinned people, he conceived, had pressed into Switzerland, Northern France, and the British Isles, mastering, mingling with, or exterminating the darker natives, centuries before Julius Cæsar reached the Straits of Dover. He maintained that long before the Romans appeared Britain was already divided by a colour line: the eastern 'Celts' were mostly fair; the western 'Celts' were mostly dark. The Anglo-Saxon colonisation of England, which began when the Romans left, was but a repetition of the fair-haired Celtic invasion of pre-Roman times. In Huxley's opinion, the fair-haired Celts and the fair-haired Saxons were litters of the same racial stock of North Europe.

Huxley himself came, as we have seen, of a pure Midland ancestry. To which of these two racial stocks of Europe do the inhabitants of the Midland counties of England belong, to the fair North or the dark South? If we consult the colour map of the British Isles, to the preparation of which the late Dr. John Beddoe, of Bristol, devoted a lifetime of careful observation, we see that the line which separates the fairer from the darker British begins on the coast of Dorset, sweeps up to the Bristol Channel, then along the valleys of the Severn and the Dee to Liverpool, where it follows the western coast to cross the Solway Firth and pass up the middle of Scotland to Caithness. The Hebrides, however, are fair, and so is the south-eastern part of

² 'Some Fixed Points in British Ethnology,' *Collected Essays*, vol. vii., p. 253.

Ireland. If we take the prevalent colouring of the Midland people as a measure for comparison, then, on Beddoe's scale, the people of the eastern counties are 10 units fairer, while the peoples of the Baltic shores are 40 or 50 units still lighter, in colouring. If, on the other hand, we pass into Wales, Cornwall, Ireland, or the western parts of Scotland, we find that the people there are 20 or 30 units darker than the Midlanders. If we go to Brittany, we find the people still darker—40 or 50 units deeper than the Midlanders; in France, south of the Seine, the tint deepens to 60 or 70 units below our Midland standard; while in Central and Southern Italy a darkness of 100 to 120 units is reached. Thus, while the Midlanders are 40 units less fair than the Baltic people, they are at least 100 units less dark than the people of the purer Mediterranean stock. Midland English people lie well within the limits of the fair colour belt; even our Celtic fringe is more Baltic than Mediterranean in its colouring. The basal and predominant element of the British people is not of Mediterranean, but of Nordic, origin.

Fifty years ago, in Huxley's time, the theory which was accepted to explain the distribution of dark-haired people along the western part of Britain and the presence of fairer people in the more eastern parts was that the Welsh, Irish and Highland Scotch represented a remnant of the dark-haired Mediterranean stock which originally occupied the whole of Britain; that our eastern lands are fair because they have been invaded and occupied by the northern stock of Europe. At that time it was believed that the Strait of Dover was the sole approach to Britain. Hence these incoming waves of fair people were supposed to have deployed from the Strait of Dover at various dates, both pre-Roman and post-Roman. If this explanation was true, then the Midland people of England should be of triple origin: there should be in their midst descendants—(a) of the ancient Mediterranean British; (b) of the fair Celtic invaders of pre-Roman times; (c) of the Saxon invaders of post-Roman times. In short, Midlanders were, in Huxley's opinion, a hybrid people bred between the northern and southern stocks of Europe.

In the fifty years which have elapsed since Huxley gave his adhesion to this simple theory of British origin, many new facts concerning the condition of prehistoric Europe have come to our knowledge. We are now to inquire how far this increase of knowledge causes us to modify or abandon the theory held by Huxley. We have to give up the idea that the Strait of Dover was the sole approach to England in prehistoric times. Archaeologists are now convinced that for 2000 years before the coming of the Romans, perhaps for more, all our shores—both western and eastern—were exposed to invaders. A study of stone graves,

stone monuments and prehistoric pottery found along our western shores, from Cornwall to the Orkneys, from Bantry Bay to Belfast Lough, leaves us in no doubt that during the second millennium B.C. France and Spain were in free communication with Western Britain. All along these shores of our isles we find dark-haired people with a form of head and face which occurred in ancient Spain as well as in the south of France. In the modern population of Wales are to be found dark people with rounded heads of the Breton type. Even down to the period of the Roman invasion the west of England had close trade relationship with Brittany. We have every reason to believe that sea power, which in recent years has given people of our stock the possession of great continents, was already an active factor in the spread of Southern people along our western shores 4000 years ago. Thus our western fringe of dark folk may not represent the sweepings of Eastern Britain, but colonisations from the south-west of Europe, established during the two millennia preceding our era. They settled amongst communities which were descended from the Britons of the Ice Age.

I have been sketching rapidly the kind of event which took place at the western, or back, door of Britain during the second millennium B.C., and also in the latter part of the preceding millennium. We now turn to what was happening along the whole stretch of our eastern coasts. We have definite evidence of a widespread and prolonged invasion which took place during this early period. Fortunately for us, most of the invaders had heads of a peculiar shape, with flat occiputs, short skulls and strong, massive faces. The graves they made and the pottery they used were quite unlike those made and used by the dark invaders of the west. The late Lord Abercromby has traced the kind of pottery used by these eastern invaders to patterns found in lands lying in Central Europe—in the upper reaches of the Rhine. These early round-headed invaders of Britain are now known as 'Beaker' people. We find these tall and, we may reasonably infer, fair-haired and strong-faced 'Beaker' men amongst the prehistoric peoples of those parts of the Continent which stretch from Scandinavia to Northern France. In spite of the peculiar form of head, they belong to the northern stock of Europe, for I agree with Huxley's *dictum* that in tracing racial origins greater importance must be attached to colouring than to head form. Although at least 3000 years have come and gone since the Beaker men settled thickly in Britain, evidence of their influence can still be detected in the modern population of Eastern Scotland and of England. They spread in numbers throughout the central and southern parts of England; they reached Wales; and, in spite of statements to the opposite, they also reached Ireland.

Charles Darwin and Francis Galton had the head form of the Beaker people; in the Midlands traces of the Beaker strain can often be observed. There was no trace of this breed to be noted in Huxley.

Thus the picture we have of Britain in the second millennium B.C. is very different from the one which was in Huxley's mind. The surrounding seas, far from being barriers, offered themselves as highways for the spread of peoples. The eastern lands of Britain formed part of the North Sea area—an area held since the most remote times by the fair stock of Europe. Our western seas, on the other hand, were but extensions of the seas held by the darker southern stock of Europe. And thus it came about that the great racial frontier of Europe, the broad belt which stretches across the Continent from the Black Sea to the English Channel, separating the fairer Northern peoples from the darker Southern, is continued onwards in Britain not from east to west, but from south to north. The people of Britain, like those of Switzerland, lie on the racial or evolutionary frontier of Europe. If one looks at Galton's map of British genius, it will be seen that his richest zone lies north and south along our racial frontier. On the Continent wave after wave of the fair Northern stock has broken across this frontier to reach Troy, to reach Athens, to reach Rome, and to reach Paris, but the result has always been ultimately the same—fair wave after fair wave has been swallowed up by the darker South.

It is not only our conception of England during the second millennium B.C. which we have had to alter since Huxley's days. Huxley spoke as if England first became inhabited when the Ice Age passed away. When did mankind first arrive in England? The discovery of stone implements, definitely shaped by human hands, in the pliocene and pleistocene geological deposits of East Anglia, leaves us in no doubt that England has been inhabited for so long that the time must be counted in hundreds of thousands of years. We know of only one of these very ancient inhabitants of England—the one whose remains were discovered at Piltdown, in Sussex. The ancestry and descendants of the Piltdown man we have not yet traced, but all the evidence now available leads us to suppose that the Piltdown breed died out, without any ultimate issue. We now know that in a late phase of the ice period Europe was inhabited by a peculiar type of man—Neanderthal man—and that he too was exterminated. We have every reason to believe Neanderthal man lived in England also, but so far we have not found his remains. When men of our type first appeared in England is still a moot point. They certainly had arrived many thousands of years before the last Ice Age came to an end.

Anthropologists are agreed that the type of man which now inhabits Europe was not evolved in Europe, but was an incomer. We find remains of these pioneers of the European type in cave or lake deposits of Italy, France, Belgium, and England; these forerunners of our modern type are full-blown Europeans. At least 15,000 years have elapsed, probably more, since these islands received the first contingent of the kind of people which still inhabits them. These pioneer people arrived while this country was still bound to the Continent by land, the English Channel and North Sea being but bays of the sea. We have evidence which leads us to infer that round both of these bays the primitive European drifted into Britain.

Thus it will be seen that anthropologists are agreed that our evolutionary cradle lies neither in Britain nor on the Continent, but in some other part of the world. Where, then, is the cradle-land where our bodies and brains took their present-day shapes? In our modern map of the world we see a great continent of desert sweeping across the northern part of Africa, passing over Arabia and Mesopotamia, to reach the heart of Asia and the frontiers of Mongolia. During the earlier parts of the Ice Age we know that large areas of this desert blossomed and could well have served as a garden of Eden, continental in dimensions. It is in this great desert belt that we find the earliest traces of human communities and civilisation. We can best explain the distribution of the races of mankind, as we now see them, if we suppose that men of the European type were evolved on the northern frontiers of this ancient fertile belt, now a desert. It is probable that the darker European stock was evolved on or towards the African part of this pleistocene Atlantis and passed into Europe from the South, while the fairer people of the same stock appeared in the Asiatic zone and passed into North Europe from the East. We do not despair of yet discovering the ancestry of our own type, and it is in these desert lands that we expect to find them.

Having thus outlined the chief changes which have come over expert opinion regarding the origin of the British people since Huxley's time, I turn to what may be called the darkest chapter of our history. We know what kind of people lived in Britain and buried their dead in the characteristic graves of the second millennium B.C., but of the remains of the people who lived in England during the 1000 years which preceded the arrival of the Romans we know almost nothing. Recently graves which are late Celtic in date, and certainly pre-Roman, have been discovered in the south of England, and I have had an opportunity of studying the people found in them. I have also examined the human remains found in an ancient cemetery at Harlyn Bay, in Cornwall, which certainly contains bones of people living in that county in pre-

Roman times. We have the skulls discovered at Glastonbury and other Celtic settlements of the west of England, which have been described by Sir William Boyd Dawkins. Then there are the skulls of people found in Dorset by the late General Pitt-Rivers in sites which had been British villages during the period of Roman occupation. Lately Mrs. Brook Clifford has given me the opportunity of examining the skeletons from a Romano-British cemetery of the third century A.D. situated at Barnwood, near Gloucester. In the Museum of the College of Surgeons there is a large representation of the British of the Roman period. In the Museum of the Guildhall, London, are preserved a number of skulls of Londoners of the Roman period. I have had isolated opportunities of studying remains from the sites of Roman villas extending from Colchester to Cardiff. The result of my studies has been to convince me that there must have been extensive invasions of the southern and eastern parts of England during the millennium preceding the arrival of the Romans. Huxley, as we have seen, regarded these invaders as a fair people, who used a Celtic speech and had come to Britain from Northern France, Switzerland, and South-eastern Germany. In Mr. Rice Holmes's opinion, these fair-haired invaders of England were the true Celts of history.

In these Romano-British graves of South and Middle England we find that there is a prevailing type of skull. Somehow Huxley's lineage is linked to these South Britons of the pre-Roman period, for in his head we can recognise their cranial characteristics. In them, as in him, we see the same flat-vaulted cranial roof, the same panelled forehead, and the same proportion of width to length. In this Romano-British type we find the width of the skull varying from 74 to 78 per cent. of its length. When we examine large groups of these skulls we always find one or two with the exceptional dimensions which were given to Huxley. Unlike Huxley, the Romano-British were usually short people, varying from 5 feet 3 inches to 5 feet 6 inches in stature, but tall individuals also occurred. Nor can we suppose that these Celtic-speaking invaders were all fair; they drifted through dark-haired territories before they reached England. The Romano-British type of skull is still prevalent in England; it can be recognised in Northern France, Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland. We may safely hold that during the 1000 years which preceded the arrival of the Romans the Midland population of England received a large addition of new blood drawn from the fairer stock of Western and Central Europe.

We have dismissed 1000 years of English history in a paragraph. As to what was taking place along our western shores in this period I have said nothing; almost certainly dark settlers were coming from the South. Nor have we included North England

in our survey. The pre-Roman people of Yorkshire were certainly of a different type from those of the south, as revealed in the so-called Danes' graves. Professor William Wright regarded these pre-Roman Yorkshire people as closely akin to Scandinavians, and I agree with him. Huxley was right in 1866 when he said there had been Nordic invasions long before the days of the Saxons and Vikings.

My researches among the Romano-British skulls have brought to light another type of invader—people with wide, short, strong faces and rounded, bullet-like heads. These invaders were Gauls, the people who have inhabited France south of the Seine for many thousands of years, the people to whom Broca wished to confine the name of Celt. Skulls of this type are to be found in the greatest abundance in Kent, particularly in the crypt of the church at Hythe; one finds them in London of the Roman period, and stray samples have turned up in the village settlements examined by Pitt-Rivers. As we have seen, this type is also represented among the prehistoric settlers of the Welsh coast.

From what I have written the reader will realise that our knowledge of the origin of the British people is still in its infancy; we have not been able to assign Huxley to a definite racial category, for of what race were these pre-Roman British? We are driven to accept Huxley's own verdict that the various peoples who settled in Britain at succeeding periods of time were all litters from the same original European or Caucasian stock. Each brought its own tongue and its own traditions, and claimed to be a separate racial entity.

The historian is tempted to think that the whole story of the settlement of Britain is one of repeated invasions, that all of us are but mongrels of foreign origin, and that England has nothing of her own. A study of the laws of invasion and colonisation shows us that when a highly equipped people of one race settles in the country of a lowly equipped people of another race the result is complete extirpation of the invaded people.* But when a more highly organised people effects settlement amongst a less highly organised people of the same type and race, the result is never extermination, always amalgamation; almost invariably the invaded and conquered swallow up the invaders and conquerors. There cannot be any doubt that the physical and mental differences which separate the people of England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland are slight. For in England we see Welsh, Scotch and Irish families come and settle. The descendants of these people become indistinguishable from the true English; the descendants of Scotch, Welsh and English settlers in Ireland become indistinguishable from the true Irish. We are certain that those men and women who made their homes in England as the glacial

period came to a close were of the true West European type ; all the settlers since that remote date, whether they came from the fair North or dark South, were of this same type. We infer then that throughout the ages this law of invasions has held true of England, and that in every part of these islands the native population has ultimately absorbed the invading host. A true British type has been and is being evolved. Huxley was a product of this type in so far as his bodily characteristics are concerned. But to explain the source of his mental gifts, of those qualities which make a genius of a man, brings us to an unsolved problem. He was born on the fairer side of our pigmentary racial border, yet he himself was dark rather than fair. The eastern parts of Britain from earliest times have drawn their recruiting waves from different sections of the fairer stock of Northern Europe, while the western parts have drawn their recruits chiefly from the darker South.

Huxley was right : there is no recognisable structural distinction between Saxon and Celt, but unfortunately in the issue of national ideals structural resemblances are of but little account, Nature has grafted deeply in mankind an instinct which makes locality, speech, custom and tradition a stronger force in the welding of peoples into a common nationality than the possession of the same structural characteristics.

ARTHUR KEITH.

THE LANSDOWN CRICKET CLUB :¹ A CENTENARY

THE beginnings of serious cricket in the west of England may be said to date from 1825, with the foundation of the celebrated Lansdown Club at Bath. Prominent among the little band of enthusiasts responsible for its organisation was the Rev. James Pycroft, author of that classic of the summer pastime, *The Cricket Field*. The Lansdown Cricket Club, who 'engaged the famous Sparks and Ashby to coach them,' enjoyed the advantage of a charmingly picturesque *milieu* ('Sydenham Fields'), shaded by trees and overlooked by the abbey and other public buildings and memorials.

After a few seasons, so proficient with bat and ball did the Lansdown Eleven become that they had the temerity to challenge Oxford University on level terms. Not only so, but they succeeded in defeating the Dark Blues in two out of seven completed matches — by three runs in 1842 and by 81 runs in 1843. In the 'fifties and 'sixties, moreover, the formidable All England Eleven were several times encountered by twenty-twos of the Club. After being bowled out for the paltry total of 28 by the great Jackson and Hayward in the match of 1860, the Lansdown men retaliated on their foes in the ensuing year by the substantial majority of thirteen wickets, Mr. E. J. Morres securing exactly that number of victims for 65 runs !

