

THE
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CENTURY
AND AFTER



A MONTHLY REVIEW

FOUNDED BY JAMES KNOWLES

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THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER



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TRADE UNIONISM:

AN EXPLANATION, A CONDEMNATION, AND AN ENTREATY

PERHAPS the least popular, at the present moment, of our national institutions is the trade union movement—more particularly that form of the movement which finds expression in and through the General Council of the Trades Union Congress. Those who criticise and condemn have justification—especially so if they confine their criticisms to the oligarchy which rules the Congress, to the ignorances displayed, the wrongs committed, and the losses imposed. Nescient, illegal, improvident, regardless, unreliable, are terms already applied to the body which, during the past few years, has dominated trade union policy and practice.

The justice, or otherwise, of the condemnations cannot be determined unless one knows what the Trades Union Congress really is, how it is elected, what it has done, and how far,

in fact, it represents the aims and possibilities of genuine trade unionism.

The Trades Union Congress consists of delegates elected or appointed by individual trade unions. It first met in 1868; its object was to influence legislation favourably to labour, and to promote trade union interests by public demonstrations and by deputations to Ministers of the Crown. In order to secure continuity of effort the Congress appointed what was called a Parliamentary Committee, which at its inception consisted of twelve members. This Committee met monthly and was an inexpensive machine, all its expenses, together with those of its salaried staff and of the Congress itself, being met by a contribution of 1*l.* per 1000 members per annum. Originally the Parliamentary Committee was not a Socialist institution: on the contrary, some of its ablest members entered Parliament under the auspices of the Liberal Party; others were Liberal Party agents.

In 1889 the Congress voluntarily declined to shoulder all its possible responsibilities, and the industrial portion of these was undertaken by the General Federation of Trade Unions; while a little later the political functions of the Congress were appropriated by the newly-formed Labour Party. So drastically had the Congress shed itself of important responsibilities and potentialities that, in the earlier days of the twentieth century, there were many who anticipated its early demise.

The Congress, however, still afforded opportunities for expressing forms of political and industrial activity which the older trade unionists deemed to be outside the ordinary functions of the unions, but which some newer unionists keenly advocated. It also provided an asylum for those unions which, for various reasons, were not prepared to pay the contributions required by any of the federations then existing or contemplated. Amongst those who felt able to succeed apart from general federation were the miners and the railwaymen, the former contending, with some justification, that no reserves covering their uncertain but immense requirements could possibly be built up, and the latter declaring that there was no sense in contributing to a reserve upon which their agreements and industrial conditions, generally speaking, prevented them drawing.

Many of the unions which had been unwilling to accept the financial liabilities involved in federation on a stated and regularised financial basis were still desirous of associating together for the purpose of promoting the original policies of the Congress and developing these policies on Socialistic lines. The smallness of the contribution then demanded by the Congress, together with the opportunities for personal advertisement and the social considerations arising out of congressional gatherings attracted the

disciples of Marx, especially those who hoped, by playing down to human weaknesses, to secure election as delegates. Unions big and little, even where they had affiliated to the General Federation or to the Labour Party, consequently retained their membership with the older organisation and accepted the policy of recovering prestige and extending political activities.

The size of the Parliamentary Committee and the method of its election have always been matters of criticism. To placate jealousies and render criticism less noxious the number on the Committee was increased; the most recent increase took this number up to thirty-two, and then the method of election was varied. The original dozen directly nominated by the unions and directly elected by the delegates attending the Congress were now superseded by thirty-two, who, instead of being directly representative of particular unions, were to be representative of eighteen trade groups into which the unions had been arbitrarily divided.

Mining and quarrying were to have three members; railways, three; transport, other than railways, two; shipbuilding, one; engineering, founding and vehicle building, three; iron and steel and minor metal trades, two; building, woodworking and furnishing, two; printing and paper, one; cotton, two; textiles, other than cotton, one; clothing, one; leather and boot and shoe, one; glass, pottery, chemicals, food, drink, tobacco, brushmaking and distribution, one; agriculture, one; public employees, one; non-manual workers, one; general workers, four; women workers, two. In this way the Parliamentary Committee ceased to exist and the General Council came into being.

The unions are allocated to their appropriate groups by the General Council. They have the right of appeal, not to an independent or judicial authority, but to the General Council itself. The Council, after each annual Congress, divides itself into six sub-committees, whose duty it is to study and report upon such subjects as may be remitted to them by the executive body.

The methods of electing the executive of the Congress, by whatever term this body has been designated, have never been free from reproach. Bitter discussions and condemnations have almost annually been hurled across the floor of the Congress. Bartering votes has been the common practice, and though this practice is now punishable under the rules, it continues, with the result that the representation on the groups and on the Council is mainly determined by arrangements made before, or during, the Congress week. In judging the policy and the practice of the General Council it should be remembered that it is practically impossible for any man to secure election against the miners' wishes. The miners' aggregate of 800,000 votes gives them a dominating and directive influence which is not always of

the wisest, for coal questions frequently assume a disingenuous importance.

The voting power of the Congress is expressed by what is known as a card vote, one card being issued for every 1000 members, or fractional part thereof. On the surface this looks reasonably fair, but in practice it leads to very serious misrepresentation, not only of minorities, but very frequently of actual majorities. Every union is entitled to one delegate per 5000 members; not all unions send their full complement of delegates—the cost is too serious; but in any case, a delegate is able to cast the votes of 5000 persons, not more than 5 per cent. of whom may have seen the Congress agenda, or have received any reasonably correct explanation of the many subjects it contains, or of the real trend of the policies foreshadowed in the resolutions which decorate its pages. In some cases, indeed in most, where there are a number of delegates representing one union, the voting cards are placed in the hands of an individual or a sub-committee. This ensures solidarity and increases the opportunities for recreation of those who have surrendered their cards. Votes so cast cannot represent the whole of any membership. At best they represent the majority of those present at the meetings of the unions or of the delegates; but a study of the Industrial Commissioner's Report on the voting for the political levy emphatically suggests that these card votes represent only an inconsiderable minority of those actually paying contributions.

The Congress in 1919 took up the international movement, and it now sends delegates to various countries, including France, Germany, Holland, America, and last, but certainly not least, to Russia. The administrative costs of such a Council, not content with internal and industrial development, but aiming at political power, at foreign policies and alliances, and at newspaper control, necessarily exceed by many thousands of pounds the costs of the old committee. The official returns show that the income of 1118*l.* in 1892 had been forced up to 41,601*l.* in 1922, or thirty-seven times more than sufficed when J. Havelock Wilson was chairman—an increase not accounted for by the increase in membership. In 1923 the income for all purposes had actually risen to 142,791*l.*—a sum adequate for management, but quite useless from the strike benefit point of view.

From the *résumé* thus given it will be seen that the General Council is an oligarchy, powerful for good or for evil—for good if its activities are based upon educated thought, on knowledge of the principles which underlie trade and commerce, and on devotion to the industrial interests it was originally intended to serve; for evil if it becomes an instrument for the expression of personal egotisms, or for the encouragement of class antagonisms,

or for the destruction of trading possibilities by its attempts at the enforcement of crude political formulæ.

The association of the Congress with Continental trade unionism, which is always more political than industrial, has been an association untempered by any wise appreciation of industrial history or of economic law, and has encouraged the promotion of disastrous policies. During a number of years it has backed, either actively or in the sense that it has not condemned, every effort to extend poor law relief, until relief in many instances is equal to, or in excess of, the amount obtainable by the craftsman actually at work. In 1919 it backed the railwaymen, who, taking advantage of national exigencies and a bluffable Prime Minister, forced preferential agreements which, while benefiting the railwaymen, have since held all other industries in thrall.

In 1920, at the Portsmouth gathering, the Congress encouraged the miners to persist in policies based upon the assumption that the then export price of coal would remain constant. In 1925 it joined in bluffing 23,000,000*l.* sterling out of a Prime Minister whose passion for peace makes him the easy victim of the aggressively minded, and in 1926 it precipitated a General Strike which has further impoverished a country struggling to recover both trade and *moral*.

It has been urged in extenuation of this last great blunder of the Congress that the General Council did not realise the consequences of its action. That, I believe, is perfectly true: the members had visualised nothing but the fact of the strike. Even its immediate issues appear to have been unforeseen and unprovided for. The ultimate consequences were altogether outside the General Council's intellectual appreciation. Such a judgment may appear harsh, but it is less terrible than the alternative, which involves the conclusion that the members of the Council did know what would happen, and that they deliberately threw out of employment hundreds of thousands of men, conscious all the time that many of these would never get back again, and that the standard of living of every worker in the kingdom would be reduced to the extent by which the nation was deprived of his earnings; knowing also that the trade by which these workers live and the country exists would be driven into the hands of competitive nations, never to come back again, or only after this generation has died and a wiser and desperately industrious one has taken its place.

Such an hypothesis is too terrible. I prefer the idea of nescience, and feel convinced that the General Council just shot an arrow into the air. Its members had no conception of, or arrangement for, the consequences; their action was based upon 'mere guess work and blind enigma.'

It is perhaps only fair to think of their situation and their temptation. Since 1906 they had bluffed successive Governments. They were satiated with the idea of economic power and had little conception of economic responsibility. It may reasonably be assumed that they really wanted to help the miners and 'Couéd' themselves into the belief that the General Strike was the only means to this end. They had been spoiled by success, and for years their vision had been obscured by flattery; sometimes shovelled on by parliamentarians, who hoped in this manner to propitiate the Labour vote in their own constituencies, while the *dilettanti* of the drawing-rooms had hung upon their utterances as if these were the dicta of the Greek philosophers. Power had come to them through extensions of the franchise rather than through the gates of wisdom. In the end they badly muddled their case, but they muddled because they could not help muddle, and not because they consciously desired to ruin the trade of the country or the country itself. If Carlyle's generalisation is really true, if mankind consists of but two classes—fools and rogues—it would be unfair to place the General Council in the latter category.

The General Strike was called to help the miners; actually, it has done nothing of the kind. On the contrary, it will damage both their present situation and their future prospects.

Everybody wants to help the working miner. He has a heavy job—dirty, dangerous, and at present, at least for the majority, unremunerative; but the real way, perhaps the only way, to help the miner is to assist him to recover old and discover new markets for his products. This will only be possible by bringing selling price within the purchasing capacity of the home buyer and to that level which world competition fixes for the foreign one. No Government—Liberal, Tory, or Socialist—will ever be able to compel the home consumer to buy beyond his economic capacity, or the foreign one against his interests. Those who really want to help the miner should ponder some post-war facts. Since 1913 the railwayman, the coal porter, the clerk, the merchant, and the tax gatherer have each taken a little bit more out of the miner and other primary producers. All these little bits have ultimately found their way to selling prices. Those who do ponder these facts will readily see that neither the miner nor the owner are the only people responsible for the lowered demand for coal; they will also cease to regard the General Strike as a means of helping anyone.

For the situation which exists the Congress must carry much blame, but the Government is also culpable. In addition to following the bad example of previous Governments, by interfering in matters outside its capacity it unwisely purchased at the expense of the community a peace which, in the nature of

things, could only be temporary. The appointment of the Coal Commission has been described as an attempt to evade responsibility. The facts of the case were already known. No new facts remained to be elucidated, and, apart from the possession of compulsory arbitration powers, the Commission was bound to be futile; yet the Government agreed to abstract from cotton and the other less fortunate trades a subsidy which has already exceeded 23,000,000*l.*, and to apply this subsidy, almost without condition, to an industry which during the war had made money almost faster than it could spend it.

It is said we have a business Prime Minister, but in view of the cursory character of his subsidy arrangements it is permissible to doubt this assertion. No business man would have handed over 23,000,000*l.* without some guarantee from both sides that the findings of his Commission would be respected. Innocence and faith are admirable qualities, but in a world constituted as this one is they cannot safely be allowed unrestricted activity.

To-day the broad facts before the public are that trade unionism has blundered; that its blunders have been crowned by an act which, for the major portion of a year, has kept the industrial and commercial life of Great Britain in a state of flux; that 23,000,000*l.* have been abstracted from other trades, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to make good resulting deficits, has been raiding the Road Fund and the approved societies' reserves.

It is no use trying to whitewash this General Strike. Its conception and conduct indicated nothing more surely than revolutionary aims, distorted vision, and hopeless incapacity. The suppression of the Press, the stoppage of transport, and the indorsement of mass picketing were decidedly revolutionary measures. In Russia the promoters would have been shot or hanged. Fortunately for them they live under a kindlier régime. It is hardly fair, however, to place all responsibility upon the principle of trade unionism, or upon the rank and file.

Someone has to pay for every blunder perpetrated. In this case it is the whole community which pays, and the community may be forgiven if it feels some bitterness towards the General Council; but the community ought not to expect forgiveness if, in its own turn, it adds bitterness to the burdens of poor folk who blindly followed leaders, who themselves suffered from personal egotism and economic myopia.

It is said in condemnation of trade unions that their ballots are not secret. In some cases this is true; in others—only very few, however—the voting papers may be filled up to suit the official view. The worst feature of the voting in trade unions of which I personally have any knowledge arises from the apathy of the members—in some cases not one-eighth vote, and this where

the subject is important. Even if these things are granted, it does not follow that all the social turpitude lies on the side of Labour. History abounds with instances of oppression and provocation by the employing and governing classes, and there is ample evidence to prove that the trade union movement has been, and still is, an industrial necessity. Without it there would be no check upon various forms of commercial cupidity and boycott. Outside Christianity it is doubtful whether any movement has done more to alleviate the undoubted and persistent sorrows of the proletariat. It cannot be killed, but it can be educated, and its education is the affair of the whole people.

To the superficial observer the loyalty of the rank and file to leaders who had failed to visualise the situation is pathetic; to the psychologist this loyalty is also beautiful. It indicates a sense of obedience and a spirit of sacrifice, qualities essential to greatness. The men who struck had admittedly not been told the whole truth, either about the miners or their own funds. They had been assured that the price the miner received for getting the coal was 2s. 9d. per ton, while the selling price was round about 2l. 9s. ! They had been assured that the water was up to the miner's lips, and had then been asked, Are you going to let him drown? Many had been assured that the strike would not last more than twenty-four hours.

Ninety per cent. of these trade unionists are no more revolutionary than are the members of the Carlton Club. They were not trying to upset the State, but to set up an industry which had fallen on evil times. When the strike was called off, and the trams started running, the first car I saw was half full of delighted tramwaymen who had decorated their car with the Union Jack. These men had been caught by phrases and rushed into a crisis without their votes being asked for; they had no conscious animus against the Constitution.

The whole moral force of the community, if it wishes to avoid similar exhibitions, should be directed towards persuading the intelligent workers not to secede but to remain with their unions, to attend the meetings, to participate in the votes taken, and to insist that rules should be appropriate and be adhered to. These trade unionists, men and women, are not all unmindful of public opinion. They can, and should, be taught that strikes and lock-outs are the last instead of the first resource—only justifiable after conciliation has been exhausted. They can be taught, too, that after conciliation has failed there remains the remedy adopted by enlightened nations, that of arbitration. Arbitration admittedly has disadvantages, but none comparable with those resulting from extensive strikes. They can be taught to honour contracts—their bad bargains as well as

their good ones—to regard the broken contract as the weapon of the bad negotiator or the careless revolutionary.

It should never be forgotten that the morality of the mass is largely determined by that of its leaders, and in dealing with trade unions the heresies of the economically ignorant, no matter what their standing, must be pilloried repeatedly, especially by those who would see the unions fulfil their proper functions.

Trade unionism has its limitations. The extent of these is not generally appreciated either in or out of the movement. In Parliament as well as in the factories men say foolish things about wealth, production, profits and wages. If the community would save itself from the consequences of these foolish utterances it must combat them. It must help the sane trade unionists to broadcast sanity, and it must help the rank and file of the unions to understand that the function of the movement is to secure shares, not to appropriate the whole.

Let the people, the Press, and particularly the parsons, strive to visualise and explain the foundation upon which this country's existence is based; let them ruthlessly expose slackness on the one side, and cupidity or brutality on the other; let them encourage honour as against ambitious interest, and the trade unions may be expected to put their own houses in order and for the future to be less ready to drive the trade by which they live into the hands of the foreign competitor.

W. A. APPLETON.

TAXATION IN FRANCE: 'L'IMPÔT DES POIRES'

TAXATION in France is a delicate question on which much has been written on both sides of the Channel. In England it is generally supposed that the Frenchman is very lightly taxed, and many an Englishman is inclined to brood gloomily over statistics (which may be more or less misleading) tending to show that while he pays over 15*l.* per annum per head of population the Frenchman only pays about 700 francs. The latter, on the other hand, has got hold of other statistics according to which it would appear that while he pays 25 per cent. of his average income in taxation the Englishman only pays 23 per cent. This presupposes an average income of only 2800 francs per head in France, but of more than 60*l.* in England. It is not explained how this average income is computed. The present article is an attempt to gauge and to represent the position accurately and impartially. We may start with income tax and super-tax as the most important and productive form of taxation in England. The French equivalent is the *impôt sur le revenu*, which is technically divided into two parts: one known as the *impôt cédulaire* and the other as the *impôt général*. M. Loucheur, the eminent French commercial magnate and statesman who has several times been included in French Ministries, once characterised this tax as '*L'impôt des poires*.' Like so many other things which can be said in French but not in English, this expression, when translated, sounds rude, but the meaning fairly obvious to everyone is that it need only be paid by those persons who are not wily enough to evade it. By a strange stroke of irony, however, M. Loucheur himself was, in the lingering hour of his country's financial difficulties, called upon to grapple with the problem of taxation, and in the few days during which he held the portfolio of Finance he managed to rush through an Act substantially increasing this 'booby's impost.' One can easily imagine the scene in the French Chamber as the Minister proposed to increase the very form of taxation he had himself derided, and the members of the Opposition sarcastically flung back across the *hémicycle* (the floor of the house) the opprobrious slogan which he had coined in earlier days and applied to the

foolish people who paid the tax. Inconsistency in politics, however, may sometimes be praiseworthy, and in any case it is far too common to be the sole reason of the Opposition's attitude on this occasion. Personal enmity is a much more plausible explanation. M. Loucheur is generally thought to have reaped large profits from his many commercial and industrial activities. He told the French Chamber that upon taking office during the war he had insisted upon handing over to the French Government the whole of his war profits. Some of his political opponents challenged this statement; but he said that he held a letter from the then Prime Minister acknowledging the payment, and he could therefore, he claimed, despise any insinuations in this respect. Angry words and threats followed on both sides; but, as is usual in most countries where '*le culte de l'éloquence*' prevails, the dispute, and incidentally the investigation of the true facts, went no further than purely verbal exchanges, like two workmen arguing at a street corner who never get beyond taking their coats off. Shortly after, the luckless portfolio of Finance changed hands once more. M. Loucheur resigned. The problem remains.

Why, asks the impartial investigator, should the problem exist at all? If our gloomy Englishman, relying on his statistics, should be tempted to go and live in France to secure lighter taxation, he is doomed to disappointment. Quite apart from the folly there would be in converting sterling into an unstable currency, he would, in the matter of taxation, be increasing rather than diminishing his burden. For, indeed, that is the whole crux of the question (and at one time it was the mystery); the amount *per capita*, that is, the *amount collected or yield*, is very small, whereas the rates are higher, the incidence wider, and the personal and family allowances and abatements not nearly so liberal as in England. A Frenchman (or, for the matter of that, anyone resident in France) pays income tax twice: first on each category of his income (dividends, trading or other profits, salaries, pensions, etc.)—i.e., a kind of *sectional* income tax, technically known as the '*impôt cédulaire*,' at varying rates according to the *catégorie* or class of income; and secondly, a *general* income tax on the total of his income from *all sources whatsoever*, including the income which has already paid the sectional tax. Thus, after paying 12 per cent. on income from house property, 9·60 per cent. on trading profits, 7·20 per cent. on agricultural profit¹ and on salaries, annuities or pensions, 12 per cent. on French dividends, and 18 per cent. on foreign dividends, a Frenchman is called upon to pay the general income tax on his total income from all these and any other sources. As regards the sectional income tax (the first which has to be paid), the one-sixth

allowance for earned income is unknown, and although the taxpayer may deduct his reasonable travelling expenses from home to his place of business, this can scarcely ever be equal to one-sixth of his income. The personal allowance never exceeds 8000 francs, and that is in the case of the most favoured class of incomes, namely, salaries. It is much lower in the case of agricultural profits, namely, 5625 francs, lower still in the case of trading profits, 2875 francs, and non-existent in the case of income from house property. These figures may be compared with the uniform allowance of 135*l.* in England. The allowances for the wife, children, and dependants of the taxpayer also vary according to the class of income. For the most favoured class (salaries) the allowance for a wife is only 3000 francs, as against 90*l.* in England; for each child up to eighteen years of age the allowance is 3000 francs, and for each dependant over seventy 2000 francs. In the case of the other classes of income there is no direct allowance, but a percentage deduction from the tax may be obtained by application of highly complicated rules. Complication, however, sets in in earnest when the taxpayer has income from several classes—*catégories*—of property. Allowances must then be spread over the various assessments according to the ratio which each class of income bears to the whole and then the calculation is made at the different rates applicable to each. In these circumstances it becomes difficult to compare the operation of the French with the English system of taxation.

An explanatory notice issued by the French fiscal authorities gives instances of the amount of taxation payable in hypothetical cases. They are purely mythical. The first is that of a supposititious trader having made a profit of 4560 francs and with four dependants. The notice, of course, does not trouble to explain how the man will manage to keep these four bodies and souls together, apart from his own, on a yearly income of less than 45*l.* It merely works out his income tax at 100 francs 58 centimes; and, no doubt, the moral must be that he ought to be thankful for small mercies. As the merest office boy or messenger earns at least 400 francs a month and a good typist 800 francs, the compiler of the official notice can scarcely be aware of the trade conditions in his own country. The next example is that of an agriculturist whose annual profit amounts to 5570 francs and who has three persons to keep. His task may be difficult, though not so difficult as the trader just mentioned, yet his income tax will be lower, namely, 58 francs 47 centimes. Agriculture is a privileged calling in France. The third case refers to a happy bachelor or spinster without any dependants and in receipt of a yearly salary of 9100 francs. This, of course, might be the typist, or the office messenger if he were honest enough to disclose his

tips. This proletarian is treated better than anybody. His salary is good, he has no dependants, yet he will pay only 79 francs 20 centimes. As against this may be compared the next case of a taxpayer belonging to the class of society which Governments in all countries are ever ready to bleed—the taxpayer exercising a 'non-trading' profession, *e.g.*, a doctor, lawyer, official, etc., with a supposed income of 9340 francs. This is not much more than the office boy or typist gets, but it is even more than the average French county court judge gets. Assuming this professional gentleman has but one dependant, his income tax will amount to 574 francs 9 centimes, namely, more than seven times as much as the salaried proletarian with substantially the same income. If we put aside these official examples, whether heart-breaking or simply ridiculous, we may take the more plausible case of a middle-class man with a salary of, say, 30,000 francs and who has a wife and child. His allowances will be 8000 francs for himself, 3000 for his wife, and 3000 for his child—a total of 14,000 francs exempted, leaving a taxable income of 16,000 francs, on which he will have to pay at the rate of 7·2 per cent., *i.e.*, 1152 francs. He can claim a rebate of 5 per cent. in respect of the child, which will reduce his sectional income tax on his salary to 1094 francs 40 centimes. But he will still be liable to general income tax, which will be explained later. It will be realised that in England a salaried man in the same position would not pay any income tax unless he earned at least 313*l.*

An objection which immediately suggests itself is that the 30,000 francs in France may possibly go as far as, if not farther than, the 313*l.* in England. Even if this were true, the answer would be, that the Englishman is not liable to income tax, whereas the Frenchman has to pay over 1000 francs on this head plus half as much again by way of general tax, as will be seen later. The objection, however, yields little upon investigation. Apart from a few essentially French products, like early vegetables, wines, perfumery, etc., and certain items kept down by legislative enactment (pre-war rents and railway fares), one may get as much with a pound in England as with its equivalent on the same day in France. With every rise of the pound sterling the price of most commodities rise in sympathy. Even farmers base the prices for their produce on the rate of exchange, workers agitate for increases of pay and so on in the proverbial vicious circle.

We still have to consider the general income tax, which has to be paid in addition to the sectional income tax. This time the unfortunate taxpayer must declare, not only his own income and his wife's income, but also the income of the members of his family habitually residing with him and not separately assessed, so that the assessable income is really the 'family' or 'household'

income. From this 'household' or 'family' income he will be allowed to deduct first of all 3000 francs for his wife and as much for each child, then 2000 francs for every other dependant. The simple method of taxing the balance at so much per cent. did not commend itself to the French legislators. Instead, the following system was devised. The first 7000 francs of the said balance will be exempt. The next 13,000 francs (that is, up to 20,000 francs of the balance) will only be taken into account to the extent of one twenty-fifth, which in plain language means that instead of paying on 13,000 francs he will only pay on 520 francs. The next fraction of 10,000 francs (that is, up to 30,000 francs of the balance) is taken into account to the extent of two twenty-fifths, when he will pay on 800 francs and so on, the taxable proportion increasing by one twenty-fifth with every successive fraction of 10,000 francs until we get to 100,000 francs, after which the taxable proportion increases by one twenty-fifth for every fraction of 25,000 francs. After 400,000 francs the increase is for every fraction of 50,000 francs, and after 550,000 francs the sum in excess of that figure is included for the whole. As only a portion of the income is taxed, it may possibly be imagined that this general tax does not add much to the burden of the sectional income tax; but it does, for the rate is amazingly heavy, being 60 per cent., or 12s. in the pound, and for 1925 it was exceptionally and retrospectively increased to 72 per cent., or just under 14s. 5d. in the pound. In the case of the man with a salary of 30,000 francs considered above, and whose sectional income tax works out at 1094 francs 40 centimes, we can compute his general income tax as follows:—Income, 30,000 francs: allowance for wife, 3000; for child, 3000—total, 6000, leaving a balance of 24,000 francs. On the first 7000 francs (of this balance) he pays nothing; on the next 13,000 francs (*i.e.*, up to 20,000 francs) the taxable proportion will only be one twenty-fifth, namely, 520 francs. On the remaining 4000 francs the taxable proportion is two twenty-fifths, namely, 320 francs. The total proportion of income (already taxed as salary, but now liable to general tax) is 840 francs, which at the rate of 72 per cent. equals 604 francs 80 centimes. A deduction of 5 per cent. can be made for the child, thus reducing it to 574 francs; and as he has already paid by way of sectional tax 1094 francs, he will pay a total of 1668 francs on a salary of 30,000 francs, which, whatever a fair rate of exchange might be, is certainly less than the 313*l.* which an Englishman in the same position might earn without paying a penny income tax. In spite of all this English income tax and super-tax yield the stupendous total of 320,000,000*l.* per annum (over 7*l.* per head), the French income tax (sectional and general combined) in the record year of 1925 yielded only 8,230,000,000 francs, which is but 205 francs

per head, and which might be 82,000,000*l.* if the pound had been 100, which was the mean average rate for 1925, instead of its present value.

A rapid survey of other French taxes discloses a perfectly startling network of heavy imposts with ramifications extending over a wide range of subjects undreamed of in England. All traders pay a percentage tax on their turnover, whether they make a profit or not. The rate is 1·3 per cent. for retailers, 2 per cent. for wholesale businesses and 2·5 per cent. (6*d.* in the *l.*) for middlemen, forwarding agents, bankers and all non-manufacturing concerns. Hotels have for years paid a heavier turnover tax, which may be as much as 14 per cent.; but of course this is easily passed on to the client, who in nine cases out of ten is a foreigner. At first hotelkeepers objected to the tax, but they have dropped their opposition, since they have come to realise that nothing, apparently, will keep foreigners away from the fair land of France. Articles classed as '*de luxe*' pay 12 per cent., and the definition of the words '*de luxe*' is constantly being widened.

Estate or succession duty starts at 1 per cent. for estates and legacies below 2000 francs (there is no exemption under 100*l.*, as in England), and it increases, according to value and remoteness of relationship, to 59 per cent. A further additional estate duty varying from 25 per cent. to 39 per cent. is due where the deceased leaves less than four children alive or represented by their own issue, so that it is quite possible for a large estate to have to pay as much as 59 plus 39—*i.e.*, 98 per cent. This is obviously equivalent to confiscation. There was, indeed, a case which lately occupied the attention of the papers, and where it was alleged that these duties amounted to 90 per cent., but that the balance of 10 per cent. was absorbed by other taxes, stamps, court fees, etc., with the result that the only beneficiary did not get a penny of the millions left him. I am unable to say whether the case really occurred, but it is quite plausible. In fact, as, under French law, the heir who accepts a succession is liable for the debts, duties, etc., it might very well be that the heir who incautiously accepted a succession without going thoroughly into figures might find that the amount of the estate was not sufficient to cover the duties, court and lawyers' fees, etc., and actually have to make up the balance out of his own pocket. This may sound a joke, but in fact it is not, and the only safe course, even in the case of a 'millionaire' estate, is to accept the succession *sub beneficio inventarii*. For an estate worth, say, 1,000,000 francs, or less than 6000*l.*, the ordinary duty beyond the fourth degree of relationship (*i.e.*, after first cousins) is 37·326 per cent., and the extra duty if the deceased was childless would be 18·264 per cent., making a total

wed to deeper cent. On such an amount estate duty and legacy duty combined would not in England exceed 14 per cent.

On the sale of a business the duty in France is 9 per cent.; on the sale of house property the duty is at the appalling rate of 15 per cent., as compared with 1 per cent. in England. The tentacles of the fiscal octopus even worm their way round the thrifty Frenchman's provident insurance schemes against misfortune or old age. His life insurance premium bears the relatively small tax of 2.40 per cent. (nearly 6*d.* in the pound), whereas the Englishman secures a remission of income tax in this respect; but when it comes to fire and accident insurance the yearly premiums in France are increased by about 50 per cent. by means of a series of taxes with different names but with the same effect. On the formation of a company the stamp duty is 4 per cent., as against 1 per cent. in England. Judgments of French courts give rise to heavy *ad valorem* duties—*e.g.*, on an award of damages the fortunate or unfortunate litigant must pay 3 per cent. of the amount so awarded before he can take up his judgment, and if he delay beyond three weeks the duty is increased by one half to 4.50 per cent.

The reader may now let his imagination run loose and picture to himself innumerable other forms of taxation of which it is impossible to name many: stamps on posters and humble window notices, heavy taxes on illuminated signs, apprenticeship tax on salaries, taxes on the proceeds of auction sales (18 per cent.), stamps on receipts above 10 francs (as against 2*l.* in England), the compulsory use of special legal paper suitably stamped for many transactions, stamps on railway tickets, consignment notes, heavy fines for any omission, special increases of income tax on bachelors, spinsters and childless couples, and, lastly, the highly elaborate general customs tariff on all articles entering France, plus the further local customs tariff (technically called *octroi*) set up in almost every small town and village on articles of prime necessity—food, beverages, building materials, etc.

In spite of everything, the yield of taxation remains small, and to English eyes ridiculously so. It cannot be suggested that the country is poor. The population is hardworking, thrifty and prosperous. There is a favourable export balance. For charity balls at the Opéra seven or eight thousand tickets at 100 francs each sell like hot buns, and late applicants are disappointed.

It is sometimes said that large sections of persons or property are exempt from taxation in France. This is only true of some Government loans, and cannot be wondered at, for there was no other way the Government could get money. This has only led to injustice. A man with, say, 50,000 francs income from *Bons de la Défense Nationale* (exempt from the sectional income tax,

though not from the general income tax) pays about one half what is paid on the same amount by a professional man who has had to work hard for it. For certain other loans, in addition to freedom from taxation on the interest, the Government had to promise a bonus or premium of 50 per cent. on the capital, and is actually paying off 150 francs for every 100 francs borrowed. In the end the Government resorted to the gold basis. It asked for subscriptions to a Gold Loan, which was to bear only 4 per cent. interest; but such interest was free from *all taxation whatsoever*, and, moreover, both interest and capital were guaranteed payable according to the rate of exchange on the pound sterling or gold basis. Thus, the money having been borrowed when the pound was assumed to be worth 95 francs, if sterling appreciates by 50, 60 or 80 per cent. (as it practically has), interest has to be paid with an 80 per cent. bonus, and the capital cannot be paid off except with a similar bonus. If the pound dropped below 95 francs, however, there was no converse right to diminish the interest due or repay less than the amount of the subscriptions. The possibility was presumably too remote. It is a melancholy consideration that subscriptions only came in gingerly; the Gold Loan, in spite of all its advantages, was admitted to be a failure. Confidence had gone. It has not returned. The Gold Loan, though issued at par, is now only quoted at 93 on the Stock Exchange. It has been as low as 83.