It is now that the commanding figure of W. G. Grace flits across the scene. He came, of course, from Thornbury, in Gloucestershire, but in 1863, when he was a lad of fourteen, he was invited to play for Lansdown against the England Eleven. Now, it is well known that in first-class matches 'W. G.' was never dismissed twice without scoring. But twice during 1863 did he achieve this unenviable distinction on the Bath ground. Against the England combination he scored 'c Clarke, b Tinley o, c Anderson, b Tinley o'; while for Clifton *versus* Lansdown his equally depressing record was 'b E. M. Grace o, b E. M. Grace o.' Of a further act of prowess by that famed brother of his, also for Lansdown, W. G. Grace has told the following story :

¹ The author desires to thank Mr. F. E. Lacey, Secretary of the M.C.C., Mr. F. S. Ashley-Cooper, and the Secretary of the Somerset C.C.C.

An interesting match was played at Bath between eighteen of the Lansdown Club and the United All England Eleven, which was a rival combination to William Clarke's All England team. The scene was the Sydenham Fields, and the wicket was pitched on land afterwards occupied by the Midland Railway goods station. E. M. Grace, who was batting that season with particular vigour and freedom, played a grand innings of 121. He got well hold of one ball and knocked it clean into the river [Avon], but was eventually magnificently caught at long-leg by G. M. Kelson, the well-known Kent amateur, who was playing for the Eleven. All England scored 99 and 87. A peculiar point about the match was that my brothers E. M. and Henry, and myself, took every wicket in both innings.

The mother of the 'three Graces' was not only a keen cricketing enthusiast herself, but had a great deal to do with moulding and shaping the play of her own boys. It was said of her by Richard Daft that she 'knew ten times more about cricket than any woman I ever knew.' This delightful lady even wrote to George Parr, of All England fame, requesting him to find a place for her elder son (E. M.) in his eleven, and naively adding that her younger son (W. G.) would probably be better than his brother, because 'his back play was sounder, and he always played with a straight bat.'

Seeing that I have instanced the Grace brothers in connection with Lansdown cricket, I must also mention Fuller Pilch (1803-1870), who was unquestionably 'W. G.'s' greatest predecessor as a batsman, for it was on the Bath enclosure in 1845, for an eleven of West of England *versus* M.C.C. and Ground, that Pilch compiled 117, his tenth and last recorded innings of three figures. Four matches under this title, two at Lord's and two at Lansdown, took place in 1844-45, and a noted Somerset long-stopper, Mr. J. A. B. Marshall, was engaged in all four.

At Lansdown, also in 1845—surely a red-letter year for west country cricket—the newly-formed 'Gentlemen of Somerset' Club defeated the Gentlemen of Dorset by the exciting margin of two wickets. In a return engagement at Kingston Park they repeated this success by the far more sweeping majority of an innings and 49; but in the following summer the Dorsetshire team managed to get home by 14 runs. Conspicuous among the Somerset lot were a couple of notable sporting parsons: Marcon, of Eton and Oxford, and Kirwan, of Eton and Cambridge, and Mr. Charles Sainsbury. It should be mentioned, however, that sundry 'given men' were included in these teams. Meanwhile the Lansdown Club 'proper' was by no means idle, playing matches against the M.C.C., Clifton, Mangotsfield, Marlborough College, Purton, and Thornbury, the latter village renowned as the birthplace of the Graces.

In June 1864 E. T. Daubeny, an Oxford Blue, scored a splendid 78 for Eighteen of Lansdown against the England Eleven.

A second Oxford Blue, E. J. P. Cassan, a bowler of renown, was associated with Lansdown's fortunes for four decades; while S. C. Voules, another of their stalwarts, was no less than four successive times—1863-64-65-66—on the winning side for Oxford *v.* Cambridge at Lord's. He also became, it is worthy of note, Somersetshire's county captain. An interregnum of some years was followed by a practical revival in 'Gentlemen of Somerset' activities, and between 1860 and 1876 they met the amateurs of Devon, Dorset and Gloucestershire on divers occasions. But, the popular desire for a Somerset County Club having gradually become more and more insistent, a meeting took place on August 18, 1875, at which the following recommendations were made:

(1) It is desirable to organise annual matches against the neighbouring counties and against first-class clubs such as the Incogniti, etc. (2) The secretaries of leading cricket clubs in Somerset be communicated with and their co-operation invited. (3) The clubs which possess first-class grounds in convenient situations be requested to allow their use for county matches.

The almost immediate sequel to this was the arrangement of fixtures with the Incogniti, Civil Service, South Wales, Dorset, and Devon; an appeal for the modest subscription of ten shillings; and the following 'scheme' for forming a Somerset County Cricket Club:

(a) There shall be no county ground; (b) the club shall depend for its support upon voluntary subscriptions; (c) county matches shall be played on any ground in the county that may be selected by the committee; (d) a president, vice-president, treasurer, and secretary be nominated, and a committee of nine gentlemen—three from each division of the county—be appointed.

On these eminently sporting lines the enterprise became an accomplished fact in 1876.

Its first balance-sheet is something of a curiosity. From 112 subscribers 70*l.* 7*s.* was realised, and from 'gate-money' 1*l.* 15*s.* 8*d.*, after which there was actually a balance in hand of 31*l.* 18*s.* 9*d.*! That balance would have been even more substantial but for the inclusion of umpires' fees (2*l.* 2*s.*) referring to the previous year.

There is a further charming story regarding the mother of the brothers Grace and the Lansdown ground. On a day in 1884 when the Philadelphian team were opposing the Lansdown Eleven, and Dr. E. M. Grace was assisting the latter, a member placed a chair outside the pavilion for an old lady who appeared keenly interested. In thanking him for his courtesy she added: 'I taught my boys to play cricket, you know. I used to bowl to them.' On his return to the pavilion he discovered that she actually was Mrs. Grace, and that day she had the gratification

of seeing E. M. Grace and E. Sainsbury score nearly 150 for the opening partnership.

That classic of the game, *The Cricket Field*, already mentioned, the work of the Rev. James Pycroft, was first published in, I believe, 1853, and, after passing through numerous editions, was edited some three years ago under the direction of that distinguished authority, Mr. F. S. Ashley-Cooper. It is remarkable for its sound judgment, pleasantly loquacious style, and its author's addiction to Latin tags. He dedicated it to 'J. A. B. Marshall, Esq., and the Members of the Lansdown Cricket Club, By one of their oldest members and sincere friend, the Author.' This is the Marshall previously referred to as Lansdown's principal long-stopper, and the author of *The Cricket Field* is presently led into a mild dissertation upon what is now the lost art of long-stopping in association with Lansdown. After premising that the finest long-stop he ever saw was 'a Mr. Napier,' of Oxford University, he continues:

But there is a man whose praise is yet unsung, for when Mr. E. H. Budd saw Mr. R. Stothert at Lansdown, Bath, stop right and left to Mr. Kirwan's bowling, he alluded to Beagley's¹ doings, and said Beagley never came up to Stothert. Mr. Marshall, jun., in the same club 'stopped' for Mr. Marcon without one bye through a long innings. The gentleman who opposed the firmest front, however, for years to Messrs. Kirwan and Fellowes—bowlers who have broken studs into the breast-bone of a long-stop and then, to make amends, taken fourpenny-bits of skin off his shins—is Mr. Hartopp, pronounced by Mr. Charles Burt (himself undeniable at that point) to be the best for a continuance he has ever seen. *Vigat vircatque!* . . . Long-stop should assist in backing up on the on side, and must start at once to be in time. The attention he has to sustain is very trying to the eyes, especially in windy weather.

The E. H. Budd in question, 'often our antagonist in Lansdown matches,' was one of the greatest of batsmen-bowlers. In a chatty letter to Mr. Pycroft he recalls old Thomas Lord's offer of twenty-five guineas to anyone who should hit a ball out of the then Lord's ground, and how Lord George Kerr 'used to provide bread-and-cheese and beer for as many as would come out and practise on a summer's evening; this is too *substantial* a supporter of the noble game to be forgotten.' Mr. Budd himself did, I believe, win the guineas offered by Lord for a hit out of that ground, and would have distributed the money among the players; but 'Lord was shabby and would not pay.' Budd, who stood nearly six feet and weighed twelve stone, was still playing cricket at sixty-five! Sometimes he would hit so rashly that Lord Frederick Beauclerk remarked of him, 'Budd always wanted to win the game off a single ball.' He is down as 'absent' in a match in which he should have appeared for 'Eleven B's'; and

¹ A great long-stop of cricket's top-hatted period.

though the side included Beldham, Lord F. Beauclerk, Bennett, and the Bentleys, all were dismissed for a total of *six*!

*The Rev. Stirling Cookesley Voules, of Lansdown fame, who captained Somersetshire and became successively a master at Rossall School and rector of a Yorkshire parish, worked long and persistently for the promotion of cricket in the west country. I find his honoured name in the list of the 'Eighteen Veterans' who opposed M.C.C. in the latter's centenary match in 1887. The Veterans had considerably the best (306 and 175 for five wickets, against 278) of an unfinished game in which their opponents included such great names as W. G. Grace, C. I. and R. T. Thornton, A. J. Webbe, and Sir Timothy O'Brien. Mr. Voules' contributions to the score were the eminently respectable figures of 29 ('c R. Thornton, b Grace') and not out 20.

The year 1835 was remarkable in Lansdown annals for what might very well have proved a fatal accident. As Mr. Pycroft was present, and was playing in the match, it is best to retell the story in his own words:

The most alarming accident I ever saw occurred in one of the many matches played by the Club against Mr. E. H. Budd's Eleven at Purton. Two of the Lansdown players were running between wickets; and good Mr. Pratt—*immani corpore*—was standing midway, hiding each from the other. Both were rushing the same side of him; and as one held his bat most dangerously extended, the point of it met his partner under the chin, forced back his head as if his neck were broken, and dashed him senseless to the ground. Never shall I forget the shudder and the chill of every heart till poor Price, being lifted up, gradually evinced returning consciousness; and at length, when all was explained, he smiled amidst his bewilderment, with his usual good nature, on his unlucky friend. A surgeon who witnessed the collision feared he was dead, and said afterwards that with less powerful muscles (for he had a neck like a bulldog) he never could have withstood the shock. Price told me next day that he felt as if a little more, and he never should have raised his head again.

It is added that the said Mr. Price, who was a lob-bowler of some renown, was the *beau ideal* of a young all-round sportsman.

It was also at Purton—therefore presumably during another encounter with Mr. Budd's Eleven—in the ensuing summer that half a dozen of the Lansdown players became suddenly and violently ill. They had been supping, not wisely, but too well, 'on crab and champagne,' and could 'do nothing but lie on the grass.' Apparently no actual casualties resulted, but it may be presumed that they did not win the match.

The aforementioned Mr. Marcon, playing at Attlebury in 1850, performed the feat of dismissing four opponents with four consecutive balls. In that same season Lansdown actually disposed of a West Gloucestershire eleven for a total of *six*; moreover,

as this score included four 'extras,' no fewer than ten of the team were rewarded with the detested 'duck's egg.'

Only fifteen miles from Bath, and five from Wells, is situated the lovely old market town of Shepton Mallet, famed for its fifty-feet high market cross, dating from 1500, its grammar school of 1627, and its wonderful timber-roofed church. At Shepton Mallet, it appears, the local eleven on one occasion set out to get seven runs in their second innings and were all sent back to the pavilion for five! Truly a W. G. Grace would have admonished them, 'Never let me see your faces again!' And this, once more, reminds me that W. G. made a bad mistake concerning the abilities of a professional bowler, Nichols, who subsequently did fine service for Somersetshire. He was a Gloucestershire man, and in a match for that county he failed so lamentably that Grace said to him, 'George, you shall never play for us again!' Nichols never did; but he qualified for Somerset and, as I say, took hundreds of wickets.

One of the old-time west country bowlers, Mr. Kirwan, took all ten wickets in an innings. He must have been a trundler of great pace, a delivery of his making a bail fly thirty, and even forty, yards from the wicket. 'There were giants in those days.'

On the question of fielding generally it has to be borne in mind that the grounds of, say, the first half of the nineteenth century, were liable to be extremely rough. A little rain would occasionally turn them into quagmires, while the proximity of rivers such as the Avon and Parrot would flood wide sections of the area. Speaking of country cricket under such conditions, Mr. Pycroft quaintly reminds his readers that—

a bad fieldsman is a loose screw in your machinery, giving confidence to the adversary and taking the spirit out of his own party. Therefore let the captain of an eleven proclaim that men must qualify by fine fielding. Let every man practise long-stop. Long-leg is a fieldsman nearly as essential . . . The captain should keep an account of the best runners, throwers, clean pickers-up and especially of men who can meet and anticipate the ball, and of those who deserve the praise given to Chatterton,²—'the safest pair of hands in England.'

That invaluable monument to Mr. Arthur Haygarth's skill, enthusiasm, and research, the *M.C.C. Scores and Biographies*, contains full particulars of not more than about two dozen Lansdown matches. But these include several of the most important and interesting ever played, e.g., against Oxford University, M.C.C. and Ground, the All England Eleven, Marlborough and Clifton Colleges, Thornbury and Purton. Enthusiasts are recommended to consult those weighty tomes. Some of the performances recorded are of quite exceptional merit.

² Long before the famous Derbyshire player of that name.

The old Club was resuscitated a year or two ago, and is very much a going concern again. In this centennial year, not only is a book or booklet being published in celebration of the event, but the annual 'week' of first-class cricket at Bath is invested with an especial significance. The Bath enclosure has experienced certain vicissitudes. It has from time to time, thanks to the proximity of the historic and picturesque Avon, suffered from flooding. An example of this occurred little more than twenty years ago, when a match between Somerset and Hampshire had finally to be abandoned owing to a portion of the playing space being inundated to the extent of four feet of water.

Mention of Hampshire, 'the cradle of cricket,' serves to remind us that the Lansdown tradition must be placed second only to that of Hambledon and 'its merrie men.' From it directly emerged, as we have seen, the Somerset County Cricket Club, by this time half a century old. Admitted to the first-class championship in 1891, it speedily developed a side which included such brilliant exponents as the incomparable S. M. J. Woods, H. T. Hewett, the brothers Palairet, Tyler, Martyn (second to none among amateur wicket-keepers), Roe, Challen, Hedley, and Leonard Braund. The county team has endured and survived some indifferent fortune, chiefly traceable to the difficulty of mustering the full strength of an eleven so largely compact of the amateur element; but, take it for all in all, it still must rank as the most interesting and thoroughly 'sporting' combination to be found in the west of old England.

Finally, it is worthy of mention that the Bath and Taunton grounds have been the scene of several notable records both for and against the county. Somerset lost no match in 1890, the year before its elevation to first-class rank. H. T. Hewett and Lionel Palairet's 346 against Yorkshire remained unbeaten for five years as a first wicket performance. In 1895-96 the brothers Palairet each exceeded the hundred twice in partnerships v. Middlesex and Sussex—an exploit not even performed by the Graces. In 1921 Mr. J. C. White captured all ten wickets of Worcestershire in an innings. And Mr. A. C. Maclaren's unforgettable 424 at Taunton in 1895 was a record only lowered, if it was lowered, by the Australian Ponsford's innings in an intercolonial fixture which not all of us might be disposed to consider as quite first-class cricket.

PERCY CROSS STANDING.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1925

THE Royal Academy Exhibition is for most people who care about pictures a very great annual enjoyment. Why, since art exists to be enjoyed, should anyone break in upon the public with criticisms and discussions, with fine-drawn distinctions, comparisons, and theories? The excuse of criticism is that art cannot be enjoyed without being first understood, and cannot be understood by most men without taking thought, without analysing impressions and comparing them. We artists resent very much the impertinent intrusion of a professional critic between ourselves and the public; but we do not therefore deny the necessity for truly critical thought, still less the inevitability of critical discussion in a late, self-conscious, and sophisticated age. Many artists of the weaker sort, those less imaginative and less penetrating painters who always exist upon the fringes of the company, are themselves victims of theories to which the application of really critical thought would be salutary in the highest degree; perhaps, indeed, there are few, even among the elect, who can, by an unerring artistic perception, see the sincerity, truth, and fineness in a work of art with immediate certainty, and sift the dross from the gold in any collection of pictures without long reflection and comparison. Indeed, to do so a man must perhaps have a part of that mind which, as Pope says of Shakespeare, 'seems to have known the world by intuition, to have looked through Nature at one glance.' But in these cases, however swift the process of judgment at any moment or however rapid the movement of the mind upon the point of essential importance may always have been, a maturity of real critical method, as well as a habit of honest thought supports each new perception; and those most gifted with direct insight never deny the necessity of true critical method for the just appreciation of works of art. There are principles and criteria of judgment; art is not a mere 'matter of taste,' as sentimental Antinomians suppose. If, then, painters feel that the works upon which not only weeks, but the developing feelings and abilities of a lifetime, have been concentrated, deserve better than to be thrown for a few days to the mercies of a pack of literary Dog-berries, 'filling the air with barbarous dissonance,' whose opinions,

gilded with printers' ink, shall then guide the public taste and direct the buyers' choice, it is not because criticism is out of place or because the public does not need guidance. People will discuss the pictures, and knowledge and taste of a kind above the average may be at times possessed by men without the capacity or opportunity to apply it to practice. But painters do feel intensely that the professional critic of to-day, even if (as is rare) he has some literary culture or some faint feeling for poetry, and something of what is known outside the arts as 'good taste,' is not, in fact, qualified to judge of pictures or to talk of them. He 'darkens counsel by words without knowledge.' It is not as a professional critic, but as a painter, that I propose to speak now of the Academy Exhibition. Even so I feel it to be an impertinence, and will endeavour to do no more than to suggest those qualities in the works of serious and experienced painters which we who are trying to follow in their footsteps have realised to be fine, strong, and true. The public, in so far as it submits to the dictation of the professional critic, is blinded to his lack of all true critical method, because it is hypnotised, hypnotised by the array of large and apparently magnanimous theories—'obtruding false rules pranked in reason's garb'—and by the specious appearance of unanimity between the writers. Theories are always to be jealously examined, not less in the arts than in other practical activities, and the particular theories so much advertised of late years are not the result of scholarship or philosophy, but of commercial intrigue aided by cowardice and sentimentalism. As I have said before, in *The Nineteenth Century* of March 1924, half the critics are dealers' agents and paid agitators, whose writing is not criticism, but advertisement; the rest are sentimentalists with no eye for real originality, who imagine that anything apparently new or odd must be original and true, especially if it be the performance of the young and inexperienced; and against this combination the trustees of public money capitulate their reason and, like the curate who said damn to show he was broad-minded, outdo the dealers' highest hopes in embracing the 'irregular sallies and trifling conceits' of every charlatan. Nor is there any end to the chain of time-servers; 'one rogue is usher to another still.' As for the unanimity of critics, more might be said than shall be said here. In any case, as Bacon has it, 'all colours agree in the dark.' But it would be interesting, quite interesting, for those who suppose that unanimity is evidence of the rightness of their opinions to be present when the critics have an exhibition to themselves. When theories and interests both fail, it is diverting to watch a group with blank minds before an obviously 'important' picture, building up their 'unanimous opinion' by a series of tentative phrases thrown out, caught up,

capped, and elaborated. It is especially entertaining to a painter, to whom the mental processes whereby a picture is actually created are not unknown. Some unanimity is, however, we suppose, necessary to the credit of critics, and what if the means to produce it be creditable or no? As for the painters, it is often said that they never agree; but this is not quite true. Real opinions naturally vary, yet it will be found that fundamentally all serious artists have in all ages had the same aims and followed the same ideals; they have, moreover, appreciated each other in spite of every difference of speech and manner. It is only the votaries of divergent and ephemeral fashions whose views are so bewilderingly irreconcilable. The public is naturally unable to find agreement between the painters of the fashion of the 'eighties, the fashion, now moribund, 'unwept, unnoted, and for ever dead,' of Peter Graham and Marcus Stone, and the fashion of the moment, equally ephemeral because equally frivolous and vain. It is of the utmost importance, then, to realise that the theories of critics and the fashions of painters (and the two cause each other, if we may speak of 'cause') are equally idle and equally empty. Both are the products of 'a brain of feathers and a heart of lead.' The tradition of serious art has never ceased, and, we may believe, never will cease. In the Academy may be seen the products of the fashions of two generations whose weak hearts have been drawn by the glozing tempters ease and applause and gold; but let us pass them by—'*non raggionam' di lor, guarda e passa.*'—for serious art may be seen, also. I have deemed it necessary to say so much because it matters very much to us whether our paintings are appreciated or not; we do not paint only for painters, but for all who care for serious and beautiful things, for all who value truth. There are some things which a painter may see and point out which might escape those who do not paint, because technique and subject, mechanics and expression, manner and matter, form and content, are inseparably interwoven and correlated. 'Style,' the language of art, with which every hour of a painter's life is concerned, is subservient to the impression made upon the natural mind, yet is the source, or at least the condition, of it. It is this full interacting development of form and content, technique and expression, which is the aim of art, and its attainment is the criterion of excellence. My only object in this paper is to indicate the true qualities of style upon which all serious painters are agreed, assuring the reader on their behalf that the fashionable manners, whether of this or of the last generation, are as easy to exercise as true style is difficult; and more could not be said. Any art student of ordinary wit could produce a Marcus Stone or a Modernist equivalent in a day—or an afternoon; no one but themselves could produce a

Sargent, a Clausen, or a Glyn Philpot, or anything approaching them.

A critic usually begins by hunting up the names he knows. We will do as much for one name—a name honoured above every one that the world has known since the deaths of Watts and Holman Hunt, and comparable only with theirs in the lifetime of any grown man. Are there, in spite of his passing, any paintings from the hand of Sargent? There are only two. Neither is perhaps among his greatest works; yet he was always great, and no portrait-painter now living is ever more than very good. The treatment of the earlier portraits was usually very solid and very rich, and every year has added to their mellow depth and grandeur; moreover, the immense pains bestowed on them by an intellect so brilliant, so strong, and so serious produced studies of character which stand among the biographical masterpieces of all ages. Some of his later works—and the two in this year's Academy are of this kind—have been lighter both in the technical treatment and in the indication of character; suggestion has, as so often happens in the fullest maturity of very great minds, replaced statement, and the ordinary beholder, though he still feels he is reading the work of a great historian, is not always able to follow the brief Tacitean phrases, the Thucydidean involutions, the allusive progress of the style. But the painting of Lady Curzon—doubly moving now when we remember that both the painter and the illustrious husband of the sitter have passed away—is full of penetration and suggestion, and grows more impressive the longer we look at it. In the hands of any lesser artist, a dress of white satin, a gilded chair, earrings and ropes of pearls, though all these would have been less richly and brilliantly treated, would have detracted from the face; but Sargent can rise to a greater and more commanding height in the treatment of the head than even in the accessories; and a perfect visual and intellectual unity is preserved in the whole work. The other portrait, of Mr. George MacMillan, is in some ways less striking; but it is still a Sargent. Some may perhaps feel that both are a little cold in colour—not will time mellow them as it has mellowed works more thickly and liquidly painted—but they still show how fine a colourist Sargent was, a colourist who could, like Velasquez, obtain more glow, richness, and harmony with black and grey and white than another painter could with all the crimson and azure glazes of the Venetian tradition or all the cadmiums and spectrums of the modern. And, as I have said, Sargent combined the depth of characterisation which repays close study with the breadth of aspect and effect which satisfies at any distance. Compare the portrait of Lady Curzon with any other which can be seen from the same spot, and Sargent's power of seeing his subject as a whole will be appreciated.

It is with reluctance that we turn from great works to small, and most of the portraits at the Academy are, it is to be feared, very commonplace. An exception, however, must be made of Mr. Glyn Philpot, who is now our most truly artistic, most gifted, painter, although portraiture is not his main occupation or his most successful achievement. His portraits (though I feel it impertinent to make any criticism) seem rather less interesting as studies of character than those of some painters in all other respects inferior. The feeling is sometimes forced on us that Mr. Philpot is not really interested in his sitter; both he and the sitter seem to know it, and the spectator cannot then fail to see it too. Neither have the portraits the same visual breadth as Sargent's, nor the same variety, for a large proportion of Mr. Philpot's sitters seem to possess clothes of his favourite colours—purple, lemon and pink; but they have a really wonderful union of beautifully drawn and painted detail with a beautifully seen aspect of the subject as a whole. The drawing of the portrait of Lady Carisbrooke in Gallery III. is masterly, yet the construction is not forced in the common and anatomical way which is so unpleasant in the work of less artistic painters, nor is there any of that display of handling which is one element in the vulgarity of the average portrait. As in the work of Velasquez, any kind of handling seems to be used, according to the shape, the texture, the colour, of the part, and its relation in accent to the scheme of the whole. Note, for instance, the handling of the hair and fur. The artist's mind is preoccupied with the fine realisation of truth, usually rather intellectual than visual—if a distinction which is only one of degree may be allowed—for there is in truth no such thing as mere impression and effect, nor such a thing as mere intellectual reconstruction. As with Sargent's *Lady Curzon* and Mr. Philpot's portrait of Mrs. Makower in last year's Academy, the portrait of Lady Carisbrooke may be contrasted with any other within the field of vision, and its superiority over all of them in dignity, unity, beauty of tone and colour, and completeness will be apparent. The portrait of Lady Packe in Gallery II. is not attractive. The colour few will like; the aspect chosen seems infelicitous, but it is not for us to judge. The morbid mannerism of green half-tones, and of rather forced accents of red among ashen forms, which is apparent in several of Mr. Philpot's works, which passes because it is united to such superlative excellencies, is in this case dominant and intrusive. We sigh for the great normality of Reynolds. Yet it is immodest to cavil; we tremble to think how the picture would have fared in the hands of any other painter. Indeed, though the number of portraits is very large (as always during times of bad patronage), the number that is really good is comparatively small. Many

are 'striking'; many are accurate, and are, in fact, probably done from photographs—an abominable system, heart-rending to the artist, and inevitably producing that empty and superficial literalness which makes photographs so dull, but a system forced on us by sitters too idle to give their empty hours to the task of sitting. Many are quite well designed and vigorously executed; but the one impression which grows on us as we look at them is that they are irredeemably common. Outside the work of Sargent and Mr. Philpot, which is in a class alone, there is really little that is distinguished. Mr. Shannon is a very marked exception: his work is always artistic and refined. Mr. McEvoy, in spite of the dishevelled state of his paint, is sensitive; so is Mr. Anning Bell; and there is refinement in the work of Mr. Harcourt and the rather slight portraits of Mr. Eves, and in several works, some by more obscure and less experienced painters; these anyone of elementary good taste can pick out for himself. *The rest are common in varying degrees.* The dominant vulgarity of modern painting is a very unpleasant feature which is not to be ignored; and, unfortunately, it does not consist only in ostentation and noise, which may often be allied to great ability, as the world has seen in every age, nor in an absence of modesty: no one would complain if another *Bonjour, Monsieur Courbet*, should appear to astonish and delight mankind. Ostentation and exuberance are the defects of virtues and can be avoided; no one need imitate the cheap effects of double lighting and forced poses, nor the loud colour now so popular. There is, however, a subtler and more pervasive commonness which influences even the elect; it is that quality in painting which may be compared to a perverted urban accent in ordinary speech; and any kind of painting may be spoilt by it. It is as easy to speak of a 'mairth' for a 'mouth,' of 'clairds mewving across the skay,' of 'mairntains,' and of 'dairns' in paint as in words, and though it is usually only journalese that is so uttered (how many of the Academy exhibits talk journalese!), yet anything may be so pronounced; we all know that few who live in London, even those brought up in the country, can avoid occasionally speaking of 'delateful gardens,' even if they avoid speaking of the 'flairs' that 'grouw' in them. It has often been said that in provincial speech, in rural dialect, in unurbanised and unsophisticated accent like that of Cumberland, there is absolute dignity, untouched by vulgarity of any kind; it is, in fact, unquestionably superior to the slipshod and etiolated accent of Oxford; painting has often been uttered in such speech. But between the perfect dignity of a Crome and the urban corruption of much modern painting there is no comparison. The difference is not trivial; urbanisation and sophistication are spiritual diseases, the signs

of which in art are always signs of an element inartistic and destructive.

This kind of quality is noticeable in the 'subject pictures' and landscapes as well as in the portraits, though the photographic character which is one main element of vulgarity in the latter is in them much rarer. But there are many very serious and beautiful pictures, full of true artistic feeling, springing straight from the soil of the imagination, watered by the stream of the great tradition of the higher truth and the higher seriousness. Above all, there are the two pictures by Mr. Glyn Philpot. They are, by the common consent of all painters, in a class alone. *The Angel of the Annunciation* is, one may surely say without hesitation, one of the most wonderful pictures seen at the Academy within living memory. I am tempted to call it the most beautiful work since Watts. One fears to seem hyperbolic in expressing the feelings that other artists have about it. Such a union of originality and exaltation, of imagination, of consummate and absolute technical mastery, in other words, such a manifestation of supreme style in the service of the truest genius, no painter since Watts has given us. Mr. Philpot has produced many wonderful works, together with a few curious ones, which seemed to throw a sop to modern fashion; but has he ever painted anything which touches so deep, so rare, so thrilling, a music of the mind as this? Above all, perhaps, it is the most religious painting which the generation has seen. May I not make use of a word which I have never used yet, and would rarely use, and say that it attains to the sublime? But why should I or anyone make words about it, or 'aspire,' as Bacon says, 'to the second prizes, to be a profound interpreter and commentor, to be a stout champion and defender, to be a methodical compounder and abridger'? By those who do not paint the mystery of the art which brings about so moving a result may, however, be both less appreciated and less wondered at. The sense of supernatural and unearthly awe, of infinite beauty and suggestion, and yet of simplicity and Nature, depends on the perfectly sensitive treatment of every part in imaginative relation to the whole: the eyes, the mouth, the hair, the flying drapery of flame-like iridescence, the arm and hand, the flowers and the grass, the orchard in the night beyond, each demanded the perfect treatment which it has received; and in the exquisite artistry, vitality and restraint with which each has been handled, Mr. Philpot reminds us of Watts, who would paint hair, or birds, or crocuses, or roses, not only without any prettiness or cheapness, but with an actual beauty, a rich poetry like the epithets of Milton or of Keats. That Mr. Philpot is a master of beautiful prose as well as of beautiful poetry is shown by his other picture, *The Street Accident*,

in Gallery II. But, after all, the truest distinction is not between prose and poetry, but between a matter-of-fact and an imaginative treatment of a subject. Sargent's portraits were prose, and 'Watts' were poetry, but neither were matter-of-fact; so this picture is prose, and *The Angel of the Annunciation* is poetry, but neither is matter-of-fact. The lurid beauty of the work will strike everyone, though the types are all identical, and the conviction of reality in the action is not complete. Mr. Philpot's excellencies are, in fact, often purely technical; but in the face of such technical perfection, such drawing, such colour, sombre and dramatic, such style, detraction is impertinent and trivial. Taking them all in all, no works comparable with these are painted to-day by anyone else; and those who have not been 'behind the scenes' will be astonished that they, and several others of Mr. Philpot's works, are not in the possession of the nation at the Tate, two or three roomfuls of which could profitably be sold out to make way for them. *The Angel of the Annunciation* should belong to the nation. Posterity, at least, will place it in the National Gallery as one of the treasures of the race.