It is probably not the duty of an Englishman to give any advice to the French Government. Of the remedies suggested by the French people themselves some are mere tinkering, some are perfectly wild suggestions. As a curious example of tinkering I may mention a new regulation that all documents coming from a foreign country for use in France must henceforth be legalised first of all by the French consul in the foreign country concerned. Hitherto it was possible, for instance, to get an English birth certificate from London, have it legalised at the British Consulate in Paris, and lastly at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Paris. Henceforth that alternative is gone; the document must be taken to the French Consul in London for legalisation, then to the French Foreign Office in Paris, thus compelling the payment of more fees to the French Consulate. What these few drops in the ocean can do is best not inquired into. As regards wild suggestions, the wildest of all was quite seriously debated by parliamentarians, namely, that the State should henceforth succeed to the estate of a deceased person *pari passu* with any other heirs in addition to collecting the heavy succession duties already noticed.

It is superfluous to point out that the higher the taxation the greater the temptation is to evade it. When it amounts to confiscation many people will be found to justify and advocate evasion.

That evasion is the main trouble is now admitted by everybody in France, though at one time Englishmen were freely rebuked for saying so. The French sectional income tax on personal securities and investments in 1925 produced but 1,937,000,000 francs, or less than 50 francs per head. The total tax on agricultural profits paid by the three poorest French departments—namely, Les Landes, Les Hautes Alpes, and La Corrèze—altogether is less than 50*l.*; one of these departments actually paid less than 1000 francs. They must be poor indeed. Yet there are no destitute or unemployed in France. Of the Paris doctors, not more than six declared an income above 100,000 francs. The number of motor cars in use in France greatly exceeds the number of people who declare an income of 30,000 francs. This is a fair land indeed where 'families' or 'households' with less than 300*l.* a year can keep motor cars.

The words quoted in the title of this article are a striking admission by an eminent Frenchman of the wholesale evasion by French people of their financial duty to the community. Apparently those who are not sufficiently '*poire*' to pay their taxes are not wise enough to realise that they are, each for his own share, responsible for the French Budget deficit, the depreciation of the franc, the consequent increase of prices, the necessity for further taxation, the wild schemes of the extremists inciting to further evasion, thus completing that vicious circle from which the country seems unable to emerge. The individual gain secured by evasion is made doubtful, if not negatived, by rapid depreciation of the money saved; the collective result means disaster to the community, and hence to the defaulters themselves. Whatever 'practical' remedies are adopted, there must first of all be on the part of the governing bodies a return to a reasonable system of taxation rigidly enforced without discrimination or inequalities among the classes of the community; whilst on the other hand the great mass of the people must realise that honest and patriotic obedience to the fiscal laws of the nation is just as necessary for the 'salvation of the country as the wonderful sacrifices of life and limb made by Frenchmen during the Great War and so aptly called '*L'Impôt du Sang*.' After all, '*L'Impôt des Poires*,' though calling for less heroism, stands on the same ethical plane as '*L'Impôt du Sang*.'

A. C. WRIGHT.

THE EMPTY THRONE

THE life of every exile is gloomy; the life of a king in exile is a tragedy. The two claimants to the throne of France have recently passed away: the head of the House of France and the head of the House of Bonaparte—that house which gave to her country glory and agony unimaginable.

Of the Prince who died at Brussels it may be recorded that his life was not clouded by poverty, and he was happily married: these are consolations. He was reputedly unambitious, and did not chafe at the slow disappearance of the Napoleonic tradition. When that tradition revived some thirty years ago, *Vanity Fair* published a portrait of the Prince with the Imperial eagle descending on him. It did not descend, and his Imperial Highness even received with some austerity a deputation of sympathisers who urged him to assert his claim to the throne of France. That claim now devolves upon his son.

The only man of my acquaintance who might be presumed to have knowledge of the subject summed up the situation in seven words and closed the conversation: 'He wants to stay where he is.'

The Prince who died at Palermo left no son; so the headship of the House of France descends to the Duke of Guise. The Napoleonic tradition almost died with the Prince Imperial; its only important periodical, in Paris, flickered out in the early days of the war. Far different has been the fate of the Royalist cause. Under the Expulsion Law of 1886 the Duke of Guise automatically becomes an exile. All his life he has led, sumptuously and sagaciously, the life of a model citizen, as an extensive landed proprietor in France and French Africa. He is not now allowed to set foot in his native country—not even to attend the requiem mass for his dead cousin celebrated by the Cardinal-Archbishop himself in the Cathedral of Notre Dame.

It is at this point that we must needs take note of current comments of the usual loose type. 'Illiberal,' 'oppressive,' and so on, are the words usually applied to the Law of 1886. What of that? We should consider (of any given measure), not whether

it is 'liberal' or not, but whether or no it is a source of strength to the country.

Let us take two examples from French history—the massacre of St. Bartholomew and the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Each of these was what we should call now illiberal and oppressive. The first has been widely condemned—in fact it was a murderous affair; but it was the salvation of France. It was the only course for the Queen to pursue—*i.e.*, if she valued her own life, her sons' rights, her country, her throne, and her faith. All were in jeopardy, and by one bold stroke she saved them all.

The revocation of the Edict of Nantes would be incredible if we did not know that it was actually perpetrated. That a monarch in the plenitude of his power should have committed such gigantic tomfoolery is one of the most stupefying events of history. The loss to France by the massacre was comparatively trivial. France recovered rapidly. It may be doubted whether France has ever recovered from the effects of the revocation. Here, then, we have two events—both grossly 'illiberal,' to use our modern word. The first was the salvation of the country; the second was something like its ruin. We have therefore to inquire, without passion or prejudice, whether the Law of Expulsion has been of benefit to France or not.

It is a question of great complexity. It might have been argued that there were several claimants, and that to allow them all to live in Paris would serve the cause of the Republic by bringing monarchy into derision; but it was not so argued. Until quite recent years the Law of Exile was approved by the people; and no movement for a restoration had a chance of success. (In this connexion some of us may remember the ridiculous Boulanger escapade of thirty-five years ago.) France has groaned for half a century under the Republican Constitution of 1875; and that Constitution was only passed by a majority of *one* in a full House. The transformation of a country passionately monarchical into a country sullenly republican was, alas, the work of the King himself.

No better man ever lived than Henry V. (as he was acclaimed), King of France, more generally known as the Count of Chambord. Lamed by a riding accident, he was unable to take exercise and grew heavier than was comely; otherwise nothing was lacking to his royal appearance and bearing. His piety was sincere and remarkable. The Countess of Chambord was slightly older than her husband. She knew herself to be unfitted for the rank of queen. She was conscious of the inability to modify her arrogance or mitigate her ignorance. Even her piety was so rigid and unbending as to be without grace or charm. 'If they made my husband King, the only way in which I could help him would

be to die at once.' She said this without bitterness; but surely no wife ever said a sadder thing.

The Count himself, with all his personal charm and intellectual distinction, suffered under a delusion harmless in itself but fatal to his cause; he really believed himself to be a profound diplomatist. He was readily accessible, but only to those who accepted him as King of France. Even to these he would abate not a jot of his claim. 'Henry IV. made concessions, sir,' said a perplexed courtier. 'No doubt,' returned the King; 'but Henry IV. was a hero, whereas I am only a fat old man with a limp.'

The Monarchists were in favour of early action. Without wasting more time in further negotiations with one who would not negotiate, they ordered the state coach to be built. (This was afterwards used by M. Waddington when he represented the French Republic at the coronation of Alexander III.) For the coach they ordered a carpet of royal blue powdered with the fleur de lys of France. The necessary six horses were put in training and the necessary grooms to guide the horses. The harness was of silver engraved with the lilies of France. The King's uniform as a lieutenant-general of the kingdom bore a star of the Legion of Honour with the fleur de lys in the centre. A special train from the frontier was ordered and waiting. The army was on their side; the Assembly stoutly Monarchist. The Government was in the hands of 'the five dukes'—the Duke of Broglie, the Duke of La Rochefoucauld-Bisaccia, the Duke d'Audiffret Pasquier, the Duke Decazes, and the Marshal-Duke of Magenta. It seemed impossible that they could fail. A '*coup*' was too strong a word to apply to such a facile performance. The King had, literally, nothing to do but ascend his throne.

Instead of ascending his throne he crossed the frontier accompanied by his lord-in-waiting, M. de Vanssay—both under assumed names with papers to correspond.

Arrived at Versailles, M. de Vanssay called on the Duchess of Magenta and said: 'Madam, the King is here.' The Duchess was a very great lady. Uninterested in politics, she found nothing to say except: 'I do not know what my husband may say about that; you had better see him, M. de Vanssay,' and then resumed her work.

What happened next? M. de Vanssay waited on the President, who said not a word, even in reply to an eloquent and moving appeal. The key of the King's rooms was in vain pressed on the Marshal; he refused to touch it. Finally M. de Vanssay returned to report his failure, and afterwards to accompany his master once more into the exile from which he never returned. It may be surmised that MacMahon was taken aback, and not over-pleased.

at the King's attempt to surprise him into a decision. There is also little doubt that the King desired above all things to become King of France while remaining unpledged to the Chamber.

The net result was a fatal blow to the cause of the elder line. The Royalists, bewildered by the King's action, disheartened and saddened by its failure, had no longer any reason for existing. They could offer a stubborn resistance to the rising tide of Republicanism, but they were foredoomed to failure. His Majesty remained a claimant and nothing more. In the natural course of events France was saddled with the Constitution of 1875.

Much has been made of the question of the flag. It is true that the King issued some proclamations on the subject which were not very impressive, but red, white, and blue remained the colours of the House of France, as nobody knew better than the head of the House of France. In days gone by when the kings led their troops to battle they fought under the oriflamme (the *aurea flamma*)—red powdered with golden lilies. In peace time the king flew the white flag—white with golden lilies. He was crowned in blue—also powdered with golden lilies, as the curious may verify by a visit to Kensington Palace. Here they will see the full-length portraits of Louis XVI. and Louis XVIII.—the one by Callet and the other by Guérin, both in their coronation robes.

The coronation was not a function for the good city of Paris; it took place at Rheims. Thus very few people could witness the ceremony. As there were only two of these imposing services in the course of 130 years, it is not remarkable that most people should have forgotten that blue was a royal colour. Thus the white flag became the symbol of the monarchy, as it was the only flag the people ever saw. When Louis XVI. was dragged from Versailles the red, white, and blue was seen for the first time—symbolical of the reunion of the King to his good city of Paris. The arms of the city of Paris, as everybody knows, are gules, a chief azure semée of flower de luces—i.e., blue and red. The addition of the white flag was an eloquent symbol of a reconciliation too long delayed. There would have been nothing derogatory to the King in accepting a rearrangement of the colours of his own house. Never was a crown thrown away so lightly, if this were the real reason; but it is more likely to have been the result of the King's lamentable belief in himself as a profound diplomatist.

The death of Henry V. leaving no descendants, the House of Orleans became the House of France. His late Royal Highness—'Philippe VIII.' to his adherents—was undoubtedly a great prince. In early life he made a plucky claim to be allowed to enter the French army. For this he was sent to prison, and the

sentence evoked no remarkable expression of disapproval. It is highly significant of the change of public opinion that the maintenance of the Law of Exile in the France of to-day should arouse indignation on all sides. This is due to the activity of the Royalist Press—brilliant, sagacious, fearless, and thoroughly well-informed.

It may be illuminating to consider the case of the last claimant to the throne of England. Henry IX., as he is described on the commemorative tablet in St. Peter's, was king 'Dei gratia sed non voluntate populi.' His predecessor in the claim made one dashing attempt to regain the crown, actually penetrated as far south as Derby, and passed for all time as the hero of romance—Prince Charlie. After this he dwelt in exile, married, but too late in life to 'settle down,' and died in 1788. His brother had capacity and application; he was highly considered by the Holy See and much employed. He assumed, or received, the title of Cardinal of York. Until the irruption of the French he enjoyed large revenues. When deprived of these by 'readjustment,' as the phrase goes, he became very poor. At this point the real King of England, King George III., intervened. With a gesture truly royal he decreed that the last prince of the House of Stuart should not be allowed to remain in indigence. He allowed his distant cousin 4000*l.* a year until his death in 1807.

From this brief sketch we can now realise what the Royalists of France have not to face or fear.

(1) Indifference: a terrible foe. Prince after prince in succession has firmly but without ostentation claimed his birth-right.

(2) Religion: that, of course, yet not always or altogether. It was the chief cause of the Stuart failures.

(3) Indigence. It was a proud gesture of King George to pension his cousin; but, when all was said and done, he was reduced to the position of a pensioner on the bounty of the sovereign whose throne he claimed. A sorry lot. The House of France is undoubtedly rich, and, reputedly, extremely wealthy.

(4) Obscurity. The late Duke of Orleans was exiled for forty years. As a natural result nobody in France knew him by sight, with the exception of a few intimate friends who visited him in England. The Duke of Guise possesses a host of personal friends. As a French landlord he belongs to a popular and highly-considered class—a very different class from that of the bullied, derided, and impoverished English landlords.

(5) Indiscretion. We have noticed at some length the blazing indiscretion of the Count of Chambord in attempting to manoeuvre himself on to the throne of France as an absolute monarch. The Royalists of to-day have nothing like this to fear. All this makes

a strong position. As against these advantages we have to set off—

- (1) A very weak party in the Chambers; and
- (2) A Press unsurpassable for dignity, resource and wit, but not counting many periodicals in Paris.

An uncertain factor remains: is the present form of government popular?

M. Thiers used to say (in defence of the Republic): 'It is the form of government that divides us the least.' Sound common-sense policy; in pursuit of which he employed M. Pouyer-Quertier—a vehement, even a rabid, Bonapartist—to negotiate with Bismarck, for the excellent reason that he was the only man in France who could be relied upon to eat and drink as much as the Prince, and more if necessary. M. Thiers selected the Vicomte de Gontaut-Biron, an ardent Royalist, for the Berlin Embassy because the great ladies of that Court (the Empress and the Crown Princess) had suffered untold things from Prussian manners. M. de Gontaut-Biron had perfect manners, and speedily became (as Thiers had foreseen) a power, greatly to the vexation of the suspicious Bismarck. A Government inspired by this all-embracing sympathy must needs be a strong Government. 'Sympathy'—there is the word; it is the spiritual source of strength of the Royalist Party. 'Everything that is national is ours,' wrote the late Duke of Orleans. His Royal Highness's words have become the watchword of royalism, although it is hardly more at present than a spirit moving on the face of the waters. Among cited concrete examples of Republican ineptitude, or worse, is the contrast between the pound sterling and the franc. In days gone by when the franc stood at 25 to the pound the Bank of England was humbly grateful to the Bank of France for the loan of 3,000,000*l.* sterling to help us over the Baring crisis. To-day (May 15) the franc is at 160 to the pound, which sounds like shocking mismanagement; but does this affect a country which depends so little on foreign trade? One would say not—at least, not to the extent of causing general discontent.

At present the situation depends less on the activity of the Royalists than on the inexhaustible capacity of the Republicans for making blunders. It is no longer true, if it ever was true, that ridicule kills in France. If such was the case, the Republic would have been dead long since. It is just barely possible that some day they may go too far in outraging public sentiment. Witness the downright insanity of brawling (500 casualties and arrests)—over the memory of whom? Of Joan of Arc! Far from the Republic being 'the form of government that divides France' the least, it would appear that the rulers of France were

bent on dividing France as much as possible and as roughly as possible. This can have only one result—that of driving all lovers of their country into the Royalist ranks. Here, at least, there are now no divisions, and there is much wisdom in patience: when the fruit is ripe it falls.

W. F. LORD.

THE GENEVA DEADLOCK

My son, you will be surprised with how little wisdom the world is governed.—AXEL OXENSTIERNA.

AFTER ten days of strenuous deliberations and nervous tension the Assembly which met at Geneva on March 8 to consider the question of Germany's admission to the League rose without having reached an agreement. The Assembly admitted with regret 'that the difficulties so far encountered have not permitted the attainment of the result for which it was convened,' and it was decided to adjourn the question of Germany's admission till September.¹

To many this failure was a great surprise and a bitter disappointment. The judgment of public opinion all over the world has not been mild. Hard words have been used denouncing not only the intrigues and underground work which were supposed to have brought about the crisis, but also the policy of those statesmen whose efforts at Locarno seemed to have opened a new era for European politics. Even the League itself has been severely attacked.

This criticism culminated in the report presented by Mr. Houghton, the American Ambassador in London, to President Coolidge and the Secretary of State on the condition of affairs in Europe, with particular reference to the events and tendencies which caused the deadlock at Geneva. Let us quote the substance of this report, which was given publicity through the American Press:²

The continent of Europe, so far as its statesmen are concerned, has learned nothing from the war; the League of Nations, far from becoming a truly international instrument for the organisation of peace, is moving towards a revival of the Alliance of 1815, with the tremendous difference that it cannot hope to guarantee forty years' tranquillity in Europe; in this movement France is the leader, with certain satellite Powers aiding and abetting, and with the British Government reluctantly carried along—reluctantly because the tide of British feeling sets strongly in the opposite direction and yet, in the opinion of Sir Austen Chamberlain, inevitably because co-operation with France is desirable in the Near East and else-

¹ The Locarno Powers, however, solemnly declared that the spirit and implications of the Locarno Treaties remained intact.

² *The Times*, March 19, 1926.

where; the Powers of the European continent do not genuinely wish to disarm and do not relish or want American participation in their councils; the preliminary arms conference at Geneva will meet, if it does meet, to discuss proposals upon which agreement is neither desired nor expected and which have been deliberately and disingenuously advanced in order to make failure certain. There is no hope for disarmament until the present madness has run its course, and weariness or impending disaster brings a change of heart. The French argument that industrial resources should be included in the calculation of military capacity has been put forward as a subterfuge, as a screen behind which the growth of the balance of power, heavily weighted in favour of France, can proceed with the minimum interruption. The determination to poison the discussion of disarmament even before it begins, lies behind the unwillingness of Continental Powers to face the application of the Treaty of Versailles which would make the entry of a disarmed Germany into the League a signal for similar restrictions by other Powers.

It is much to be regretted that this report was ever published. Even if it had presented a true picture of the European situation, consideration of its possible consequences should have prevented the American Ambassador from giving it publicity. That in these troubled times when co-operation between the Western nations is needed more than ever an Ambassador of the United States should not only hold such views but also propagate them is undoubtedly a cause of grave anxiety.

If the object of this action were to lower the prestige of the League of Nations in America, and thereby strengthen the hands of those who believe that America should keep aloof for ever from the League and political co-operation with Europe, it has probably produced the desired effect, since the American public are accustomed to have confidence in the judgment and observations of their representative at the Court of St. James. If, however, this action were a link in a definite policy having for its object to prevent united action between the Great Powers of Europe—for fear that this might end in financial co-operation directed against the United States—it has failed hopelessly to attain its object. In fact, there are indications that it has produced the opposite effect, *i.e.*, that it has increased rather than reduced the strength of feelings in Europe against the creditors on the other side of the Atlantic.

It is interesting to compare Mr. Kellogg's sober and broad-minded opinion of the disarmament question with the statements of his successor. In a speech delivered at the luncheon of the Associated Press in New York on April 20 Mr. Kellogg, now the Secretary of State, is reported to have said:³

The desire for further limitation of armaments is universal, but with that desire there is a most natural demand for security. We would not be

³ *The Times*, April 23, 1926.

candid with ourselves or just to others if we did not recognise the peculiarly fortunate situation of our own country in this respect. With our detached position and our geographic isolation from those areas of the world where conflicting territorial or political issues have led to the maintenance of large standing armies, we have been able to reduce our land forces. . . . We have every reason to rejoice that our situation has permitted this, but no justification for overlooking the different problems with which other countries are faced.

This statement is important, not only for its justice of judgment, but also because it clearly shows that the American Government have not accepted the views of Mr. Houghton on the disarmament question or been misled by his account of European affairs.

If we try to analyse without prejudice the conditions which led up to the deadlock at Geneva, we shall find that it was due more to a series of unfortunate circumstances than to a new war-like spirit and schemes of evil nature. Let us consider some of these circumstances.

Returning from his holiday visit to Italy in January, Sir Austen Chamberlain stopped in Paris for a conference with M. Briand on the forthcoming meeting of the League of Nations. In the course of their conversations M. Briand is understood to have urged upon the Foreign Secretary the importance of Poland being given a permanent seat on the Council at the same time as Germany. France was anxious to maintain friendly relations with Germany, but if France would always have to represent Poland on the Council she was likely to come into conflict with Germany over matters which were essentially Polish and not French. If, on the other hand, Poland were represented on the Council, France would not only be in a better position to keep up friendly relations with Germany, but France and Great Britain would be able to mediate in disputes which might arise between Poland and Germany to the benefit of the whole of Europe.

Sir Austen Chamberlain was naturally impressed by these arguments, and was certainly determined, without giving any pledge in the matter—he had not been in touch with his colleagues in the Government since his departure for Italy—to give the French view a fair hearing. We must remember also that the British Government was under a special debt of gratitude to M. Briand, not only for his attitude at Geneva when the Protocol was on the tapis and during the Locarno Conference, but also for his loyal support of the British Government in the Mosul question despite opposition in his own country to such a policy.

Shortly after Sir Austen Chamberlain's return to London rumours were being spread to the effect that the Foreign Secretary was inclined to support the Polish claim for a permanent seat on

the Council, and that, in fact, he should have given a definite pledge in this respect to M. Briand. The truth of this last version was denied on January 30 by the Diplomatic Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, who wrote: 'In these circumstances it is gratifying that Sir Austen Chamberlain should have declined to commit himself *definitely* in the matter without further consideration.'⁴ However, this carefully-worded denial was generally interpreted as a positive statement to the effect that, although no definite pledge was given, the Foreign Secretary had let M. Briand understand that he was favourably disposed towards the Polish claim. It was also given out that he had promised the Spanish Ambassador in Paris, Señor Quinones de Leon, to support the Spanish candidature to a permanent seat on the Council in continuance of the policy pursued by the British Government in 1921. The matter was further complicated through articles in the French Press demanding an extension of the Council for the purpose of creating a counterpoise to Germany.

This was more than the public could digest, and a storm arose in the Press. Violent attacks in the German Press were seconded by severe criticism of the French attitude in the leading British and Swedish newspapers. It was feared that the French Government was trying to form a kind of Latin-Slavonic coalition in the Council with a view to counteracting and neutralising German influence. These groundless fears, which were given publicity through the Press all over the world, did not improve the situation. The great mistake was that in the general mind the policy outlined by *Le Temps* was identified with that of the French Government, whereas, in fact, the much-debated leading article of that paper which appeared on February 9 was inspired, not by the Government, but by M. Laroche, the French Ambassador-designate to Warsaw, whose views in the matter are considerably more pronounced than those of M. Briand.

It has been suggested that if at an early date the German Government had been informed in a friendly spirit of the French standpoint they would have been more ready to listen to M. Briand's argument, and that a way out of the difficulty might then have been found before the Geneva Conference. As it was, the German Government had to rely for information on reports in the Press and current rumours, which were often misleading and sometimes wholly untrue. This naturally caused an atmosphere of insecurity and distrust.

Whether or not this criticism is justified we do not know, and for the simple reason that we have no proof that the German Government was not consulted or kept informed by the British and French Governments.

⁴ The italics are mine.

The *Morning Post* of February 10 contained the following sensational message from its Geneva Correspondent :

The most reliable authorities indicate that Spain is certain to be given a permanent seat at the same time as Germany. . . . It is stated that Sir Austen Chamberlain has changed his point of view, while France, Italy and Japan have always favoured giving . . . Spain . . . a permanent place.

On the other hand, a reassuring statement appeared the following day in the *Daily Telegraph*, the Diplomatic Correspondent writing :

Therefore all reports and rumours current here and on the Continent to the effect that the British Government and the Foreign Secretary have actually either promised or denied the privileges sought by this or that country are utterly groundless. . . . Sir Austen Chamberlain, when recently in Paris, was on this account most scrupulously careful not to give any pledge in the matter, whether to M. Briand or to Señor Quinones de Leon, whether about Spain, Poland or about any other country.

However, the storm once aroused was not easily calmed. Every day the atmosphere became thicker, and it was soon clear that the forthcoming meeting of the Assembly would not be one of peace and mutual understanding.

On February 23 Sir Austen Chamberlain spoke at Birmingham, explaining why he was not on principle opposed to creating additional seats on the Council. He pointed out that eleven members were not sufficient to represent the moral judgment of the world, especially not in critical circumstances, when six out of the eleven might be unable to take part in any decision because they were themselves interested parties. This might lead to the absurd situation that a minority would have to pronounce the judgments of the Council.

This speech was generally considered as a confirmation of the intimations which had appeared in the Press, and the feelings in the country began to run very high against the Foreign Secretary, rumours even being spread that he would be compelled to resign.

However, Sir Austen Chamberlain partly dispersed these suspicions at the meeting of the League of Nations Parliamentary Committee on March 1, when he declared himself immovably opposed to the suggestion that any States should be elected to the Council as a counterpoise to Germany. Three days later in the House of Commons he denied emphatically the rumour that he had contracted any engagements as regards the composition of the Council, or any other question, when he passed through Paris on his return from Rapallo.

Thus the whole tangle of intimations and misrepresentations which had been discussed for weeks all over Europe fell to the ground. We have here a striking example of the harm which can be caused to international relations through sensational rumours and badly-informed articles in the Press.

As a result of his speech, and with the Prime Minister's support, the Foreign Secretary secured a vote of confidence by a majority of no less than 100 votes.

Sir Austen Chamberlain departed for Geneva with the following instructions. He should uphold the principle that only the Great Powers were to be represented permanently on the Council of the League of Nations, Spain, however, to be ranked in a class of its own which might require special treatment. Neither Poland nor Brazil was to be given a permanent seat on the Council, but the desirability of electing Poland to a non-permanent seat at an early date was recognised. Any change in the composition of the Council which would prevent or delay Germany's entry into the League, thus endangering the Locarno Pact, should be opposed.

The air was highly explosive when the Assembly met at Geneva on March 8. For over a month the nations had been preparing for the coming contest, and it was at once clear that Sir Austen Chamberlain, who arrived at Geneva determined to do his utmost for a settlement, would have an uphill fight.

We know the result of the meeting. In spite of Sweden's generous offer to resign her seat on the Council so as to make room for Poland, the meeting stranded on the single vote of Senhor Mello-Franco, the representative of Brazil, who refused to cast his vote for Germany's admission unless Brazil was guaranteed a permanent seat on the Council.

The fact that Brazil remained persistent to the bitter end, and actually made use of her right of veto, created great astonishment, and immediately gave rise to rumours that her action was secretly approved by some of the Great Powers. The main suspicion fell on Italy and France, but Great Britain, the United States, the Vatican, and even Germany herself, were also suspected of secret understanding with the Brazilian Government.

The Trentino incident, which took place after the signing of the Locarno Pact, was supposed to account for the changed attitude of the Italian Government, and the fact that the Italian Secretary for Foreign Affairs had informed the Italian journalists that any criticism of the Brazilian action would be censored by his Government was quoted as a proof of their guilt. The French Government was supposed to have changed its attitude as a result of the increasing activities of the *Anschluss* movement, which had given rise to a series of articles in the French Press and considerably excited public opinion.

However, these suggestions seem extremely doubtful, especially considering the fact that ever since the League was formed Brazil has persistently demanded a permanent seat on the Council and taken up a very unconciliatory attitude in the matter. She con-

siders herself entitled to a permanent seat on the Council, since she is the principal Power of America represented on the League of Nations. In 1921 she voted against Spain's admission to a permanent seat for the mere reason that she was not granted one herself, and the circumstance that at the Assembly Spain's candidature seemed to be favoured rather than her own did not make her more disposed to giving up her claim. In these circumstances it seems hardly just to throw the blame for Brazil's action on any other State.

Brazil chose the moment when vital issues were at stake—and consequently her right of veto placed her in a position to bring pressure to bear on the League—for trying to force her claim. In this she took a heavy responsibility and acted contrary to the spirit of the League. In the circumstances it would have been her duty, as a member of the League, to place her own national interests after those of humanity as a whole.

However, the action of Brazil teaches the nations of Europe a lesson. If Brazil had never been dragged into the intrigues and petty disputes of the European nations, she would have been less impressed by the strength of her own cause and probably would have refrained from the drastic step she then took.

A nation whose attitude deserves special recognition in this connexion is Sweden. The words of Sweden's great Chancellor quoted above are still true to-day when Sweden has again been brought into the field of European politics—this time not as a conqueror and a Great Power, but as the upholder of fair play and good manners in international relations.

When in 1905 Sweden gave Norway freedom without a shot being fired, she set a fine example of international conduct. When in 1921, in the interest of peace, she submitted to the decision of the League of Nations handing over the Åland islands with their purely Swedish population to Finland, she set another precedent of international discipline. When, finally, at the March Assembly of the League of Nations she took a firm stand against the powers of intrigue and offered to make room for Poland on the Council of the League rather than that Germany should not be admitted to the League and the Locarno Pact fall to the ground, she placed for the third time her own important interests after those of peace and humanity as a whole. She thus showed her complete superiority over those nations which were fighting with all their might for a seat on the Council without regard to the fact that they thereby injured the cause of the League and endangered the settlement of the security problem. Her action taught these States a good lesson in international behaviour and gained for her the respect of every nation in the League.

As we have emphasised already, the breakdown at Geneva in March was primarily the result of awkward methods and unfortunate circumstances. However, we cannot help thinking that what happened to Geneva was a warning to Europe. The March meeting of the Assembly was the first occasion on which conflicting interests of the great ex-enemy Powers were involved. It gives a foretaste of what might be the result of Germany's admission to the League. It does not by any means constitute a reason for refusing her admission—since this is the essential condition for a permanent settlement of the security problem—but it shows the necessity of watchfulness and careful preparation before every important meeting of the League. Without these precautions the very existence of the League might easily be endangered.

At the moment of writing (June 12) fresh difficulties have arisen regarding Spain and Brazil. As to Brazil—not only has she resigned the non-permanent seat which she has kept for seven years, but she has given notice that she intends to resign from the League.

It is difficult yet to foretell the outcome of the September meeting of the League. There are two things which ought to be avoided.

One is any further delay in admitting Germany to the League and to the Council. The suggestion that Germany from now on should be treated as a *de facto* member of the Council, and that no great harm would be done if the September meeting adjourns its decision on this point, seems highly unsatisfactory. We do not know the origin of this suggestion contained in a Memorandum widely circulated among diplomatists and politicians, but it displays a tendency against which we must be on our guard. It may not be that it emanates from circles where Germany's admission to the League is viewed with anxiety and where the general desire is to prevent her admission, but if it does, this document is undoubtedly a clever diplomatic move. If Germany could be persuaded to accept the situation contemplated in this document, many of the advantages of her admission to the League would be safeguarded, while, on the other hand, the danger of her obstructing the work of the Council and introducing matters which might lead to serious conflicts would be avoided.

However, Germany is not likely to accept a situation which would thus encroach upon her national dignity. We must remember also that Germany's admission to the League is the only condition on which the Locarno Pact will come into force, and that therefore the whole settlement of the security problem would be imperilled if Germany remained outside the League. For these reasons the suggestions contained in the above Memorandum should be treated with great caution.

The other point of importance is that Brazil must be persuaded to remain in the League and accept re-election to the Council. Considering that Brazil is by far the most important State of America represented on the League, that her population is nearly as big as that of all the other South American States taken together, that her territory is larger than that of the United States (proper), and that she is possessed of immense natural resources, it is clear that her resignation from the League would be a very serious matter. Her example might be followed by other South American States, and the League of Nations would tend more and more to become—what it should not be—a mere European League. It is of the greatest importance, not only for those European nations which have vital interests outside Europe, but also for America, that this should be prevented. A European League might easily develop into a kind of combine against America, and serious conflicts between the two continents might then be difficult to prevent.

Owing to the fact that the importance of the Council is steadily increasing, its reconstruction has become a matter of urgent necessity. Nations who are not represented on the Council feel that they cannot keep in touch with or influence the policy of the League in important matters which are settled by the Council and not by the Assembly.

The Council must not be made too large and cumbersome. We must remember that all its decisions on matters of policy require a unanimous vote, and that the larger the Council is the more difficult will it be to obtain unanimity. The object of the unanimity clause is to preserve the sovereignty of the various States. But there are other means of safeguarding the same object even if that clause were removed. Thus, if the majority rule were introduced, the provision could be made that in cases where the sovereign rights of any nation or nations are involved, no decision of the Council should be binding without their consent. The somewhat elastic wording of this provision might in certain cases give rise to differences of opinion; but it would have the great advantage over the present hard-and-fast rule that it would make smooth working possible, an essential condition for confidence and stability in international affairs. Moreover, it would prevent any one nation from trying to enforce its own claims through threatening to use its right of veto to the detriment of other nations and humanity as a whole. A reform of the constitution of the League of Nations on this point is of the utmost importance, since the unanimity rule, if maintained, is bound to prove fatal one day to the existence of the League by creating a position of stalemate followed by wholesale resignations of the States involved.

There are, mainly, two lines which a reconstruction of the Council can follow.