There are other interesting pictures of a serious nature. Mr. Cayley Robinson shows two beautiful works. *The Foster Mother* especially (in the Gem Room) is highly characteristic and quite perfect, full of exquisite sentiment. Mr. Ricketts shows a richly decorative classical painting, *Salome*, in Gallery III., the colour and glamour of which perhaps compensate both for the very mannered drawing and for the rather unpleasant sentiment. In the case of *Pilate*, I cannot withhold the feeling that a tragic theme of profound seriousness has been painted, not because it is tragic and serious, but because it is picturesque. Indeed, I feel the same of Mr. Philpot's *Street Accident*. This always seems to me a terrible attitude, and I am loath to suggest that any work shows it; there is nothing of which one should be more chary than of any suggestion that a picture is insincere; deep feeling is very difficult to convey to others. I do not make such a suggestion, but taken in conjunction with a few other religious pictures in the Academy, such as Mr. Greiffenhagen's *Adoration of the Magi* and the *Christ among the People* by Vivian Forbes, in Gallery II., the question does arise whether decorative effects and a rather sophisticated style are not too often allowed to dominate deep conviction and real feeling. It is fearful to treat such themes without depth, and I only hope I am wrong in my feeling that there is still a tendency among painters to choose them for merely 'aesthetic' reasons. There are, however, two paintings by Miss Agnes Tatham, *St. Francis preaching to the Birds* (Gallery I.) and *The Adoration of the Shepherds* (Gallery VIII.), which, I am sure, are serious and sincere, especially the latter.

The *St. Francis* would be better if the landscape were not derivative and unnatural, the figure less reminiscent of the stiffness of Piero della Francesca, if, in fact, the whole of it were as true and original as the details, above all the exquisite birds. The *Adoration* is, on the whole, a good design and finely drawn in details, and, above all, full of the most beautiful sentiment. The colour seems a pity, however. The whole work is very feminine. Whenever work is genuine and original, it will, in addition to qualities peculiar to the individual, show unmistakably qualities masculine or feminine as inevitably as handwriting; the very various greatness of a Jane Austen or a Charlotte Brontë is something quite distinct from the greatness of a Scott, a Fielding or a Dickens. Works which, like some modern portraits, are merely imitative, or in which, as in those of Miss Airy, expression is sacrificed to paint (or to a theory of paint), have a hybrid and uninteresting character; the true path is surely that of entire sincerity; the path of Nature is the path of art; and of this Miss Tatham's beautiful painting is a signal example. *The Baptism of Christ* (Gallery VI.), by P. J. Tuohy, is well drawn and original, and seems to me very genuinely felt, though the colour is surely inexpressive and unsuitable.

The number of works in which the poetry of human life is touched is not great; the tradition of historical painting is weak at the moment, though there are signs of its revival in the rising generation; one may be thankful for what there is, and thankful also to be spared those terrible 'subject' pictures of pretty sentiment which used to fill the Academy. Even modernity is better, for caricature has at least vitality, and may at least be amusing. But there is not this year much even of that. There is a page from a French comic paper by a popular Academician which it is of some interest to contrast with the perfectly artistic painting of *Resting Acrobats* which Mr. Philpot gave us last year. There are also some good interiors, notably *The Old Dealer*, by Charles Spencelayh (Gallery V.), which, though not a visual unity, is full of marvellously painted and very humorous and charming detail. But a considerable proportion of the pictures in which human figures are introduced are not humanistic at all; they are landscapes, in which the subject is an effect or a visual aspect.

The landscapes, properly so called, are weak and urban, especially those of the old fashion. But there are three wonderful Clausens, in which morning sunlight is painted as it is painted by no one else; characteristic works by Mr. Cameron and Mr. Arnesby Brown; one by Mr. W. T. Wood, which will be found to repay close attention, for its beauties are not of the kind that strike the eye at once; two by Mr. Harry Watson, both beautifully sure in tone and colour, and one, *The Way of the River*, in Gallery IV., for

largeness of design and feeling perhaps the best picture he has given us; and there are very distinguished paintings of Toledo and Avila by Mr. Oliver Hall, rich in treatment and fine in colour. All these are strong and beautiful works; they are an evidence that the English school of landscape is more full of health than it has ever been since Turner. There is little that need be said about them in detail, but an unfailing enjoyment to be derived from them by all who care for Nature. Other landscapes which should be seen—and bought—are *Cahors*, by George Graham (Gallery IV.), and *The Old Bridge, Sospel*, by Freda Marston (Gallery III.). Though not a landscape, Mr. W. T. Woods' *February Flowers* must be mentioned here; his paintings of flowers are unique to-day for beauty of outlook and treatment, as was shown in the wonderful exhibition of flower paintings which he held in January. The other still-life exhibits are, on the whole, disappointing.

I would have liked to devote more time to the Black-and-white Room, and to the sculpture. The former is very good. Of the latter I do not feel competent to speak; I am a painter, and have spent more years in painting than I have yet spent months in the practice of sculpture. I have not the critic's matchless advantage of complete and irresponsible ignorance. It seems to me, however, that the new Associate, Mr. Macmillan, has in his *Syrinx* given us the most beautifully felt and perfectly modelled sculpture of the year; and this seems to be the opinion of other sculptors. Of the busts those of Mr. Reid Dick show a similar superiority of strength and delicacy. On the whole, however, I think I express the common feeling that the standard of sculpture is not at present equal to the standard of painting; that may be partly a defect of patronage. There are this year few paintings wholly abominable, except three by an Associate, whose election is already beginning to weigh on the conscience of the Academy. May that conscience act. There are few supremely good. But if there were no others than Sargent's and Mr. Philpot's, it would be enough. If there were nothing at the Academy save the picture of *The Angel of the Annunciation*, it would be more than enough. That people do not appreciate it shows less a lack of feeling for art than of capacity for spiritual experience. The existence of 'ecclesiastical art,' where such religious art exists, is a very terrible phenomenon. But the hardness of men's hearts does not dim the truth, but only their own eyes. Such work neglect and detraction cannot touch; time can but register its immortality. It is by such things that the spirit of art—which is the soul of man—is sustained, and for such things we owe more gratitude than words can utter.

DELMAR HARMOOD BANNER.

CONSTABLE AS THE EXEMPLAR OF A LANDSCAPE SCHOOL

THE article on 'Modern Landscape and the Tradition of Constable,' by Mr. D. H. Banner, which appeared in the March number of this Review, came opportunely while the foundation of a practical school for landscape painters in Constable's native place is under consideration.

Those who know the facts will agree with the main statements in Mr. Banner's account of the modern view of landscape. The greatest expression of the new passion was given, as he says, by Wordsworth and Turner, and, as the late Sir Edward Cooke showed, by Shelley.

There was a poet who, as it were, had been illustrating Turner's painting, though the poet had never seen the pictures, nor did the painter know the poems. The Turner of poetry is Shelley. In both there is a strain of pensive melancholy joined to a sense of the material beauty of the universe which finds expression in a love of iridescence, colour depth, and soft mystery. The vast landscapes of Turner's later manner, melting into indefinite distance, recall many a passage in Shelley's *Prometheus*.

Mr. Banner says the simpler view of Constable has not been superseded by that of Turner because

the artistic mind of Europe has been withered by a set of abstract academic dogmas of 'originality,' 'self-expression,' and 'novelty' which are belied by the true art of all the ages and the unsophisticated insight of all unclouded eyes.

The writer is sound in his appreciation of Turner as 'the most observant, penetrating and exacting investigator who ever lived,' but he deprecates the 'Impressionist' school as arising upon a basis of 'immature philosophy and inexpert technique,' being regarded as the legitimate descendant of the 'most comprehensive seer, the most exquisite and exact draughtsman, and the most miraculous technician who ever consecrated his power to landscape art.'

Fully assenting to this estimate of Turner, I do not think this view of the Impressionist movement just, and I am sure Mr. Banner is so much in earnest that he will be one of the first to see

the necessity of an absolutely true view of the facts in order that we may advance. Impressionism must not be judged by the follies of incapable, *soi-disant* disciples.

Words suffer from an accretion of associated ideas and become ambiguous; 'Impressionism' is one of these, and writers on art used, and still use, the word in a different sense from that of the original painters. There was no impressioned school in the literal sense and little dogma. The movement was a revolt against brown and lifeless colour of the French Academy, and could be traced back to Eugène Delacroix's visit to Constable in London in 1825 to inquire into Constable's method of painting his greens in detached spots of different tints instead of using one shade. Delacroix studied Turner's pictures on the same visit and returned to France saying that Turner and Constable were 'veritable reformers.' The word first grew into legitimate use in Paris through the lectures of Chevreul, when colour was recognised as a subjective sensation derived from light and not the property of things, an impression upon the retina varying with the gradual movement of the sun. Aristotle regarded the retina as a resinous substance that received an impression like wax from a harder substance, and accounted for the gradual fading of the impression when the eyes had been closed after staring for long at a brilliant object by the resinous substance slowly resuming its normal surface. Though knowledge is increasing, the original term 'impression' for the effect upon the retina is maintained, as we still speak of the sun rising and setting. The Impressionists were scientific, hard-working students of the open air, using paints in accordance with optical laws. In 1878 Ruskin, not knowing what the French Impressionists were really doing, regarded Whistler as the apostle of the new movement in England. Had Ruskin understood colour at the time, he would have seen their development of Turner's method, which he had intuitively defended in his first letter to a magazine as a youth of seventeen.

Although followers of the movement went to extremes, it cannot be said the philosophy of these men was immature, their technique inexpert. Through similar misunderstanding by a great writer a loophole was given to self-deception, charlatanry gained access with post-Impressionism and other 'isms' of 'self-expression,' and every irregularity and trifling conceit was hailed as progress.

Painters cannot be absolved from the neglect of literary expression if they will not write; vicarious writing, with its consequent evils of insufficient knowledge, results. Constable in 1836, the year before his death, expressed the wish that 'the world should be inclined to look to painters for information on

painting.' He divided the art into two main branches, history and landscape, history including portrait and familiar life, and his written notes of his lectures are invaluable to the student of to-day.

To the question why there are so few successors of Constable in this country while he had such influence in France, I suggest that it is primarily due to the less logical, less serious attitude of the English in their method of study. The writing of Ruskin may have been partly responsible. The late W. E. Henley wrote as late as 1901 in a note to his *Views and Reviews* :

Ruskin, bent on winning the world for Turner, ran amok at Constable as he had run amok at Claude. The effect of his unscrupulous, adroit, and most ingenious ecstasy was that we had to read our Constable as the rest of the world had read him in a French translation.

Fortunately writers are not satisfied with each other's criticisms. Henley, remembering that Ruskin caused Whistler's bankruptcy, believed in Ruskin's harmfulness, but I do not think criticism alone would prevent any student of similar ideals from following Constable. There were other accidents of fortune. W. J. Müller, a most brilliant and worthy successor, probably a greater painter, died at the age of thirty-three in 1845, eight years after Constable. English landscape painting suffered further losses in the next generation. In 1875 Frederick Walker and J. G. Pinwell died aged thirty-three, and in 1882 Cecil Lawson aged thirty-one.

During the 'seventies the lack of landscape teaching in England sent many of us to France. Mr. Adrian Stokes in his recent excellent book, speaking of this time, writes ¹ :

When I was a student at the Royal Academy schools, several handsome prizes were given for landscape painting, but no other attention was bestowed upon it. Though admirable landscape painters were working at that time, students had no opportunity of coming in contact with them.

On another page we read :

A few years ago, as member of the Council of the R.A., I took part in awarding the valuable Turner and Creswick prizes to Academy students who had devoted a little time to what they considered to be landscape painting. Several of the works entered for competition were, I was informed, painted at the schools during the luncheon interval as a form of recreation, a slight pencil drawing torn from a holiday sketch-book and a very defective memory being held sufficient equipment.

Then the writer adds : '*Good landscape painting is a great and serious art. It is not a frivolous amusement*' (the italics are mine).

That a full member of the English Royal Academy with the experience of this writer should think it necessary to print the above sentence nearly a century after Constable's lectures were

¹ *Landscape Painting*, by Adrian Stokes, R.A., pp. 22 and 130.

delivered is significant enough to make one ponder. The mind runs back to the groups in French villages, on the Oise, on the Seine, at Fontainebleau, at Barbizon, in Brittany and Normandy ; one recalls those earnest painters often rising before dawn, living simple lives, working continuously, in nearly every case on a perfectly logical system, carrying out research.

At the recent conference at the Arts Club it was good to hear Mr. Julius Olsson insist that the idea that a landscape painter required less training than a figure painter was a fallacy ; the landscape painter wants all the training of the figure painter, and much more.

It is obvious to those who will give it thought. The landscape painter's realm is bounded by no walls—his dominion is the whole earth, the sea, the sky ; by Turner's work it has been extended through luminous realms of space to the expression of man's increasing comprehension of the cosmos and his relation to it.

The division between figure and landscape, as far as training is concerned, is accidental and artificial. Portrait painting is more highly paid during the painter's lifetime ; it necessitates men living in towns and incidentally dominating the schools and exhibitions, to the neglect of the wider vision of the world of the outdoor painters whose discoveries they are generally slow to adopt. When the portrait painter had leisure he was recommended to paint history, to affect the grand style, to use imagination, before looking with unbiassed vision at the life around him of his own time. Reynolds objected to West's painting the soldiers in the correct dress of the day when he heard he was about to undertake the *Death of General Wolfe*, and West was obliged to argue against putting the soldiers in Roman costume on the ground that the incident took place in Canada, where the Romans had never been. The figure painters have always been ready to hamper art with the theatrical properties of a superficial view of humanity and history, and their rules of composition and colour would have remained contemptible if it had not been for the more scientific work of the modern landscape painters. That the figure painters should believe in the superiority of their own knowledge and training is an amusing conceit which will not bear examination ; it is only one of the petty incidents which should not be allowed consideration in training the student of painting. The true artist is the man of acute sympathetic vision, a gift of God ; scientifically trained he can paint anything. His initial training should be wide ; his own limitations, circumstances, fashion, are quite enough to make him narrow.

Now that London has grown until it contains a population nearly equal to the whole of England at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and the majority of her students are no

longer in touch with country life through all seasons of the year, it is fatal to the progress of landscape art to continue to train students in town; they should live in the country at all seasons of the year, and their school should be in the country.

The foundation of a practical school for landscape students at Flatford, East Bergholt, Constable's native village, in his father's mill amid the most widely known subjects of his brush, should help those who have that innate love of the country which made Constable to follow in his steps and maintain that influence on European culture which began by the exhibition of Constable's works in Paris in 1825.

In putting forward a view of some of the circumstances which have contributed to present-day conditions in response to Mr. Banner's thoughtful and admirable article, I hope to call to action those who are interested: I ask them not to be contented with the inquiry into and recital of the difficulties, but, by opposing, to end them.

H. P. HAIN FRISWELL.

THE PLAYS OF LUIGI PIRANDELLO

So Pirandello has come to London—or at least a piece of him. To anyone who has watched his gradual penetration of the Continental theatre, the performance of a single act of Pirandello in an English playhouse is as the grain of mustard seed. The omens are good. *Henry IV.*, perhaps his masterpiece, has been performed at Cambridge. A private society has witnessed a translation of one of his plays in London, and there have been one or two faithless adaptations for the popular London stage.

Perhaps the best way in which to appreciate to what extent Pirandello stands like no other dramatist of the first rank for what is immediately contemporary is briefly to compare his philosophy with that of the leading British dramatist of a previous generation. Mr. Bernard Shaw stood philosophically for the doctrine of creative evolution, or, as he termed it, of the life force. Mankind was supposed to be working out his salvation towards a godhead that lay in the future. This was not, of course, a notion peculiar to Mr. Shaw. It is still professed by scores of writers, and has, in particular, continuously inspired the scientific papers and religious romances of Mr. H. G. Wells. Man was presented as very clearly the master of his fate, who was in future to substitute a conscious evolution towards perfection for the unconscious evolution which had hitherto determined his progress from the ape.

It was a robust and cheerful doctrine. Men were invited to pray to the gods they would one day become. Strangely enough this belief in the perfectibility of man went together with a fine contempt for his present institutions, such as marriage and government and property, and his present passions, such as jealousy, ambition, and pride of possession. Into the rights and wrongs of this attitude it is unnecessary to go. The controversy between those who held it and those who clung to a previous dispensation is in process of settlement, like all such controversies; namely, by ceasing to interest a younger generation. I am insisting here not upon any particular feature of the argument, but on its general spirit, which was a spirit of intense preoccupation with a very concrete and definite world, a spirit which was above all affirmative, a spirit of aggressive certitude. The men and

women of the theatre of Mr. Bernard Shaw know quite definitely for what they stand. They express and explain everything that is in them. They live, moreover, in a very substantial universe which is an end unto itself. Never at any moment do we feel that the bustling and gregarious world in which they move is in the least likely to fade and leave not a wrack behind. They are dead sure of their reality and of their purpose. There are here no walking shadows, no suggestion that these are actions which a man might play.