One is to introduce the much-discussed system of rotation, according to which the non-permanent seats on the Council should be distributed among groups of the more important minor Powers whose international interests are supposed more or less to coincide. Only the traditional Great Powers—Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, and Japan (eventually the United States and Russia)—would be permanently represented on the Council.

The alternative proposal is to introduce a system similar to that which at present exists for the election of the governing body of the International Labour Office. The qualifications of the various nations are calculated on the basis of their industrial importance in accordance with a special index. In the case of elections to the Council the qualifications would naturally have to be somewhat different, so as to indicate not only the industrial but also the general importance of each nation.

The index numbers might, for instance, be arranged according to the following table:—

1. Total number of adults having received elementary education.
2. Elementary education per thousand inhabitants.
3. Academic education per thousand inhabitants.
4. Estimated value in sterling of total industrial output.
5. Total horse-power employed for industrial purposes.
6. Estimated value in sterling of exports.
7. Estimated value in sterling of imports.
8. Total length of railways.
9. Tonnage of mercantile marine.

For each of these categories should be given an index number proportionate to the result obtained by each nation according to official statistics, and the order of precedence between the nations should be determined by the total score they have thus obtained.

It might be decided either that those five (or seven) nations which rank highest according to this scale should be members of the Council as long as they are qualified, and that among the remaining nations those which have obtained a certain minimum total should be elected in rotation to membership of the Council, or else that all nations which have obtained a certain quota should be entitled to membership of the Council as long as they maintain their position according to the above scale.

The introduction of either of these methods for appointing members of the Council would mean a distinct improvement on the present system, under which certain nations figure 'for ever and ever' as permanent members of the Council. It would considerably strengthen the position of the League, since it would

allay the feelings of the rank and file and terminate the present struggle for permanent representation on the part of minor nations.

Since the meeting of the League of Nations in March two events of great international significance have taken place—the conclusion of a Treaty between Germany and Soviet Russia, and the meeting at Geneva of the Preparatory Disarmament Committee. Both these events have caused considerable alarm, the former being interpreted as an indication that Germany, after her experiences at Geneva, has again been drawn into the sphere of influence of the Soviet Government, while the failure of the Disarmament Committee to arrive at an agreement has been regarded by many as a proof of Mr. Houghton's statement that the nations of Europe do not genuinely wish to disarm.

To my mind this gloomy view of the situation is hardly justified, and for the following reasons.

The German-Soviet Treaty carefully avoids all provisions which would prejudice the position of Germany or prevent the fulfilment of her obligations as a member of the League of Nations. On the other hand, it will not be denied that the Treaty of April 24, which is an extension of the Treaty of Rapallo covering the situation resulting from the Locarno Pact and Germany's prospective entry into the League, might in certain circumstances develop into a potential alliance. However, it is my firm conviction that, after Germany's election to the League, this situation will never arise.

As regards the disarmament question, we must not ask or expect too much at once. Disarmament must be a gradual process. Any other course would be extremely unwise as long as the conditions in Eastern Europe remain unsettled. It is true that France must show her good-will through reducing her armaments in accordance with the Versailles Treaty, but it would be unreasonable to call upon her to do so before the security problem is definitely settled through the ratification of the Locarno Pact. We have no doubt that the French people, and especially the taxpayers, will gladly welcome a considerable reduction of armaments and the abolition of compulsory military service when the conditions in Europe and the security of the French nation permit such reforms.

At any rate, there is one thing of which we can be certain—that views similar to those displayed in the American Ambassador's report will render more difficult rather than facilitate the solution of the disarmament question. What we need in the present circumstances are confidence and constructive statesmanship. Destructive criticism and despair will do more harm than good.

B. G. DE MONTGOMERY.

ECONOMIC OUTLOOK IN PALESTINE

FROM the long and richly storied past, for the purpose of this inquiry, only one fact need be recalled. Some 2000 years ago, under the shield of Rome, Palestine was for centuries populous, well cultivated, and fertile. Of recent political events, only this: that, depopulated and denuded by centuries of maladministration and deficient cultivation, and the land and people further impoverished by the Great War, Palestine came under British rule in 1918.

The administrative record of the intervening eight years—two of military and six of civil government—is not unworthy of the tradition of disinterested and efficient service which has animated, and still animates, the oversea servants of the Crown. In these few years Palestine has become a 'going concern.' It pays the cost of its own government, though not entirely that of its external defence. It is no longer derelict. It has the nucleus of a modest but serviceable and very economic national and municipal plant—roads, railways, telegraphs and telephones, a Department of Agriculture, an education system and sanitary services, central and local. It has added manufactures based upon mechanical power to its age-long pastoral and agricultural industries; and it has expectations of new developments of its natural resources. Hitherto a subject of melancholy interest to the British taxpayer, it now threatens to obtrude itself upon the thoughts of the British investor. In short, Palestine has an economic outlook. What is it?

Geographically Palestine is one-sixth larger than Wales and one-fourth smaller than Belgium. Comparable in geographical area with these countries, it is vastly different from them in other respects. Its population is one-third of that of Wales and one-tenth of that of Belgium. In its sparsity of population, its deficiency of national and municipal plant and industrial equipment, its low state of cultivation and its low productivity, it contrasts sharply with both. We have to do with a small country, a poor country, and one which, although among the oldest in the world, is now on the same economic plane as a new country. With such

countries Palestine shares the distinguishing characteristics that, political conditions apart, its economic future depends mainly upon the development of hitherto undeveloped, or only partially developed, natural resources, and that the progress in population and industry which is to be expected is not merely the normal advance, but the normal advance accelerated by the rapid introduction of improved methods of administration and production.

A survey of the economic position in Palestine must therefore take into account three factors:

1. The normal progress of production as based upon the present economic capacity of the people and soil;
2. The agencies tending to accelerate this normal progress; and
3. The development of undeveloped resources.

1. According to the last census, Palestine of the Mandate had in 1922 a total population of 757,182, of whom one-third were townsmen and two-thirds countrymen. The total was composed (in round numbers) of 675,000 indigenous, Arabic-speaking peoples, of whom seven-eighths were Moslem and one-eighth Christian, and 85,000 (mostly immigrant) Jews.¹

While, therefore, Palestine has a mainly Eastern population, it has also a much smaller virtually Western population of Jews drawn from European countries.

The mass of the Arabic-speaking population are almost entirely illiterate, and exceedingly primitive in their industrial methods and equipment. The sterilising effect of the low civilisation, and consequent low productivity, of the indigenous eight-ninths of the population appears most clearly in estimating the present economic capacity of the soil.

As seen on the map, Palestine is a parallelogram of three sections running north and south, of which the first, and western, consists of coastal plains; the second, and much the broadest, of ranges of mountains and hills, with uplands averaging from 1000 to 2000 feet above sea level; and the third, of the deep-sunk trench, once an ocean bed, of the Jordan Valley, with Lakes Huleh and Tiberias and the Dead Sea strung like beads upon the thread of the river.

Although the broad mountainous section is broken up by fertile plains and valleys, Sharon, Esdraelon, Jezreel, and the rest,

¹ The Jewish population at the end of 1925 was estimated to be 138,000, of whom 24,000 were on the land. The total net immigration since the occupation up to March 31, 1926, was 71,000. In view of improved sanitary conditions, it is possible, however, that the next census will reveal an accelerated rate of increase in the Arabic-speaking majority, in which case the proportional position of the Jewish minority may not be greatly changed.

it is obvious that, with such a physical formation, an unusual proportion of the land surface must consist of sandy plains and stony uplands. And to this natural disability must be added the injurious effects of centuries of maladministration and defective cultivation.

Owing to the first cause, of a total land surface of 9000 square miles, or nearly six million (5,760,000) acres, only four and a half million acres are exploitable, and three and three-quarter million (3,700,000) acres normally cultivable. Of the normally cultivable three and three-quarter million acres, under present conditions nearly 50 per cent. (1,700,000) must be written off as uncultivable, leaving two million acres as the now cultivable area.

Of this cultivable area three-fourths of a million acres of arable soil remain uncultivated; so that the present cultivated area is one and a quarter million acres—rather more than one-fifth of the geographical, and exactly one-third of the normally cultivable, area of the country. And since, broadly speaking, the land which has been, or is being, acquired by the Jews for their agricultural settlements is desert or undrained marsh land—i.e., land to be reclaimed from the derelict two-thirds of the normally cultivable area—the bulk of the now cultivated area is in the hands of the Arabic-speaking population. Hence it follows that, until the more recently acquired and larger tracts of land under Jewish occupation have reached maturity, the agricultural and pastoral output of Palestine is limited, with slight exceptions, to the produce of one and a quarter million acres stocked with the animals, tilled with the implements, and cultivated by the methods known to the followers of Mohammed when, in the seventh century A.D., they overran Syria and Palestine.

Such conservatism, delightful as it is to the antiquarian and the lover of the picturesque, is economically deplorable. Thus cultivated, the meagre residuum of the cultivable land of Palestine produces less than half of its normal yield, and the population which it can support is correspondingly limited. It is the cultivator, and not the soil or climate, which is at fault. Before the war the German settlers at Wilhelma, 'by good farming on a heavy clay soil,' harvested crops of wheat yielding twice, and of barley six times, as many kilos of grain per hectare as the average yield obtained by the Arabs in an admittedly favourable season. In the primary requisites of soil, rainfall, and climate Palestine has been endowed adequately by Nature. Analyses reveal 'a range of soils comparing not unfavourably in natural fertility with areas elsewhere carrying heavy crops and a dense agricultural population.'²

² *Review of the Agricultural Situation in Palestine*, by Mr. E. R. Sawyer, Director of Agriculture (1922).

And, however unsatisfactory its condition, agriculture remains the basic industry of Palestine, not only in the sense that it provides a livelihood for the majority of the inhabitants, but because it furnishes to so large an extent the raw material of the small, but now expanding, manufactures of the country. These manufactures are—the milling of flour, the production of oils and soap from the olive and sesame crops, the manufacture of bricks and tiles, with other lesser industries; and, since the occupation, the manufacture of tobacco and cigarettes (40 per cent. of the leaf used being grown in Palestine), of mineral waters, and of commodities intended to meet the requirements of the recently arrived well-to-do Jewish and other residents, such as household furniture, boots and wearing apparel, sanitary and mechanical appliances, and equipment for farm and stable. And to this list of new industries must be added now textile establishments and the manufacture of cement from Palestine soil begun last October by the (Nesher) Portland Cement Company at their factory five miles out of Haifa.

Making due allowance for these manufactures, for special crops (such as grape, orange, and tobacco), and for the Jewish contribution to the better cultivation of the soil, the fact emerges that with only one-third of its cultivable land cultivated, and this cultivated third so largely in possession of the seventh century Arabic-speaking population, no expectation of an appreciable increase of productivity could be based upon the normal advance, were there no agencies at work to accelerate it.

2. Happily there are two such agencies.

The first is what Rhodes, speaking in another and not altogether dissimilar new country, once called its 'greatest commercial asset'—the flag of England.

Palestine has now not only a good Government, but a *teaching* Government. Peace and order are maintained, justice is done, life and property are secure, and thereby industry is encouraged.

This of course. But the Palestine Administration does much more than this. It teaches the Arab cultivator to renew the olive groves cut down in the war by better trees, and to improve his live stock; it encourages him to build up again the containing walls which make possible the terrace cultivation of the hillsides. It is trying hard to teach him to replace the nail plough and threshing floor of the seventh century by agricultural implements and machinery of a less remote date, and to adopt more efficient methods of farming and stock-raising. No easy task, when it has to deal with an illiterate population to whom no printed notices can be sent, and all instructions and Government regulations must

be conveyed by word of mouth—perhaps to a handful of villagers perched on a distant and inaccessible hillside, or it may be an urgent order under the Prevention of Diseases (Animals) Ordinance to an evasive Bedouin proprietor of stock, wandering over roadless plains or desolate uplands, or tucked away in a remote valley somewhere between Dan and Beersheba.

It is teaching countrymen and townsmen alike the rudiments of sanitation; how to fight the age-long scourges of malaria and trachoma, and to keep down the animal diseases and vegetable pests that ravage fold and field—in short, how to combat the physical disabilities and deficiencies, and to make the most of the natural advantages and exceptional endowments of the soil and climate.

An Administration such as this, not merely governing but teaching, may reasonably be expected to accelerate whatever advance in productivity the existing physical and economic conditions would otherwise permit.

The second accelerating agency is the Zionist Movement.

The Jewish contribution to Palestinian agriculture is valuable and far-reaching³; but it is not here that we find the most immediately noticeable result of the Zionist effort. Between the date of the British occupation and 1924 new capital to the amount of £1,200,000⁴ had been invested in Palestinian industries (as distinct from agriculture); and of this amount all but £100,000⁴ was Jewish.⁴ In the impoverished condition of the country the investment of so considerable a sum in industrial development represents a gain in productive capacity far beyond anything that could be expected from the normal advance. And besides providing capital for manufactures, and capital and settlers for reclaiming the derelict two-thirds of the cultivable land, the Zionist Movement has established a Western standard of economic capacity in Palestine with its preponderating Eastern population. For the Zionist executive has furnished the Jewish community with institutions for higher, technical, and agricultural instruction more complete and efficient than any that the Government; even if it could have found the money, would have been justified in providing for the Arabic-speaking majority. Not only is access to these institutions, such as the great Technical Institute at Haifa,⁵ open to non-Jewish students, but the results of Jewish

³ At the end of 1925 the Jewish holdings totalled 275,000 acres, of which approximately 20,000 acres were under plantation (orange, lemon, almond, vine and olive), as against arable cultivation.

⁴ Since then much industrial capital has been added. The total of Jewish money brought into Palestine since the occupation up to March 31, 1926, is estimated to be 9,786,000⁴.

⁵ There are now sixteen Arab students at this institute, which was opened in 1924.

scientific equipment and research—say, those obtained in viticulture and other branches of husbandry at the Agricultural College of Mikveh-Israel—are available, through the Government Departments or directly, for all sections of the population.

That the normal economic advance to be expected from the denuded and impoverished Palestine of eight years ago has, in fact, been accelerated by these two agencies is shown by the official returns.

The yield of the tithe affords a measure of the productivity of the land and its mainly Arabic-speaking cultivators. Disregarding the first three years of civil government, when agricultural prices were first artificially high and then fell steeply, the revenue from tithe has risen from £180,000. in 1923-4, when prices were more or less stabilised, to an estimated yield of £284,000. in 1925-6. This increase of over 50 per cent. in two years is more satisfactory than the figures indicate; since last year the rate was reduced from one-eighth ($12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.) to one-tenth (10 per cent.) of the assessed value of the crop. And it is expected that before long the Administration will lessen still further the fiscal burden of the Arab cultivator by substituting a land tax for the tithe.

Equally interesting is the increase in the earnings of the railways. Two years ago the railways showed a small surplus of receipts over running expenses, but they made no direct contribution to the revenue. To-day, while the railways are not yet able to pay a commercial interest upon the capital expended upon them, they can pay *something*, and the Administration is getting a small direct return from its railway investment.

The figures showing the revenue and expenditure of the Administration are of wider significance.

When I was in Palestine two years ago the revenue had fallen. It had fallen nominally—I say 'nominally,' because of course the real value (or purchasing power) of the pound (£) had risen concurrently with the fall in the prices of commodities and services—from £1,997,000. in 1921-2 to £1,640,000. in 1923-4. The estimated revenue for the (then) current year 1924-5 was £1,600,000., and expenditure was being cut down to keep within it. All officials (including British) whose services were not absolutely indispensable were retrenched, and the provision of much departmental equipment, often urgently needed, was postponed. While, on the whole, the budgetary position was sound, the most careful economy on the part of the Administration was necessary.

To-day the Palestine Administration is one of the very few Governments that can show a surplus. The revenue for 1925-6 (the year ended on March 31 last) is estimated to be £2,740,000.,

and the expenditure £2,400,000. This is a 70 per cent. increase of revenue in two years, and it leaves the Administration, in spite of a more generous scale of expenditure, with the substantial surplus of £340,000.

To him that hath, shall be given. . . .

The Administration having thus demonstrated its financial capacity, the British Parliament will be asked shortly to pass the legislation necessary to enable the Imperial Government to guarantee the interest on loans to Palestine and East Africa. The Palestine loan—approved in principle two years ago—may be expected, therefore, to be placed on the market before many months have gone by. It will be absorbed largely in paying off the sums temporarily advanced by the Crown Agents (in 1924 about £1,400,000.) and in liquidating other debts which can be charged legitimately to capital account. But in thus consolidating the debt of the country certain budgetary economies will be effected, and a substantial balance will be available for expenditure on public works.

With the attainment of a substantial surplus, and the near prospect of the loan, it may be said, as was said of its neighbour Egypt some thirty-five years ago, that Palestine has 'definitely turned the corner and entered upon an era of assured solvency.'

3. The third factor comprises the less certain but more engaging field of unknown and undeveloped resources.

This is the factor most worthy of attention, since upon the results of these new developments it depends whether Palestine is merely to go on with a respectable rate of annual progress in productivity, or whether the economic capacity of the people and soil is to be raised suddenly to an altogether higher level.

Up to the present there are no indications of discoveries of gold or precious stones such as those which brought a sudden access of population and wealth to California, Australia, and South Africa. But there are in sight two less sensational developments and one promising 'windfall.'

As the chief economic obstacle to industrial expansion in Palestine is its present dependence upon imported, and therefore costly, coal and oil for mechanical power, the supply of water-power electricity stands first in importance. The prospect of this supply Palestine owes to the ability, energy, and patience of Mr. Pinhas Rutenberg; and while his ultimate aim is to provide at low cost, and to the country as a whole, electricity generated by the water-power of the Jordan, pending the realisation of this aim he is giving supplies of electric energy generated by fuel-power to Jaffa and the district round it, to Haifa and Tiberias. When the Jordan power-houses are built, the fuel power-houses and systems of high and low tension transmission lines at these centres

will be linked up with the main transmission lines of the water-power system. And, as water-power electricity is cheaper than fuel-power electricity, the existing fuel power-houses will then become emergency or 'stand-by' power-houses, only to be used in the event of a temporary failure, or cessation, of the water-power supply.

This consummation is no longer remote. A company satisfying the requirements of the Colonial Office was formed to work the Jordan concession more than a year ago. Last year, however, the boundary between Palestine and the Trans-Jordan was altered, and in the course of the new delimitation a part of the area assigned for the company's works on the Jordan north and south of Lake Tiberias, and on the Yarmuk, became Trans-Jordan territory. Hence a delay arose for which Mr. Rutenberg was in no way responsible; and owing to the time absorbed in the delimitation, and the subsequent adjustment of the terms of the concession which it entailed, the concession was not signed until March 5 last.

The way is now clear for the company to begin operations. But before the specifications of the first instalment of the works can be completed, and the amount of the labour to be engaged and housed can be determined, it is necessary to know that the essential machinery and materials can be obtained, and how soon. It is upon this preliminary business that Mr. Rutenberg is now engaged; and, assuming that the machinery and materials are forthcoming—let us hope from English workshops—and no unforeseen obstacles arise, work on the Jordan power-houses will begin at the end of the summer. Two years later Palestine will have a supply of water-power electricity.

The construction of an all-weather harbour at Haifa, with a depth sufficient for ships of 30 feet draught and appropriate wharfage accommodation, will restore to Palestine trading facilities of which it has been deprived since the Græco-Roman era. Indeed, one of the two arms of the new harbour may follow, possibly, the line of the Roman mole, the remains of which can still be traced.

Palestine will not have to wait much longer for its new port. The same firm of engineers, whose representative, Mr. Palmer, visited Palestine in 1922 and reported on the whole question of harbour facilities in 1923, have the matter in hand, as the consulting engineers to the Colonial Office. When their proposals and specifications are completed, the Colonial Office and the Palestine Administration will take action. And, in anticipation of this action, provision for the necessary harbour works at Haifa will be made in the loan.

At the same time a minor scheme for improving, under Gov-

ernment control, the harbour accommodation at Jaffa is being prepared. The funds required will be found in this case, presumably, by private enterprise; and concurrently with the improvement of the harbour an alteration of the course of the railway from Rafa to Haifa (and Jerusalem) is under consideration. If effected, this would, among other changes, substitute Yazur for Ludd as the junction with the Jaffa-Jerusalem line, and bring Rishon-le-Zion and a joint Jaffa-Tel Aviv station on the main line from Egypt to Haifa and Damascus. The execution of this railway project, however, depends upon sufficient capital remaining available for the purpose after due provision has been made for the harbour improvement scheme.

There remains the Dead Sea.

Quite early the Administration received an offer of monetary consideration for a grant of the sole right to recover the potash and magnesium stored beneath the glittering surface of these waters.

In the absence of any precise knowledge of the value of the deposits they refrained from accepting it. The nature of the concession was the subject of very careful consideration at Jerusalem and at Downing Street. It was necessary to safeguard the interests of the people of Palestine and of the Mandatory Power, and to avoid mistakes the advice of a committee of experts, set up by the Colonial Office, was obtained. In these circumstances it is not surprising that some years elapsed before the terms of the concession could be determined; but when at length this had been done, the concession was offered for sale to the highest bidder in the open market.

The tenders were received last October, and the Palestine Administration and the Crown Agents for the Colonies are now considering them. The concession requires the concessionaires, apart from giving proof of their ability to work the undertaking efficiently, to show that they can command the capital necessary to build a railway running up the Jordan Valley to join the Haifa-Damascus line at Beisan.

If crystallisation by solar evaporation proves to be practicable, it is understood that the cost of recovery and transport will permit of the potash being sold at a profitable price.

Among all these developments, this promise of wealth from the Dead Sea—for so many centuries the type of Divine wrath, of supreme human disaster, and of uttermost physical desolation—is the most significant.

Significant of what?

Of a harvest of Dead Sea fruit, of balked hopes and unsuccessful efforts? Or, as I would rather think, of a new economic era in which Palestine under the broad folds of the flag of England

will become once more populous, well cultivated, fertile and beautiful, and its people will play a part in the progress of mankind as great as, perhaps even greater than, the great part which once they played under the eagles of the Cæsar?

W. BASIL WORSFOLD.

DECLINE OF IDEALISM

It is characteristic of an age in which the general background of thought is somewhat tainted with disillusion and scepticism that the greatest words in the language lose their splendour: they are used, not strongly and with faith, but with a smile which is half a sneer. And the word 'idealism,' which is the banner under which the most inspired poets, the mightiest intellects, and the most potent men of action of all ages have rallied, is employed by us with a certain diffidence. The idealist, we explain, has many fine qualities; he is haunted by a vision of something which, if it were only practical, would be of the utmost benefit to us all. Where, then, do we part company with him? We smile that smile of kindly disillusion. The answer is so obvious. Ideals, we submit, are very well in their proper place and used in the right way, as beautiful toys for those happy child-men—poets and their like—to play with. But to attempt to bring them into actual life is at best foolish, and may even be dangerous. And then we begin to expatiate on the Facts of Life and the Age of Materialism.

Yet even we, children of disillusion as we affect to be, and denizens of the age of iron as we undoubtedly are, have each one our ideals. We may not call them by that name, but we have them none the less. Perhaps if we could find out more clearly what an ideal really is we should feel more at home in its company, and possibly realise at length that only other people's ideals, and certainly not our own, are foolish and unattainable. This would be a great step for us to take; but by some unheard-of good fortune it might even be possible for us to go further, to track down all the ideals of all men everywhere to a few main sources, to discover that we are all going by different roads towards the same point, and that our discontent and disillusion are caused only by the fact that we do not know where we are going and consequently despair of ever getting there.

There is one ideal so universally pursued, so ardently followed, that men are continually fighting each other in their desire for it—the ideal of beauty. Who among men is not moved by beauty of some sort, the beauty of Nature, the beauty of woman, the

beauty of a mathematical demonstration? Even the iron men, those who design battleships and manufacture motor cars, speak of their products as beautiful; and they are right, for beauty is everywhere. In every trade, in every profession, in every possible human activity, beauty of some sort is aimed at, either consciously or unconsciously. So universal is the search for beauty and the effort to give it concrete expression that, like most fundamental facts and principles of life, it passes unnoticed by the majority, and the man who expresses his ideal of beauty in the design of a steam-hammer brands the poet, the artist in words, as an idealist.

Yet because we are blind to the fact that, though many things are beautiful, beauty itself is one, we quarrel vehemently over the respective merits of different expressions of beauty, each man seeking to set his own conception of beauty, his own ideal, in the foremost place. Yet even this quarrelling is but a further proof that all men are idealists; for if they were not, why should they quarrel? What race of men is more fierce than that of art critics, those whose especial duty it is to decide which particular type of beauty shall be worshipped at the moment?

But beauty, though the ideal most obviously pursued, is not the only one. The others are easy to find: they are the subjects about which there is the most violent contention. We have only to examine the great struggles in which mankind has engaged to realise that they were fought, not by men, but by ideals—or rather, not by ideals themselves, but by partial and limited conceptions of ideals. What is the cause of religious strife if not a conviction of a part or a section of the community that they are in possession of the final truth so far vouchsafed and a desire to inject it into their fellows for their good? Men have been ready to make any sacrifices for the sake of that which they considered to be true: they have been prepared to make wars, to inflict persecutions, to undergo hardships, all in the interests of their own good or that of their fellows. But goodness and truth themselves, like beauty itself, must be unitary: there cannot be ultimately more than one truth, and so all this quarrelling and strife arises when two different aspects of the same thing come into conflict, because both are partial and can only be reconciled through the vision of the whole.

But if all men are idealists and all pursue by different paths the same ends, how comes it that we are living in a materialistic age? There is abroad at the present day a somewhat ill-founded sense of satisfaction with ourselves. We are, we say, if not idealists, at all events practical men. We have utilised the resources of Nature; we know a great deal about chemistry; our weapons of war are probably unequalled by any in the history of the

world. We are not quite sure where it is all leading to, but at any rate discoveries have made life much more comfortable. We nod patronisingly back through the centuries and talk glibly about 'primitive man.' Especially marked is our complacency in relation to the religions of the past. The epithets 'child-like' and 'naïve' come easily to the lips when we consider *ex cathedra* the 'primitive' religion of the builders of the Pyramid or compare the Eleusinian Mysteries to the rites of the Arunta of Australia. These ancient men, we admit, were idealists of a sort, but that was probably because they were too simple to be perplexed by our modern problems.

How is it, then, that in fields in which, for all our boasted practicality, we still covet the crown of achievement, in poetry, in art, in philosophy, the works of the past so far excel those of to-day that they seem to belong to a different race of men? Let us grant ourselves the magnitude of our mechanical conquests, our works of steel and iron—which individually 300 years will inevitably have reduced to rust—and compare our productions in those less utilitarian but more necessary arts whose object is the expression of beauty and truth.

Read Homer and compare him to a poet of the last fifty years. Metrical skill you will find in the modern, a certain dexterity, an occasional flash of intuition; but in the end the conclusion forces itself upon the mind that while time may preserve some jewels from the twentieth century poet, some moments when he rose above the welter of his age and lived in the upper air, his work as a whole is, compared with that of Homer, immature and foundationless. Much of it is a poetry of questioning; but the poet's function is not to ask, but to tell.

Or consider a piece of modern statuary, the most excellent that you can find, and then turn to the Egyptian Hall at the British Museum. Again, you may admire the cleverness of the modern, perhaps the grace of his lines; but where is the augustness, the sense of poise, of serenity, the quality of something almost eternal, which seems to dwell in the work of 5000 years ago?

Or compare the language of a modern ritual with the imagery and poetry of the so-called *Book of the Dead*. Beautiful and dignified the modern ritual may be, but there is something missing, a profound quality of utter peace beyond all questioning, a sense of that security which comes from the contemplation of unchanging things.

It would be cruel to urge the reading of Kant after Plato, or of Berkeley after Proclus, but if a man had the temerity to make such an experiment he would feel the same sensations. Nor is it necessary to compare a church built in the last hundred years to

an Egyptian temple, nor the product of a modern crock factory to a Greek vase.

What is it that we have lost? What virtue possessed by the men of ancient times has departed with them? What was the secret that gave to their works that unfading quality of beauty that we seek in vain to compass? If all men are of necessity idealists in some measure, why do some ages sink into materialism, and why, with all our progress, do we still countenance in our architecture, our literature, our industrial conditions, so much that is frankly ugly and imperfect?

And if in our efforts to express the ideal of beauty we fall so far behind the builders of the Pyramid and the Parthenon, what must be said of our philosophy? Here again we may measure the degree of our attainment by the amount of our respect for the word 'philosophy' itself. Would any modern nation spare a citizen of an enemy State as the Æginetans (when they had passed a law that all Athenians visiting their shores should be put to death) spared Plato—because he was a philosopher? Perhaps: but if they did, it would be because they looked upon him as one who was engaged in a non-essential industry and therefore was dangerous to no one but himself.

Let us examine the decline of philosophy, which has taken place in history concurrently with the decline of idealism. But, it may be objected, the rise of great philosophic systems is itself a signal of decline. The owl of Minerva takes her flight only in the twilight of a great civilisation. Plato did not shine forth until the day of the Greek State was all but over. There is a certain truth in this view, for what Plato actually did was to rescue the essential teachings of the mystery-systems of his day, which were rapidly becoming profaned, by enshrining them in a veiled manner in his system of philosophy. As Thomas Taylor says of the Orphic mystery-system:

This sublime theology though it was scientifically disseminated by Plato, yet conformably to the custom of the most ancient philosophers, was delivered by him synoptically and in such a way as to be inaccessible to the vulgar; but when in consequence of a degraded and barren period, this theology became corrupted through the negligence and confusion of its votaries, then such of his disciples as happened to live where it was thus degraded and deformed, found it necessary to unfold it more fully, in order to prevent its becoming utterly extinct.

The theology referred to is, of course, that of the Orphic system, which was handed on through Aglaophamus to Pythagoras and through him descended to the Platonic and Neo-Platonic schools. Perhaps in that one word lies the secret of the divergence between ancient and modern philosophy. The greatest philosophers of antiquity, so far from being conscious of any incon-

sistency between religion and philosophy, deliberately employed systems of philosophy to expound the theology of their religion.

In the early days this was not necessary. In Egypt, where originated the mystery-stream which inspired the Orphists, Pythagoreans and Platonists alike, religion was so firmly established, so deeply rooted in the national consciousness, as not to require a systematic philosophical buttressing. We are apt sometimes to overlook the fact that the Egyptian religion remained the same in its essentials during a period of 5000 years.

In this sense, therefore, the development of great philosophical systems is a sign of a decline of some kind; but it is an inevitable decline which takes place in individuals as well as in nations, the substitution of a naïve, innocent, and unconscious acceptance of fundamental truths by one that is critical and rational.

The legend of the Golden Age is looked upon by us with some scepticism; but it is at any rate evident from historical records that the further we penetrate into the past the more intensely and unaffectedly religious does the atmosphere become. There is, as it were, a first Golden Age, and it makes no difference whether it be considered as actual or metaphorical. In it idealism flourishes, albeit, more or less unconsciously, and as the spirit of questioning arises philosophic systems are built up which will satisfy the awakening reason of man, and enable him to prove to himself the truths which were before accepted blindly.

And so in a period when mankind was rapidly slipping away from the truths which are necessary to collective happiness, and the Golden Age was already half a myth, Plato established these truths for ever, although in a veiled manner, in his philosophy, and when the age became more corrupt his successors, the Neo-Platonists, further expounded them and made more and more clear the underlying unity which was the basis of all the most profound philosophies and religions of their day. But the end of the falling away had not yet come. In 529 A.D. the philosophic schools were closed by the imperial edict of Justinian and the Dark Ages had begun. The exponents of Christianity were for the most part more remarkable for their zeal than for their knowledge, and although the Church adopted some elements of Platonism as the philosophic basis of its theology—indeed, there was no other philosophy which was conformable to the Christian ideal—yet in spite of this the early fathers looked with definite hostility upon the contemporary mystery cults which were the descendants of those upon which the Platonic philosophy is founded. Their utterances with regard to such institutions as the Eleusinian Mysteries display a considerable amount of animus, and make it quite evident that they either could not or would not understand the high ideals which such institutions

had set before their candidates. It may be urged in extenuation of this attitude that many such mystery-cults had become extremely debased and corrupt, and that for practical purposes it was necessary to warn the convert against them all.

However this may be, the result of the early Church's attitude has been to set a very definite gulf between religion and philosophy. With the closing of the Platonic schools the philosophy of the ideal disappeared from view. The so-called philosophy of the Dark Ages was a scholasticism so barren that it inspired no fear in the breasts of the ecclesiastics. There was of course the revival of Platonism at Florence under the Medici, a brief efflorescence of idealism which was signalised by wonderful æsthetic achievements. The Florentine revival was remarkable also for the manner in which priests and philosophers joined hands and worked together under the inspiration of a common ideal. It was then realised that Platonism and Christianity have in view the same end—the perfection of man.

This is brought out clearly in a letter from Marsilio Ficino, who under the patronage of the Medici translated the works of Plato and other philosophers into Latin, to his friend Pico della Mirandola.

You send me [he writes] most welcome intelligence, my worthy friend, that you are daily advising many and have already succeeded in persuading some to abandon the irreligion of Epicurus, or lay aside some notions they may have gained from Averroes, and embrace the devout sentiments of our Plato touching the soul and God. For through this, as through an intervening road, they may finally reach the religion of Christ.

But the Florentine was, as it were, but a flash of brilliance amid the darkness and bigotry of the times. It was a St. Martin's summer of Platonism, wherein for a brief period the true spirit of the ancients, that spirit at once so lofty and so gracious, was recaptured.

When at length philosophy reappeared on a large scale it was in very different guise.

The intolerance of ecclesiasticism had done its work. Philosophy was no longer the guardian of revealed religion, but her enemy. The school of sceptics which arose in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries succeeded in raising a doubt in men's minds, not only as to the reality of God, but as to whether a human being really has the capacity to attain to truth and is possessed of faculties which are reliable enough to enable him to do so.

Descartes, for instance, begins by doubting everything, but is forced to the conclusion that as he is able to doubt he himself must have reality. His famous formula, which he might more appropriately have expressed as *dubito, ergo sum*, led him on to the conclusion that, since he knows himself to have an innate

idea of God, the reality of God is established. But a few years later Locke endeavoured to establish the fact that there are no innate ideas and that all knowledge springs from experience. Hume, in attempting to banish the conception of causality from the human mind, would have it that what we think of as causation is merely invariable sequence, and was led to the conclusion that the self rests upon illusion and that the soul ceases with the movements of the body. Berkeley, shrinking in horror from the concept that the material world was the only one, rushed to the other extreme and promulgated an 'idealism' even more disastrous in its effects; for he denied the existence of the material world altogether, conceiving everything to exist subjectively in the percipient. But when Locke had done away with ideas and enthroned experience as the only teacher, and when Berkeley had reinstated the ideas by banishing matter, it was left to Kant to make the crowning contribution to the sceptical symposium by casting a doubt upon the human gnostic faculties themselves. In the *Critique of Pure Reason* Kant attempts to prove that the human reason is incapable of attaining ultimate ideas of truth, apparently not fully realising the implications which follow from the fact that he is throughout using reason in order to arrive at this conclusion.

Thus in the space of 200 years all the dogmas of the Church were explicitly or implicitly assailed; the things which men had taken for granted and acted upon for centuries were called in question, and the very capacity of man to attain truth was doubted. The most notable feature of this philosophical epoch is the extreme inconsistency between the theories of its various prominent figures, and this inconsistency can be traced further and be found to extend to the various systems themselves. In nearly all of them it is possible to discover some more or less obvious fallacy, and though they may have served the purpose of bringing out some hitherto unnoticed aspect of truth, the general effect of them on practical life is, and has been demonstrated by history to be, bad.

Imagine for a moment the kind of graphic art which could arise from an intellectual background of complete scepticism. The effects of current philosophy in the realm of the fine arts are less obvious than are those in the domain of politics and industry, but they are there none the less. The present chaotic condition of the world is in a large measure due to the effects of the teachings of these philosophers. The majority of them were men of high moral character, blameless and sincere, yet such is the power of ideas that their philosophies have been responsible for agnosticism, hedonism and social tyranny. A philosopher who attempts to prove that the material world is the only one and that the soul

has no immortality cannot fail to inflict the greatest harm on the human race.

And so we arrive at the relation of the philosopher on the idealist. All men are, as we have seen, idealists of some sort, for nothing is ever pursued by any human being unless it promises to render his state better in some way, physically or spiritually, externally or internally. But the measure of a man's idealism is the measure of the ideals which he pursues, and these again are determined by the penetrativeness of his vision. If men follow low ideals it is because the higher ones have never been presented to them in such a way as to appeal to their innate love of perfection. In a time when mankind as a whole have fallen away from the vision of the ideal, one of the ways in which their ideals may be raised is by a restoration of philosophy; for philosophy, the mission of which is to interpret reality in such a way that the mind can gain an intellectual grasp of it, is a kind of torchbearer of the ideal, the handmaiden of religion, and the inspiration of art.

It is because current philosophy is in such a low and crawling condition that our art, as compared with that of the ancients, is so puerile. This implies no disrespect to modern philosophers as men, for most of them have been sincere and upright characters; but as a school they have failed in philosophy's first object, namely, that of arriving at the ultimate explanation of life and so giving to it purpose and meaning. Powerful as their intellects undoubtedly were, they have been unable, either collectively or individually, to evolve a completely satisfying explanation of the relations of man to God and to the universe, and so, conscious of their failure, have fallen back on the assumption that truth cannot be known by man with certainty. This failure is all the more remarkable in view of the fact that Plato and his school had already established unequivocally the fact that truth can be known by the human mind and had indicated the means to its attainment.

One of the most suggestive facts of human history, and one that completely answers all theories of a mechanical progress of mankind towards perfection, is the way in which valuable truths and knowledge, useful even in the most practical walks of life, can be completely lost, often without the intervention of any external force. It is as though the knowledge or truth is silently withdrawn by an unseen hand and the succeeding generation wakes up to begin its labours without even knowing that such truth has ever been possessed.

The new school of philosophy which arose in the sixteenth century began its investigations from the experiences of the sensible world, and thereby initiated a perfectly legitimate method.

But when through a lack of real first principles (which, as such, cannot by their very nature be sensible) it was unable to relate sensible phenomena to the ultimate causes behind them, a chaos of conflicting theories inevitably arose, and the result has been not only to make the truths of the intelligible world—which are equally sure and demonstrable as those of the sensible world—seem to be indefinite and out of reach, but to cast a cloud on the fair name of philosophy itself.

How fatal have been the results of this philosophic *débâcle* is evidenced by the chaotic state of the intellectual world to-day, the absence of real certainty upon fundamental principles and the tendency to regard the pursuit of philosophy as a useless intellectual hobby.

To take but a single instance, a passage from Anatole France which was quoted in a recent article in this Review.* It is typical of the clever shallow scepticism and cynical wit which are killing our idealism:

Truth stands alone, but falsehood is manifold, and so truth has numbers arrayed against her. Truth is inert, is not capable of modification, is not adapted to those machinations which would enable her to win her way into the hearts of men. Falsehood, on the other hand, possesses the most wonderful resources. She is pliant and tractable, and what is more, she is natural and moral. She is natural as being the product of the senses, the source of all illusion; she is moral because she fits in with the habits and customs of the human race. . . . In short, truth has no hold on mankind, and it would be a pity if she had, for her ways are contrary to their nature, as well as to their interests.

It would be instructive to examine this amazing piece of sophistry in detail, to take each phrase of it separately and show how with diabolical ingenuity it gives the actual facts a slight twist in each sentence and finally, by an accumulation of such twists, succeeds in disparaging truth itself. But we must be content with indicating the more glaring outrages on fact from which the minor inexactitudes may be inferred.

Truth is not inert, but tremendously dynamic, for it is the desire to express truth which is responsible for all intellectual communications of every kind. It is this very urge which, when it fails to express truth, gives to falsehood its seeming power or force, but falsehood, as falsehood, has no power of its own. Truth, as truth, is infinite, and therefore is in no need of modification, for, being infinite, it can be expressed in endless different ways adapted to the intelligence of all kinds of different men. To imply that falsehood is more acceptable to men than truth is self-evidently absurd, for falsehoods themselves only gain acceptance because of the degree of truth which they contain,

* "The Myths of War," by F. J. P. Veale, *XIXth Century and After*, April 1926.

and any statement that was completely false—if there could ever be such a statement—would possess no attraction whatever to the human mind. Nor is falsehood either natural or moral, since the senses are not the source of illusion, for this occurs only when a wrong interpretation is put upon the evidence supplied by the senses. We can and do rely implicitly upon our senses, in their proper domain, but in order to make use of the information which they give us we have to use the mind. To assert that falsehood is moral is a culminating perversion, for if this were the case lying would always and everywhere be more universally admired and praised than telling the truth, whereas in no nation which is not decadent is this the case. So far from truth having no hold upon mankind, truth is the only ideal which appeals to their intellectual nature as such. Always and everywhere it is truth, and truth only, that is pursued, longed for and striven after, and though a partial truth may, when compared with one more universal, seem to be false, it is not completely so, or it could never be accepted, but is a stepping-stone to that which includes it.

This example has been taken because it illustrates the manner in which the canker of scepticism is eating away the healthy growth of collective thought. What use would there be in reading, in teaching, in training the mind, if all this only led to a better appreciation of falsehood? The thought is impossible.

And yet, since this kind of superficial playing with words in order to belittle and sweep away great ideals is far too common to-day, it would seem as though we have fallen, in so far as idealism is concerned, to the very nadir. Not content with admitting that the ideals of the past are beyond our power to attain, we go further and dismiss them as illusion, empty shapes devised to tempt mankind to engage in dreams for ever unrealisable. And so there arises among us not only a philosophy but a poetry of disillusion, a poetry which is content to revel in images enchanting or mysterious, but which fails ever to come to grips with the real problems of life or interpret its inner significance.

Yet in spite of scepticism and disillusion, in spite of a tendency to dismiss everything which is not strictly utilitarian as a waste of time, and the complete and utter failure of current philosophy to afford satisfactory answers to the most vital problems—in spite of all these the idealist may take courage. For there is abroad to-day, especially among the younger generation, a spirit of intense sincerity, a resolve not to be put off with shams or illusions of any kind, but to face life as it is. How often does one hear in some animated discussion the words 'But it's all wrong.' This unrest and questioning is perhaps one of the most hopeful signs of the age. With it there is a growing sense of the responsi-

bility of the individual to his fellows and to the community of which he is a member.

One of the most significant features of the late strike was the almost complete absence of bitterness on the part of those who were most inconvenienced by it, and a real desire, very widespread in all sections of the community, that not only the miners, but all other workers, should receive their due.

In literary and artistic circles also the revolt against false romanticism which has characterised the years since the war is but another sign of the rising tide of idealism. This has characteristically found its first expression in the production of works which the older school would term frankly ugly, and sometimes possessed of no redeeming feature whatever. But this is only the swing of the pendulum. Behind the ugliness there is a striving to get, if not at beauty, at any rate at truth or reality, and when the first wild joy of iconoclasm has died down a little there will arise an art which is strong as well as simple.

If we are now apparently at the lowest ebb of idealism, that is all the more reason for hope, for nothing either in Nature or in man can remain for long in the darkness, and when the earth is at its barest then is the time to look for the young green shoots just appearing above the ground.

We have traced the decline of idealism from a time when men lived unconsciously in a golden age, scarcely knowing that they were pursuing ideals or that any pursuit was necessary, to a time when philosophy had to step in to preserve idealism from total disappearance. We have seen how even philosophy failed to stay the approach of darkness, for the philosophy of the ideal as set forth by Plato and his successors was misunderstood and misinterpreted; how finally a new school of philosophers arose who made war on the ideal and called in question the fundamental principles upon which all great achievements must be based.

But the path of return is beginning to open. The first step will be inevitably in the domain of philosophy, for so powerful are the arguments which the scepticism of these philosophers of the dust have brought to bear against the ideal, that the religionist and the artist have come to think that they with their visions belong to a different world. But when attention is once more directed to the mighty systems of the past, when these are understood and applied to practical life, there will arise a philosophy which will explode the fallacies of the systems of the last 200 years, as a steam-roller might cause to vanish a cluster of toy balloons. At the same time all that is valuable in these systems will be retained, so that, so far from increasing scepticism, they will, when set in their right place, add completeness to our knowledge of truth.

Dogmatism is no longer a weapon which is of much avail in defence of the ideal. The mind of humanity is beginning to awake and demand food which will satisfy it. The food is there, has always been there, though the sceptics have caused its whereabouts to be forgotten and have offered in its stead a poor substitute.

The protagonists of the ideal can most readily and surely serve their cause by becoming philosophers, by assisting to sweep away all the negative and sceptical elements in the current thought by meeting and countering their every argument. Only so can the way be opened to practical achievement, for in all spheres of life thought must come before right action.

It is only necessary to establish firmly and for all time, first, that the ideal is attainable, and, secondly, the means by which it is to be attained, for the spontaneous idealism which is innate in all men and is a basic element of human nature to reassert itself and to demand to be given free rein. Many of our troubles arise from the fact that we are too pleased with our achievements in the realms of applied science to weigh these at their true worth and compare their intrinsic value to that of achievements in the world of thought. Gradually, perhaps, we shall learn not to despise the past, but in a humbler spirit to address ourselves to the pursuit of those ideals set up as goals by the ancients, but so far attained only by the few.

With the dawning of a universal philosophy which shall work, not in opposition to religion, but hand in hand with it, there will little by little arise an ideal of social organisation which shall be, not that of a class or a nation or an empire, but of the whole world, for ideals when truly cherished are the most potent forces of which man has knowledge, and the more exalted the ideal, the wider will be its appeal and the more universal its following. So at length will mankind, having fallen away from its pristine condition of happiness, its first Golden Age, and having passed through the antitheses of scepticism and materialism, return with irresistible impetus to its native heights, but with the added experience gained in its wanderings; for idealism does but seem to decline in order that it may reascend with redoubled force.

GEORGE H. BONNER.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION

So much discussion has recently taken place about the relation of Science and Religion that it may be not uninteresting to consider how Philosophy is connected with Religion—both terms being used in their widest sense.¹

In dealing with the questions of so many kinds which arise in this discussion, it is as well to define as clearly as possible the terms employed.

Science leads us to *know* of what is true in the physical world, as far as such knowledge is attainable.

Philosophy helps us to *think* what is true about all the subjects with which we are brought in contact.

Religion teaches us to *feel* the highest truth in order to receive the greatest practical help towards leading the ideal life.

Theology (often confused with religion in the discussion of these subjects) may be said to stand towards religion in the same way as philosophy to science, and it has been defined as the 'Teaching of some positive religion as to the attributes and existence of the Supreme Being.'

Science deals with parts of the real world, and is analytical.

Philosophy deals with the whole and is synthetic (*συνοπτική*)—i.e., taking a general survey. Its aim is to exhibit the universe as a rational system in the harmony of all its parts.

A fact is only known in relation to other facts. There is no such thing as an individual fact. Every statement of fact involves certain general notions and theories.

Philosophy subjects these general notions to a critical analysis to discover how far they are true, or whether they must be restated.

Philosophy, then, is the science of principles.

These definitions may be made clearer by the table on p. 60.

It will be seen, therefore, that there can be no real conflict between science and religion, since the faculties employed by each, and their respective fields of action, are distinct. Whatever

¹ I am indebted for some thoughts to the following writers: *Religion and Science*, Emile Boutroux; *Religion as affected by Modern Science and Philosophy*, S. A. Mellor. Acknowledgment in every case is impossible, references are given when practicable.—(C. H. P.)

antagonism exists is to be traced to the undue bias of the scientific or of the religious mind.

Science objects to the importance given by the religious mind to the dogmatic conceptions on which its creed is based. These are not proved, and are incapable of proof by scientific formulæ.

The religious mind objects to the attitude taken up by science in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, which denied the possibility of any occurrence contrary to experience—*i.e.*, up to that time never experienced.

Religion, or rather theology, has learnt not to meddle with the conclusions resting on absolute scientific truth, and verified

Term.	Faculty by which it is apprehended.	Scope of Action.	Aim and Object.
Science	Intellect and Reason (deductive and inductive), and experience.	Phenomena— <i>i.e.</i> , facts of physical life.	To create in the human intellect a faithful and serviceable representation of the conditions of phenomenal appearance and thus to aid the progress of discovery and civilisation.
Philosophy	Reflection leading to creative synthetic thought.	The whole range of life's problems.	The framing of a basis for a purposeful life by the interpretation of experience.
Religion	Faith— <i>i.e.</i> , intelligent consciousness of the unseen.	The spiritual or supernatural world.	An incentive to lead the highest life that is possible.
Theology (really a branch of philosophy)	Reflection, comparison, and intuition.	Records of religions and religious experience.	The selection of the true religion by the investigation of religious consciousness.

by the working of recognised physical laws. She accepts gratefully the results of scientific discovery, and recognises that human knowledge is on the way to make developments which may vastly improve the condition of human life.

Science has learned its limitations, and does not now deny that any wonderful thing is impossible because it transcends the bounds of verified physical laws.

In the earliest days of which we have any connected record, religion had not to contend with what is to-day called science—*i.e.*, positive knowledge of phenomena reduced to a system. Its earliest antagonist was philosophy, which has been called the

daughter of religion. The earliest Greek philosophers, or physiologists as they might more correctly be designated, were chiefly concerned with cosmology, or the underlying substance of which the world is composed. They took, indeed, all knowledge for their province, and, being as yet ignorant of the limits of human inquiry, they hoped *per saltum* to arrive at some one maxim in which the variety of phenomena might be included, and by which they might be explained. They tried to discover an *ἀρχή*, or first principle.

Early philosophy, the foster-child of early religion, flourished under the ægis of popular mythology. As education advanced the more thoughtful minds rejected the crude legends about the gods and heroes, and philosophy turned against her foster-mother. Xenophanes says that the gods were guilty of acts that among men were regarded as shameful and criminal. Protagoras, the Sophist, jested on the gods themselves. Thus philosophy, becoming independent of religion, fashioned itself as the development of human intelligence and reason. Reason became enthroned as the first principle of the Universe and of Man.

A great advance in the aim and scope of philosophy was made on the appearance of Socrates (B.C. 470-399). The conflicts of the philosophers of the previous period who had devoted themselves to physics—*i.e.*, the nature, growth, and constitution of the world, which they thought could be obtained by inspection—had shown that all such knowledge is uncertain. Socrates left the investigation of the object for that of the subject, the study of Being for the study of Knowing. Rejecting as hopeless the physical theories of his predecessors, he devoted his attention to ethics—*i.e.*, the right rule of conduct. Practical wisdom (*φρόνησις*) was to be the guide of life.

Plato identified the investigation of 'being' with that of 'knowing.' He held that 'the universal' is not only the true object of knowledge, but is also True Being. Sense knowledge being untrustworthy, he admitted that real existence is not to be found in the region of sense. He held, however, that knowledge of real existences was possible by means of universals.

Aristotle, the pupil of Plato, while he accepted the doctrine of non-material existence, criticised what he considered the defects in his master's teaching.

Aristotle directed men's minds to the observation and interrogation of Nature. He made Experience the basis of all science and Reason the architect. Plato had made Reason the basis and had pointed men's thoughts to the contemplation of ideas.²

The great transition to the methods of modern science is generally regarded as having taken place in the sixteenth century

² Prof. Lewis, *Introd. to trans. of Arist. Ethics.*

A.D. Bacon has the credit of having directed the attention and reflection of his contemporaries to actual facts in Nature, of having lifted Experience into a separate and independent object of thought, and of having convinced men's minds of its indispensable necessity.³

It was because it was impossible for Aristotle to have collected in his days sufficient facts on which to base a generalised experience that he failed in the carrying out of his scheme of philosophy. Impatient for the solution of problems, and with insufficient data, he jumped to conclusions which were not justified.

To Aristotle, however, belongs the merit of being the first to discover the true methods of modern empirical science—that is, knowledge based on experience. Has man grown more intellectual in the last 2000 years since his day?

We are told that man's progress now is intellectual, not corporeal. But, even so, it must be said that man has made very little real intellectual progress in the last two millennia. Eliminating mechanical inventions and purely scientific discoveries, (which, grand and wonderful as many of them are, are not of the highest order of mentality, and do not make men either better or more spiritual,) we seem to have retrograded since the days of Sophocles and Aristotle, when, it is generally conceded, the Athenians reached the highest intellectual level yet attained by any people.⁴

The influence of Socrates had repressed the activity of the physical philosophers—i.e., those who investigated only the phenomena of Nature. This pursuit, however, though repressed, did not die out. It was upheld by the Epicureans, while the neo-Platonists carried on the work of Socrates and Plato. Midway between these schools came other streams of thought, by one of which the followers of Aristotle, called the Peripatetics, exercised a wide influence over Europe and Arabia through the Middle Ages, while another in the channel of the Jewish and Christian religions has spread over nearly the whole of the Western world.⁵

We have seen that reason was enthroned as the Queen of Philosophy. But reason is not necessarily limited to science. Reason is that outlook which determines in the human soul the whole of its relation to outside things. There is general reason concerned with abstract being, sometimes termed 'ontology.' There is special and definite reason which is the special activity of science. The latter substitutes symbols for things—symbols which express the precise relation between different objects. It is confined to phenomena, and is objective and impersonal. It

³ Schwegler's *History of Philosophy*.

⁴ *Rebuilding a lost Faith*, by an American Agnostic (published by Burns & Oates).

⁵ C. Singer, *Historical Relations of Religion and Science*.

starts from a heterogeneous multiplicity and unifies into a homogeneous continuity by representing qualities as quantities. General reason deals with mind and things—its two great principles. It is subjective, and, starting from unity, spreads out into diversity.

From the personal or subjective point of view every thinking individual must attribute a certain value to his own being. Self-preservation is an ineradicable instinct. Every one attaches some importance to his own existence, to his words and ideas, and to the expression of his feelings. Science, on the other hand, from an impersonal standpoint, reduces all being to universal relationships. It seems to have no thought for the individual:

So careful of the type she seems
So careless of the single life.⁶

Man must consider the conditions of his own life. Finding himself in the world, he must form a definite conception of the scope and purpose of his life here. This appears as necessary as the attainment of scientific knowledge. Is man to live a selfish existence with his own interests only in view, a self-centred unit in the midst of all things? Or is he to regard himself and all things round him as having a relation to others, whether grouped as family, neighbours, nation, or humanity?

There is the influence of art, too, upon the imagination. There is the true incentive to morality. These find no place in science, though they may exist in the soul of the scientist.

What makes most men prefer good to evil in its known conditions? Why are they generally happier in the atmosphere of goodness than in that of evil? Why does man aim at *σωτηρία*—soundness, health, safety, efficiency of body, mind and spirit? Religion provides an answer to this engrossing question. 'Because God made the soul of man for Himself, and it is satisfied with nothing short of God' (St. Augustine).

Does science deny the existence of God? The idea of an external, material deity has been abandoned, but science is gradually applying itself to notions which correspond to and justify a belief in God.

The visible world is full of dissolution, destruction and decay. Evil seems an indispensable condition of good. Who created the world? Which is the stronger force, good or evil? These important questions are not soluble by science. It seems from the consideration above that good is the stronger, and that man's effort is awakened and his progress secured by the conflict with evil. In this struggle the weaker goes to the wall. The develop-

⁶ *In Memoriam* (Stanza LV), Tennyson.

ment of one individual seems to presuppose the extinction of certain others.

Now human reason protests against this law of Nature. She would fashion what is good through the good only.⁷ She resolves that what is the well-being of one should not be the misery of others. She attributes to all that exists an ideal form, and demands that it shall realise the fullest perfection possible to it. Is this realisation possible? It seems to go beyond the scheme of Nature, whose passivity seems indifferent to the intrinsic value of the individual. But Nature is not a mere passive mechanism. If we consider life under its proper and ideal conditions, it presents us with an outline of a harmonious union of properties, which could scarcely have resulted from mere mechanical forces. By analogy with life we are able to conceive a Being in Whom all that is sound and healthy, positive and good, coalesces and exists—One yet multiple, like the human personality. This idea, though it transcends experience, is in complete harmony with human reason, and is what the various religions would call God. To believe in God, then, is to believe that all good qualities, which in this world seem irreconcilable, are not really so. It is to believe that a Power exists through which the Good can become the condition and means of the universal good. When we contemplate God as the Perfect Existence we form an idea, vague, doubtless, and mystical, but not out of touch with the aspiration of reason. Are not Life (which seeks a reason for living), and Science (the pure search for Truth), contained in this Being, in Whom alone existence gains a meaning and a value, and in Whom Perfection becomes a conceivable reality. The possibility of man's participation in this Divine Nature is the basis of the highest form of religion. The Being, in Whom everything that deserves to exist ought to be reconciled and merged, is to be conceived as both a model for the intellect to copy, and also a source of moral energy, whence the will can always acquire fresh strength in its struggle towards attaining the best.

A postulate of science is that everything happens as if all phenomena were only the repetition of a single phenomenon. The postulate of human life is a rule of action guided by the conviction that amidst the infinity of combinations which (uniform as they are from the scientific point of view) Nature produces some possess a peculiar value and are more fitted for a continued existence. Human nature does not ask only for the rational; it wants the best. For this aim there are three requisites: First, Faith—i.e., the conviction of some reality unseen or unknown. It is not a blind faith that is needed, but one guided by reason (as we have seen), by instinct, example and tradition. We make

⁷ *Religion and Science*, Emile Boutroux.

a venture for what is uncertain. Second, an *object* which is not inevitable and perhaps unattainable without faith—an ideal, at first far distant, then gradually growing more distinct as we strive after it. Third, *Love* for the ideal object, which makes the struggle possible.

Faith—i.e., the resolute affirmation of something unseen and unrealised—requires in the moral life an effort on the part of reason. This effort needs a motive, and the motive is found in the idea of duty. Duty has been defined as a faith, compact in itself without any other justification than its complete disinterestedness.

I have tried to show that Religion is not incompatible with Reason. Religion cannot be isolated from the rest of intelligent life. It has formed a prominent feature in human consciousness from the earliest times:

Religion's all or nothing! It's no mere smile
O' contentment, sigh of aspiration;
... rather stuff

O' the very stuff: life of life, and self of self.
I tell you men won't notice! When they do,
They'll understand.

(R. Browning, *Mr. Sludge the Medium*, line 1000.)

It is also an individual experience in every human heart in which it finds a place. Religion implies worship of a Deity. It feels its dependence on some higher Power outside itself. It forms a fresh valuation of life. It attributes comparatively small importance to the changing and ephemeral incidents of the present world, while it invests other characteristics of life, which it regards as imperishable, with a certain permanent and undying value. 'Whenever,' says a modern writer, 'man fairly and loyally throws the seat of his value outside his immediate self into something else, which he worships, with which he identifies his will, there we have in its degree the experience of religion.'⁸

What has been said above applies to what is termed 'Natural Religion.' Against this science can have no reasonable objection. But when we come to speak about 'Revealed Religion' (i.e., that there is, communicated to the mind through religion, a genuine truth about the ultimate nature of the universe, which cannot be reached in any other way), science said in the last century that the outcome of such communication is totally different from truth, and the hold on faith is kept practically in defiance of truth. Modern philosophy, however, taking up the attitude of Kant, holds that *knowledge* is limited to the world of phenomena—i.e., to the world as apprehended by our senses. Beyond this material aspect the world may have a real and true nature of its own, but

⁸ Bosanquet, *The Value and Destiny of the Individual*.

the ordinary understanding is powerless to reach that real world. The truth which religion needs, and which revealed religion claims, is *final truth*, not about external phenomena or appearances, but truth about its innermost essence. The faculty by which this latter aspect of truth is grasped is faith,⁹ namely, that element or instinct which forms the basis of all action in regard to, and in the presence of, the values of life. It cannot bring knowledge, as scientific facts are known. It is some power that makes us seek for the better, and ultimately for the best. We believe and we seek only through that instinct in our nature which, substituting value for fact, takes us beyond the world of fact and urges us to attain what is not actually present to us. It has been described as that feeling which leads us to trust in life's values and to act as if life were worth while, and ideals possible of realisation. It is the instinct of optimism. If we believe that the Supreme Being, Whose existence has been shown above to be not inconsistent with Reason, is able to impart His nature in a measure to human beings, we need not regard a revelation as impossible. The same Being, Who leads the patient searcher after truth in the physical world, through obedient following of Nature's methods, to the discovery of universal laws, might not inconceivably illuminate the minds of special individuals, who are fitted to be suitable receptacles of Divine revelation. The Judæo-Christian religion is founded on the belief in such a revelation. It is impossible to ignore the presence of Christianity. It may be explained away as being founded on error and superstition, but on that supposition it is difficult to account for its continued existence in the face of powerful and bitter antagonism and cruel persecution. It has spread over the greater part of the two most enlightened continents, 'and has for 2000 years been a moral force of inexhaustible and unparalleled potency.'¹⁰

In a recently published book of addresses the author¹¹ discusses the question of the Relativity of the Christian Religion—i.e., its comparative value, when weighed against other religious systems that have exercised a wide influence, e.g., the Moslem, Buddhist, and the teaching of Confucius. Of course, truth has a different setting for different times and races:

aliud aliis gentibus et temporibus stat Religio.

Mohammedanism and Buddhism seem to flourish chiefly in warm climates and in Oriental regions. The former has a comparatively low moral appeal. The latter, with all the beauty of its central figure, has only a pessimistic outlook for the present existence.

⁹ Religion as affected by Modern Science and Philosophy, S. A. Mellor.

¹⁰ Morning Post leading article, March 8, 1926.

¹¹ A. C. Bouquet, D.D., *The Christian Religion and its Competitors To-day*.

Does Christianity present the highest form of Theism, and does it enshrine in its final form the highest knowable religious truth?

From a comparative study of religions it has been found that in the lower forms the variations are chiefly on the surface, and that the truths on which humanity has lived are but few. Omitting polytheistic creeds there are two groups—

- (1) Judæo-Christian; Platonic; Stoic.
- (2) Buddhistic and Oriental.

The first group, for reasons already indicated, is generally regarded as the higher. The claims of Christianity may be summed up in—

- (a) Its universal appeal.
- (b) The final character of its revelation.
- (c) The arresting Personality of its Founder.

The reasons why Christianity triumphed over its competitors in the past are the same which recommend it to-day. The idea that truth at any point in the history of the human race is only partial and relative still tinges and troubles thoughtful minds.

(a) The fact that Christianity came into being nearly 2000 years ago and had its birth in an obscure Mediterranean province has not weakened its widespread appeal in modern days. Its marked characteristic is its expansion from an obscure and lowly origin to its present proportions. Its appeal has always been to the inner consciousness of the soul of man—an evidence of a profound spiritual experience for the individual by the manifestation of the Divine Life.

Heaven opens to a soul while yet on earth.

(b) The theory of Ethical Evolution—i.e., that men grow better as the world goes on—has its attractive side, but does not carry conviction with it. May it not be the case, as we noticed above in the intellectual growth since the time of Aristotle, that the highest spiritual point reached by humanity lies somewhere near the central point of its history? In analogy to the human body, whose most vigorous period centres round middle age, may not the human race have reached its crowning summit in the centre of its career?

The special features in Christ's solution of the world's problem, in distinction to those of others, have been summed up by the writer mentioned above.

(1) The world is the expression of the thought of the highest moral personality—namely, One Who is to be trusted and regarded as 'Father.'

(2) The aim of this Personality is to produce a very great number of centres of consciousness and to give them freedom.

(3) These created beings are to recognise their Deity as Love, not detached from, but within the world's suffering and striving.

(4) Unselfish service is the one thing demanded from created beings.

(5) To test the power of evil, Christ suffered judicial murder and rose superior to it.

(6) The human soul asks for personal survival after death.

(7) The permanent bliss of the individual soul depends on self-forgetfulness.

(8) Prayer, in the Christian's devotion, becomes more and more a harmonising of the human will with the Divine.

(c) It has sometimes been disputed whether the Founder of Christianity ever really existed in human form upon the earth and whether all records of Him are fictitious. That Jesus Christ really lived in Palestine has been recorded by Tacitus and alluded to by Suetonius. Josephus, the Jewish historian, was born 37 A.D., and it has been much disputed whether he actually mentioned the Founder of Christianity and, if so, exactly what he wrote. The discovery recently made of the fragments of a Russian translation of his works has been pronounced authentic. This manuscript in Slavonic is a translation of the Aramaic version of the Jewish historian's works. It establishes completely the historicity of Jesus.

One famous passage of Josephus's *Antiquities*, XVIII., Chap. III., sec. 3, quoted in Paley's *Evidences*, fully establishes the contention of the identity of Christ with the Messiah. This passage is suspected of having been 'doctored.' The Slavonic manuscript, however, alluded to above (*Jewish Wars*, II., Chap. IX., sec. 3) contains an undeniable Jewish description of the crucifixion, though the name of Jesus is not mentioned. Much abbreviated, it says:

Human in figure, He did things superhuman, thanks to some hidden power. Some believed He was Moses, others a man sent by God. He transgressed our Law and the Sabbath; but He did no wicked deeds, using only speech. His low-class followers impelled Him into a mutiny, in which He was arrested and punished by Pilate.¹²

The possibility of connecting a religion claiming to be universal with a definite historical character and with definite events in human history is a problem of a different kind.