Pirandello presents a perpetual challenge to the confident spirit of his predecessors. In every play that he writes we are led clean away from the absolute and the positive. We can discover no genial pragmatism, no confident argument. There is here no bright logic to create or to destroy, no impudent repartee to bring low impostors and fools. His people, far from presenting a ready front to the world, are, on the contrary, perpetually tormented by a sense of mystery in themselves and in the universe they inhabit, obsessed with the riddle of personality and the enigma of existence. Their logic is no more than a thin protection from the infinite, their actions and passions no more than a vague reflexive posturing before a curtain that is closed. We go back to that vision of the life of man so wonderfully likened by the old heathen of Northumbria to the swallow that flew in at the door of the great hall, fluttered a moment in the light of the torches, and flew forth again into the darkness. Where is the soul of a man? What is his personality? What is it in man that persists and remains identical, in spite of the inconsistencies which express it, the mechanical reflexes to which it is so often subject, the formal tyrannies of word, phrase, and habit to which it is a slave? Men model themselves on their fellows, and conform to the age in which they live. They change from day to day. They are ignorant of the reality behind their habits and gestures and yet convinced that somewhere the reality is to be found.

The souls of men, like the dyer's hand, are subdued to that in which they work. Words, actions, the whole apparatus of feeling and conduct, far from revealing the truth of personality, often obscure and defeat its expression. The manifest lives of men and women, like the phenomena of the universe, hide a persistent reality, but it lies beyond the reaches of our intelligence.

Such are the reflections forced upon us as we watch the plays of Pirandello. He seeks always for the hidden personality which is thus obscured. It is the sole thing which interests him. Everything else is irrelevant or obstructive. In one play he will prefer a madman for a hero, because a madman lives openly his secret life, shutting out the confusion of the world about him, remaining faithful to his interior vision. The madman takes no account of

others, and is untroubled by the need to conform himself to persons or circumstances. In another play Pirandello will suggest that the heroes of romance or the theatre, created by the great artists, are beings more real than the men and women we see about us every day, because they are born of imagination and remain eternally faithful to the spirit in which they were created. Even when we turn from plays like *The Six Characters in Search of an Author*, whose hero is a fiction, or from *Henry IV.*, whose hero is a madman, to plays that, at all events, affect to be merely social, we find that Pirandello is always preoccupied with the real but secret personality of his creatures, shown in conflict with the idea that others may have of them, or with social conditions that impose upon them a succession of unreal attitudes, or with their own words and actions that go against the grain of their hidden selves.

It might well seem impossible to give dramatic form to such a conception of life and character, but this precisely is the miracle of Pirandello. He gives dramatic form and feature to ideas that have hitherto been regarded as metaphysical abstractions. His problems take to themselves legs and arms. They walk the stage, dramatic, pitiful, instantly commanding our interest and sympathy. It seems at first sight paradoxical that the school of dramatists which followed Mr. Bernard Shaw in dealing closely with the material world should so often have found it necessary to abandon drama for discussion, to interrupt their plays for an exchange of ideas round a table, whereas Pirandello, who appears to be dealing with conceptions infinitely more abstract, should apparently be unaware of this necessity. But the paradox is only superficial. It is natural for Mr. Bernard Shaw and his followers to drop from drama into discussion. They deal with ideas which are for the most part logical, with mental gymnastics which have little bearing upon the deeper energies of life. Pirandello, on the other hand, is dealing with problems which, however difficult and obscure they may be, press with dramatic force sooner or later upon every human soul, quite irrespective of its mental equipment. He is dealing, in fact, with the most ancient stuff of drama, the stuff which Æschylus took when the drama first was born; and, however shadowy the form or phantasmal in speech and gesture its protagonists may be, it is always a drama we are witnessing, an argument in the Miltonic and not in the Shavian sense.

Pirandello was born at Agrigento, in Sicily, in 1867. He came late to the theatre. Up to the age of fifty he had written only novels and romances, and was known chiefly as a humorist. It was almost impossible to foretell from his early works the author of *Henry IV.*, unless we become so extremely philosophical as to find in the humorist a general tendency towards that dissociation

of ideas of which his theatre is a particular instance. Possibly he was moved to express his peculiar genius owing to a domestic tragedy, to which no further allusion shall here be made. More probably he did not come until late in life under the influence of contemporary movements in religious, scientific, and psychological thought. But the historic moment, when at last it came, found him prepared to receive the impress of his time and to embody that reaction against self-assurance in all its forms which began to be so urgent and so inescapable at the beginning of the new century. The return of secular philosophy towards the mystical, the descent of psychology into the subliminal, the giddy flight of the mathematicians through the fourth dimension, the pre-occupation of the scientific world with the disintegration of the atom—in brief, all the factors which filter gradually down to the popular mind and determine the general trend of human thought—had by that time become sufficiently common knowledge to affect the art of the novelist and playwright. There was everywhere a revolt against any form of positivism. The bottom was knocked out of the solid universe in which the previous generation had lived so cheerfully, so categorically, and with so engaging an audacity. Relativity, from being a conception of the recluse, was colouring the whole of life. The arts were making ready for a passionate and confident surrender to the instinctive and the recondite, preparing for the world of Marcel Proust and James Joyce, of the later Stravinsky in music and of Pirandello in the theatre.

No one could be more fitted by temperament than Pirandello for the part which he was to play in this development. By temperament a recluse, his eyes normally clouded with speculation, he had nevertheless all the exuberance and vivacity of Southern Italy. His was a mind which, though it could begin with the abstract, could never rest in abstractions. They took immediate life and form, and carried him clean away. He was in brief a poet, giving immediately to his ideas a concrete independence of their own. The truly poetic character of his work is not immediately realised, his language being cold and exact, devoid of images, almost without metaphor. But there is behind his expression a sort of cold fury of creation that forces all his ideas to take dramatic form, to strike the appropriate gesture, to become intensely objective, so that we are compelled to follow them as we follow Agamemnon or Oedipus or Hamlet.

He seems, indeed, in describing the young man who was to be the lunatic hero of *Henry IV.*, to be revealing his own peculiar temperament. This young man, we are told, was apt to be carried away by excitement, but it was a cold excitement. Whereupon someone objects that he was not in the least cold; on the

contrary, he abounded in vitality and was in fact a poet. To this the previous speaker replies:

I am not saying that he was cold. On the contrary, he was quite often sincerely carried away, but I can assure you that on these occasions he immediately saw himself from outside as it were, and that he looked upon his own excitement as a spectator. . . . The clearness with which he thus immediately saw himself from the outside made him a stranger to his deepest feelings, and these feelings immediately appeared to him not as being false, since they were wholly sincere, but as things to which it was necessary immediately to give an independent standing and value.

Here we have a partial diagnosis of the author himself. Whenever his drama becomes intense, whenever his people are carried away, the author becomes possessed with exactly this cold fury of objective precision. Where another dramatist would lose himself in fine emotion, become inarticulate or metaphorical, Pirandello grows more exact, seeking to fix and define, to catch the moment as it flies, and imprison it within the phrase that alone can 'give it an independent standing and value.'

It is hardly possible to avoid giving some brief sketch of, at any rate, the two plays which most express his peculiar genius. His method is so entirely dramatic that it is impossible to separate his ideas from his intrigue. His conception is presented from first to last in the positions and relationships of his characters as they react passionately upon one another or in response to the situations in which they find themselves. They never, as has already been pointed out, pause in their story to discuss their problems; nor do they ever suffer the author himself to intrude.

The Six Characters in Search of an Author is presented upon the stage of a theatre unprepared, except for the preliminary rehearsals of a play. The audience on taking their seats would suppose that the manager had forgotten that a performance was due to begin. A producer with his company, his stage manager, electrician and prompter, etc., assemble as though for a preliminary reading. As they make ready to start, there suddenly appears an usher announcing the arrival of certain personages, who almost immediately enter. They are the six characters in search of an author. Gradually, as the act proceeds, they explain themselves. They are the persons of a play which was never finished, nor ever produced. They are looking for an author to present them on the stage, so that they may live the life for which they were created. They beg the producer to undertake this task. The producer and his actors, at first amused and incredulous, imperceptibly begin to take an interest in the complicated story which one of these strange apparitions starts to unfold; and by the end of the act it is agreed that the six characters shall enact their drama, and that it shall be recorded and subsequently presented professionally by the producer and his company.

Such is the main design of the play, a design which is used with infinite subtlety to present a perpetual comparison between reality and illusion, fiction and fact, the essence and the accidents of personality. There is first the contrast between imaginative truth, as embodied in the six characters, the creations of an author, and the truths—or are they the illusions?—of everyday life, as shown in the conduct and bearing of the producer and his companions. There is the further contrast between the reality of the six characters as they enact their story, and the miming of their drama by the professional actors, who repeat it as a play within a play. To go no further than this, we thus have four planes of reality or fiction: (1) the audience in the theatre; (2) the producer and his company, presented as real persons by Pirandello; (3) the six characters, presented by Pirandello as fictions; and (4) the producers and actors when they are miming the drama of the six characters.

It will be realised at once what an infinite opportunity is here afforded for the author to develop his favourite theme. It may be said that the germ of the idea is in the great soliloquy of Hamlet, when he moralises upon the actor's grief for Hecuba, so much more ready and convincing than his own. It may be pointed out that *The Green Cockatoo* of Schnitzler, which showed us a play within a play that turned to grim earnest at the close, was a skilful interweaving of fiction with reality. But Pirandello uses and develops this rudimentary idea till it embodies a whole philosophy, and he uses it with an art which is at the same time subtle and precise.

It is not proposed to touch upon the complications of the story of *The Six Characters*. Suffice it that they represent the members of a family whose various relationships are unfolded by each of the characters from his or her own particular point of view. Chief among the characters is the 'father,' who has varying relationships with every other member of the group. The play comes to a climax in the second act in a scene which proceeds upon all four planes of illusion. The father begins to enact the climax of his own personal drama, a scene which in its tragic truth, pitiful and chastening, stands unequalled in the modern theatre. He begins to present the scene as though involuntarily. He knows in advance the story that he is bound to present, but nevertheless finds himself obliged to live it through as though he were unaware of the upshot. The other five personages follow it with an agonised attention. For all of them it is real—the only reality, the moment for which they were created. For the producer and his actors, however, it is no more than raw material for the finished play they will subsequently enact. The father finishes his scene and the actors proceed to reproduce it in the

professional manner. Immediately the six characters are outraged and disgusted. Everything is changed. They see their actions as no longer their own, artificially rendered, false to the feeling that moved them. For the real actors can only travesty the emotions of the fictitious characters whom they impersonate. The fourfold complexity which here obtains is further increased by the fact that the father vehemently protests that, even as a fictitious person, he is not justly and finally expressed in the shameful act in which he is surprised in this particular scene. This, he pleads, is not his reality, but an aberration. The mind of the spectator, turning from one fiction to another, each having a frustrated reality upon its own plane, confused with successive illusions, each more prevailing than the last, is finally caught up into a world completely dominated by the riddle with which Pirandello, as a child of his generation, is himself obsessed.

Where is the ultimate reality of life? How shall we discover a persistent soul or personality in mankind? We do not find it in current life, which obscures rather than reveals it. Nevertheless, it exists. 'Each of us,' cries the father from amid the phantasmagoria in which he moves, 'each of us has a reality which must be respected as coming from God, even though it tortures us.'

This conception of life, its phrases and habits, its procession of material accidents and its reflex emotions, as something which obscures and distorts reality, is never long absent from any play of Pirandello.

Phrases, phrases, [exclaims the father] is it not a consolation for us all, faced with a fact which cannot be explained, or with an evil which eats into our souls, to find for them words which, though they mean nothing, can, at least, bring us a little peace.

But in Pirandello, who is first and last a dramatist, it is always the scene rather than the quotation whereby he lives. His conception of men and women in their everyday lives as the creatures of environment, ruled and determined by their circumstances, by the accidents of their blood or their estate, is dramatically presented in the second act. The six characters about to begin their story suddenly realise that an essential character, incidental to their drama, is missing. The father suggests that the stage should be set in a rude imitation of the scene in which this character played her part in the story. Ostensibly she was a dress-maker, and, in compliance with the father's suggestion, the actresses allow their hats and cloaks to be hung up in imitation of the shop in which she carried on her trade. 'Drawn hither, perhaps, by the objects of her commerce, she may possibly appear among us,' says the father, almost ashamed of his own credulity. Suddenly, to the consternation of all the actors, the woman appears, evoked by the setting for which she was created, called

into being, as it were, by her subject and by the demand of the moment that she should be there to act and to speak in a manner predestined and foreordained. Her apparition, ghastly in its obedience to an unerring mechanism, proclaiming that she is the slave of the event, the helpless puppet of the life for which she was created, is perhaps the greatest thrill of the modern theatre—an apparition that sums up the whole enigma, a dreadful interrogation flung at every human soul that beholds it.

The climax of the play, as has already been said, lies in a discovery of the father in a position which, though it belongs to the normal life of tens of thousands of men every day of the week, is nevertheless shameful and humiliating. He contends in his defence that the particular act and the particular moment in which he was surprised do not represent him. From this he flies to the general idea that personality, in the ordinary accepted sense of the term, is frequently a delusion:

With different persons, one may be quite a different individual, clinging, however, to the illusion that one remains identical for all persons and in every situation. Nothing could be more false than this illusion, as we realise when suddenly surprised in the midst of some particular action. We realise that we are not wholly committed and expressed in this action, that it would be a cruel injustice if a man were judged solely upon the strength of it, pinned down perpetually to this particular moment as if the whole of his life were thereby summarised and made manifest.

He goes even further in the third act, boldly challenging the producer, whose reality is ostensibly nearer to life than his own, to prove that he is more real than the fictitious personages who are begging him to present their story.

We [he argues] are characters in a story, and as such we have a life of our own and special characteristics. I am always definitely a personality, whereas a man, generally speaking, may in the last analysis prove to be nobody at all. Are you, for example, as you now conceive yourself to be, similar to the man you were many years ago, with all the illusions which at that time you entertained? Do you not rather, in remembering these illusions, and in realising that those things which seemed real to you yesterday are to-day no longer the same for you as they were, feel not merely that the boards of this stage, but the solid earth itself, is crumbling beneath your feet? . . . It is that which makes the difference between us. We are not changing, and we cannot change. As characters in a play, we are immutable. You should be struck with terror in approaching us, realising as you must that your reality of to-day is conditioned by time, that it is a fugitive and passing reality which you take to be one thing to-day and something else to-morrow and which lies at the mercy of chance, of accident and of impulse.

And the obverse of this picture is never altogether out of sight, namely, that the personality which is a mystery to ourselves is a complete enigma to all other human beings. Never has the complete isolation of souls been so eloquently rendered as by

Pirandello. All the six characters present their story, each with a savage concentration upon their own personal share in it, blind and deaf to the others, except so far as the others immediately affect themselves. The most poignant example of this idea, still further developed in *Henry IV.*, is the speech of the mother towards the close of the second act, in which she presents her children merely as accessories to her own tragedy, thus giving the most intense expression possible to her spiritual egoism.

These two children, [she says] have you ever heard them speak? They cannot ever again utter a single word. They cling to me merely in order to perpetuate my own misfortune. In themselves they no longer exist. . . . My daughter here escaped and abandoned me. If I see her now, it is only to keep alive continually and for ever the pain which she caused me to suffer.

Henry IV., while emphasising the ideas contained in *The Six Characters*, and in many respects intensifying their expression, goes still deeper into the problem.

A company of young people, during a festival, conceive the idea of riding through the streets in a historical masquerade. They choose for their period the Middle Ages, and for their principal character the Holy Roman Emperor, Henry IV. The young man who enacts Henry IV., and who, for this purpose, has conscientiously mastered every detail in the life of that tragic personage, falls from his horse during the procession, and striking his head on the pavement is made mad, and rises with the fixed idea that he is in very truth the mediæval emperor, a belief in which he persists for many years. His friends, to humour him, lodge him in a country house, and employ a number of people to acquiesce in his fixed idea. They surround him with imperial state, and all who approach him pretend to be personages of the period.