But does not human character sometime reveal itself at some psychical point? Do we not hear of some heroic deed performed

¹² *The Morning Post*, March 8, 1926.

at a critical moment, by one whom we possibly believed incapable of any such height of character? Does not a nation sometimes rise to meet an emergency, with a spirit energy and perseverance which might almost be incredible in a decadent age? Similarly, it is not impossible to believe that the Supreme Spirit might determine to reveal Himself in some tangible way to the senses and perception of mankind. The whole life on earth of the Founder of Christianity was, in fact, a sacrament. There was the concrete and historical appeal to the outside world. There is the hidden revelation to the humble soul. The personality of Christ throbs through all the records that we have of Him. His career constitutes His message. He was not content to formulate doctrines or utter maxims and do nothing more. He lived out His doctrine. He showed in practice what He gave as His teaching.

The world can never say that it has tried Christianity and found it wanting. It has never, as its Founder predicted, been really practised: 'Shall the Son of man find faith on the earth?' The nearer we approach to the practice of Christianity in our public and private lives, the closer shall we come to the solution of the world's problems, to the true philosophy of the religious life.

C. H. PRICHARD.

EVOLUTION OF WEALTH

OUR understanding of the science of economics must be very imperfect. For its authorities are divided by sharp differences of opinion upon such fundamental questions as Protection and Free Trade, the expediency of a Capital Levy, and the practicability of Socialism; and, when they commit themselves to predictions, their judgments are commonly falsified by experience. Ten years ago the dangers of currency inflation were most imperfectly appreciated; and at the making of the Treaty of Versailles expert opinion accepted it as possible to extract money from an alien country in thousands of millions of pounds. There are hardly such possibilities of error in the sciences of mechanics and chemistry. The vagueness of our ideas infects our vocabulary. How difficult it is to define with precision the meaning of so common a term as 'credit.' Indeed, the nature of *money* is by no means easy to explain, although everyone is concerned with it. This indefiniteness of conception is due in some measure to our habit of regarding the conditions of modern civilisation as isolated 'things in themselves' instead of as the fruits of a process of evolutionary development—the final links of a chain of interactions. It would be impossible to understand the life of a butterfly unless one was acquainted with the earlier stages of its existence. And our comprehension is, moreover, narrowed by the propensity to rate the influence of external things, that are perceivable by the senses, above that of the imperceptible, but more important, forces that are within us. In economics, as in mechanics, we are concerned with *energies*—human in the one case, inanimate in the other, but alike in being the ultimate causes of activity. The action of a steam engine, with however a detailed knowledge of its mechanical structure, would be incomprehensible without a realisation of the energy of heat. The transactions upon which economic life depends are similarly motivated by the energy of expectant desire. This may apply itself in various directions, may lose ardour or may gain it. A thing would not be purchased, for instance, were there no desire for it: desire is the ultimate cause—the *causa causans* of the transaction. The thing, it is true, could not be bought if it did not exist, or if no money was

forthcoming to pay for it—that is to say, stimulating and instrumental causes must contribute, each of them a *causa sine qua non*. But, if we fix our attention upon these contributory causes, and ignore the motive that is behind them, economic changes will be as inexplicable as would be the working of a telephone to one who was unacquainted with electricity.

It must, of course, be admitted that the trend of civilisation has been profoundly affected by changes in the objects that are offered to desire—that is to say, in its *stimuli*—by changes not merely in food, dress and furniture, but in the accepted symbols of what is elegant, successful or distinguished. But these changes have only been effective because they have been accompanied by changes of taste—that is to say, of sensibility—which have often required much time for accomplishment. A new stimulus is ineffectual until a sensibility has been acquired for it: an Englishman is not tempted by stewed cuttlefish, or a Chinaman by a sonata of Beethoven's. There must be a change in human nature of an imperceptible kind.

The energy of desire, like that of heat or electricity, may take different phases and act in various directions. It may be emotional as well as prudent. The 'economic man,' whose ambitions are always deliberate and calculated, exists only in imagination; and reasoning that assumes the universality of this cold-blooded disposition must be fallacious. Indeed, all our 'tastes' are emotional in so far as they are acquired through experiences of pleasure. And it is only by scrutinising the various drifts of desire that we can apprehend a vital distinction between the motives that actuate the two-sided transactions of industrial and commercial life. An exchange involves a purchase and a sale—correlatives, and at the same time contraries. The motives of the two parties are very different. The desire of one who buys a thing is to *possess* it; that of him who retails¹ it is to make a *profit*. The difference is that between a house and a shop—the one furnished with things to be kept or 'consumed,' the other stocked with things to be sold or 'supplied.'

These two desires are the fundamental springs of economic evolution. As the motives of buying and selling, lending and borrowing, investing and realising, they are the opposite but interdependent origins of industrial and commercial life. Neither motive is, it seems, innate in mankind: both are acquired through experience and transmitted by education from one generation to another. For little children are seldom disposed to hoard their discarded toys. And we know that the desire to possess things does not germinate in the self-repressive atmosphere of asceticism,

¹ It is hardly necessary to remark that in wholesale transactions the buyer as well as the seller is solely concerned with *profit*.

and that profit-seeking is scouted as ignoble by those whose character is of the romantic kind. Hence there may be phases of culture that are untrammelled by private property and unmoved by the advantages of trade.

Whether desire be for possession or for profit, it begets a similar series of motives. It may inspire a man with the energy of *working*—of making or 'getting'—or may activate him with a decision to *acquire* a thing that is in another's possession by surrendering something of his own—that is to say, by a barter or exchange. The thing so surrendered may be his future prospects of possession: a man obviously exchanges the future for the present when he borrows money at interest. These are the motives of industry and trade. Things may, of course, be acquired by force, or fraud, or by authority, as are the rents of a landlord and the taxes of the State. But in the present connexion we are not concerned with these methods.

The possession of things is desired for the pleasure of power, as well as for that of enjoyment. This point is too obvious to be insisted upon: indeed, the idea of power is implied in the word 'possession.' Amongst the phases of power is that of commanding another thing in exchange—that is to say, of 'overcoming' it and making it yield itself in exchange. This is its 'value,' measured in terms of that which it overcomes. So defined, the kinship of *value* to *valour* is explained. Value is, then, a correlative relationship between two things each of which overcomes and is overcome by the other: in its economic sense it does not exist without the possibility of an exchange. And there can obviously be no value unless there is some difficulty of acquisition: air, which is open to all, possesses no value, nor does land in a country where it may be had by taking. The difficulty may be natural, as that which is involved in making or procuring; or artificial, as when caused by a monopoly or combine. The value of particular possessions is generally limited to particular cases: a sack of corn, for instance, commands an exchange only with those who need it. But experience showed that the precious metals possessed a *general* value: they were always and everywhere in demand, so that pieces of them, in the form of money, had the effect of materialising value, or 'command-power,' in itself. They could accordingly serve as universal instruments of exchange—and also as measures of value, since they were subdivisible without loss. Moreover, quite apart from this utility in exchange, money is valuable in itself as a *reserve* of 'command-power.' And by guaranteeing the fulfilment of *expectations* it converts them into present wealth. It gives a present value to future possibilities.

The idea that future possibilities could be *possessed* also

follows from the natural processes of growth and reproduction: a cultivator possesses prospects of a harvest, a share of which can be exchanged for a loan of seed grain; and a very large portion of the fields in India are sown with borrowed seed that is repayable, with interest, at harvest. The claim of the lender to receive it is a 'credit.' Such claims are the materials of which the credit system is built up. Borrowing was of course immensely extended by the use of money. It is unproductive when it does not help to materialise the possibilities that are exchanged for cash but simply creates a lien upon the future. Reckless borrowing may actually exhaust the future; and this may be the effect of State borrowings for war purposes.

A claim arises from an obligation, which may be imposed by law (as are those to pay rent and taxes), but in commercial transactions is based upon a *concession* of some kind. The discharge of an obligation may be secured (apart from the law) by a guarantee, or be unsecured except by a feeling of confidence. A vast proportion of the claims that are personal rest simply upon trust, and hence, if confidence is shaken, a mass of credit may crumble and fall. For claims against certain persons are very largely dependent upon the discharge of obligations by others.

Claims are 'realisable' because, at more or less sacrifice, they are convertible into money by being exchanged for it. But they are wealth—in the form of money value—as they stand; and are actual additions to wealth if they can be satisfied out of future profits without exhausting the remuneration that is required to stimulate industry and enterprise.

It follows that possessions have evolved into their present complexity by two mental processes of abstraction and reassociation. The 'command-power' that enables goods to procure an exchange has been generalised and attached to money. The 'command-power' of money has been used to give a monetary value to claims upon the future—that is to say, to 'credit-assets.' These actually increase the total amount of wealth by giving a present value to future possibilities. Possessions may, then, be defined as consisting of goods, of money, and of claims to receive goods or money that are actually existent, or are expected to come into existence in the future.

Profit, in its beginnings, is the pleasure of winning an advantage. It is obvious that no exchange would take place unless both parties were advantaged by it. But over and above this bare 'motiving' profit there may be a *surplus* profit of very large amount. A poulterer may be willing to give a chicken for 4 lb. of butter, a dairyman to give 5 lb. of butter for the chicken. The minimum value of each is its cost to its owner; its maximum value is deter-

mined by the effective desire of the other to possess it. This may be enhanced by his riches, as well as by the pressure of need. And in any case it is strengthened by the fact that a desire is stronger than a like, so that a man will pay more for a picture, for instance, that he wants, than he would take for it were he its owner. This surplus profit can be intercepted by an intermediary who uses money to buy from one and sell to the other. He can thus convert into *profit* for himself that which another might have *saved* on an exchange—i.e., the difference between what the latter would have given for a thing and what he could have managed to secure it for. Until money was invented, profit-seeking in this fashion was practically impossible. And the use of money opened a way to the winning of financial, as contrasted with commercial, profits by the exchange of money for claims to receive money or things. These opportunities of gain introduced a new stimulus into social life which has profoundly modified its character. Possessions, from being objects in themselves, became instruments for making profits; and there followed the commercial and financial developments that distinguish modern civilisation from its ancient predecessors, and from the economic conditions of countries that are called 'backward.' The Indian ryot cultivates in order to gain possession of a livelihood; the English farmer in order to make a profit.

The term 'profit' is ordinarily applied to the *share* of profits that is enjoyed by the owner of a business—or capitalist. But this is, in fact, only a portion of a gain that is shared between all those who have contributed to a thing's production and sale—that provides the interest that is paid on borrowed capital and all that labour receives in excess of a bare subsistence wage. In this larger sense profits mean 'total shared profits' as distinguished from 'proprietary profits.' This total is obviously the source from which are drawn all professional incomes and all taxes that are levied by the State. Profits are, in fact, the life blood of modern civilisation. A country becomes 'progressive' when it catches the profit-getting spirit.

The profit that is made on an exchange does not augment the total amount of wealth: it represents the annexation by one person of command-power, or value, that is inherent in goods which were possessed by another. Profits are not, then, the *ultimate* cause—the *causa causans* of wealth. This is *energy* in some form or other, whether it be drawn from such inanimate forces as steam or electricity, from the vital forces of growth and reproduction, or manifests itself in the human enterprise, industry and prudence that are the products of desire. Profits are merely the *stimulating* cause. But they are a *sine qua non*, if production is to be massive.

Having thus summarised the distinctions between possessions and profits, we may proceed to discuss in a little more detail their growth and development.

Possessions, as we have seen, may be particular or monetary. The relics of ancient society that have come down to us seem to show that, primitively, the privilege of proprietorship was confined to the tribe, the village, or the family. But the idea of personal property would very easily be attached to things, such as clothes, ornaments, tools and weapons, that enhanced the power of an individual, or the esteem in which he was held. Desirable possessions have grown so enormously in their kinds owing to a progressive refinement of sensory sensibilities, and to a more and more sophisticated valuation of objects as worthy of admiration or ambition. Man is peculiar in that his tastes—with a few quite elementary exceptions—are not inborn, but acquired. He is, practically, unfettered by instinctive inclinations: in place of them he is endowed with the capacity of 'cultivating' tastes—of discriminating new qualities and of associating pleasure with them. This is so not merely with his tastes in food and drink, but with his æsthetic appreciations: it is the upbringing of a child that develops a fondness for the European styles of music and painting. So, again, with the objects of ambition, such as dress, titles and decorations: they vary in fashion from one country to another. New appreciations, when once initiated, spread through our imitative propensity and the desire to be not 'outdone' by others. But, to begin with, they are developed by ingenious essays on the part of men of originality; and, since new opportunities for venture are offered by novelties in manufacture, production reacts upon appreciation, each tending to stimulate the other. Accordingly, in a progressive community tastes and fashions grow and change with great rapidity. In the East they have remained simple, and production has been but little differentiated. Established habits have been sanctified as if they were religious observances. This has barred the development of new tastes, and has hindered the evolution of manufactures by stifling the strongest incentive to their initiation. Industry is languid and ineffective. For its motive is not desire or ambition, but the apprehension of want; and this may drive a man to work, but does not inspire him with optimistic energy.

Monetary possessions have been similarly differentiated into a multiplicity of national coinages. They all serve a double purpose—as a medium of exchange, and as a store, or reserve, of command-power. In the first of these functions money circulates from hand to hand, like a current discharged from a reservoir. It is 'used,' but not 'used up.' As a reserve of command-power it is stored, not circulated. It becomes a source of

'credit' in that it can guarantee obligations. But the amount of its power fluctuates with fluctuations in the value of the currency.

When the command-power of money is derived from its own intrinsic value it may be termed 'auto-potent.' This is so with the gold sovereign, but not, of course, with the subsidiary coins that represent fractions of it. Money becomes 'representative' when it possesses little or no intrinsic value, but stands for (and is guaranteed by) something that can command exchange, whether this be metallic currency, a commodity, or a service. A banknote that is convertible at sight falls into this class, as also 'tokens' which give the possessor a claim to something, or some service, that is exchangeable, such as were commonly issued abroad during the late war, and in England during the civil disturbances of the seventeenth century. A further evolution introduced into use money that may be termed 'over-representative' or 'fiduciary,' since, although convertible at sight, it is issued in larger quantities than the reserve of gold or silver for which it is substituted. This is rendered possible by a reliable expectation that demands for conversion will be made intermittently and not at one time, so that a cash reserve suffices to support more than its equivalent in notes. Finally, we have become willing to use money that is entirely 'conventional'—paper *symbols* of 'command-power' which (like subsidiary coins) are acceptable merely because they are customarily and universally accepted as indispensable instruments of exchange. Since their issue is not restrained by the provision of any substantial guarantee, it may be as prodigal as the State pleases. If issued in excess of the functioning requirements of the currency—that is to say, for the instrumenting of exchanges—it rapidly declines in value, and drags the existing currency into debasement with it.

There is no test to show exactly whether a currency is over-sufficient for its functions. For its sufficiency depends upon a varying rapidity of circulation as well as upon its quantity; and the functions that it is expected to discharge cannot be quantitatively stated. Experience tells us that money falls in value if it is superabundant. It is, however, not easy to measure the extent of its fall. The test that is generally used is to compare the money prices of certain typical commodities at different periods. But the exchange-value of these commodities varies independently of money: it is reduced by improvements in production and transport, and raised by the 'combines' that are so marked a feature of our present economic life. Variations in prices may, then, be a deceptive clue to changes in the command-power of money. But they are the only possible means of comparison.

By the use of cheques the making of money payments is

concentrated in banks. Cheques are *substitutes* for money, not additions to it, and the currency is, therefore, not inflated by their use. There is, on the contrary, an economy. For, if the presenter of a cheque and he who drew it are both clients of the bank, payment can be made by acquittance through a cross-transfer of account. The larger the bank the wider, of course, are the opportunities for this mode of settlement. And, through the Clearing-house, banks can 'set-off' other banks' cheques that have been presented to them for payment against their own cheques that have been presented to other banks, settling in this fashion by mutual cancellation claims that amount to hundreds of millions sterling a month.

Possessions, as we have seen, are immensely increased by the development of 'credit' through the mental differentiation of 'money-value' from money and its attachment to *claims* to receive money—that is to say, through the attachment of money-value to things that exist only in prospect. So a tradesman's 'assets' include the debts that are due to him. An insurance policy is a 'credit-asset': it gives a claim to receive money on a certain contingency arising. The investments that form so large a share of our possessions are credits that give us command over a share in other persons' future income.

We turn now to the growth and development of *profits*—commercial and financial. The former are the outcome of industry and enterprise in production, transport and sale. They include all the proceeds of sale other than those which are required in order to replace outlay on raw material and the subsistence of the labour employed.

Without capital there can be neither industry nor commerce, since all productive undertakings must make payments in advance of sale, quite apart from capital outlay on buildings and plant. Capital is, then, the *instrumental* cause of profits. But since it is merely an instrument there must be a causal energy behind it. The capitalist must be capable and alert; labour must be industrious. It is the dream of Socialism that the possession and direction of capital should become a function of the State. In this case it would lose its driving power, and would resemble an engine without its steam. For State officials would not be spurred by the desire that presses the capitalist to make the most of his resources, since their income would not depend upon the profits that they made. This *a priori* conclusion has been amply confirmed by experiences of democratic State control in industrial and commercial affairs.

Capital apart, the various factors which lead to an increase of commercial profits may be summarised under four heads—

efficiency and economy of working; the extended use of credit; a rising tendency in prices; and the multiplication of transactions that follows an increase in the number of purchasers. We may briefly review each of these factors in turn.

A passing reference suffices to efficiency in direction—to the utilisation of steam, electricity and chemistry to full advantage, to skill in contrivance and to enterprise. The efficiency—that is to say, the industry and skill of labour—may be noticed more particularly, for its decline is a disturbing feature of the present day. The advent of a 'new spirit' is eagerly desired—a spirit that would induce men to work 'for work's sake,' or for the benefit of the community. But such an inspiration would be out of accord with the course of evolution, which is pressing upon us the superiority of practical to ideal motives. The success which is nowadays most attractive is that of making money—that is to say, of earning higher wages by good work. Under modern economic conditions this must be industry's main incentive. But it is inoperative unless the amount of a man's earnings is dependent, in some degree, upon the results of his work, so that he has always before him, so to speak, hopes of promotion. Most employers of labour are well aware of the stimulating influence of piece-work terms. The workmen are afraid of it, since rates have commonly been reduced as their earnings have increased: their own diligence has been used against them. Their apprehensions would probably disappear had they a guarantee that rates, when once fixed, could only be changed with the consent of a judicial arbitrator.

It has been explained how, by investing future prospects with present monetary value, the credit system adds to capital and therefore to profits. By the exploitation of the future, capital may be created out of nothing that exists in the present. A promising scheme may be financed by the mere undertaking of a bank to discharge the promoter's obligations. It grants him a 'credit-deposit' in reliance upon the possibility of acquitting most of his drawings upon it by cross-transfers in account—that is to say, by debiting to his account the amounts of cheques drawn by him, and by crediting them to the accounts of those who present them. In this fashion a productive undertaking can be financed, with profit both to the promoter and the bank, without the use of any pre-existing assets. Wealth is created out of prospects. The concession that creates a credit may be a postponement of payment. A tradesman's 'credits' include his unpaid accounts. We speak of him as 'giving credit' instead of as receiving it by confusing with his claim the delay to which it owes its existence. Under a bill of exchange, payment for goods received is postponed for a time, creating a credit claim which is 'realised' by being discounted in advance. The holder of the

bill loses by the discount. But he is compensated by the price that he has charged for his goods, while the bill adds to the credit-assets of the country. Transferable credits of this kind can be created by 'finance bills' that are, in fact, mere promises to pay, and have no such effective guarantee behind them as is given by the possession of goods.

But if this anticipation of the future increases profits in one way, it diminishes them in another—very notably through the taxes that are imposed by the State to provide interest on unproductive borrowings, that is to say, on borrowings which do not assist in developing future profits, but simply create a charge upon them. Owing to folly, extravagance and misfortune—private and public—indebtedness tends to grow into an intolerable burden that crushes the life out of industry and enterprise. Its evils have suggested various remedies, from the Mosaic jubilee, and Solon's *σεισάχθεια*, to modern bankruptcy proceedings. They have undoubtedly been much alleviated by the gradual depreciation of the currency (through either its quality or its quantity) which has been so marked a feature of past history. English industry is now suffering from a curtailment of profits caused by the taxation that is required to provide interest upon an enormous war debt. Not only are going concerns heavily penalised: the growth of credit is, so to speak, frostbitten, and there is consequently a lack of credit capital for new undertakings. The interest that is paid on the home war debt is, it may be urged, simply transferred from one pocket to another. But this argument misstates the case. Sums are withdrawn from profits that stimulate industry, to be disbursed in payments that, generally, do not increase the productive efficiency of their recipients but merely add to their capacity for spending. It is difficult to see how, failing a capital levy, a progressive reduction of the rate of interest can be avoided. Germany has freed herself by a currency inflation that has reduced money obligations to nothingness. She has sacrificed future for present interests. English policy has been precisely the contrary.

Profits are very obviously increased by a rise of prices. But so long as competition is free, and prices are settled by the 'haggling of the market,' they can hardly rise to a point that admits of the paying of substantial wages, and there is a strong incentive to the 'sweating' of labour. It is therefore in the interests of workmen as well as of employers that industries should be protected, or 'sheltered,' from price-cutting rivalry. This is commonly brought about by 'combines,' the effect of which upon prices—not only of such articles as rubber, chilled meat and tobacco, but of such necessities as bread and coal—is far greater than is generally realised. Sheltering monopolies may

arise from circumstances, as in the case of a railway, or be created by sentiment, such as that which constitutes the 'goodwill' of a shop, or inclines us to 'buy British goods.' When the competition is of imported goods it can, speaking generally, only be effectively muzzled by a protective tariff, and this conflicts with the popular—and natural—desire for cheapness. The effect of a rise in prices is to take money from the professional classes, and those with fixed incomes, and to present it to industrial interests. The working classes also lose unless they are accorded a proportionate rise of wages; and this can generally only be secured by restricting their own competition for employment, through the means of trades unions, and by the drastic methods of a strike. Protective tariffs have therefore been strongly opposed. But there are signs of a change in public opinion. The price of bread is so greatly disturbed by speculative attempts upon our foreign wheat supplies that the effects of a moderate sliding duty would be hardly noticed. And so long as English farmers are refused the guarantee of a minimum price for wheat the decline of arable farming cannot be arrested.

Industries that produce for export, such as the coal, cotton goods, and metal businesses, cannot be sheltered from the effects of foreign competition, and a most difficult situation arises. One cannot expect that their workmen should complacently accept lower wages, or longer hours, than are the lot of their fellows in sheltered employments. But the only alternative is to be subsidised by the State, unless the prices of exports—of coal, for instance—can be stabilised by an international combine. The notion that all workmen should fare alike springs from man's desire for the harmony of justice. But practically this ideal is unattainable. And differences in rates of wage are not more unjust than that the soil of some farms should be naturally inferior to that of others.

Prices may be raised by inflation and lowered by deflation of the currency. These changes would leave profits unaltered did they immediately modify all payments and receipts, and affect future as well as present values. But owing to the partial and gradual effect of their action they increase or diminish profits very materially. A fall in the value of the currency warrants a manufacturer in raising his prices. But it reduces his charges for interest, and also his real expenditure on labour, unless it is met by a rise in wages. And at the same time it diminishes his liabilities for taxes, and his payments for professional and other services. There is, moreover, something stimulating in the receipt of more money from sales, even although there is no gain in actual exchange value. On the other hand, a rise in the value of money increases the burden of charges for both interest and wages.

Accordingly fluctuations in the value of the currency may have a considerable temporary effect in stimulating or depressing enterprise. In the long run, by unsettling the future, they must affect industrial and commercial interests injuriously.

Profits are multiplied when there is an increase in 'turnover'—that is to say, in the number of customers. The use of attractive shops and advertisements is to bring this about by stimulating purchases. But their effect depends upon the general well-being of the community. If the working classes are sufficiently well paid to come into the market there is obviously a far larger scope for making profits than when custom is limited to the well-to-do. It follows that the payment of high wages is in the *general* interests of capital as well as of labour—a truth which is driven home by the conditions of America. But to a *particular* industry this advantage accrues, not from its own liberality, but from that of others. To initiate the payment of high wages requires, therefore, some self-sacrifice, or the resources of great wealth.

Finally of the development of *financial* profits. These are derived from the exchange of money for credit-claims, of one kind of credit-claim for another, and of one country's money for another's. We may regard them as the last evolutionary shoot of economic growth, since that which is transferred is desired, *as a possession*, by no one. The inducement for these exchanges is an expectation that what is acquired will increase in value. This rise may come about from an improvement in the character of a guarantee: the value of a bill of exchange is enhanced if the credit of him who purchases it is better than that of its previous holder; it can therefore be rediscounted at a profit. It may be caused by a rise in the amount or security of the profits to which an investment-credit gives a claim, or by a speculative "fancy" for the investment on the stock market—an emotional predilection that may have no better foundation than that the investment is run after by other persons. Prices can, therefore, be raised by the speculative enterprise of a few influential financiers. The relative values of the currencies of different countries vary with their home purchasing power, with the rate of interest that they command, and with the demand for them for the settlement of international balances. They are also affected very greatly indeed by the expectations with which the currencies are purchased and sold for speculative purposes—that is to say, by the hope of profit lying through degrees of rise or through degrees of fall in the value of one currency in relation to the other. Speculation, in fact, gives an impetus to the changes in value from which it expects to make a profit. The foreign exchanges easily become instruments of gambling, pure and simple. There is no intention of delivering the amounts that are purchased:

they are merely used to multiply the difference between the exchange rate that is 'backed' and the rate actually prevailing on a given date.

Financial speculations serve a useful purpose in assuring the 'realisability' of credit-claims and so maintaining the reality of credit. In other respects they do not add to wealth: they merely redistribute it. And they introduce into economic life a gambling spirit which is strangely out of accord with the careful prudence that nurses its development.

BAMPFYLDE FULLER.

FEMINISM AND MARRIAGE

IN order to understand the Women's Movement in England we must not forget that it originated in a necessary reaction against the subjection of women.

From the first this gave the movement its peculiar character. It embodied in the sharpest form a demand for freedom. It was based upon the idea of personal rights, and upon an individualistic philosophy of life. As a reaction against masculine overlordship the movement was naturally strongly anti-masculine in its moral tone. Almost unconsciously the early leaders regarded men as the tyrants who had so long held women in bondage.

While the enthusiastic belief in freedom which animated the movement was certainly a source of strength, it led at the same time to a dangerous one-sidedness. Under the influence of John Stuart Mill and others of his way of thinking English feminism developed an individualistic and rationalistic view of life from which it has never been able to free itself. Such an attitude is useful as a weapon in the struggle for emancipation, but it can do nothing to solve the complex problems arising through the contact of the sexes. It is in the very nature of these problems that they cannot be dealt with from a merely individual standpoint, since they lead us at once into the realm of social and racial values.

It must be put to the credit of the Women's Movement that it did a great work for unmarried women. It raised their status and provided them with a multitude of fresh opportunities in life. In the political field, too, it is important that the nation should have the benefit of the feminine view-point. I am neither an anti-feminist nor an anti-suffragist. I am convinced, however, that the fatal weakness of English feminism lies in the fact that it does not possess a constructive philosophy of life. Like other movements of protest, it is mainly negative. It has not brought to light any positive ideal of life large enough to include in its scope the relationship of the sexes.

The girl of to-day absorbs a freedom-loving and egocentric conception of life almost from the time she is able to walk. The books that she reads, her social *milieu*, her companions, her

school, often the home itself, all conspire to impress upon her a view of life which leaves out of account the social and functional aspects of womanhood. Most important of all is the influence of the school. Girls' schools are staffed to a very large extent by teachers themselves deeply impregnated with feminist ideas, and whose typical life-outlook is that of the independent bachelor woman who understands little or nothing of the problems of sex and marriage. At the most plastic period of development girls spend years subject to this kind of influence.

It is therefore no matter for surprise that we now breed by thousands a type of girl who is conspicuously deficient in the sense of racial function. I met recently a young woman of twenty, the finished product of one of the largest and most famous girls' schools in England, and asked her what plans she had for her future. 'Oh, I want to be independent—to go in for some career or other,' she replied. 'Of course, I might marry; but if I did I should not have any children.' This with the most cold-blooded seriousness. The ideal of the 'modern' girl is to 'live her own life,' to 'have a good time.' How often do we not hear English parents complain of the lack of domestic feeling in their daughters, of their eagerness to break away from all family ties, of their indifference to everything save their own 'self-development'? Is the education of these girls all that it should be? The educational influences of to-day do not impart to young womanhood any organic view of reality through which girls might value the special tasks and functions of their sex more highly. Too many girls of to-day make the impression of being sexless autonomous beings whose lives are not inwardly related to the great evolutionary process of which our civilisation is a phase.

Let us look at a contrasting picture. The typical Italian girl does not attach any exaggerated importance to her individual freedom. Her outlook is social and organic. She regards herself, not as an autonomous unit, but first as a *woman*, then as a member of the family and of the nation. Her education is such as to strengthen her womanly instincts and turn her mind towards the fulfilment of all the social and racial functions for which Nature has specially fitted her.

Equipped with her philosophy of independence and self-realisation, the English girl of to-day sallies forth into the world. She grows older, she sees more of life, she comes into contact with men, her instincts begin to ripen, until one day she realises with a shock that as a self-centred unit she cannot truly fulfil her personality. In her innermost self she feels the need for man and child.

And now her individualistic outlook reveals its inadequacy. In her greatest need she is inwardly bankrupt. Her mental

training has left her without a sense of inner contact with the masculine world. She has been on a footing of 'wholesome' comradeship with boys and young men, but that sexual union with a man should be a thing needful to her self-fulfilment is to her a strange and almost repellent idea. Her teachers did not prepare her for this! Unlike the Italian girl, who has been trained from babyhood to think of marriage as her natural destiny, the English girl has been prepared for anything rather than for marriage. She has been encouraged to think of a career—to train herself for teaching, medicine, or business. Her personality is torn in two. Nature urges her towards union with the opposite sex. But the general tendency of her mental outlook causes her to cling tenaciously to personal freedom.

Many girls unduly postpone marriage, missing chances which come their way; others plunge into marriage ill prepared (both practically and psychologically); while not a few avoid the risks of matrimony altogether. In addition there is the type, comparatively new to England, of the girl who deliberately prefers the dubious position of a 'temporary wife' because she can thereby retain more freedom.

To sum up. A large proportion of modern girls are trained so exclusively with a view to celibate careers that they acquire a type of mentality fatally unfitting them for home life. The matter is often looked upon as if it were merely an affair of practical domestic knowledge. People say: 'Oh, a clever girl will soon learn all that is needful in the way of house work, cooking and so on.' But the root of the trouble lies far deeper than this. It is the entire psychology of the modern girl that unfits her for married life. A passionate love of personal freedom, however valuable it may be in other directions, is one of the worst possible qualities with which to enter upon a state which demands much self-discipline. And the easy-going *camaraderie* now customary between the sexes is a thing so wholly of the surface that it is no preparation whatever for a relationship which touches the deepest instincts of the race. It is probably no accident that America, where this superficial familiarity has gone furthest, is also *par excellence* the land of quick divorce!

It may very possibly be urged that the above picture is exaggerated. While admitting that in a short article it is needful to paint with bold strokes in order to produce any effect, and that therefore the picture is certainly one-sided, I nevertheless firmly maintain that this is a correct characterisation of very widely prevalent tendencies. The reader may remember an illuminating correspondence in a leading London daily paper two years ago. The editor invited unmarried women and girls to state their reasons for remaining unmarried. A lengthy corre-

spondence ensued, in which a remarkable unanimity of feeling was manifested, throwing a strong and peculiar light on the mentality of the girl of to-day. The letters very briefly summarised below were not exceptional, but typical.

(1) Miss M. wrote that she was earning 200*l.* a year—a good income for a girl living alone. 'I enjoy my freedom,' she said; 'I go to theatres, dress nicely, have my holidays, and enjoy a good time. Why should I sacrifice these things in order to marry? The men I know do not earn more than 300*l.* to 400*l.* a year and could not give me these things.'

(2) Miss B. announced her intention of breaking off her engagement to a man with 300*l.* a year, as she knew that on a small income she would lose her freedom and be tied to housework and children.

(3) Miss C. stated that she had had several offers, but they were from men who could not give her the comforts and amusements to which as a bachelor girl she was accustomed. She could not tie herself to a monotonous domestic life.

(4) Miss H. wrote that her observation of the domestic life of her married friends had been so depressing that she was resolved to keep out of it altogether, and was fairly contented as a bachelor girl.