At the moment when the play opens the masquerade has lasted for twenty years. His friends are discussing and hoping for a cure, and, in order to visit him, they assume various rôles connected with the events in which the emperor figured in history. The young man enters, a madman with queer puppet-like gestures, but by the sheer intensity of his hallucination compelling everyone present to conform with him and to share his madness. The visitors withdraw. All of them are persons implicated in the early life of the young man as sweetheart, rival, and the rest. Then there follows a twist to the story which is entirely characteristic of the author. For twenty years this young man has played the part of emperor. For the first twelve years he was really mad, but one day, eight years ago, he had awakened to find himself like other men. The hallucination was destroyed. His first idea was to return to the life from which he had for twelve years been excluded, to abandon the fiction in which he had persisted, to

go back to reality. Almost at once, however, he recoiled; life had passed him by; his sweetheart had married his rival; there was no place for him in the world. The world, in fact, had become unreal. He had, therefore, deliberately chosen to remain within the limits of the fiction which for twelve years had been his sole reality, to continue in the world of the Emperor Henry IV.—a mad world, but no madder than the world outside. For the last eight years he has played with all who approached him—compelling them to share his madness, almost to credit his fiction.

The sudden intrusion of his old companions brings back to his mind the reality of his youth, the reality of twenty years ago, troubles his pretence and induces him in a moment of excitement to confess his imposture to his immediate companions. But he confesses it in such terms that we are led to doubt which is nearer to reality—the mediæval court, where for twenty years a logical and coherent fiction has compelled the respect even of those who doubted it, or the world outside where living beings, claiming reality, are involuntarily under the dominion of ideas and emotions which lack even the dignity and authenticity of the history which he has chosen to re-enact.

Driving in this idea by dramatic means, as Pirandello never fails to do, our author shows us the madman, even after he has confessed that his madness is now a comedy, forcing his attendants once again to their knees before the emperor by the sheer persuasion of his assumed personality. They know now that he is not Henry IV.; but they are still his subjects, and he is able to taunt them with being the slaves of something which they know to be an illusion.

In thus subjecting themselves to a dead fiction, do they not show their resemblance to ordinary men and women? The whole of life runs the burden of this remarkable scene, is overwhelmed beneath the weight of words and the tyranny of the dead.

You cannot seriously believe [says the madman] that Henry IV. still lives. Nevertheless, I speak as Henry IV., and you who are living obey me. Does it seem to you a jest that the dead can thus continue to dominate present life? If it be a jest, it is one that is played continually in the world of the living. Suppose that you leave this house and go out into the world. There you will find yourself at the dawn of another day, with time spreading before you. You say to yourself that you are going to create and determine what that day shall bring forth. But what of all the traditions by which you are bound, and all the habits by which you are controlled? You begin to speak to one another, but it is only to repeat phrases which are invariably repeated. You believe that you are actually living your life, but you are merely living over again the life of the dead (literally remasticating the life of the dead).

This idea is further developed at the close of the second act,

which concludes with a fine passage designed to bring into relief the certainty and constant truth of history as compared with the unreality and confusion of present-day existence. Henry has confessed himself to his attendants. He now, however, assumes once more his historic character, and he urges them to take upon themselves once more the rôles which they have assumed in order that they may continue to live within the historic fiction from the midst of which they may perceive men of their own day a prey to anxiety and agitation as to what is going to happen to them in the immediate future.

You [he says] remain beside me within the tranquillity of history, wherein nothing can be any further subject to change, admiring how effects immediately follow their causes in perfect logic, contemplating an exact and coherent presentation of all the facts.

It is now midnight, and there comes knocking at the door Giovanni, the monk, who, according to the habit of the comedy, comes at the close of each day to chronicle the deeds of the emperor. Henry returns to his throne, and one of his attendants observes to another that all must still go forward as though it were really true. Henry replies that this must indeed be so, adding that it is only when men act as though the comedy they play is really true that the truth is not a jest and a delusion.

He continues to claim throughout the play that there is more reality in his masquerade than in the world outside. He argues that at the very least it may be regarded as a conscious caricature of the masquerade in which all men are for ever taking part. His masquerade is deliberate, whereas other men are involuntary puppets, not even aware of their pretences but confusing them with their real personality. The passage concludes with the following description:

I am reminded of a priest whom I once saw sleeping in the sun on a day in November, his arms stretched along the back of the bench in a public garden. He was wholly given up to an enjoyment of the warm sunshine, which for him, a man of the north, must have seemed to be almost like summer. He had lost all idea of what he really was, and, in fact, had ceased to be a priest. He did not even know where he was. He was dreaming and no one would ever know what he was dreaming. A small boy passed by who had plucked a flower with its stalk, and in passing the small boy tickled the neck of the priest, who was thus sunk in slumber. I saw him open his laughing eyes, and the whole of his mouth was spread in the happy laughter of his dream. He had forgotten everything, but I assure you that in the twinkling of an eye he immediately resumed the severity of mien which was required of him by the robe he wore, and that his eyes recovered the seriousness, the gravity which you have already noted in mine.

It is impossible in a few brief quotations, and in the briefest possible summary of the play, to do more than indicate its general

spirit and intention. Nor is it possible by any means except those used in the theatre by Pirandello himself to give any idea of the intense reality and coherence of the plot, and the crystal clarity with which the subtlest of suggestions are conveyed. At every turn we find ourselves compelled to doubt the finality, the veracity, the completeness of the physical and mental accidents of everyday existence. For reality we must look beyond, and it is precisely here that Pirandello breaks entirely away from the theatre hitherto described as modern. His plays begin where Mr. Bernard Shaw and those of his contemporaries leave off. His predecessors dealt logically with intellectual conceptions and ideas. For Pirandello the whole apparatus of human logic is no more than a screen before the reality he seeks—a screen which most men regard as a protection and a shelter.

Why [Henry inquires] do we fear the madman? The madman inspires us with terror because he is not subject to ordinary human logic, and, therefore, threatens to overturn every established conception. There are certain men who, when they speak, threaten to break and destroy everything before them. The world says that such men are mad. Nevertheless, everyone listens to them with terror. You yourselves [he is speaking to his attendants] feel it at this moment when you look into my eyes, and you know that this terror may go to the limits of panic. It will give you the feeling that the solid earth is shifting under your feet, because you are dealing with someone who is shaking to their foundations everything which you have constructed within you and about you, threatening to destroy logic itself and the logic which is inherent in all which you have made.

Pirandello himself inspires something of this peculiar terror. His plays are a studied affront to the self-sufficiency of the material and the obvious. We are compelled to look through the shows of things. The commonplaces of ordinary life lose their pride of place. In the world outside they fill the air and satisfy the eyes, but Pirandello takes us in an instant, as it were, to the further side of life. He cannot show us what lies upon the further side, but he makes us realise that it exists—a realisation that for many generations had almost ceased to trouble us. He shows us, in two of his great plays, men and women who are seemingly less real than characters in a play, than the passionate obsessions of the madman, or than the tranquil figures of history. He suggests all this, not by making his men and women less real than his fictions, but by making his fictions more real than his men and women, a distinction which makes all the difference between genius and mediocrity. The old-time scorn of Mr. Bernard Shaw for folk who moan that life's but a walking shadow is unanswerable when directed against those whose moaning is merely the result of an incomplete sense of the value of life. Such an attitude is mere negation, an abdication of the human intellect, a shirking of the hard, clear thinking which is necessary to the limited but

useful operations of human logic. There is no such abnegation in Pirandello. He denies nothing. He looks at life, appreciates its diversity, keeps his mind clear and true in dealing with its normal manifestations. But he also looks behind for a deeper reality, and at once we enter, pitifully but with a sense that we are no longer being asked to live by bread alone, a world in which the immemorial riddle is asked, the riddle which has been put in a hundred ways by a hundred philosophers since thought began, the riddle which in its briefest and starkest form was put by the distinguished magistrate who, asking 'What is truth?' neglected to stay for an answer.

JOHN PALMER.

SHEILA KAYE-SMITH AS A POET

A FRIEND of mine once said of critics, 'They pursue with their little watering pots the prairie fire of popularity.'

Whether the popularity of Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith (Mrs. Theodore Fry) as a novelist is or is not to be likened to a prairie fire I shall not here inquire. Of her popularity as a poet that, very positively, is not the case, for though the admirers of her novels are counted by hundreds of thousands, how many of those hundreds of thousands know her poems or know even that she has published two slender volumes of poetry? As both volumes are now entirely unobtainable, some examination of the contents, with selected quotations, may be of interest to the innumerable readers of Miss Kaye-Smith's novels. My small 'watering pot' shall be wielded, I should premise, neither in the hopeless task of attempting to extinguish the prairie fire of her popularity as a novelist nor for the friendlier purpose of irrigating the flower of her reputation as a poet. But in literature, as in life, we are apt to be more exacting in the standard we set others than in that which we set ourselves, and it is possible that I may, if unintentionally, incline the scale toward undue exaction rather than toward indiscriminating eulogy. In any case, I shall pay Miss Kaye-Smith the compliment of testing her work in poetry by a high standard.

Her two published volumes are *Willow's Forge, and Other Poems* (London: Erskine Macdonald, 1914), and *Saints in Sussex* (London: Elkin Mathews, 1923). The range of the poems is, as I shall show, wide, but not a few are religious, even ecclesiastical, in subject.

My first quotation, the opening poem of *Saints in Sussex*, raises the question why St. Andrew is the patron saint of Scotland, and why St. Dunstan, St. Wilfred, and St. Richard are patron saints of Sussex. Two references made by Miss Kaye-Smith require a word of explanation to readers unacquainted with more or less 'local' Sussex lore. That to 'Mayfield' is because St. Dunstan, who is said to have been skilful as a metal worker, is supposed to have built a church at Mayfield. 'The Long Man' is, of course, 'the Long Man of Wilmington,' of which Mr. Kipling

writes in his famous poem *Sussex*. The figure of a man has been cut so deeply through the green of the down that the whiteness of the underlying chalk makes the figure plainly visible for many a mile away.

ST. ANDREW

The Men of Sussex Crying after Him

Andrew, what of the North?
In November shadows drear
We have heard thee marching forth
With songs of a glad new year.
Thou goest to mountains high,
To Picts in a Northern fen—
But, Andrew, tarry and hear the cry
Of the little Southern men.

Down by the seas of Gaul,
Where the Roman eagles stand,
Anderida they call
Our shaggy forest land.
We have no saving health,
To us no Word comes forth,
On us the gods bestow no wealth—
Yet Andrew goes to the North.

Oh, stay and give us grace,
For our hearts are grey with dule,
As each man lifts his face
In the dreadful days of Yule,
When the burning Wheel stands still
In the black and dropping skies,
And the Long Man screams upon the hill
With the human sacrifice.

Andrew, what of the North?
Our Druids tell sad tales,
Our arms have lost their worth
In the scrubby hills of Wales;
But thy mighty banners go
Forward and pass us by,
As the Northern streamers fly and flow
On the red wings of the sky.

We hear strange tales of thee—
We hear thou preachest still
A Man more fair than Bald, a Tree
More tall than Ygdrasyl,
A Bread more strong than meat,
Water more fierce than wine—
Than the mead which drunken gods find sweet
In the halls where Heroes dine. . . .

To the little Southern Men
St. Andrew answered he:
I have heard from the Northern fen
Your moan from the Gaulish sea;

And though I pass you by,
 And may not see your face,
 Yet my Lord hath heard your cry,
 And He sends you hope of grace.
 ' Three saints shall teach the land
 That lies by the Southern sea ;
 Three saints on your shores shall stand—
 A thrice-noble company.
 The Word that heals and saves
 Which to the Scots I send,
 Wilfred shall teach by the waves
 That beat on Manhood's End.
 ' On Havant's drawling tide,
 Which round the island swells,
 The solemn ships shall glide
 To the chime of Richard's bells ;
 On Mayfield's hills the iron
 Of Dunstan's anvil rings
 As he hammers gates for Zion
 And fights Unholy Things.
 So faint not—all is well,
 And the price of hope is paid
 By the Lord Who hath harrowed hell,
 And hath made the gods afraid.
 Eternity keeps the hours
 Till the Sussex Saints go forth—
 Wilfred and Richard and Dunstan are yours,
 But Andrew goes to the North.'

With Welsh readers who, even if waiving the point that not a few of their beloved hills are tree-clad rather than scrub-covered, may resent the fact that 'scrubby' is more often used of what is mean, and so is used depreciatingly rather than descriptively, I leave Miss Kaye-Smith to settle accounts. A less trivial criticism is that her very original poem—cast in reverberating bell-metal and ringing with challenge and command across Sussex downs, and to Sussex men, that they close ranks and stand fast behind their own patronal saints—recalls Mr. Kipling. I do not mean that conscious imitation there is, but that to the belfry overlooking the sea on the Sussex coast, where Sheila Kaye-Smith sounded her tocsin, familiar echoes from another belfry, in inland Sussex, came floating, and these she seems unconsciously to have caught and repeated in her own chimes.

We have no saving health,
 To us no Word comes forth,
 On us the gods bestow no wealth—
 Yet Andrew goes to the North,

and

When the burning Wheel stands still
 In the black and dropping skies,
 And the Long Man screams upon the hill
 With the human sacrifice,

are from the belfry of Sheila Kaye-Smith's brain, but I repeat that something uncommonly like them, in rhythm at least, sounded long ago from another belfry tower in Sussex.

Indebted to Mr. Kipling as she may be for the rhythm, the subject is all Miss Kaye-Smith's own. To Mr. Kipling, except for the fact that she has now and then cast the molten metal of her thought into moulds made familiar by him, she owes little, and with him as a poet she has nothing in common.

That she owes nothing to Mr. Alfred Noyes I am less confident. Take, for instance, his poem *The Old Sceptic*, one verse of which runs :

I will go back to my home and look at the wayside flowers,
 And hear from the wayside cabins the kind old hymns again,
 Where Christ holds out His arms in the quiet evening hours,
 And the light of the chapel porches broods on the peaceful lane.

Now let me quote Miss Kaye-Smith's poem *Corpus Christi* :

Now Thou hast come to the end of Thy pilgrimage, Lord ;
 Thy lamp glows red like a star at the dim lane's turning :
 The bread and the wine of Thy supper are set in the shadows,
 And the gleam of Thy cottage calls toilers and wanderers home.

In the feathery green of the hedges the chervil is blooming—
 Petals and wafer of scent, like the Host in a dream ; . . .
 The night wind is sighing the Mass of Thy living and dying,
 O Pilgrim of Love, Who at last hast come to Thy shrine.

Thou art at peace. At Thy journey's end Thou sittest,
 Thy cheek on Thy folded hands, before Thee the bread and wine,
 While far down the sky the yellow moon dips to her dying,
 And the big stars hang like lamps in the fading west.

Lord of the journey's end, if I too should stumble
 At last to the long lane's turning, there may I see
 The beckon and gleam of the lamp that is hung in Thy cottage,
 Calling me home to my supper, my friends, and sleep.

The Saints sup with Thee, there in the dusk and lamplight—
 Mary and Joseph and Peter and all my friends—
 With faces propped on their tired and toil-worn fingers,
 And kind eyes full of the peace of the journey's end.

To that feast of the Saints in Light, dear Lord, please bring me,
 Wash my dusty feet as on Maundy long ago ;
 At the end of the day let me find my Lord at supper,
 And forget my toils with Him in the Breaking of Bread.

The poem by Miss Kaye-Smith is in blank, that by Mr. Noyes in rhymed, verse. The younger poet—there is a pretty suggestion of the submissiveness of childhood rather than of youth in the unusual, almost quaint, use in such connection of the word 'please' in the line

To that feast of the Saints in Light, dear Lord, please bring me

—is more of a sacramentarian than the older. But that Miss Kaye-Smith has studied Mr. Noyes's work her very beautiful *Lullaby for the Falling Asleep of the Blessed Virgin Mary* seems to me to indicate. One or two passages inevitably recall his *Slumber Songs of the Madonna* :

Mary sleeps—and as she sleeps the angels sing :

Sleep, sleep, sweetly sleep,
Sweetly sleep, sleep, sleep,
You who rocked the cradle—so—
In the stable long ago,
Golden Rose of David's stem,
Sleep, and dream of Bethlehem ;
Dream of herald angels singing,
Dream of Christmas bells a-ringing
In the steeples of the town,
Telling of the Christ come down
To a stable long ago ;
Dream in harvest of the snow ;
Dream His head is on your breast,
Then, smiling, sleep and take your rest—
Golden Rose of David's stem,
Sleep and dream of Bethlehem.