Pages might be filled with similar extracts. In reading these letters one received the impression that the love of independence in most of these girls was a far stronger motive force than natural instinct. Nothing was more striking than the total absence, in the majority of the letters, of any expression of strong desire for husband or children. Very few of the correspondents seemed to attach any significance to sex-love as an element in the development of their lives. Indeed, what was not expressed in these letters was even more revealing than what was expressed. Not one of the numerous girls writing even mentioned the fact that women, as such, owe a duty to the community; that the maintenance of the home life of the nation is their specific task. Almost without exception the letters were wholly egocentric in tone. They bore out to the full the contention that a large number of modern girls are totally lacking in any definite sense of feminine function.¹ These girls do not, in fact, look upon themselves as

¹ It is true, as A. M. Ludovici has pointed out, that men are at least as much to blame, owing to their lack of positive outlook on these matters. In this short study it is not possible to touch the question of feminism and eugenics. One looks to leading feminists in vain for any recognition of the fact that a race which breeds from lower types must degenerate, and that it is a duty on the part of intellectual and highly-bred women to produce their fair quota of children for the nation. The keen interest of feminists in 'birth-control' seems to be wholly negative. They have done nothing to encourage a higher birth-rate amongst the cultured classes, although the present rate of some one and a half to two children per marriage is quite inadequate. If feminists really aim at national regeneration,

women at all—in the biological sense of the term. They are the typical products of a life philosophy and educational method which grossly undervalues the significance of sex.²

Let us now look at the results as affecting men. The Englishman of to-day finds himself moving in a world which has become sexless to a very remarkable degree. While the friendly companionship of the sexes which is now possible has its good side, it has also the serious drawback that the man misses in his life the influence of a specifically feminine element, with all that this means for his mental and emotional life. The girls with whom he associates are often so masculinised in their tone that, although he may be attracted to them in a purely physical sense, he is bound to miss the more spiritual aspects of femininity (seen, for example, at their best in a good type of French or Italian girl).

If the truth were revealed, most men resent strongly the independence of the modern girl, however few of them have the nerve to protest against the customs of the day. And this resentment is not, as many feminists would say, based upon sex hostility or upon male jealousy of the increasing power of women. It has deep roots in the natural law of complementary sexuality. The modern girl can neither teach a man anything nor learn anything from him. Her masculinisation makes it impossible for her to give him just that element which is missing in the male, and her independence is such that she cannot or will not seek in the man that which he can give to her. The man thus feels, with justice, that he has been cheated out of that enrichment of his personality through contact with the opposite sex which instinct teaches him to expect.

¶ Happily, Nature in many cases proves stronger than art, and it is still possible for many couples, through mutual affection, to rediscover the proper relationship of the sexes to one another. But when this occurs it is not because of, but in spite of, the peculiar tendencies of feminine ideals and education in England. Leaders of the Women's Movement have often expressed their desire to improve moral conditions and to build up the home life

this problem should engage their attention in a peculiar degree. England has an abundance of splendid young women of the upper classes, but their sterility is such that the future of the nation is left almost wholly in the keeping of the lower classes. This is the high road to national disaster.

² It was a calamity for the Women's Movement that it developed too soon to reap the benefits of modern psychology, which might have corrected its one-sidedness through a deeper knowledge of human nature. Such a work as Professor Stanley Hall's *Adolescence* must open the eyes of anyone who thinks sex differences are of minor importance. The immense literature of the Freudian school has thrown an entirely new light on many aspects of sex. A. M. Ludovici has written in a most arresting way on the psychology and philosophy of sex. The works of Havelock Ellis are of international importance. Perhaps of most significance is the recent research on the hormones, which bears directly on the vital importance of sex differences for mental and emotional life.

of the nation. But the actual results of feminism seem to have been of a quite opposite character.

The aggressive independence of the majority of modern girls and their reluctance to take up domestic responsibilities has had the very serious effect of postponing or preventing marriage for large numbers of young men (especially in the educated sections of society). Anyone with a circle of English friends will be able to think of doctors, teachers, lawyers, civil servants, architects, engineers, and so forth, who are not able to think of marriage until, say, thirty-six to forty or forty-five years of age—a time when they are already long past the age when marriage would have been of the greatest significance for their lives and of the greatest value for the nation.

No one with any knowledge of the world would expect most of these men to maintain a state of complete celibacy during such an unduly lengthy postponement of marriage. But we must ask ourselves, What are the actual alternatives? On the one hand, there is association with regular prostitutes, which, even apart from moral considerations, is a very dubious and unsatisfying matter. On the other, there is the possibility of temporary sex unions with girls of vague principles and (in most cases) of a lower social class. It is true that there is little difficulty in finding girls enough of this type; but how many feminists would really come forward in defence of these unions? Most of the more influential feminists, at any rate in England, take a strictly moral line on these questions and advocate the so-called 'single standard of morality.' In other words, they expect all these men to lead lives of complete celibacy. They make marriage more and more difficult for large numbers of young men, while at the same time urging moral standards much more strict than those to which men were held at a time when marriage was easier than it now is. This is a state of things to which men cannot possibly assent without betraying all the interests of their sex and, indeed, of the whole nation. If the feminists are in earnest in their moral aims, the very least they can do is to provide improved opportunities of marriage for young men. And this can only be done by restoring the conception of womanly function in the minds of the girls of the nation.

I am far removed from urging the double standard as a solution of sex problems. But I must point out that to insist upon chastity before marriage in the case of a girl of, say, eighteen years of age (who may very easily be married in two or three years) is one thing, while to say to a man of eighteen that he must live a celibate life for some twenty years before marriage is an entirely different matter. Women have no right to make such a heavy demand upon men unless they are themselves honestly striving to fulfil their own functions as the sexual

partners of the men of the nation. If by their policy of aggressive independence and self-masculinisation they tend more and more to deprive the young men of their own class of a man's natural rights in the sphere of sex, they are the last people who should complain if these men turn to women of a lower class to find what they cannot find amongst their class equals.

The problem is not so much economic as ideal and moral. Most of these men, if not all, could and would have married in any country less affected by the feminist movement. The typical Swiss or Italian girl feels it no hardship at all to marry on a small income and work hard in the home. She has been trained from infancy to think of herself as man's partner, and to consider home-making her special task. But the Englishman, in view of the almost truculent independence of most of his girlfriends, naturally shrinks from the idea of marriage unless he has such an income as will practically free the girl from domestic work and worry. We thus get an altogether unreasonable postponement of marriage in the more educated classes, with results which are highly detrimental to the national welfare.

The whole circumstance constitutes a vicious circle. We are told that girls must go out into the world and compete with men because their opportunities of marriage are so small that it is useless to prepare girls for marriage. But one of the main reasons why so many men do not marry or do not marry early is just because the girls are *not* prepared for marriage. This vicious circle is continually growing more and more vicious. The flood of girls who are poured into the labour market grows larger and larger, thus still further reducing the chances of marriage for women as a whole and for each particular girl.

The entire trend of feminine education in England—its cult of individual freedom, its egocentric bias, its pseudo-masculinism—tends thoroughly to unfit a girl for any deeper understanding of men and their special needs. The more masculine a girl becomes the less she can intuitively comprehend masculine human nature. It is precisely the bi-polarity of the sexes which gives rise to the natural atmosphere of sexual magnetism.

In contact with most English girls one is driven to the view that they do not in the least realise the deep antithesis which must exist between independence and sex love. Their ideal of marriage is that of a free comradeship, in which they will enjoy all the advantages of married life without suffering any serious curtailment of individual freedom. They fly to the idea of 'equality' to protect themselves against any possible possessive claims on the part of the man, and to the idea of birth control to make sure that the claims of maternity shall not interfere too largely with freedom.

May we not ask the question, What is there of *love* in this outlook? Does not the very essence of feminine love lie in the idea of self-surrender? All the forces of instinct and the custom of thousands of years drive a woman in this direction. The more intense the passion, the more complete and joyous the surrender. Those who do not realise these facts are strangely ignorant of the elements of human nature.

If a girl enters upon marriage with the idea that she will as far as possible preserve her independence, that she will continue to maintain her autonomous philosophy of life after she has entered a union the very nature of which is the transcendence of merely personal life, she not only cheats herself out of the richest possibilities of sex love, but also inflicts injury upon her partner. It is in these matters that we see most clearly the sex egotism of so many feminists. They aim—perhaps not fully consciously—at a solution of sex problems which simply ignores the man's needs and interests as if they did not exist. A man's emotional and erotic life is immeasurably impoverished through a union in which he is made to feel that the girl is concerned to safeguard her personality. Such a union contains for the man nothing that he could not obtain just as well, or indeed perhaps better, in a temporary *liaison*. Let us consider the matter from this point of view. The root of the feminine sex impulse lies in the desire for maternity. The woman wants a child to call her own; she wants to know and feel that this child belongs absolutely to her alone. If the child were to be self-dependent, would not the mother be robbed completely of her joy? This full possession of the child is the natural channel through which the racial instinct of the female expresses itself. A man, on the other hand, has been deprived by nature of the possibility of 'having' a child, in the full sense in which the woman has a child. Only in an emotionally quite inferior sense can the father feel himself the parent of the child. The corresponding emotional experience for a man can consist only in a similarly unreserved possession of the woman. Otherwise his racial instinct will remain more or less undeveloped. So far as one can judge, the claim of most representative feminists is that the entire sphere of sex relationships and the control of birth should lie in the hands of the wife. Only in this sense can one interpret their claim to 'the right of self-possession of the married woman' (a favourite phrase in the literature of the Women's Movement). It would thus seem that the feminists, if they had their way, would demand for the woman not only possession of the child (which is a natural right), but at the same time a position of complete ascendancy in matrimonial life. She would thus become, not man's equal, but his superior—one might almost say his possessor! Under the shadow of

'equality' and 'independence' claims are here being advanced which, if they were granted, would enable women to dominate the situation in the most vital department of human life.

The doctrine of the independence of women, developed in the sense understood by most leaders of the Women's Movement, strikes a deadly blow, not only at some of the most vital instincts of masculine human nature, but at the natural roots of sex love and the family. Men not being absolute fools, in spite of their present irresolute attitude towards sex questions, will presently begin to ask themselves some pertinent questions: 'If women are to have freedom, why should we not have freedom too? If my wife, for example, says "I do not want to have a child," why should I not say "I do not want to go to business and drudge away to support you"? If she wants to lead a pleasant, easy life, why should not I lead a pleasant, easy life, too? I will refuse the burdens of marriage and go away and live with some girl to whom I am not legally bound.' The man's feeling that he is morally bound to support his wife is the corollary of that sense of unreserved possession which is one of the deepest masculine instincts. Once the man begins to feel that his wife is not 'his' wife at all, but an independent person, who does not in the least consider herself bound by marriage (except in the purely technical sense that she refrains from intercourse with other men), the feeling that he is bound on his side to support his wife and family will be undermined. Marriage is a reciprocal undertaking. On the one hand, the man agrees to work for and support his wife and family; on the other, the woman agrees to perform the traditional functions of a wife—which include, normally speaking, sex union and maternity. But if the wife of the future is going to say 'I will either perform these functions or not, just as I like,' the man of the future will just as certainly say 'I will support my wife and family or not, just as I like.'

Women cannot possibly claim freedom for themselves in marriage relationships and deny the same right to men. And in the case of the man the assertion of freedom can only take the form of refusing responsibility for the wife.

It is true that some feminists are clear-sighted enough to see that their views of sex questions, put into practice, will lead logically to conditions more and more approximating to 'free love,' more especially if (as is nearly always the case) the propaganda includes the demand for increased divorce facilities; and most of these feminists (the left wing of the movement) aim honestly at this goal. In their case we know where we are. But the great bulk of feminists put forward such views as are above indicated without in the least realising where this road leads. They do not see that the attempt to solve the problems of marriage

from the standpoint of an egocentric philosophy of individual freedom must produce a condition of anarchy.

Many women entertain the surprising belief that in claiming freedom for themselves they are asking for something which men already possess. This is absurd. When a man marries he gives up his freedom. He takes upon himself a number of ties and obligations to which he can be legally held. The view that a married woman can claim complete freedom in her own life while at the same time maintaining important legal rights over her husband's life and means is utterly untenable. If men were once to submit to such a claim they would sink speedily to a wholly inferior position in the social system. They would become money-making machines, virtually the slaves of their wives!

It is not suggested that such an enslavement of man is a conscious aim on the part of feminists as a body. This is certainly not the case. But the leaders of the movement have pressed their claims so one-sidedly, and with such a complete disregard of the masculine standpoint, that at last they find themselves urging views which go far beyond the original demand for sex equality. For this reason, and not in any spirit of sex hostility, it is very important that the man's point of view should receive adequate expression if we are in the end to arrive at a solution which shall really do justice to sex equality.

The feminists have followed the only course they could have pursued, granted the doctrines of individualism which have all along inspired them. They have broken away from the humiliating subordination of the past and achieved their freedom. But this freedom has left women in a state of isolation. The old bonds binding them to the community and to the masculine half of humanity have largely lost their power. Fruitful new relationships have yet to be discovered. Hence *la femme deracinée* of to-day. The philosophy of egocentric self-realisation cannot solve the great problem of the right relationship of the sexes, and feminists as a body have no other (though many individual feminists, in a private sense, may hold different views).

The more stress is laid upon individual freedom the more surely is a wedge driven in between the sexes. The whole glory and beauty of sex lies in the transcendence of what is merely personal—in the merging of the single life in the life of the race; and sex love draws its deepest strength from self-forgetfulness and self-sacrifice.

No thoughtful person would deny that the Women's Movement has accomplished a very valuable and necessary work. It is therefore all the more imperative that the movement should rid itself of its inadequate and largely obsolete ideology. Without a richer, more scientific, and above all more *positive*, intellectual

and spiritual background, it cannot contribute fruitfully to the solution of such a deep and complex problem as that of the relationship of the sexes.

If the movement is to grow beyond the negative stage, if it is to become something more than a revolt against the past and a vague demand for freedom, it must develop a vital life philosophy, such as will take cognisance of the significant achievements of modern psychology and do full justice to the life-giving differentiation of the sexes. Only a positive philosophy, embracing super-individual aims and standards, can provide a mental horizon wide enough to liberate individuals from narrow egocentrism and relate them organically to the life of the community.

MEYRICK BOOTH.

MODERN ECLIPSE PROBLEMS

NEXT year, for the first time for over 200 years, a total eclipse of the sun will be visible in Great Britain, and for twenty-four seconds, in the very early morning of June 29, the outer layers of the sun's atmosphere will be revealed to the eyes of the curious and to the instruments of the astronomers. Granted good observing conditions, outstanding problems as to the nature of the sun may be pressed one step nearer solution. At the date of the last total eclipse visible in this country, namely, 1724, the chief interest lay in the exact timing of the various phases of the phenomenon and in the accurate delimitation of the boundaries of the shadow track. Halley stated clearly the main lines of observation required in his account of the eclipse of 1715, also total in England. The problem to which he addressed himself still retains interest and importance at the present day, and the ease of dealing with it in a civilised country is very much greater than it was 200 years ago. In New York city, for a total eclipse visible there last year, lines of boy scouts, students and others were organised along the predicted edges of the shadow belt. Half of these observed whether the eclipse was total or not at their station, the other half watched for the position of the edge of the shadow. A special questionnaire was prepared for these and other volunteers to elicit the most useful information that could be supplied by careful naked-eye observations. The exact determination of the distances between the two edges of the shadow is of value in giving a measure of the relative sizes of the diameters of the sun and the moon; the exact determination of the times when the separate phenomena of the eclipse occur is of value in helping to fix the exact position of the moon. There are outstanding irregularities in its motion which make it important to use to the full any chance of observing it when close to the sun in the sky.

The value of these observations is not obvious to the layman and in fact they appeal strongly only to a select body of students of the lunar theory. It is otherwise with the problem as to the structure and nature of the pearl-grey corona and the red prominence flames which are seen during totality surrounding the black disc of the moon. Halley, who accepted with some mis-

giving the view that the corona was the moon's atmosphere, described it as 'a luminous ring round the moon of a pale whiteness or rather pearl colour, seeming a little tinged with the colours of the *iris* and to be concentric with the moon.' The prominences he saw as 'a long and very narrow streak of a dusky but strong red light [which] seemed to colour the edge of the moon . . . but immediately vanished upon the first appearance of the sun as did also the aforesaid luminous ring.' We know now that these features of beauty and of interest belong to the sun and not to the moon, and their general and scientific importance have become greatly enhanced.

Of the corona itself we know as yet but little. Its spectrum has not yet been identified in the laboratory, so that we do not know of what substances it consists, and the two hours during which the corona has been visible in the past fifty years, since permanent photographic records became possible, have been insufficient to reveal the meaning of the constant changes in its appearance. A few main facts are clear. Along general lines we have been able to relate the shape of the corona to the periodic activity of spots on the sun's disc. At times of sunspot minimum the corona shows marked extension in equatorial regions, curved bands of light sweeping out, it may be, as far as thirteen million kilometres from the sun's limb. Near the poles we find short, fine rays or plumes, separated quite distinctly from the equatorial bands, the boundary being about 30° from the poles. At times of sunspot maximum the corona is much more uniform in its distribution round the disc, and it does not extend so far as the equatorial extensions do at minimum. The general nature of these changes is known; their meaning has yet to be found out. Another feature of interest in the structure of the corona consists of bright arches frequently found over high prominences on the limb. The nature of the connexion between the corona and the prominences is still unknown. If in some way coronal substance is being evolved in the prominence regions, perhaps out of prominence matter, it is there that we may find the key to the nature of the corona and to certain problems in sub-atomic physics.

The prominences, sources of wonder and of alarm to the ancients, are no longer to be regarded as providing problems peculiar to a total eclipse. Up to 1868 they were never seen except at an eclipse, and then Norman Lockyer and Janssen independently developed a method by which prominences could be studied at any time, when the sun shone brightly. By a happy coincidence the papers announcing their successes were read at the same meeting of the Académie des Sciences. The visual method of observation due to Janssen and Lockyer has now been supplemented by photographic methods developed by Hale and

Deslandres: the observations of prominences have become a matter of daily routine at solar observatories all over the world. In a programme of eclipse observations prominences have ceased to play any part of importance; they remain, however, of historic interest, and they are closely connected with the layer of bright gas out of which they rise, the chromosphere.

At the Spanish eclipse of 1870 Young, observing the spectrum of the disappearing sun through a slit-spectroscope, noticed that just as the sun's disc was obscured by the moon while the atmosphere was still visible beyond the moon's limb, the dark lines of the solar spectrum flashed out brightly; 'the whole length of the spectrum was filled with brilliant coloured lines, which flashed out quickly and then gradually faded away, disappearing in about two seconds—a most beautiful thing to see.' The observation has since been frequently confirmed by visual and photographic observations, and it is the object of most eclipse expeditions to secure a flash spectrum. During an interval of some two seconds, immediately after the disappearance (or before the reappearance) of the sun's disc, the chromosphere, that layer of the sun's atmosphere which gives the flash spectrum, is accessible for examination by the spectrograph. All preparations must be complete, instruments adjusted, clocks running accurately, and the plan of operations well thought out and carefully rehearsed beforehand to secure the fullest possible information as to the nature and constitution of the chromosphere. The spectroscopic results obtained at previous eclipses have already shown that the gases present are mainly composed of hydrogen, helium and of ionised or positively charged atoms of such common elements as calcium, iron, magnesium and titanium. What we are now mainly concerned with is the analysis of layers of the chromosphere at different depths. We are no longer merely concerned with the identification of elements present; we need to know the distribution of atoms of different elements at varying heights in the chromosphere and also the manner in which atoms of the same element but ionised to varying degrees sort themselves. From an analysis of the atoms present at different heights of the high-level chromosphere we hope to gain information not only on the pressure and temperature of the gases there present, not only on allied problems of stellar radiation, temperature, and evolution, but also on fundamental properties of the atom and of atomic radiation.

Nature provides us in stars of different mass, temperature, and density with a whole series of laboratory experiments for our study. Each star, if we could but analyse its successive atmospheric layers, would provide us with its own series of data connecting pressure, temperature, and the ionisation of gases. But in the

case of the stars we have so far only begun this analysis in a very elementary manner. The sun alone of the stars is near enough to enable a detailed analysis of different layers to be attempted. For the lower layers we get information by examining the light from sunspots: above the spots we get the wide range of information supplied by the reversing layer with its Fraunhoferic spectrum: in the case of one or two gases, such as hydrogen and ionised calcium vapour, we can, by means of the spectroheliograph, examine their distribution as bright or dark clouds in higher layers still, particularly in the prominences; as a rule the highest layers, which are of most interest to the mathematical physicist, are only accessible to study during a total eclipse. At the moment the theorist is ahead of the observer and is waiting for observations to confirm his theories or to show in which direction they must be modified. And the observer must wait generally a year or two for his next observation, must spend some months in preparation for it, and must travel generally some thousands of miles to secure it; always he has to face the risk that the months spent in preparation for the eclipse and the money spent on instruments and journeying may be wasted by 'a little cloud out of the sea like a man's hand.' It is impossible to ensure a clear sky for the eclipse, however carefully the site of the eclipse camp is chosen, however many observations of the cloudiness of the sky are made at various stations in preceding years on the date and at the hour of the eclipse. One small cloud at the wrong spot at the critical moment suffices to spoil the whole plan of operations and to send back the observers empty-handed save for experience in preparation and in the suitability of their instruments for eclipse work. The problem, so far as its solution depends upon the observers' results, must remain unanswered for another year or two.

Quite a distinct type of eclipse problem from the descriptive and spectrographic problems detailed above is what is frequently called the Einstein problem. When Einstein first published his generalised theory of relativity he predicted as one of the confirmations of his theory that a ray of light when passing near to a massive body such as the sun would be deflected by a definite measurable amount. When the European War drew to an end in 1918 the Astronomer Royal quickly seized the possibility of checking this theory by forwarding preparations for eclipse expeditions to the island of Principe and to Sobral, in Brazil, to observe the eclipse of 1919 (May 29). The sun was eclipsed while in front of a good field of stars, and, as is well known, observations secured at Sobral by Mr. C. R. Davidson and Dr. Crommelin, of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, and at Principe by Professor Eddington, of Cambridge University, and Mr. E. T. Cottingham

amply verified Einstein's prediction. Since then the result has been confirmed at other eclipses by certain American astronomers. It seems unlikely that British astronomers will occupy themselves with this problem again (unless other astronomers obtain results inconsistent with Einstein's prediction) until the sun is eclipsed while in a field of stars even more suitable for the experiment than the field of the 1919 eclipse.

But there are plenty of other eclipse problems waiting further work. The rate of rotation of the corona has not yet been measured. The source of its light is not yet clear. Reflected sunlight is mainly responsible for the continuous spectrum of the corona, as distinct from its bright line spectrum of unknown origin; but work remains to be done on the polarisation of the coronal light and on the distribution of intensity with wave-length in its continuous spectrum. Differences in both these features, at different distances from the limb and in different regions of the corona, may well be found and may play their part in the determination of the nature of the corona.

The total intensity of the coronal radiation, about half that of the full moon, has also to be measured at each eclipse and the meaning of the variations that may be found elucidated. These and other observations may all in turn throw light on the relation of the corona to the main body of the sun. It is difficult to limit the range of fresh knowledge in physics, meteorology and stellar physics that may flow from a full knowledge of the nature and structure of the corona and of its exact relation to the radiation streaming out from the sun. As in so many branches of astrophysics at the present day, fresh results lead to the opening out of fresh problems, and it may well be that in interest and value eclipse results are at the beginning of a fresh chapter rather than at the close of an old one.

Fresh problems, however, demand fresh instruments for their solution, and one of the eclipse problems with which British astronomy is faced is the provision of funds through which to replace the instruments which have done yeoman service on eclipse expeditions all over the world for the last thirty years. It will not be possible to maintain the leading position which early eclipse observers secured for this country without considerable fresh expenditure on instruments. The occasion next year of the only total eclipse visible in this country between the years 1724 and 1999 would seem a very suitable one for an appeal for public support, in the hope that the eclipse may be made of real scientific value and historic interest. Although it takes place early in the morning of June 29 (about 6.24 a.m. summer time) with the sun low in the sky, and although it lasts but a short time (twenty-four seconds), all steps must be taken to rouse

general interest in it. Observations which have been made regularly by those who live in the belt of totality to see whether about midsummer the sun is generally clear at the hour of the eclipse would be of value. The central line of the eclipse runs from Criccieth through Colwyn Bay, Southport, Settle, Richmond (in Yorkshire), Darlington and Hartlepool, and the belt of totality extends about fifteen miles on each side of this line. In the interest of those who live in the belt of totality and of those who at small expense and trouble to themselves can visit the belt for the eclipse, a publicity campaign must be organised, as was done recently for the eclipse in America, to which reference has been made above. There is no need to enter into details here, but the kind of thing that probably should be done is the issue to schoolchildren by education authorities of a printed card giving details of the eclipse. This would be more valuable if the card could be pierced with a central hole covered with blackened photographic film, through which the partial phases of the eclipse might be observed without damage to the observer's eyesight. Such an issue of descriptive cards with safe dark windows was made this year to the native schoolchildren of Java and Sumatra, to the general edification of themselves and their parents. It is not too early for responsible authorities in the localities concerned to be considering now what steps shall be taken to stimulate interest in and to assist the observations of the eclipse of next year.

A short survey of the regions in which the belts of totality lie for the next few eclipses will help to make clear the amount of travel that must fall to the lot of the eclipse-hunting astronomer: the average mileage would work out at about 5000 miles for one minute of totality. Next year, as already stated, the eclipse will be total in Wales, England, and Scandinavia. In 1929 there is to be an eclipse of unusually long duration (five minutes) in Sumatra, Northern Malaya, Siam, and the Philippines. In 1930 there will be an eclipse in Patagonia, in 1932 one in Canada, in 1934 one in Borneo and the Celebes, in 1936 one through Greece, Central Asia and Japan, and in 1937 an eclipse of nearly maximum duration (seven minutes) will occur in Peru. Not until 1961 is there an eclipse so near to this country as France or Italy, and not until 1999 does an eclipse occur in this country again. The eclipse of next year, then, offers an unique opportunity to millions of people to see one of the more wonderful spectacles of Nature. Not everyone can secure the full thrills of an eclipse expedition. For that there must be more at stake than a mere journey to the belt of totality in the hope of seeing something unusual and wonderful. There must be the knowledge of much time and thought spent in preparation, the fear lest some unhappy oversight should nullify

all the work already done, and the certainty that any mistake or accident cannot be put right in the few seconds available for observation. Even without these additional sources of excitement, an eclipse of the sun must be for the observer one of the most interesting moments of his life, one worth securing at a considerable sacrifice of time and money. No one can in advance secure for him a clear sky. All that can be done—and that much must be done—is to see that full information is made generally available as to the prospects of a clear sky at different points along the line of totality. The rest must be left to that Power which 'causeth His sun to rise on the evil and on the good and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.' Professional astronomers and interested laymen share the same uncertainty while waiting for an eclipse. The fortunate share a common exaltation which comes to all who are temporarily freed from the distractions and cares of normal mundane life.

F. J. M. STRATTON.



ETHICS OF EGG-COLLECTING

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THE recent case in which a well-known ornithologist and egg-collector, Mr. Edgar P. Chance, of *Cuckoo's Secret* fame, was fined at East Harling for aiding and abetting the man who actually broke the law is an example of how a man with an avowed purpose will take grave risks in order to secure what, no doubt, he deems justifiable ends. Probably he thinks that the law is misguided, and it may be that here and there Dogberry—'writ down, an ass'—strives still to administer it; it may be true that Carlyle's scathing 'mostly fools' includes those who framed the laws; yet the whole of our national well-being depends on our observance of those rules and regulations by which we are constitutionally guided and guarded, which, collectively, we call the law.

If we think that we have greater intelligence than the majority, even if we believe that this or that enactment of the majority, framed by its constitutionally elected representatives, is unfair, we may grumble—the Englishman's privilege—but we must submit and obey. If we do not, we have ourselves only to blame if penalties seem severe or unjust.

Every ornithologist who has studied or tried to study the existing laws and county orders for the protection of birds agrees that they are so worded that an astute lawyer can drive the proverbial coach and four (should it not be a Rolls-Royce to-day?) through many of the clauses. The individuality of the lawyer clashes with that of the ornithologist; indeed, the individuality of lawyer and lawyer, ornithologist and ornithologist, explains the complication of the enactments. It is a Herculean task to draw up a Bill that will please all parties. Yet who are we, any one of us a fool in the eye of the Carlyle of to-day, to set our wills or whims against the established code of the majority?

The law, the voice of the people declared by its chosen administrators, says that certain birds and their eggs must not be slain or taken by the private individual. The private individual who covets specimens for his professedly scientific collection justifies himself by the argument that the law does not realise the value of his work, the purity of his intentions. Further, he may argue

that the law is inoperative, has failed in purpose, is ignored by the constables and magistrates who are supposed to enforce it—is, indeed, obsolete. Therefore, as he believes that his work is of importance to the general community, he will risk defying the law and proceed accordingly. Is this fair to those who believe that the law, imperfect perhaps, is just? Is it a moral outlook? What do we mean by justice or morality? In other words, are we individuals, binding ourselves to obey only our own code of morals, or are we units of a great society, and thus bound to subordinate our individual desires to the will of the State? We may object to tribute-money, but the greatest authority on morals taught that it was Cæsar's due. If, even so far as it concerns a bird's egg, we ignore the ruling of the State, we are anarchists.

What is all this argument, all this fuss, about? There is a bird called the crossbill, because the tips of its mandibles do not meet but cross at one side or the other, which at intervals of years invades our islands in large numbers. These intervals vary, but as a rule the invasions recur in less than a decade. After each invasion of any magnitude a few individuals elect to colonise and attempt to become permanent British residents. In suitable areas, where there are coniferous trees, these colonists nest, and if unmolested continue to nest year after year. The true bird-lover welcomes the establishment of a new resident, rather than new species, in his area, and desires that it shall have every encouragement to remain. He urges that the bird shall be given legal protection, and in most cases this is granted, even though the protection may be purely nominal. After the great invasion of 1910 numbers of crossbills remained in certain districts in East Anglia, where there are many genuine naturalists, a powerful and progressive association, the Norfolk and Norwich Naturalists' Society, and an energetic Wild Birds Protection Committee. The crossbill was placed in the list of specially protected species.

But in Norfolk, and in other parts of the country, were many who desired to include in their collections eggs of the crossbill obtained in England, an obsession we will discuss later. Ignoring the special order, they robbed the nests, and cared so little about their crimes that they made no effort to conceal their larcenies, but boasted to their fellow-collectors. Immunity from unpleasant consequences, largely due to the preoccupations of the war years, encouraged others to imitate them; persecution of the Norfolk crossbills became annual. Greed for more and more ill-gotten gain fostered the speculative spirit in those who saw a lucrative if somewhat risky way of making money. The professional collector exploited the crossbills, selling his spoils to men who, perhaps, dare not themselves steal.

These pseudo-ornithologists fondly imagined that their depre-

dations were unnoticed, but the watchers were making sure of their ground. In March 1926 Dr. S. H. Long and Mr. S. Gurney visited Thetford to watch the crossbills, but not with any intention of watching egg-stealers. A farm bailiff, Albert Wyatt, saw them looking into likely trees, spoke to them and offered them some crossbill's eggs; Wyatt imagined that they might be customers. He was right, for Mr. Long bought the eggs, and was then told that he (Wyatt) had five clutches that he was sending to a customer in London, and gave much information which he denied when cross-questioned. Dr. Long and Mr. H. O. Brown, deputy-clerk to the Norfolk County Council, arranged that the parcel, which was forwarded by train, addressed to Mr. Chance, should be intercepted by the police when called for by Mr. Chance's clerk. Mr. Chance, receiver of illegally taken eggs, was exposed.

On April 26 the case came before the East Harling bench with the Earl of Albemarle in the chair, and so well did Mr. Brown conduct the prosecution that, in spite of certain technical points brought forward by the defence, and the fact that Wyatt denied that he had said many things which Dr. Long stated clearly in his evidence, a conviction was obtained. Wyatt was fined 6*l.* 19*s.*, including costs, and Chance 13*l.* 10*s.* (10*s.* each egg obtained) and 9*l.* 2*s.* costs for aiding and abetting Wyatt. The bench directed that the confiscated eggs should be divided between the museums at Norwich and Thetford.

Any real ornithologist will smile at the defence, for it was argued that Wyatt imagined that the eggs were those of the greenfinch, that no man living could tell the difference, and that the greenfinch was unprotected in Norfolk and Suffolk. It is true that certain writers on birds have asserted that the eggs of the crossbill cannot be distinguished from those of the greenfinch, but Dr. Long refused to admit their word as authoritative. He further pointed out that the crossbill was an exceptionally early nester, and that some eggs were laid in January, and Mr. Brown quoted from the published statement of Mr. Chance, which appeared in the March number of *British Birds*, that he had found a crossbill sitting eggs on January 31, 1926, in Norfolk. The greenfinch seldom has eggs before the end of April, and as a rule nests in hedges, not Scots firs.

There are two points which are patent to every ornithologist of experience—that the oologist is quite certain that there is on the average a very marked difference between the eggs of crossbill and greenfinch, and that no collector would trouble to have greenfinch eggs collected for him or pay a high price for them. The eggs of the crossbill, if British-taken, have a considerable though fictitious value.