Mary sleeps—and as she sleeps her Son sings :

Sleep, sleep, sweetly sleep,
Sweetly sleep, sleep, sleep :
You rocked the cradle once for Me,
Mother of sweet liberty ;
And now I sing your lullaby,
While angels watch us from the sky,
And the August stars are bright
In the dark, hop-scented night.
Rest, darling mother, rest
With your head upon My breast,
For all the hundred happy hours
That My head has lain on yours,
Mother whose hair is grey with love,
With memories of Calvary's day, . . .
Darling, in the fields above
The young angels wait to play,
And all the holy innocents,
Who once laid down their lives for Me,
Will climb into your lap and lie
Where once I lay so lovingly.
Rest, darling mother, rest
With your head upon My breast.

Mary sleeps—and as she sleeps we all sing :

Sleep, sleep, mother, sleep,
Sweetly sleep, sleep, sleep ;
On His bosom lay your head,
While the angels watch your bed,
And the August stars are red—

Little mother of joy divine,
Little mother of purity,
Sweet mother of eternity—
(You our mother and He our Brother) ;
So shall heaven's windows shine
With lights of home, burning softly down,
On your children on their way
To your door—until the day
When we reach our native town ;
And our hands shall knock, and yours unlatch,
And we shall come home to you under the thatch—
To you our mother, to Him our Brother,
So shall we love you and Him and each other.
Little mother of joy divine,
From your window in heaven look down,
And light the way to our native town.

Closely, even lovingly, to study a contemporary, is by no means, however, to call him 'master,' and for Miss Kaye-Smith's masters in poetry we must look elsewhere than to Mr. Noyes. This brings me to the very marked mystical element in her work. Mysticism has been defined by Dean Inge as 'the attempt to realise the presence of the living God in the soul and in Nature, or, more generally, as the attempt to realise in thought and feeling the immanence of the temporal in the eternal and the eternal in the temporal.' Of another poet than Miss Kaye-Smith I had occasion to write elsewhere :

There are truths so entirely spiritual, so high, and so heavenly, that, in human speech, they can be expressed, if at all, only symbolically. Or perhaps I should say that they can only be hinted at rather than actually expressed. Some readers this hinted word, this play of a broken light upon an elsewhere mist-shrouded sea—so strangely stirs, and lends such farness to their sight, that, beyond this broken light upon deep waters, a new horizon opens. Though the unseen remains unseen, they stand trembling on the very verge of vision.

Similarly Miss Kaye-Smith would, I think, admit that she, too, has striven by means of symbolism to express certain thoughts too ethereal, certain truths too spiritual, to be translated into common speech. With the exception of Miss Evelyn Underhill, I know no woman-poet of to-day in whose work the mystical element is so evident as in Miss Kaye-Smith's. One of her masters is clearly Jakob Boehme, who

. . . learned the secrets
And signs of all the sky,
And wrought the Magnum Opus
Of holy Alchemy.

Another is surely that visionary, William Blake, who saw 'a tree full of angels in Peckham' (of all places on earth), and whose

methods his disciple sometimes adopts. Just as Blake imagines Christ in England :—

And did those feet in ancient times
Walk upon England's mountains green,
And was the Holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen ?—

so Sheila Kaye-Smith imagines the Magdalen and her Saviour in Sussex :

Mary Magdalene has looked out of her window,
High in her cottage in Horeham Road ;
From her high window has Mary looked down,
And seen all the doings and sights of the town :
The boys look up as they pass her abode—
The boys look up, but the girls look down.

Mary Magdalene has caught sight of the Preacher—
The Preacher Who's come from the town in the west ;
She hears Him preaching out there on the Green :
His words have troubled her heart—she has seen
His face, and the sobs are all thick in her breast,
And her tears are the saltiest that ever were seen.

From Horeham Road to Boreham Street
And High Horse Bridge where the waters meet—
East or west, was there ever seen
Such a preaching, such a teaching, for Mary Magdalene ?

But Mary Magdalene still stands at the window,
And the dusk is white on her tear-stained face,
For the Preacher has broken her heart, and it turns
To the Word that freezes, the Word that burns,
The Word that is Flesh in the market-place,
Where the Preacher's voice through the silence burns.

From Horeham Road to Boreham Street
And High Horse Bridge where the waters meet—
East or west, was there ever seen
Such a turning, such a burning, for Mary Magdalene ?

Mary Magdalene has gone down to the Preacher—
The strange Young Man from the western town ;
With silk she is shining, with scent she is sweet,
Her eyes are like water, like flowers are her feet,
And when she has come to the Green she falls down
Before the Young Preacher and kisses His feet.
She kisses His feet, and she cries out for pardon,
With tears and with kisses His feet are all wet ;
The boys are all staring, and no word is said,
For she wipes His wet feet with the hair of her head—
Her lovely brown hair that no boy can forget,
It is like a brown beech-wood, the hair of her head.

The simile in the last line is very felicitous, but—remembering who the ' Preacher ' is understood to be—I wish that Miss Kaye-

Smith had refrained from the use of such a colloquialism (in one of the stanzas which I have omitted) as ' the joke's gone too far.' Her aim is to show that were Christ to revisit our earth His presence and preaching would have the same effect upon a Magdalen of to-day as His presence and preaching had upon the greatly forgiven, because greatly loving, Magdalen of whom we read in the New Testament.

I agree. But in seeking thus to correlate the past and the present, and to correlate also the holy things of long ago to the human needs of the life of to-day, a poet so intensely reverent and spiritually-minded as Sheila Kaye-Smith cannot be too careful in the choice of word or phrase.

I hope she will change the wording of the line in future editions of *Saints in Sussex*, and that she will find an alternative to a line so prosaic as (in the same poem)

The Preacher has brought Mary Magdalene to His mother.

An alternative might also be found in the poem following that last quoted for the word ' smudgy,' as applied to the sky, in the line

A smudgy, sweet, grey sky.

One thinks of a smudge as relatively small rather than as large, and ' sky ' suggests a sense of space.

But ' praise is more important than judgment,' said Mr. Le Gallienne once, adding that ' it is only at agricultural societies that men dare sit in judgment upon the rose.' As, in a sense, myself a literary agriculturist, my task was at first to cast a critical eye over the roses of Miss Kaye-Smith's growing, and to mark where here a petal was imperfect, where there an ill-formed leaf might be clipped away, or where her flower of song seemed to me to be marred by the setting. That task—one not altogether to my liking—done, I pass on to share with the reader the freshness and the fragrance of the flowers.

In what I may call her ' ecclesiastically-minded ' poems Miss Kaye-Smith's religious position as an Anglo-Catholic is very clear, but how wide are her sympathies will be gathered from the following *Ballad of Divine Compassion*. Except that the fifth quoted stanza recalls Rossetti's *Blessed Damozel*, and one other stanza is slightly reminiscent of *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*, the poem is original throughout :

The halls of heaven were full of joy,
The quivering air was blue
With incense, and with candles gay
The mansions of eternal day
Were gleaming through and through.

The Saints in Glory danced and sang
 In robes of glittering white—
 Till heaven with their music rang,
 The Saints in Glory danced and sang,
 And filled themselves with light.

Through groves of trees and lawns of flowers
 They trod the mystic maze
 Of many a sacred rigadon,
 Danced to a fiddling angel's tune
 With endless roundelays.

One only walked apart and sighed,
 In all that blissful horde,
 Shrank from the revel, and alone
 Poured from an aching heart His moan,
 And He was Christ the Lord.

He leaned across the fiery gate
 Which stands above the stars,
 And from the fields where angels dwell
 Shuts the red cemeteries of hell
 With seven burning bars.

He leaned above the direful deep
 Where tortured spirits lie,
 He saw their helpless agonies,
 He saw their wild and weeping eyes
 Turned up towards the sky.

And all the sorrows of His heart
 Were grinding in His breast,
 He longed to comfort those poor sheep,
 To give them drink, and let them sleep
 On the green hills of rest.

Nought were to Him the heavenly fields,
 The flocks His blood had bought,
 He thought alone of His lost sheep,
 Of those who toss, and starve, and weep,
 Whom He had vainly sought.

And as the Saviour watched them there
 In all their sweat and fear,
 His love and longing rose so high,
 That from His tender, pitying eye
 There fell a holy tear.

The Tear rolled down, until it dropped
 Into the blackest hell,
 And straight there were strange things to see
 Within that pit of misery
 Where the pure token fell.

The Tear became a mighty sea
 Which raged, and roared, and rolled,
 And filled each black and gaping gorge,
 And quenched each red and belching forge,
 And wrecked each towering hold,

And all the lost and sinning souls
 Were borne upon its waves—
 By that one Tear the Saviour wept
 The doomed of ages all were swept
 Out of their living graves.

And, carried on the heaving tide,
 The lost souls rose to heaven,
 Tumbling and drowning, hand in hand,
 They reacted the coolness of that land
 Where all things are forgiven.

Women, and men, and children too,
 All blasted, scorched, and red,
 Were washed up to the Saviour's feet,
 By that one Tear of pity sweet
 His loving eye had shed.

The Saints in Glory danced and sang,
 They sang and danced so high,
 They saw not that their Lord was gone,
 Or that His white and fiery throne
 Stood empty in the sky.

They saw Him not as He stooped down
 To lift each cowering slave,
 They saw Him not, so great their bliss,
 On each scarred forehead lay His kiss,
 As sign that He forgave.

He could not take those guilty ones
 To where the guiltless throng
 Pealed forth their own salvation's praise,
 And through the everlasting days
 Shouted their triumph song.

He led them to the wilderness,
 Where stood the Holy Cross,
 And from the timber of that Tree
 He built a house of welcome, free
 To those lame sons of loss.

The Saints in Glory feasted on
 The honey-dews of heaven,
 So all those sinners had for food
 Was their Lord's body and His blood,
 To their great hunger given.

The Saints in Glory danced and sang,
 Nor missed Him from their sport,
 And so He made His dwelling-place
 With the poor pensioners of grace
 His pardoning love had bought.

And never to the halls of bliss
 He lifts a longing eye,
 The poor souls never hear Him groan,
 Or sigh because His great white throne
 Stands empty in the sky.

He leads them through the wilderness,
 He makes their faces wet
 With water from a desert stream,
 The black past as an evil dream
 He helps them to forget.

He is the Comforter of those
 Whom stormy seas have tossed,
 He dries the eyes of those that weep,
 He is the Shepherd of lame sheep,
 The Saviour of the lost.

Like George Eliot, Miss Kaye-Smith is a born novelist. But, again, as in the case of George Eliot, one is less sure—the lyric note is so often missing—that she is a born poet. Nor do I recall one instance of a great woman novelist who was also a born poet. Miss Kaye-Smith differs, however, from George Eliot in the fact that in her novels she prefers to write impersonally rather than directly to express her own thoughts, emotions, and ideals. That is one reason why her poems are so interesting. They reveal Sheila Kaye-Smith herself as, directly at least, Sheila Kaye-Smith is seldom revealed in her novels. The four opening and haunting lines (repeated at the poem's end) of her love poem *Immortality* come near to capturing the lyric note, for which, in other work of hers, we listen, often vainly:

One star upon the desert of the sky,
 One song upon the silences of night,
 Upon the tossing of the stream one light,
 One moment in a blank eternity.

For, O my love, eternity is drear,
 And soon we both shall weary of it so,
 That we shall turn and hide ourselves for fear
 In that sweet hour God gave us long ago.

We cannot wander from it very far,
 For down the long, wild ways it calls us home,
 Red through the evening, like a fallen star,
 A dim undying hearth for loves that roam.

I feel were I to meet you I might not
 Even know you in the street, nor you know me—
 You might look back and whisper, 'Who is she?'
 And I might sigh at something half forgot.

But in our Moment I can kiss your face,
 Smiling and strong—unchanged by all the years;
 And I can hold you there a little space,
 And you hold me—unchanged by all my tears.

And I can whisper to you of that night
 When our dark boat made moon-swept waters hiss,
 Your face was wet with spray, spray-wet your kiss,
 Your eyes were stars that I had set alight.

Dim planets hung above the trembling trees,
 The suck of water shook the misty air,
 The darkness showed you magic in my hair,
 The darkness showed you rest upon my knees.

We saw two wandering stars fall through the sky—
 'Twas you and I, lost in the chilly haze,
 Apart, adrift, forsaken, but ablaze
 With one short hour's eternal ecstasy.

And into our poor life of rags and tears
 The fire of life and deathless love rushed down,
 Rushed the great love of this world's million years,
 Gave us the kingdom, set on us the crown!—

Gave us all love of lovers since the morn
 Of love in the dim daybreak of the earth,
 Gave us all harmonies since music's birth,
 Gave us all colours since the first red dawn—

Gave us the Spring-time with its changing tunes,
 Gave us the mysteries of many Junes,
 Gave us the stars, gave us the trackless sea,
 Gave us each other to eternity.

Love may be gone, as you are gone, my dear,
 But our almighty moment cannot die—
 It shall stand fast when the last crumbling sphere
 Shall crash out of the ruin of the sky.

When the last constellations fall and faint,
 When the last planets burst in fiery foam,
 When all the winds have sunk asleep, when all
 The worn, way-weary comets have come home—

When past and present and the future flee,
 My moment lives! and I shall hold you there!
 It lives to be my immortality,
 An immortality which you shall share.

One star upon the desert of the sky,
 One song upon the silences of night,
 Upon the tossing of the stream one light,
 One moment in a blank eternity.

Immortality and the wistfully tender little poem *Holy Innocents*, quoted below, reveal Sheila Kaye-Smith the woman more intimately than she is revealed in all her novels:

To-day I keep a feast, with red and white—
 The red blood and the snow-white innocence
 Of little souls who had their recompense
 Before they learned the horrors of the fight.

I see them running in their gardens gay,
 They snatch the colours of the rainbow's flame,
 And throw the stars about in childish game,
 And pull the clouds to pieces for their play.

But these are not the throng the king did slay,
The babes for whom dark Rachael's head is bowed—
'Tis not for them her wailing rings so loud;
Other and holier Innocents are they.

These are the little ones who never wrought
Love's royalist wonder in a mother's eyes,
Who never brought a tender warm surprise
With groping lips to breasts till then unsought.

These are the fruits of hundredfold desires,
Ten thousand dreams begot this laughing band,
They fill the cities of a promised land—
Long promised, but not given—lost in fires.

These are the children I had hoped to show
The secret of this life, and all its love—
But they are playing with my dreams above,
While I plunge on through my dead hopes below.

Saved—oh, perhaps from much that I must brave—
I worship you, sweet saints!—oh, pray for me!
The little children that shall never be—
The little children I shall never have.

The closing poem of Miss Kaye-Smith's volume *Willow's Forge* reveals yet another side of a very unusual personality. George Eliot wished her early work to be attributed to a man. Possibly she thought of the woman-writers of her day as too prone to sentimentality, as guided less by the head than by the heart. Priding herself as she did on a certain masculinity, almost mas- siveness, of intellect, George Eliot perhaps hoped that the intel- lectual quality of her work would be more readily recognised were the author of that work supposed to be a man. Sheila Kaye- Smith, though she, too, has something of the same masculinity of intellect, has never by implication cast such reflection upon her sex. Otherwise had she published certain of her earlier novels— *Starbrace*, for instance—as by a man, as by a man they might have passed muster unsuspected. In one of these early novels the phrase 'the Great Adventure' occurs several times. It was used of life. The concluding poem of *Willow's Forge*, again more masculine than feminine in spirit, shows her as looking to death as the last and greatest adventure of all:

Lord, let me die on my feet—upright and boldly facing
My last and great adventure and experience's crown,
Let my eyes be all undimmed as they look into the darkness,
Let me hail death as a conqueror before he strikes me down.

Let me die with my head up, sword drawn, my shield flung from me,
Stout to the end, yet proud to win my discharge at last.
With worshipping clear gaze let me run to meet the future,
And with forgiving laughter make my farewells to the past.

" Let me not die in my bed, in weariness and weakness,
While outside, undesired, unheard, all valiant nature calls,
Save me from tumbled sheets, drawn blinds, and muffled footsteps,
From staring eyes to pity me when the last anguish falls.

Lord, let me die in my boots, I care not where death meets me,
But let me die upright and armed, with free, unclouded mind,
Let me relish in their fulness the last moments life shall give me,
Then plunge on without vain regrets for vain things left behind.

Let me meet death on the waters, in the din of the waves' roaring,
In the shattering of the thunder, when the splitting timbers break,
Let me meet him on the mountains, on the shrieking snow-storm
riding,
I care not where he finds me, if he finds me but awake.

I care not how I meet him, if I meet him as a warrior,
Not as a slave the master he has given cause to frown.
I will challenge him to combat, and when he sees me fearless,
He will hail me as a conqueror before he strikes me down.

Some of Miss Kaye-Smith's poems, those written for a saint's day or other holy day of the Church especially, have a quaint and mediæval stiffness, as if purposely patterned to be in keeping with the stiffly embroidered stole or vestment worn by priests when celebrating the Sacrament. If crude the poems be, the crudity strikes one as intentional, and as if she had before her when at work some such specimen of early Italian ecclesiastical art as one sees in the National Gallery, or as forming the diptych, triptych, or reredos of altars of Catholic or Anglo-Catholic churches. Other poems are as distinctly twentieth century, as when she writes:

All pageantry with colours,
All poetry with words,
Wait those blazoned motor 'buses
In their fiercely panting herds.

But, whatever the period or the subject, individuality, and so originality, we find in her work. She may pen ballads of love or of pity, hymns for holy days, or (a quaint contrast!) 'cant songs,' as the lays of the 'rumpads,' or smugglers of a long-ago Sussex, were called (there is a section entitled 'Cant Songs' in one of her volumes), but though some may be rough-cast, none is common- place. Thus far 'the swing of her arm,' to borrow a figure of speech from a letter by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, 'is freer in prose than in verse.' But I remember that not many years have passed since the publication of another experimental work by Miss Kaye-Smith—her first novel, *The Tramping Methodist*—and that, for all its originality and power, it was immature and rough-hewn by comparison with such finished and noble achievements in imagina- tive art as *Joanna Godden* and *The House of Alard*. It so hap- pened, too, that I was present when she first stood up to speak in

public. The 'matter' was there, for what she said was packed with thought, but the 'manner' was missing. Anyone hearing her then, and marking the hesitating delivery, the repetition of a long-drawn and uncertain 'Well . . . ' that suggested the coupling chain with which a railway porter, passing between two trucks of a goods train, links the one to the other (Miss Kaye-Smith's 'Well . . . ' was perhaps intended thus to link her last sentence to that which followed), would have said, 'Successful as a writer this lady may be, but successful as a speaker she is never likely to become.'

That was practically only the other day. Yet listening since then to a lecture by Miss Kaye-Smith, I could scarcely believe that the self-possessed, but never self-conscious, never self-satisfied, and always singularly modest, young lecturer, who held a large audience in closest attention for more than an hour, was the same hesitating and somewhat jerky speaker who so short a time before had every now and then, as it were, 'dropped a stitch in her work,' and while the knitting needles of her brain were picking it up had to make shift with a nervous 'Well . . . ' or to stop short.

Whether Miss Kaye-Smith will steal a march upon her critics by making the like surprisingly rapid advance as a poet which she has already made as a novelist and as a speaker one hesitates, on the evidence of two slim and tentative volumes of verse, to say. As a novelist she is the possessor of genius, and her poems may be said to be the complement of her novels, for in them she has allowed, as she does not allow herself in her novels, the expression of a profoundly spiritual, if mystical, order of mind and of a singularly original and attractive personality.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

A LITERARY EXPERIMENT

'THE SPANISH FARM' AND '6494'

It might perhaps have been expected that the influence of the war would find a reflection in post-war art, and that the experiences of those nightmare days, shared by innumerable civilians as well as the ten millions or so of fighting men actually engaged, would be crystallised into an artistic form which would contain something of the novelty of the original. In his novel *The Spanish Farm*, which won the Hawthornden Prize for 1924, and its companion book, *6494*, Mr. R. H. Mottram has attempted such an innovation by using a new literary form that is at the same time so simple and adequate to its subject that one wonders why no one had thought of it before. No greater compliment could be paid to the author.

His material is the British Army in Flanders living side by side with the Flemish peasant population for four years and three months, the war and its swift meetings and swifter farewells, its hopes and disappointments, its futile barbarity and its redeeming heroism. Here was a unique opportunity, for never before has a nation been so universally deluged in the awfulness of war, never before has the fantastic horror of fact so far outrun the wildest imaginings of fiction, nor was there ever so much general interest in a foreign people to which to appeal as in our close association with France.

Mr. Mottram has dealt with this material by taking a representative of the British professional middle class in the midst of Flanders and of a Flemish household in the midst of the British Army and chronicling the respective points of view of each in its reaction to the other in a perfectly straightforward way, which gains strength by its lack of straining for effect. His story is of two national types rather than of two individuals, and he relies for realism on the swift, elemental happenings of the war rather than on the individual characters of the people in the book. The result is something more warm-blooded than a chronicle, but more impersonal than the ordinary novel of the war to which we are accustomed. Mr. Galsworthy in his preface calls the book 'a

highly humanised history,' but it is something more creative than such a phrase suggests. It is like a piece of sculpture in terms of literature, as if the author had taken the solid block of material created from generations of national history, and using the events of 1914-18 as his chisel, hewn the mass into the symbolical shapes of French peasant and middle-class Englishman, with all the dour unsentimentality of the one and the rather easy-going idealism of the other. The limits are clearly defined, and by observing them the measure of Mr. Mottram's failure to present his men and women as individual persons is only the measure of his success in portraying a lifelike man and woman, with two very opposite national characteristics, thrown together by the stress of war.

Their figures may loom up like shadows on a blind, but they are clearly cut, and the minor characters are no less typical or easily to be recognised, while his direct style of narration and his vivid manner of description ensures that the reader's interest never flags.

But Mr. Mottram's originality does not end here. The first book, *The Spanish Farm*, is the portrait of a Flanders peasant girl in the happenings of the war and in her contact with a British officer. The second book, 6494—

6494.

He'll never go sick no more:

The poor beggar's dead—

is the portrait of the British officer, professionally an architect, in the line and in the war, and in contact with the Flanders peasant girl. The incidents are the same in each book, and the one is a reflex of the other. I do not remember any other instance in which this artistic device has been employed, and if my recollection is not misleading, here we have a novelty in literature—a great thing to say. Again, one is struck by the extraordinary adequacy of such treatment to its subject.

The structure of *The Spanish Farm* is simplicity itself. The story opens with a typical French peasant watching a battalion of infantry file into his pasture, with all the accessories and circumstance of the B.E.F. in 1914—the shouted orders, the piled equipment, rattling waggons, lumbering field-cookers, the cries for 'mess orderlies,' the burnt smell of dioxies of stew and the clatter of mess-tins, a jostling, virile, cheerful crowd that impinges its personality on the grey Flemish landscape and on the old farm-house, 'the Spanish Farm,' that gives its title to the book.

At last appetites are satisfied, silence and darkness fall upon these weary exiles in a foreign land, and the old farm, built in Alva's day, looks down upon them as they sleep, even as it has

looked down on Neapolitan mercenaries, Spanish colonists, French, English and Dutch. The farmer has a daughter, Madeleine, whose practical genius leads her to make the best pecuniary use she can of what destiny puts in her way. Thus she has made herself perfectly acquainted with the billeting rates paid by the British Army, with the probable extent of its compensations for damage, and with the habits of officers' messes, all to the greater advantage of her banking account at Hazebrouck. She typifies and explains the French peasant by her practical qualities and by those instincts of parsimony and age-old bitterness which we find hard to understand. For as the woman of the farm she has had to administer it and work hard with her own hands; as the descendant of past generations of Flemings there looms in the background of her sub-conscious mind the memory of war after war, invasion after invasion of that fruitful land, Roman, German, English, Spaniard, and again German plunderers sweeping down on the crops raised in endless toil and sweat.

Madeleine is the *ami* of an aristocratic French 'ne'er-do-well,' Georges, petulant, decadent and ineffective, but gallant and admirable in the manner that Englishmen, who do not understand such people, call 'mad.' Georges joins the cavalry, and henceforth it never occurs to him to give Madeleine any hint of his safety or doings. With stoical pertinacity she bends every thought and chance piece of gossip to her purpose of getting news of him, 'that she may only once see him.' Amongst the English officers who have visited 'the Spanish Farm' is one Skene, an architect in a cathedral town in civil life and a man rather older than his rank of lieutenant would suggest. He is from the first impressed with Madeleine, and from then onwards he sees her from time to time by chance and by design, but, whatever his thoughts, it is not his tradition to try to make love to her. Meanwhile she hears that Georges has been wounded, and later attached to the French Mission, and she uses Skene to get news of him. She learns that Georges is likely to be in Paris, so she leaves the farm and gets work there. Skene again meets her, weary of her search, impatient with Georges for his selfish silence. Skene is also weary with the strain of the war and the monotony of only masculine society, while he has realised that for the infantry officer death eventually is assured. His nerves are at once racked and stimulated by the war, and he is hungry for comfort. He sees her to her lodging, and hesitates on the threshold.

Inevitably, as if she had taught him the words, he was saying: 'Don't send me away; let me stay!' and with a great sigh of happiness, such as she had felt once before in her life—another life, surely—she retreated into the dark entry with 'Well, then, my poor friend!'

Later they spend a week together in Paris, after which Skene returns to the job he has now been given at Divisional Headquarters, and then Madeleine finds Georges. At once she goes and lives with him and finds nothing incongruous in so doing.

She had rubbed off the contact of him [Skene] by the passage of her hands over her body. She rubbed him off her soul no less easily.

Nor has she any qualms in writing to ask Skene for money for rent which Georges owes. For Skene is entirely foreign to her, English, and therefore generous and wealthy, but one who treats her with a thoughtfulness and respect she does not understand or care for, one who has queer tastes, like 'a day in the country,' strangely unmasterful and even-tempered. They had come together because both were tired, both needed comfort. But with the reappearance of Georges, Skene's exact opposite, her connection with Skene simply ceases to exist, because the reasons for it have disappeared.

The book closes with Skene about to return to England for demobilisation, Georges dead of tuberculosis, and Madeleine back at the farm repairing the ravages of war (with characteristic foresight she has begun at the earliest possible moment, while there are still British soldiers to help her), and preparing a vast bill for reparations, greater than the total market value of the farm in 1914.

The second book, 6494, is Skene's story, and its unembellished accounts of life in the line and behind it recapture most realistically the emotions of that queer time when we seemed to have been taken out of our own lives and dumped down in one utterly foreign to our instincts or desires, one which now seems strangely unreal, but horribly vivid. In 6494 we live again through the slow, unceasing beat of fear upon human nerves, which only death, wounds or sickness could delay from its inevitable result; through dawning hope, soon quenched in disaster and disappointment, only to rise again in that almost personal pride which one took in the giant preparations for another attack, on an even vaster scale, which this time surely must result in the long-awaited break through. We know again that *camaraderie*, and that queer sense of freedom from the civilian conventions of respectability and earning a living, which filled one with such a curious sense of regret when at last the prayed-for end arrived, 'when we got our civvy clothes on,' and the greatest adventure of our time was ended. For these reasons 6494 may appeal more to men, especially to ex-service men, than *The Spanish Farm*, in which the 'human interest' is possibly greater.

It is impossible to read these books without seeing in them an allegory of France and England, for the very construction

of their chief characters is essentially allegorical, whether their author intended this result or not. Almost certainly he did, for on the concluding page of *The Spanish Farm* he practically states it:

So Madeleine remained in the Spanish Farm, and saw no more English, for the Labour Corps soon broke up and went, and she did not care. She was engrossed in one thing only: to get back, sou by sou, everything that had been lost or destroyed, plundered or shattered, by friend or foe, and pay herself for everything she had suffered or dared. And as there was a Madeleine more or less, widowed and childless, bereaved and soured, in every farm in North-eastern France, she became a portent. Statesmen feared or wondered at her, schemers or the new business men served her and themselves through her, while philosophers shuddered. For she was the Spanish Farm, the implacable spirit of that borderland so often fought over, never really conquered. She was that spirit that forgets nothing, but maintains itself, amid all disasters, and necessarily. For she was perhaps the most concrete expression of humanity's instinctive survival in spite of its own perversity and ignorance. There must she stand, slow-burning, revenge incarnate, until a better, gentler time.

And on the last page of 6494:

... but another voice spoke in Skene's dream: 'Medal! 'Ow can they give a medal to the 'ole world? We'll just get a piece of brass with "I was there" on it'—the voice of his servant, Jerry, speaking to Sergeant Strood. And Skene awoke, awoke to gathering shadows in a railway carriage. The draught was whistling round his knees; the train moved with a rattle and a swish. But that dreaming moment had brought its comfort. He saw things in proportion. After all, four years and more of service and discipline, of risk and discomfort—that was something. He had gone into the thing neither because he was paid nor because he was forced—and that was something. Processions and speeches were empty show, even the eventual effect on Europe was irrelevant, but deep within himself he had fulfilled a need, worked out a destiny. In what an abyss of self-contempt would he now be sunk had he not gone to the war—he, fit and of age! That was it—the call had come, and he had answered; surely he had his reward in 'I was there.'

These statements are not full statements, for the books reveal many things. Just as French Madeleine and English Skene for a time lived heart to heart, yet never knew each other, so the two nations made common cause, each giving the other what it could, but, when the time for parting came, parted spiritually strangers. So far as we English may understand, Madeleine explains the bitterness and meanness of France, the bitterness of a people whose history is one long tale of invasion, the meanness of a people whose task it has ever been to make good the destruction of successive wars and wrest a living from the soil. No wonder they hoard their sous! no wonder they are chary of casting their bread upon the waters!

Skene shows us ourselves, not our fox-hunting, our smart, our university, or even our public-school, selves, but just our average,

middle-class, decent selves—England, who faces facts if she must, but seldom accepts them; France, who accepts facts before they have become so; French Martha and English Mary, the one largely dependent upon exacting toil in the fields, fields ever open to the foreign plunderer, the other blessed by Providence with fruitful coal mines and the protective barrier of surrounding seas; England with the happy-go-lucky temperament of the soldier of fortune, but with the instincts of the successful trader; France with the temperament for chivalry and valour, but with the instincts of the thrifty agriculturist. The dread of the English was discomfort physically and the mental discomfort of feeling they were not 'doing their bit'; the dread of the French was insecurity materially and the abstract insecurity of facts so uncertain that they could not be faced. 'Give us peace!' pray the English; 'Security!' is the cry of the French.

There is no error in these two books which will grate on an Englishman or a Frenchman, a soldier or civilian, and when they are read we are left with no romance, no lovers' tale, no tale at all, but a picture of humanity utterly unlike, but of the general character of, Michael Angelo's figures of Night and Morning.

It is fitting that Madeleine should be French and Skene English, that for one brief moment they should meet in physical contact but not in sympathy, that all extraneous differences should be buried in this moment of contact. It is fitting that they should part with no regret on her side: she has given her body; he has given some portion of his soul. They part, and in the course of time there grows up a thicket that hides their moment of unity. In this allegory it would have been inconceivable that they should have married, inconceivable that they should have a child. Their union had to be evanescent and barren, for England and France at their present stage are like two friendly people who met ten years ago in a dark room groping for the door, which, when it was found, set each free to go his own way in pursuit of his own ideals again, with only the memory of a common fear and a common misfortune that gave them temporarily a common objective. England and France will go on meeting in small quarrels and with affection, thrown together by fate or by passing circumstances, but marriage between them is out of the question until that day when (if it ever comes) the child of a common ideal is ready to be born to both of them.

L. F. EASTERBROOK.

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