The quarrel over the right to take a few birds' eggs, however

rare that bird may be, seems trivial to the man in the street. Why should we worry about birds when there are matters of national and international importance still unsettled? How do birds affect our welfare? Why trouble about something that is no one's property? Property! What is property? is the reply. There is property which we can accumulate, retain, or lose, personal property; and there is property which is not ours, nor even the Government's—a body transient, unsettled in ideas, elected as representing this or that section of the community according to mass whim. This other property belongs to posterity, to the country—our country—to the nation distinct from any class or political party; property which will belong to no one individual, and yet to all, the precious inheritance of land and race. Within our land on every hand are natural charms and beauties which we, thoughtlessly and carelessly, can mar or destroy, but cannot create; this is the nation's precious wealth. Our simple crossbill, in its descendants, if we now help it to live and rear its young, will be here when all the economic or political worries of to-day are forgotten, when all private property has passed into other hands, and will be appreciated, even loved, by those who will know nothing of our identity. But we can destroy the crossbill, and rob something more than the bird, for we shall deprive our descendants of these pleasures. Is our good name of no value? Do we wish the men and women who will come after us to condemn the people of the early twentieth century as ignorant, selfish, unimaginative materialists, who cared more about this or that dead and gone issue than the beauty of their land? Property! Yes, the crossbill is property, but not ours alone.

Let us consider the ethics of egg-collecting, not only the collecting of eggs of rare and persecuted species, but of any egg-collecting. A large number of sympathetic people feel that the taking of eggs of any bird is cruel, for it is the cause of shock to the parental, and especially the maternal, susceptibilities. Their idea is that it is akin to cruelty to animals. To a certain extent this is true, but it must be admitted that they are largely influenced by their æsthetic impulses; most of these would not admit that it is also cruel to animals to crush a gnat or drown a trapped mouse. Mercifully the sorrows of the bereaved bird have no lasting sting. The maternal instinct is, while it lasts, self-sacrificing, self-negating, a passion powerful enough to impel the avian mother to fight to the death for her offspring. Yet there are many birds which, if robbed, will lay again at once or build a fresh nest without delay; their pain or disappointment lasts for less than an hour.

We cannot, however, lightly throw aside the argument

against cruelty. Thoughtlessness about the sufferings—even if they are merely instinctive or temporary—of birds and other animals encourages a carelessness which may degenerate into deliberate, ruthless cruelty. We do not wish our children to lust for blood, like those Latin juveniles, girls as much as boys, who enjoy crushing or biting the skulls of the unfortunate birds ensnared in the night-nets. Ouida, more than thirty years ago, wrote against this disgusting practice in Italy in *The Nineteenth Century*, and, whilst deploring the demoralising and degrading custom, adds that 'it is not, however, worse than that of aristocratic English children, who go with the keepers to see rabbits bolted from their holes, or rats hunted from stacks and killed, and who in their daily walks see in their fathers' parks the steel trap and the pole-trap set for fur and feather.' Fortunately this condemnation does not apply to all 'aristocratic' or democratic children of to-day, for the rising generation is showing hopeful signs of greater kindness and consideration than their ancestors possessed; yet the disgusting habit of 'blooding' after the first meet is by no means extinct. Further, we hope that cruelty amongst the Italian and French children is less general than it was, but the bird-catching methods are still bad enough; the catcher will break a wing and leg of a bird, tie a string to it, and make it flutter to attract others to his net or within range of his gun.

Whatever we may feel about blood sports we cannot shut our eyes to their selfishness. In the excitement of the chase we think only of our own enjoyment and forget the terror and pain of the victim, and, worse than that, we desire to destroy what we cannot restore, that greatest of all gifts, the vital spark. Egg-collecting by small boys may seem trivial enough, but it may be the first step towards degradation.

On the other hand, most of us who now desire to protect and preserve birds because we have a passion for Nature must present our *apologia*. We collected eggs when we were young, and from the search learnt our first lessons in bird-lore, fostering our first love through the sufferings of our victims. The act of egg-collecting rather than the egg-collection has started most of our best ornithologists and some of our keenest bird protectors in the right way. Many of us have given our old collections to museums, and have now no desire to gloat over the treasures of the past; indeed, the egg in the nest is no longer a temptation, but a beautiful object which we hope to see develop into a still more beautiful infant bird. Beautiful! The blind, big-headed, skinny, downless or thinly downed newly hatched 'pottling' beautiful? Yes, if we look beneath the quaint appearance and structure to see the marvels of development.

One argument put forward in favour of collecting is that the first clutch of eggs should be taken in order to help the birds, for these first clutches almost invariably are premature and so come to naught. Later clutches, laid when a fuller leafage gives better protection, and when food supplies are less likely to be curtailed by late frosts, have a better chance of maturing. It is a mere excuse. Many early broods live through vernal dangers, when, too, competition for food is less strenuous than when many other parents are searching for it to satisfy the cravings of their insistent young. Indeed, there are collectors who go even further than this, for they claim that they are the real protectors of rare species, which they 'farm'—their own expression—in order year by year to enrich their own collections. Are they farming them, keeping their nesting-places secret, for the sake of the birds, or to prevent rival collectors from competing with them? Need we ask?

Another excuse, unfortunately fostered by some masters in public as well as elementary schools, is that a bird cannot count, and so a single egg taken from a clutch will not be missed. This may be true in some cases, but the idea that the bird does not know the correct number in its clutch is rather discounted by the fact that some birds will go on laying again and again each time an egg is extracted. Physical inability to produce more alone stops the attempt to catch up.

Even if the bird cannot or does not trouble to count, we are not safe in taking single eggs, for it is quite evident that if one boy can find a nest others may do so also; indeed, they frequently see the scars and signs of earlier examination left by the climber or scrambler. How are they to know how many 'one eggs' have already been taken? And when the clutch is reduced to one lonely survivor, yet another juvenile egg-robber comes along, and perhaps takes that, thinking that it is the start of the clutch and that the bird will certainly replace it.

An unprejudiced advocate of bird protection, Mr. E. M. Nicholson, contends that all collecting for private ends should be illegal; in his recently published *Birds in England* he suggests how this might be accomplished, and supplies a number of statistics which prove what irreparable damage has been already done by collecting. Unfortunately we know, as is illustrated by the case of the crossbills, that the matter of legality or illegality weighs little with the determined collector. The juvenile egg-collector does little damage to species, but he is an example of the eternal problem—the child, what will he become? A naturalist or a destructive collector? If he develops a love of Nature he will forget his collection, and perhaps learn to hate it, but if he degenerates into an adult egg-collector the chances are that he joins the ranks of criminals who knowingly break the law of the land.

Oology, the branch of ornithology which deals with the study of eggs and nidification, presents many interesting problems, and some can only be studied by the accumulation of a number of eggs, even in clutches. A clutch is the full complement of eggs laid by any individual bird. But for the majority of those who profess to study oology the scientific claim is nothing more than a cloak for miserly accumulation; there are many who boast about the numbers they have taken, and exhibit long ranges of clutches to show variation. Some collectors, mostly wealthy men, employ others to loot wholesale to stock their already overcrowded cabinets. It appears, from the evidence in the recent case, that Mr. Chance is one of this type. For certain well-marked or eccentric clutches they will pay high prices, for clutches containing the egg of a cuckoo, if in the nest of an unusual fosterer, they will give absurd sums. Why should the egg of a cuckoo with the whole clutch of the rare marsh-warbler be so much more valuable than one in the nest of a reed-warbler? If the cuckoo's egg had been taken and those of the warbler left, we could understand the attempt to protect the rare fosterer; but no, the cuckoo's egg has no value without the other eggs.

Do these collectors who employ agents ever think how tempting it is for the agent to transfer a cuckoo's egg from one nest to another and so enhance its value? Do they ever realise that the paid collector may make up a short clutch, or convert a normal into an abnormal one, by adding eggs from other nests? This has been done in some cases, and the man's excuse was that the fool deserved to be exploited. 'British-taken' eggs have been, and probably still are, imported from abroad; where, then, does the boasted study of sub-specific variation come in? There is another matter which applies particularly to eggs bought from foreign collectors—the question of correct identification. On many of the labels that I have seen, both of clutches collected at home and abroad, are the words 'identity sure.' What proof is this? Some time ago I went over that large collection of the eggs of Palæarctic birds accumulated for genuine study by the late H. E. Dresser, which is now housed in the Manchester Museum; there are many clutches and single eggs obtained by dealers from travellers and professional collectors abroad, and quite a number of the 'identity sure' eggs are certainly incorrect, though the wrong identification may not have been intentional. Some of these Dresser himself discovered to be errors, some he suspected, a few he missed, having nothing available for comparison.

The purchasing collector—maybe too cowardly to risk being exposed as a law-breaker—not only bribes others to commit crime, but lays himself open to imposition and encourages acts of deception. Were his methods less destructive we could smile at his

credulity, but we cannot afford to smile when rare species are threatened.

The crossbill nests in Northern and Central Europe and in Asia, and a permanent colony has long existed in Northern Scotland. But this Scottish bird is said on the average to be slightly longer in the wing, and to have a rather deeper and more massive bill. The Norfolk colony consists of descendants of birds which arrived from the Continent twenty-six years ago, and so are distinct from the Scottish sub-species. If this sub-specific variation is constant—it may be, but I cannot say, and hope that no more unfortunate birds will be slain to prove so really unimportant a point, enough having already been sacrificed—we are faced with fresh condemnation of the collector of British-taken eggs. That collector could purchase as many as he required from Continental dealers, and, as they are avowedly of the same sub-species as the Norfolk birds, these eggs, collected in countries where the bird is so abundant that every now and then it is forced to strive to enlarge its breeding range, would be just as useful for comparison with the eggs of Scottish birds as Norfolk eggs.

The crossbill, taken as the text for this attack on immoral egg-collecting, is but one of very many sadly-persecuted species. There are now thousands of eggs in public and private collections available for anyone who really wishes to study oology; it is time that we called and demanded a halt. There is no excuse for robbing the raven, chough, woodlark, Dartford warbler, marsh-warbler, golden eagle, grey-lag goose, stone-curlew, greenshank, red-necked phalarope, and black-throated diver, some of which can exist only where they are privately protected. The bittern, marsh and hen harriers, and bearded tit would cease to exist were it not for private efforts; the Kentish plover has the watchers of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds guarding it night and day; the great skua, once nearly extinct but now plentiful, owes its survival to constant care, especially of that veteran bird-watcher Edwardson. The honey-buzzard and ruff strive to re-establish themselves, but their efforts as a rule end in failure. From time to time the hoopoe and golden oriole visit us and would nest if allowed, but usually the birds remain permanently in glass cases before the nest is occupied. The bee-eater, one of the most wonderfully coloured of all birds on the British list, has made at least one attempt to nest, which failed. If the St. Kilda wren still exists it is not the fault of the collectors. The kite lingers, but any year may see the end, and collectors are blaming the buzzard! The white-tailed eagle and osprey have given up the contest, and gone under. Within recent years two of the grebes, the black-necked and Slavonian, have been found nesting in Britain, as have the brambling, black redstart, and

whooper-swan; it would be fatal to make public the locality in which these birds were discovered. So long as a bird is common it is safe, but if for any reason it is reported or reputed to be rare there is a rush to fill the cabinet before it is too late, and for some insane reason the vacancies must be filled with British-taken eggs.

If the martyrdom of the Norfolk crossbills has checked the ruthless exploitation of rare birds, they will have added true value to their legendary heroism. The story of the crimson plumage of the male, and the apparently deformed bill, so gracefully told by Longfellow, is widespread and ancient. Touched by pity for the dying Saviour, the little bird strove to draw the nails, twisted its bill, and stained its plumage with His blood.

Stained with blood and never tiring,
With its beak it doth not cease,
From the cross 'twould free the Saviour,
Its Creator's Son release.

And the Saviour speaks in mildness;
'Blest be thou of all the good!
Bear, as token of this moment,
Marks of blood and holy rood!'

Yet it is not on account of any tradition, nor for any sentimental love of this or other bird, that we plead for consideration and mercy, but because birds and other animals have their rights. If we are proud of being British, may not they too love their country, their home, just as we know that for a time they value more than anything, even life itself, their nest, eggs, and young? And even if they cannot realise patriotism, we can, and be proud that in a free land every inhabitant, furred, feathered, or scaled, should have an equal right to live. The egg-collector, even if some will refuse to admit that he is immoral, is undoubtedly selfish; he destroys for his own gratification creatures which would, if allowed to live, give pleasure to others. But worse still, he destroys Life, prevents those creatures from enjoying the world in which they have just as much right to be as he has, unless we admit that Might is Right.

T. A. COWARD.

THE ARCHDUKE CHARLES AND THE AUSTRIAN CAMPAIGN OF 1809

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS FROM THE BOWOOD PAPERS

IN a recently published work I brought together under the title of *The First Napoleon*¹ a number of documents, relating to Napoleon and to other members of his family, which had been found amongst the Bowood papers. The letters which form the subject of the present article are from the same source, but were discovered too late to be included in the volume referred to. They passed in the year 1846 between Thiers, then engaged in writing his *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*, the Comte de Flahault, and the Comte de Grünne, sometime chief of the staff to the famous commander, Archduke Charles of Austria, and afterwards the *Grand Maître* of his household. It is through Flahault, whose daughter married the fourth Lord Lansdowne, that these letters have descended to their present owner.

From 1804 to 1815 Flahault had taken part in all the Napoleonic campaigns. He never himself held high command, but served in succession as aide-de-camp to Murat, to Berthier, and to Napoleon, and was thus in a position to know what went on at headquarters. Except for a brief period before the *Coup d'Etat* of 1851, Flahault and Thiers were on terms of close friendship, and, as I have shown elsewhere,² on several occasions communications passed between them in relation to Thiers' great historic work. In the present instance we find Flahault (who was at the time French Ambassador at Vienna and *persona grata* with the Austrian Court) called in aid by Thiers for the purpose of eliciting information from the veteran Archduke Charles with regard to the Wagram campaign; and, as will appear, he takes the opportunity to recount to Thiers some experiences of his own, not without historical interest, during the course of that great contest.

Of all Napoleon's campaigns that of 1809 was perhaps the most dramatic. It commenced at a moment carefully chosen by Austria, whilst Napoleon himself was far from the theatre of war,

¹ *The First Napoleon: Some unpublished Documents from the Bowood Papers* (Constable & Co., 1925).

² *Ibid.*, pp. 110-125.

300,000 of his best troops were locked up in Spain, and his forces in Central Europe were widely scattered. The Austrians, on the other hand, started with everything in their favour. Their army was led by the Archduke Charles, third brother of the reigning Emperor, who had been appointed commander-in-chief after the disasters of 1805. He was an admitted authority, both in theory and practice, on all things military. He has left behind him several works of recognised merit, amongst which his *Principles of Strategy* and the *Campaign of 1799* may be specially cited. As a commander he had commenced his military career in the earlier wars of the Revolution, and up to the period with which we are concerned he had been almost uniformly successful. Even Napoleon, who was not inclined to overrate the abilities of his opponents, thought highly of him both as a soldier and as an administrator. 'C'est le seul homme là. Qu'il prenne sa place et je leur rend tout,' he said of him when the campaign was over.³ While Wellington, who, as the conqueror of Napoleon, was perhaps even better qualified to form a judgment, is reported as observing, 'He knows more about it than all of us put together —aye, than Bonaparte or any of us. We are none of us worthy to fasten the latchet of his shoes, to judge from his book and his plans of campaign.'⁴ Since assuming the command the Archduke had completely reorganised the forces under his control, a work in which he received the zealous co-operation of Count Stadion, the new Minister for Foreign Affairs. Hitherto the common soldiers had been treated as mere hirelings, and (to quote the Archduke's own words) 'No intellectual principle balanced the dead mechanism of a drill pressed upon them in pure geometry.'⁵ All this had been changed, promotion by merit had been for the first time instituted, and the 'citizen army' of which the Archduke was in command in 1809 was far superior to anything which Austria had hitherto put into the field. It was moreover animated by a spirit of intense devotion to its chief.

In such circumstances and with such a leader there was at length some prospect of success against Napoleon, and indeed the Archduke's men by general admission fought better than any Austrian army had ever fought before. At Aspern he was actually victorious, but was unable to turn to advantage the narrow margin by which he had won the day. At Wagram he was beaten by a margin almost as narrow by the French, though the victory

³ *The First Napoleon*, p. 8.

⁴ *Croker Papers*, I., p. 338. Wellington, however, goes on to say that the Archduke was only at his best for five or six hours, and then 'falls into a kind of epileptic stupor, and does whatever the man at his elbow tells him.' This was written in 1826. See also Acton, *Letters on the French Revolution*, p. 328.

⁵ Seeley, *Life of Stein*, Vol. II. (pt. vi.), p. 333.

enabled Napoleon, three months later and with scarcely any more fighting, to dictate his terms of peace.

Napoleon's military genius, it is true, was never more strikingly manifested than in this campaign, but the impression nevertheless remains that something was wanting in his opponents, and that if the organisation of their army left nothing to be desired, the fault must be sought for in the higher command. It has long been a subject of controversy whether the blame for failure should be thrown on the Archduke Charles, or whether, given the moves made by Napoleon, the Austrian commander could have acted otherwise than he did. It is interesting in these circumstances to find the Archduke called as a witness in his own defence. Thiers was of course on the side of the prosecution. In common with many other French historians, he seems to have started with the presumption that the enemy commander could scarcely do right, and that Napoleon could never do wrong. Perhaps in this case Thiers had some searchings of heart, and felt that the Archduke should, before being pilloried in his *History*, be given the chance of stating his case. But however this may be, he conceived the idea of addressing to him through Flahault a series of leading questions. From their tenor we might suspect that Thiers had already made up his mind on the points at issue, and this view is confirmed by the fact that in his published work he pays little or no attention to the answers he received. Before considering these questions it will be well to recapitulate briefly the chief events of the campaign to which they refer.

Napoleon, having left his armies in Spain to work out their own salvation, had returned to Paris in January 1809. Hostilities commenced in Central Europe on April 10, when the Archduke Charles crossed the Inn into Bavaria. About the same time his brothers, the Archdukes John and Ferdinand, had started off on separate expeditions to Italy and Poland respectively. All three were at first successful. Charles drove back the Bavarian forces in front of him, occupied Munich, and threatened to cut the hostile armies in two; John defeated Eugene Beauharnais at Sacile, near Venice, and Ferdinand captured Warsaw, the capital of the Grand Duchy of Poland, which was then allied to France. Napoleon soon saw that matters were likely to become critical. He posted off in haste from Paris on April 13, and, arriving at the scene of action on the 17th, at once assumed personal command. In an instant all was changed. The Austrians were defeated successively at Thann or Tengen on the 19th, at Abensberg on the 20th, at Landshut on the 21st, at Eckmühl on the 22nd, and at Ratisbon on the 23rd. The combined effect of these operations was to drive the major part of their army under the Archduke across to the

north bank of the Danube, leaving one wing under General Hiller isolated on the south side. Napoleon was thus able to march along the right bank with but slight interruption to Vienna, which he reached on May 10, the capital surrendering two days later.

But the real difficulties were only now beginning. Hiller had recrossed the river and rejoined the Archduke, while the Austrian army had followed Napoleon's march along the river, but on the opposite bank. It was virtually intact, and, since it showed no disposition to come over to meet him, Napoleon had perforce to cross the river if he was to bring it to action. Undeterred by the risk of crossing a huge river in the face of a watchful and unbroken enemy, he embarked on May 20 on this enterprise from the island of Lobau opposite the villages of Aspern and Essling, a few miles below Vienna. On the 21st he was attacked before he had been able to get more than half his force across, and, the bridge which secured his connexion with the right bank having been washed away by the river, he narrowly escaped having that portion of his army annihilated. The carnage on both sides was enormous, and the French were at the end of the second day's fighting driven back into the island, though not before they had inflicted losses on their opponents as heavy as their own. But the battle, if indecisive of results, was, in spite of all that French historians may say to the contrary, an Austrian victory. Had the attack been delivered a little sooner, been better sustained, or been renewed on the following day, it seems probable that the outcome might have been definitely adverse to the French.

During the six weeks which followed the island of Lobau was by degrees converted into a fortified and impregnable camp. The Austrians remained meanwhile completely inactive, neither interfering with the French operations from the left bank, nor attempting the turning movement, which might have been possible, at the outset at all events, by crossing the river lower down and attacking their enemy in rear.

By the beginning of July all was in readiness for a fresh attempt. This was made on the 6th, when the entire French force successfully crossed the river and defeated the Archduke, who had taken post six miles off on the heights of Wagram. The battle has been described as 'a race between the failure of Napoleon's left and the success of his right.'⁶ In the end it was lost to the Austrians because the Archduke John, who had been ordered by his brother to attack the French right, did not bring up his force until the fighting was over. Even so the Archduke Charles contrived to withdraw his army in good order, and few guns or unwounded prisoners fell into his enemy's hands. At the Emperor

⁶ Hamley, *Operations of War* (1923 edition), p. 429.

Francis' request an armistice was concluded on July 14, and three months later he found himself obliged to sign a peace treaty which took from his country 3,000,000*l.*, 50,000 square miles of territory, and 4,000,000 inhabitants. After this the Archduke Charles resigned his command, and, though he lived nearly forty years more, he virtually took no further part in the affairs of his country.

In his first letter to Flahault Thiers professes the greatest anxiety not to cause pain or embarrassment to the 'Prince Generalissimo.' His questions, however, can hardly have failed to be embarrassing, for they all point, not obscurely, to the occasions during the course of the campaign in which the Archduke's judgment had been considered to be at fault. The catechism might have been more shortly, if less delicately, framed as follows:—

(1) How did the Archduke manage to get cut off from Ratisbon?

(2) Why did he not recross to the south bank of the Danube and, joining General Hiller, endeavour to bar Napoleon's march to Vienna?

(3) Why did he not take measures earlier to prevent Napoleon's crossing of the Danube?

(4) How was it that he did not get information of the French crossing at Essling earlier and act upon it sooner?

(5) Why did he not after Aspern cross the river and attack the French in rear?

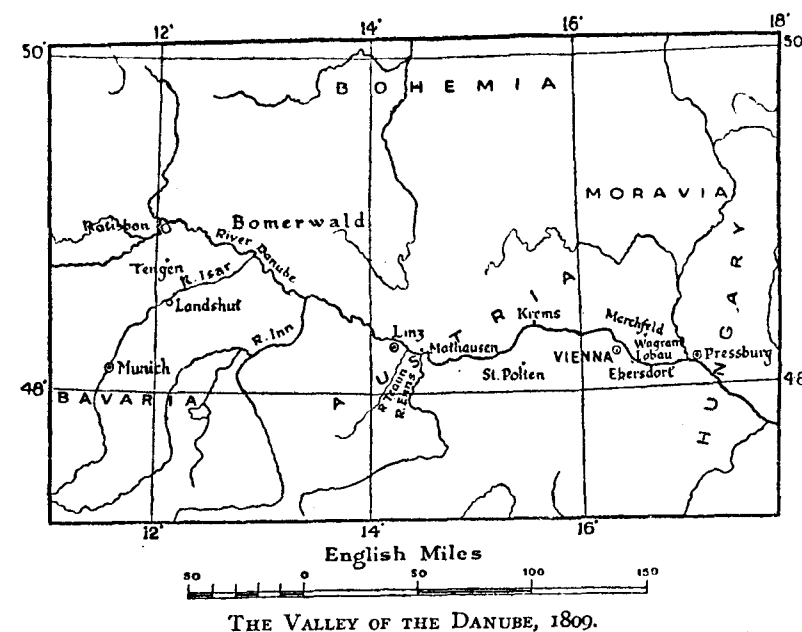
(6) Why was he so inactive during the interval between Aspern and Wagram? And why did he not offer a more determined resistance in the prepared position of Wagram itself?

Now, although the Archduke might well have declined cross-examination by Thiers on events which had taken place thirty-seven years before, he at once gave through the Comte de Grünne answers to all the questions which had been put to him. It is therefore the more remarkable that in the part of his *History* which deals with this campaign⁷ Thiers makes no reference whatever to the communications which had taken place between them. He may, perhaps, have hoped to draw from the Archduke some admissions or regrets, and was disappointed to receive straightforward if non-committal replies. One cannot, however, fail to observe that, although Thiers does not mention that part of the Archduke's opinions and plan of campaign which the latter had actually communicated to him, he does not hesitate to attribute to the enemy, as commander some pages of other views and plans for which the Archduke can have had no authority other than his

⁷ *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*, Vol. X. (1899 edition): 'Ratisbon' (book xxxiv.) and 'Wagram' (book xxxv.).

own imagination.⁸ But with Thiers everything was made to subserve the great object of glorifying Napoleon, though he seems sometimes to have forgotten that by decrying the Archduke he was in fact taking away from the credit of the man who conquered him. It is significant that, in spite of Thiers' expressed desire to be both fair and accurate, he confidently asserts that the Archduke had some 140,000 men (or 150,000 including the Archduke John's force) at his disposal at Wagram,⁹ though the Archduke had specifically told him¹⁰ that he had but 94,000.

Flahault's contribution, as to the position on the eve of Aspern, though unsolicited, is of a more illuminating character than that of the Archduke. It clearly indicates that on the evening of



May 20 Napoleon was unaware of the close proximity of the Austrian army, and refused to believe that he had at the moment to do with more than an advance guard. It follows that if the Archduke had attacked with greater rapidity and determination in the morning instead of in the afternoon of the 20th, he would in all probability have been completely successful. Flahault's letter shows that when the battle was over and the French had been driven back into the island of Lobau they were in such a condition that they must have succumbed to a further attack, had one been made.

⁸ See especially after Aspern, Thiers, X., pp. 349-51.

⁹ Thiers, X., p. 431.

¹⁰ See *post*, p. 122.

Flahault, it must be remembered, was a competent witness, for on an occasion of this kind the principal aide-de-camp to the chief of the staff has exceptional opportunities to see and to hear. Moreover, as he tells us himself, he was with the Emperor in the little boat which brought them back across the flooded river in the small hours of the morning after Aspern¹¹—a journey during which the situation on the island which they had left behind them could not fail to have been frankly discussed between Napoleon and Berthier in Flahault's hearing. But Flahault's testimony seems to have been distasteful to Thiers, for he passes it by, merely stating that there were differences of opinion amongst officers who were sent to reconnoitre during the night of the 20th as to whether Napoleon had to deal with the whole Austrian army or only with its advance guard, while he suggests that '*à moins de mécomptes imprévus*' there was ample time for Napoleon's army to debouch on the north bank before an attack could have been launched against it.¹² Flahault could yield nothing to Thiers in the matter of hero worship for the 'Great Man,' but none the less he is clearly of opinion that Napoleon was on this occasion guilty of a miscalculation, from the consequences of which he was only saved by the slowness of his enemy to move; while he lets us see that in his opinion any renewal of the Austrian attack on the 23rd would have carried all before it. The reasons why such an attack would have been impossible are indicated by the Archduke in his reply to Thiers' fourth question.

The other great issue, why the Archduke continued inactive and allowed Napoleon ultimately to transport his army from the island of Lobau to the left bank of the Danube on June 5 and 6, has provoked much controversy. Some have urged it as a mark of strategy on the part of the Archduke that he made no move; though he himself makes no such claim, but asserts that in the circumstances he had no choice. Sir Edward Hamley,¹³ in stating the case for the Archduke, points out that the state of affairs before Wagram was not unlike that existing in the American Civil War in 1862 before the battle of Fredericksburg. General Lee, however, allowed Burnside to cross the Rappahannock, and beat him when he had got over; while the Archduke allowed Napoleon to cross the Danube, but was beaten at Wagram.

Two great facts in the campaign of 1809 seem to stand out above all others—Napoleon's outstanding military genius, and the fact that he was defeated in a great battle. French armies, it is true, had been defeated in the previous year at Baylen and at Vimiero, but Napoleon had not been there. Aspern broke the

¹¹ Thiers, X., p. 341.

¹² Thiers, X., p. 297.

¹³ Hamley, *Operations of War* (1923 edition), pp. 243, 349.

spell. 'Napoleon,' says Sorel, 'avait connu à Eylau la victoire douteuse, il avait essuyé la défaite à Essling, il connut à Wagram la victoire inutile.'¹⁴ Notwithstanding the crushing terms for Austria of the peace which followed, the first signs of the setting of the Napoleonic sun are to be dated from the great struggle on the Marchfeld, where centuries before Rudolph of Hapsburg and Ottaker of Bohemia had contended for victory and supremacy in Germany.

Thiers to Flahault

PARIS, June 27, 1846.

MY DEAR COMTE DE FLAHAULT,—I appeal once more to your kindness for the purpose of obtaining through you some historical information to which I attach great importance, for I wish to be both fair and accurate. I will explain myself without further preliminary.

The post which you hold must put you in the way of approaching the Archduke Charles, a prince who has always been held in the highest honour in France. The greatest regard is due to him both as prince and as general, and I am anxious not to attribute to him in my *History* either plans or actions which are not in strict accordance with the facts. It occurred to me that the best plan would be to have direct recourse to him, well known as he is for his love of truth, and to put to him through your instrumentality a few historical questions concerning the great campaign of 1809. These questions of course relate exclusively to military matters.

If you are able to write to the noble Generalissimo of the Austrian armies, and to procure for me answers to the questions which follow, I shall be infinitely obliged to you. Should you feel that the proprieties prevent your taking any action, pray consider my letter as unwritten. I shall then endeavour to seek the truth through some other channel.

(1) When the Archduke Charles on April 19, 1809, encountered Marshal Davoust's corps at Tengen and at Thann, what was his objective? Was he actually making for Ratisbon—and if so, why?

(2) When, after the occupation of Ratisbon,¹⁵ he became separated from the Austrian forces which remained on the right bank of the Danube, and retired into Bohemia, how did he view the situation? What measures did he take for the defence of the Austrian monarchy? Was it his object by holding the left bank of the Danube and by conforming step by step with Napoleon's advance on the right bank, right up to the walls of Vienna, to take advantage of the difficulties which Napoleon would encounter when he crossed the Danube (*vide* Essling) and to save his country by engaging the enemy in a defensive action whilst attempting to cross the great river? Or was he thinking of marching rapidly on one of the points at which the Danube might be crossed (such as Lintz, Mauthausen or Krems), in order to get over the river, join General Hiller, and defend the Traun, the Ens and the St. Polten positions?¹⁶ And was it because his progress had been delayed by inevitable difficulties, and because he could not have reached Lintz, Ens and St. Polten until too late, that he did not adopt this plan?

(3) Was it when the Archduke Charles learnt of the arrival of the

¹⁴ *L'Europe et la Révolution Française*, Vol. VII., p. 363.

¹⁵ *I.e.*, on April 22.

¹⁶ The three positions referred to had to be passed successively by Napoleon on his march from the Inn to Vienna.

French before Vienna¹⁷ that it first occurred to him that the Danube had become the one hope, of salvation for the Austrian monarchy and that he must try and drive Napoleon into the river whenever he might attempt to cross it?

(4) Did he only hear of the crossing at Esslingen on the day it took place?¹⁸ What was his plan of action for that day? Would not the French have been hurled back into the river, if they had not shown so stubborn a resistance? Does not the prince consider that in the position they held beyond the small arm of the Danube, which separates the island of Lobau from the left bank, the French were safe from any serious attack?

(5) Would it have been possible for the Prince to move down at once to Presburg, cross the river, march up the right bank as far as Enzersdorff,¹⁹ and then to attack the French while half their force was shut up within the island of Lobau and they were without bridges to recross the main stream? Was the Austrian army in a state which made an operation of this kind possible?

(6) How did the Archduke view the situation during the month of June?²⁰ How did he contemplate preventing Napoleon from crossing the Danube? On the day of the battle of Wagram, what dispositions did he make for concentrating his force at the decisive point? Is it true that the Prince was unwilling to commit himself to the defence of the Wagram position, for fear of losing his army, which was the last resource of the monarchy?

These, my dear Comte de Flahault, are the questions which I should like to send to the Prince Generalissimo of the Austrian armies. He has won such deserved renown, and has fought such brilliant actions, that in appealing to his testimony, one need have no fear of causing him either pain or embarrassment. My letter and my inquiries will be null and void, should you think it best not to make mention of them. But in the contrary supposition, the Prince will find in the questions I put to him nothing but a tribute to his sincerity and a scrupulous desire to make no unfounded statement concerning him.

Good bye, my dear Count. Have the goodness in any event to send me a reply, and to tell me what you do. Accept once more the assurance of my regard and of my friendship.

A. THIERS.

*Flahault to Thiers*²¹

VIENNA, July 9, 1846.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Although my hand is stiff and scarcely capable of writing a long letter, I will not put off my reply to yours.

Absence is a hateful thing, for though it does not (I hope so at least) affect one's real feelings, it alters the manner of giving them expression. And now instead of such words as are used between friends, I find a sort of formality which I am not accustomed to in you, and to which I cannot resign myself in view of the regard in which I have always held you.

Pray remember once for all that (as I have indeed proved on more than one occasion during my past life) my feelings do not change, and my relations with friends are in no wise affected by time or absence.

¹⁷ Napoleon arrived before Vienna on May 10. The capital surrendered on the 12th.

¹⁸ The bridge was thrown across on May 19; the first troops crossed on the 20th. The Archduke attacked on the afternoon of the 21st.

¹⁹ This should read Ebersdorff (*vide infra*, p. 120).

²⁰ *I.e.*, between the battles of Aspern and Wagram.

²¹ This letter is taken from a draft preserved by Flahault.

Having said this, let us come to the subject of your letter. This has reached me at a rather unfortunate moment, since the Archduke Charles is in the country. But I shall see his Grand Master, General Comte de Grünne, and I shall consult with him as to the best method of obtaining from his Imperial Highness the information you ask. It is indeed in his own interest to let you have it.

Meanwhile, before we are in possession of it, let me tell you a story about our first crossing of the Danube, which will prove to you that the Emperor was on this occasion quite unaware of the near presence of the Archduke's army. I was first aide-de-camp to the Prince de Neuchâtel,²² and in the afternoon of May 21²³ (the day before the battle) while the troops were passing over the small arm of the Danube, I was talking with some of the chasseurs of the 13th Regiment who had been wounded and were making their way back from the advance guard. The Emperor saw me, called me to him, and sent me to see what had been happening, ordering me to return and report to him. General Lasalle's cavalry, which was skirmishing with the enemy, were the only troops who had so far crossed. Massena's corps, which had reached the island of Lobau, was preparing to follow the cavalry over the small arm of the river.

I went at first to General Lasalle and afterwards pushed on up to the foremost skirmishers, remaining there until night put an end to the fighting. Looking carefully in the enemy's direction, I thought that I could see a very long line of fires, quite far apart it is true, but so regularly spread that I had no doubt of the presence of a considerable body of troops.

Having returned to the Emperor, I informed him of what I had seen and of the conviction which I had formed. He seemed greatly surprised, and made me repeat what I had just told him, then calling up Marshal Massena he ordered him to cross over with me to the other side (on the left bank of the side stream) in order to see how things stood.

We found that our forces had (as always happens during the night) fallen back a long way behind the point to which I had previously penetrated, and in order to get over this disadvantage, and to get as good a view as possible, we climbed up the clock tower of the church at Essling.

The continuous line of fires which I had observed was no longer visible, but enough of them could be seen to enable me to indicate to the Marshal the ground which they had covered. It would be too long a story, and there is now no necessity to tell you of the discussion which ensued between us. General Becker, his chief of the staff, agreed with me, but he²⁴ declared that he could see nothing which indicated the presence of an army, nor even of a considerable body of troops, and he therefore thought that I had made a mistake. We came back to the Emperor, who was still near the bridge over the side stream, and the Marshal informed him of his views. The Emperor, after listening to him, was good enough to turn towards me, and to give me an encouraging glance, so I made bold to say that, since I unfortunately did not agree with Marshal Massena, it would ill become me to maintain my opinion. Nevertheless I had been in a position to see what could not be seen from the clock tower, and I hoped that I might not be considered to fail in the deep respect which was due (and which I felt) towards him, if I maintained the conviction which I had already expressed to His Majesty, namely that there was quite close to us a considerable force. So ended our conversation, but the events of the morrow more than justified

²² Berthier, Napoleon's chief of the staff.

²³ *Sic*; but Flahault obviously means the 20th, for the general engagement began on the 21st.

²⁴ *I.e.*, Massena.

my view. I believe that if the Marshal had happened to be of my opinion, and if the Emperor had realised the proximity of the Austrian army, he would not have left the island of Lobau, nor would he have given battle before he had concentrated all his forces on the left bank of the main stream.

As to the moment at which our crossing near Essling was discovered by the Archduke, he alone is in a position to speak; but in view of the poor mobility of the Austrian troops and the impossibility of calling upon them to make forced marches without leaving the majority of the men behind, he would certainly have required several days to bring his forces together and to concentrate his army.²⁵

The Emperor Napoleon never showed any signs of recollecting the incident which I have just told you, but I have some reason to believe that he did not forget it, for thenceforward he was particularly kind to me. On several occasions he specially designated me to the Major-General²⁶ for confidential missions, and at the end of the retreat from Moscow he did me the honour to appoint me his aide-de-camp.

In my opinion it was only the strenuous resistance offered by our troops at the battle of Essling which prevented their being thrown back into the river; but I think that had the Archduke attacked them at daybreak on the 23rd whilst they were in the island of Lobau it is not easy to say what would have been the outcome of this attack. I recrossed the river and returned to Ebersdorff in the same boat as the Emperor, and I can tell you, at any rate, that there was considerable anxiety on this point.

Apropos of Ebersdorff, I think you must have made a mistake in your fifth question. You say 'Could the Prince have gone down at once to Presburg, crossed the Danube, and marched up the right bank as far as Enzersdorff?' Did you not mean to say Ebersdorff? This was the village which were our Imperial headquarters, and it was near it that the bridge had been thrown across the river. Let me have a line as to this. Enzersdorff is on the left bank.

FLAHAULT.

Thiers to Flahault

PARIS, July 26, 1846.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Pray forgive me if my style seemed too formal and not as friendly as it should be. Appearances must have entirely belied my intentions, for to me you are a trusted friend, and it is my wish to be the same to you, both in appearance and in reality. I did not however know whether my letter might not be passed on to others, hence I treated you as an ambassador.

I trust that you will persevere with your inquiries, and I must at once correct the mistake which I made in framing my fifth question. It was Ebersdorff that I should have said, for otherwise my question would be meaningless, since there is no such place as Enzersdorff, but only Ebersdorff, on the right bank, and it was there (as you say) that were the Imperial headquarters at the moment in question. So much for my correction, and now I must stop, for I am off to Havre to spend a few weeks at the seaside.

Believe me from my heart always yours. My respects to Madame de Flahault. Mesdames Thiers and Dosne²⁷ thank you for your recollection of them and send you many messages.

A. THIERS.

²⁵ *I.e.*, for the purpose of the turning movement suggested in Thiers' fifth question.

²⁶ Berthier, the chief of the staff, with whom Flahault remained as aide-de-camp until 1812.

²⁷ Thiers' mother-in-law.

Comte de Grünne to Flahault

BADEN, July 29, 1846.

MONSIEUR LE COMTE,—With his Imperial Highness the Archduke's permission, I have the honour to send to your Excellency the following answers to the questions which you have been good enough to communicate to me.

(1) Since the forces of the enemy were not yet concentrated, and Marshal Davoust's corps was marching in order to effect a concentration, the Archduke hoped to defeat it while on the move and thereby to weaken the army which was advancing against him; while by gaining possession of Ratisbon he could ensure his own communications with the troops coming from Bohemia.

(2) The aim of the Archduke was to keep possession of the left bank of the Danube, to recross that river whenever the chance might present itself, and to attack the enemy. He was however forced to make a detour in order to avoid the broken and inaccessible part of the mountains called Bohmerwald, for he wished to draw in to himself while on the march some of the new levies raised in Bohemia and so to make good his losses. He had moreover lost his bridging material at Ratisbon, so Napoleon, travelling by a straighter and a shorter line, was able to outstrip him in the race for Vienna.

(3) Having thus reached Vienna after the French had already got there, the Archduke conceived the idea of waiting until Napoleon attempted the crossing of the Danube, in order to attack him while this operation was actually in progress.²⁸ It was with this object that the bank of the Danube was held only by a flying corps, while the army itself, to keep it out of sight of the enemy, was encamped behind the heights of Bisamberg.

(4) Nothing was known by the Archduke of the crossing of the French army until his advanced posts on the left bank of the Danube became engaged and reported the fact to him. After the battle of Aspern the French were not only protected from any serious attack behind the branch of the Danube, but the Austrians were exhausted by the loss of 26,000 men on the field of battle and by a great shortage of munitions. Napoleon, on the other hand, was at once reinforced by the arrival of 45,000 fighting men.²⁹

(5) It was for these very same reasons that the Archduke was not in a position which permitted an attack on Ebersdorff *via* Presburg.

(6) After the battle of Aspern or Essling, the Archduke considered that the positions respectively occupied by the two forces on both sides of the Danube made it impossible for either of them to manœuvre in such a way as to leave it without risk. If the Archduke made a move towards Hungary he would by so doing have abandoned to the enemy his line of communication with Bohemia and Moravia, whence he drew all his supplies, and this at a moment when the Russians were invading Galicia³⁰ while everyone in Hungary was joining the 'Insurrection.'³¹ If the Austrians had marched towards the Upper Danube (where, by the way, there are few suitable crossing places), there was the danger that Napoleon would cross over near Vienna to the bank which they had abandoned and would force

²⁸ The Austrian advanced posts on the left bank of the Danube only became engaged on the evening of the 20th, but the French had begun to establish themselves on the island of Lobau on the 18th (*vide* Thiers, Vol. X., pp. 294-5). The Archduke should therefore have heard what was on foot before the 20th.

²⁹ *I.e.*, the armies of Eugène Beauharnais and Macdonald, who joined Napoleon soon after Essling.

³⁰ Russia was at the moment in alliance with France.

³¹ The 'Insurrection,' or national call to arms, had been widespread.

them back into the western part of Bohemia. The French, on the other hand, if they marched up the Danube, would lay open their line of communication with Italy, and if they moved down stream would compromise that with Germany and France, which was of even greater importance to them. It follows from this that the two armies were in a state of check-mate, that nothing but a pitched battle could solve the matter, and that this battle could only take place upon the terrain occupied by one or other of the two forces. It seemed probable that victory would then rest with that which was in numerical superiority. Both commanders-in-chief strained every nerve to obtain this superiority, but Napoleon's resources were greatly superior to those of his adversary. At the battle of Wagram he did in fact place in the field 160,000 men, while the Austrians had only 94,000 sabres and bayonets with which to oppose him.

The ground between Aspern and Esslingen had been only lightly entrenched, rather for the purpose of observing the enemy than with the view to strenuous resistance. The island of Lobau is circular in shape, and Napoleon had taken such pains to conceal his crossing that it was impossible to tell at what point he would make it, while if we had become engaged with him in one place, he could from his central position have flung himself rapidly on another, and could have taken in flank any part of our force which had ventured close up to the Danube.

In point of fact it was after he had ostensibly thrown a bridge across between Aspern and Esslingen⁸² that his army crossed in the angle formed by the branch of the Danube which goes round the island and afterwards rejoins the main stream of this river. The Archduke withdrew from the field of battle, but his troops were never routed.

I thank your Excellency for having afforded me this opportunity of renewing the expressions of high esteem with which I have the honour to be,

Monsieur le Comte, your Excellency's most humble

and obedient servant,

LE COMTE DE GRÜÑNE.

The above letters have been translated from originals (in one case from a draft) now at Bowood. In commenting upon them I have been greatly assisted by my uncle, Lord Fitzmaurice, and have had the advantage of his extensive knowledge of the period with which they deal.

KERRY.

⁸² *I.e.*, at the same spot as that at which the original crossing (before the battle of Aspern) had been effected. One division (that of Legrand) actually crossed at this point and so attracted the attention of the Austrians, but the rest of the French army crossed, without initial molestation, further up the branch stream. (Thiers, X., pp. 423 *et seq.*)

THE SCOTTISH LITERARY RENAISSANCE

SCOTTISH literature, through native impulse no less than artificially applied endeavour, is presently experiencing a phase of revival which in some respects has almost the character of renaissance. A well-directed and ingenious effort is seeking to raise it from the slough of the commonplace in which it has lain for nearly a century, and the distinguishing features of this movement have already been widely criticised and debated in the Scottish Press, sometimes with but little sympathy and insight, at others with all that philosophical desire to arrive at a fundamental comprehension which is typical of the Caledonian intellect.

But, had analytical examination as well as creative capacity not been applied to it by a certain group, Scottish literary endeavour to-day might not have been recognisable as a stream of considerable force which is gradually excavating a new channel for itself. It would, of course, have been evident that its volume was presently much greater than at any time during the past three centuries, and that, as in the case of English letters, a much higher degree of technical achievement was being manifested. It would also have been abundantly clear that composition in the Scots vernacular was once more coming greatly into favour after a period of neglect and vitiation. But, lacking the searching scrutiny to which the 'Scottish Literary Renaissance,' as it has been termed, has been subjected, it would scarcely have been apparent to English or European men of letters that the new tendency in Scottish literature was actually of the nature of a rebirth, that it was, in fact, a manifestation of the reawakening of Scottish sentiment and national spirit.

During the last quarter of a century Scottish literature failed to attract the attention of the world of culture. It certainly did not appeal to European imagination as did the Irish or Norwegian literatures. The crass sentimentalism and undistinguished banalities of the Kailyaird school alienated from the first the sympathies of critics of taste and insight. Scotsmen of perspicacity and experience could not but feel depressed at the popular vogue of a cult which, they were aware, frequently afforded only a base caricature of their countrymen, paving the way for the even grosser tradition of Lauderism. Nor to Scotsmen of liberal view

did the somewhat artless impulse to concentrate the entire literary thought and homage of the nation upon the achievement of Robert Burns, however admittedly great, appear as likely to be conducive to the healthy or catholic expansion of Scottish literary life and activity. Those of them more familiar with the genius and tradition of the older and more courtly Scottish poets—Douglas, Henryson, Dunbar, and Lyndesay—and with the tradition, magical and intense, of the northern balladeers, recognised in these a spirit as genuinely native and technically more worthy of affection and close study than that of their successors. While worshipping Burns 'this side idolatry,' they wholeheartedly detested the host of uninspired plagiarists who succeeded him, and deplored the descent of Scots poetry into an abyss of infamous cliché and mechanical reiteration.

The initial effort to define a theory of modern Scottish letters, and to bring its recent manifestations into one corpus, is due to Mr. C. M. Grieve of Montrose, author of *Annals of the Five Senses*, a young writer of great resource and tireless energy, and a poet whose work reveals better than that of most of his contemporaries the opportunities which the Scots vernacular affords to skilful appreciation of its possibilities. Both under his own and under his pen-name of 'Hugh M'Diarmid,' Mr. Grieve has recently created a veritable *kulturkampf* in Scottish literary circles, a tumult in which his ideas have been greeted with the most savage condemnation mingled with praise almost extravagant. Impatient of Kailyairdism and the cult of Burns, Mr. Grieve was among the first to recognise that post-war Scotland was ripe for a new literary dispensation. Although then almost unknown, he seized upon the situation with coolness and address and soon dominated it. Briefly, he has accomplished three things. He has shepherded together such Scottish versifiers of ability as exist into a single flock—in other words, he has 'clubbified' Scots poetry, drawing it willy-nilly into some such semblance of a 'school' as Mistral did with the literature of his Langue d'Oc. Secondly, he has advanced an enthusiastic claim for the status of the Scots vernacular as a language, advocating its enlargement from the condition of *patois*, in which it presently languishes, by the revival of older forms, the creation of new ones, and the amalgamation of its several dialects into a species of 'generalised' or 'synthetic' tongue. Lastly, he has with marked critical ability, if in rather too diffuse a manner, formulated an admirable working philosophy or 'theory' of Scottish letters, chiefly with reference to the psychological differences which distinguish the Scottish mentality from those of neighbouring peoples.

This David with the sharp-shooting sling has naturally aroused the whole camp of Philistines into furious war. Not that Scotland

is without its wise Sophetims who recognise the justice of much of this young champion's argument. But the Goliaths of the Kailyaird, the 'Greybeards' of the Poets' Corner, those who affect 'wut' of the maundering order as found in *Johnnie Gibb o' Gushetneuk*, and the whole tribe of Perfect Burnsians, smarting beneath the bruises dealt by his missiles, have inveighed in chorus against the innovator and blasphemer. Generally speaking, criticism seems to have been confined to contemptuous phrases, ability to compose a reasoned counterblast being scarcely conspicuous in Mr. Grieve's opponents. Better equipped critics might have indicated that Mr. Grieve in his enthusiasm had pressed some rather raw recruits into his phalanx, excellent as its general standard is; that his efforts to enrich Scots and raise it from its present grovelling dialectical levels to the status of a language have been somewhat haphazard and required a greater philological and selective skill than he is perhaps capable of bringing to the task; and that his theory of Scots letters is too greatly burdened with philosophical and psychological argument, and with facile erudition, to commend itself as sufficiently practical. It might also have been said that the style in which his essays are couched is a little vague, and prone to the manufacture of reiterate and somewhat far-fetched phrases.

But if it is not always a good medium for literary polemic, it is, indeed, one of rare richness and eloquent of real penetration. Mr. Grieve resembles Mr. Gordon Craig's actor—'He gasps, he pants, he raves.' But, unlike that Thespian, he 'gets there.' He carries you with him by sheer force of brain-power, added to a species of Demosthenean eloquence, in which the pebble in the mouth is somewhat distressingly apparent. With every page you either gain increased confidence in him or execrate him the more. He is a kind of literary Winston Churchill whom one must either love or detest, and as I happen to be of his way of thinking it is quite easy for me to do the former, though I can comprehend something of the frenzy he has stirred up in the narrow and out-moded generation of senile rhymesters, and in the breasts of those purists who, affecting a close acquaintance with Scots, are almost totally ignorant of it.

When all is said and done, however, Mr. Grieve, battling against opposition more extraordinary than perhaps any young writer in Europe has recently had to face, has won through and has triumphantly vindicated the truth that genius, lacking personal address and worldly and propagandist attributes, is a very rusty weapon indeed. If he has not achieved so much success on the creative side of his endeavour, that is due to the notions which to some extent vitiate its philosophic counterpart.

It is chiefly by poetry that the 'Scottish Renaissance,' as Mr.

Grieve has called it, has elected to live, and upon its poetical achievement it must be judged. And Mr. Grieve has certainly 'judged' it himself in a series of extraordinary essays contributed to the *Scottish Educational Journal*, in which he has approached the whole subject in a spirit of frankness comparable only to that of the days of 'Maga,' and with a degree of insight in estimating the gifts and failings of his lyrical fellow-countrymen which shows him the possessor of a most intimate acquaintance with the national psychology.

Only the merest sketch-map of contemporary Scottish poetry can here be drawn. Candidly, we have not yet charted interiors, and only the mountain-peaks, or in this case the hills and greater natural features, can be delineated. It remains but to ask, should our chart bear a national or provincial designation? Does it represent 'Scotland' or merely 'North Britain'? At first it might appear as if tinted in the hues of provincialism—the pink of England's red, so to speak. But a closer and more penetrating inspection will demonstrate the fallacy of any such purview. Psychologically it does not at all shade away from the general Britannic scarlet, and its occasional hints of this tone are merely the florid patches in a very decided tartan.

Of the elder among those Scottish poets who pre-dated the 'Renaissance,' and who still remain, Dr. Ronald Campbell Macfie, Sir Ronald Ross, and Mr. Douglas Ainslie are, perhaps, the best and most outstanding examples. Dr. Macfie's effort is, indeed, characteristic of this era and its struggle against an unsympathetic native environment. He is indisputably in the line of descent from the old Makars, and thus a thousand leagues away from Kailyairdism. His work belongs to the mainstream of poetry written in English, and bears the marks of convention and facility. In its lack of experimentalism, in its nescience of its era, it fails to challenge greatness, and it has no continuity of impulse, having evidently been, like most Scots verse of the period, more of a hobby than a warhorse. Still it has a large body of quality, and often approaches the major tradition. Its chief value, however, lies in the fact that it is essentially Scottish in spirit. Many of Dr. Macfie's delicate and charming lyrics will assuredly plead successfully with time. He would, however, have been better accommodated had he written in Scots, his native psychological medium.

But the outstanding names in Scottish poetry to-day are perhaps those of 'Hugh M'Diarmid,' George Reston Malloch, William Jeffrey, Alexander Gray, Miss Muriel Stuart, and Pittendrigh MacGillivray. Not that these should be regarded as a group, for their work owes little to any common impetus or inspiration other than a national one. 'Hugh M'Diarmid's' effort is unquestionably the most arresting and 'original.' Not

only has he returned to the Doric, but in the spirit of the 'new broom' has resolved to employ a 'generalised' Doric of his own gleanings. If in some sort this 'new' vernacular, gathered from all the Scottish dialects, culled from the ancient Makars, and abounding in words of somewhat far-fetched aspect, is not wholly satisfactory, it still foreshadows the advent of a tongue which even an intelligent member of the Scottish Vernacular Circle will admit is bound to arise as a medium for the necessities of the growing number of those Scottish writers in prose and verse whose destinies are linked for good or evil with the Doric. Probably 'Hugh M'Diarmid's' Scots will, in time, function much as does the '*Landsmaal*' in Scandinavian, and 'synthetic' Scots, whether the 'Greybeards' like it or not, will in all likelihood become the literary medium of scores of writers north of the Tweed. In many minds it presently arouses nothing but irritation, in others a kind of prophetic awe. It is significant that the former are of the type who protested against Mistral's great reconstruction of Provençal, while the latter resemble those who cheerfully accepted it.

The poems couched in this new Scots are strangely unequal, in that their *matériel* falls somewhat short of the enthusiasm which inspired them. But no poetry for a century and a half has reflected so much of the authentic Scotland as the poems in Mr. M'Diarmid's recent book *Sangscharw*. What all its reviewers—and most have been friendly—have failed to observe is that it revives the spirit of the Scottish domestic rhyme, of that peculiarly native, unchronicled and now almost discarded body of traditional jingle through which the soul of Scotland shines often more veridically even than in the work of Burns or the balladeers, and which, in turn, and in its manner, derives from the 'flytings' or 'raggings' of the old court poets. It is the recapture of the spirit of *Wullie Wastle*, the jingles in *The Red Etin*, of *Leery Leery*, *light the lamps*, and all those silvern yet sarcastic bairn-songs which no man who has had the inestimable privilege of upbringing in one of the haunted little towns of Scotland can cast from him in the later years—which, indeed, flit through the scenery of his after-life like brownies with bells on their toes. These are the last shadows of a Scotland of grey peels, mysterious shaws, wan waters, and eerie dells, a dun tapestry sprinkled with fantastic shapes. They hold the demonology of packed and straightened burghs where the Deil might live in the next wynd. Consider *Ex Vermibus*:

Gape gape gorlin!
For I ha'e a worm
That'll gi'e ye a slee and sliggy sang
Wi' mony a whuram.

I defy a hundred per cent. Scot of the true mark to read that—or better still, fit it to a little tune—without feeling the whole of faery shake him. To Englishmen, exiled 'heads of departments' and others, it may mean nothing. But I feel that the Devonians might 'get' it, and perhaps someone in the Isle of Man.

Nearly as good is *The Bonnie Broukit Bairn*:

Mars is braw in crammasy,
Venus in a green silk gown,
The auld mune shak's her gowden feathers,
Their starry talk's a wheen o' blethers,
Nane for thee a thochtie sparín'
Earth, thou bonnie broukit bairn!
—But greet, and in your tears ye'll droun
The haill clanjamfrie!

But the justification and poetic triumph of the new Scots so far undoubtedly lie in Mr. M'Diarmid's *Watergaw*¹:

Ae weet forenicht i' the yow-trummle²
I saw yon antrin thing,
A watergaw wi' its chitterin' licht
Ayont the on-ding³;
An' I thocht o' the last wild look ye gied
Afore ye deed!

There was nae reek i' the laverock's hoose
That nicht—an' nane i' mine;
But I hae thocht o' that foolish licht
Ever sin' syne;
An' I think that mebbe at last I ken
What your look meant then.

It is not to be criticised. It is to be remembered. The Scotsman who cannot 'take' to the new Scots resembles the Irishman who objects to Dublin street-names being lettered in Gaelic uncial. Mr. M'Diarmid's poems hold more of the veritable spirit of Scotland in a line than the whole mawkish efforts of Motherwell or Tannahill; and they are full of things that Burns never saw, not only because of the limitations of his era, but simply because they are of eastern rather than western Scotland.

George Reston Malloch, although most of his work has been written in English, is not without achievement in Braid Scots. His *Poems and Lyrics* and *Poems* have approved him a true lyricist. His work records subtle and memorable spiritual experiences, and has unquestionably a Caledonian habit, although it is greatly larger in scope and suggestion than the work of the average Scottish poet to-day. A writer in the *Scottish Chapbook*, dealing with Mr. Malloch's work, remarks in an illuminating manner:

¹ Reflection of the rainbow.

² Sheep-shearing season.

³ Downpour.

How is his work differentiated from that of his English contemporaries, and is that differentiation due to the fact that he is a Scotsman or to other factors? . . . Too many Scots regard Scottish literature as, in effect, a 'country cousin' of English literature, comparatively pedestrian and provincial, subject to severe technical limitations, destitute of cultural associations, confined to a certain set of themes and of a narrow mental and moral range. These cannot be expected to regard Malloch as really a Scottish poet any more than they regard Ben Jonson as a Scottish poet. They will say 'He may be a Scotsman, but for all practical purposes his poetry is English poetry.' They cannot be expected to appreciate the subtle spiritual differences which distinguish all that is Scottish from all that is English even where (often most acutely where) superficial appearances convey impressions of absolute identity. . . .

This critic pierces to the heart of the truth regarding Scottish letters. Only those who possess an adequate comparative knowledge of the psychologies of the two great British peoples can discern the actual differences between English and Scottish poetry. It is not a task for the superficial. It may be remarked that if it requires a specialist so equipped to discern those differences, they cannot be salient. But science in the ultimate depends on the microscope rather than on the naked eye, and deep-seated anatomical divergences are not recorded by means of generalisations.

Equally 'English,' to the careless observer, might seem the work of William Jeffrey, with its Miltonic echoes. As Mr. John Buchan says of him, he is concerned chiefly with 'the long perspective and the "high translunary things" of greater art.' Could the comparatively feeble cultural influences of a Scotland presently abandoned to Philistinism supply him with the necessary equipment? The environment was unfriendly. Scottish poetical effort is frequently abased by a far too close, if economically necessary, association with journalism, which regards it with a strange mixture of rancorous jealousy and superstitious awe—the mingled envy and admiration of Caliban for Ariel. Mr. Jeffrey strains towards the vaster things, as this from *The Nymph* shows:

The cavalcade's celestial horde
Comes nearer, nearer, nearer;
Fiercely the chariot shines, and clearer
Than heaven's lightnings dragged from rest
Or a thousand stars in one bulk prest.
Majestic, terrible, fiery in speed
Apollo passes . . .

Bravissimo! But could it survive? It did. But in patches only, such as in parts of *Prometheus Returns* (written before *The Nymph*) and in the ineffably noble 'I have seen tall Orion':

Surely the stars are founded not to fade
 Into the ebon dust on heaven's floor?
 Surely they bloom for ever, like the glade
 That held the fair Hesperides of yore?
 Ah me! beneath the spindle-wheel of night
 Their limbs are broken, and a coffin made
 Of darkness to enclose them evermore;
 Orion vanishes, and from the light
 Of Sirius no eye will take delight!

It cannot be said of *The Wise Men Come to Town*, however, that it helped to enhance Mr. Jeffrey's reputation, discovering, as it does, a lapse in the direction of realism unnatural to him in such things as *Davie of Glasgow*, which is, however, shot by the mysticism which is its author's most salient gift.

Mr. John Ferguson is Scotland's outstanding sonneteer, and writes entirely in English. His book of sonnets *Thyrea* is now in its twelfth edition, and has, perhaps, drawn to itself more attention than any other product of 'real' poetry in Scotland to-day. Restrained and technically precise, these sonnets yet possess an air of freedom strange to the form, and display their Scottish authorship in a mixture of humanism and the sardonic, a canny kindness which now and again breaks off in a groan, which may even mask a sneer.

'THE PROPERTY MAN.'

Unbilled, unnamed, he never gets a 'hand,'
 He never 'takes the curtain,' though he plays
 The augustest part of all, and nightly sways
 A rod more potent than a wizard's wand;
 Cities as magic-fair as Samarcand,
 He summons forth to front the footlight's blaze;
 His Jovelike nod the hurricane obeys,
 And the long thunder leaps at his command.
 Custodian of treasure without end,
 Impartial arbiter of woe and weal,
 Bidding the joy-bells chime, the requiem toll . . .
 He doffs his sceptre when the 'tabs' descend,
 And hurries homeward to a midnight meal—
 A mug of porter and a sausage roll.

It has been said that Scottish art is averse from the sonnet. Remembering the perfect *Cupid and Venus* of Mark Alexander Boyd, the sonnets of James VI., the work of Lord Alfred Douglas, James Thomson, John Barlas and others, that is a strange saying. It has been remarked that

in his intransigence, his experimentalism with new sonnet-content, his use of slang, his ideological tendencies generally, Mr. Ferguson belongs to the very different tradition of Scottish literature and is very peculiarly and powerfully a Scot of these times when old inhibitions are being overcome and a new outlook is manifesting itself in the North.

Others, who are legion almost, must receive scant notice here. The work of Professor Alexander Gray, both in English and Scots, is cultured and direct, and he has the ability to mint the rare phrases of high poetry:

'ON COMPLETING A TASK.'

I have been long a bondsman; I have spent
 The days in loveless labour, and have grudged
 The hours of slumber. I have toiled and drudged
 To reach the goal on which my eyes were bent.
 This year I have not heard the yorling sing,
 Nor seen the ploughed land clothe itself in green,
 Nor cornfields turning yellow. All unseen
 Autumn has followed summer, summer spring.

I said, when this is ended I will seek
 The golden fields where reapers bind the sheaves,
 And hear the bleating of the moorland sheep.
 And now,—my eyes are dim, my hands are weak;
 I do not ask to see the drifting leaves—
 Grant me, O Lord, Thy gift, the gift of sleep.

Outstanding, too, are the *New Poems* of Mr. Thomas Sharp, especially his 'Fallen Knight' and the melodious 'Lament of the Leaves,' with its refrain:

Pity us leaves that we fall unceasingly.
 One by one we drop with never a sound.
 O that our day were as thine, eternal tree!

His Scots poems have the veritable Doric ring:

To the lassies the stars'll be flooers
 That they're gaith'rin' there i' the gress;
 They'll string them thegither for 'oors,
 Keekin' whiles i' the mune's shinin' gless . . .

Mr. Edwin Muir is a critic of European reputation, and in his *Ballad of the Flood* he has returned to the best traditions of the balladeers. Mrs. Rachel Annand Taylor, of Aberdeen, likewise has made the ballad form her own:

They bore him through the thrawn grey day:
 The gowd bier through the mirk;
 And laid the bridegroom by the bride
 Beside the Lady-Kirk.

That strikes the Scottish note if verse ever did! *The End of Fiammetta*, including over 250 poems, is a notable contribution to Scots poesy. Mrs. Taylor is in the true line of descent from the old Makars. No living poet has so well reproduced the authentic notes of Scottish balladry.

Dr. Pittendrigh MacGillivray, the King's sculptor in Scotland, has probably a greater mastery of modern Scots than any other

cultured Scottish writer. His *Mercy o' Gode*, a colloquy between two old 'gangrel bodies,' is a little masterpiece, and indeed in verse all he does is touched with the masterly spirit evinced in his statuary. But his work is scarcely of the 'Renaissance,' having been established long before its manifestation.

The poetry of Lady Margaret Sackville, who is partly of Scottish descent and permanently resident in Scotland, is both elemental and cultured. It is inspired with the nuances of wind and sea, yet disciplined in its expression, Æolian, yet Sapphic. Nearly a score of volumes, containing the output of as many years, make it clear that she exists in an atmosphere of almost constant inspiration and composition. Great breadth of mood is also a steady factor in all her work, whether epical, lyrical or dramatic, and even in the epitaph, which of late she has made peculiarly her own, she subconsciously infuses its tense and epigrammatic diction with something of the vastness of rhythm one experiences in her plays, *Hildris the Queen* and *Bertrud*.

Her early masters seem to have been Swinburne, Morris, and the balladeers. Her diction foams and overflows, word into word, line into line, in the tumbling, wave-like manner heard in *Erectheus* or *Atalanta*. When she is borne away on the wings of high tragedy, this effect of syncopation is perhaps most in evidence, and the words break and dash, one over another, in a billowy rhythm reminiscent of Swinburne, yet extraordinarily apart from him in their lack of alliterative effect. But, like Swinburne, Lady Margaret cannot avoid the echoes of lyric breaking into her most austere of moods. Her sonnets are all songs. *Others have seen the sun*, or *Immortal joy* might easily be, perhaps have been, set to music. Yet the sonnets of Lady Margaret Sackville are none the less sonnets because they sing.

It is this intensity of the lyric sense, this natural singing gift, which challenges comparison between most of her work and that of the ballad-makers. Dusty people assure us that the epic is nothing but a *compôte* of folk-songs, and in certain of her loftier poems we seem to discern the very process of transmutation going on beneath our eyes. The form, and an occasional classic severity, may seem to deny it, but the spirit of much of her work has the threnodic note of the ballad. Indeed, her lyrics and epics are manifestations of one mood, which now sinks into the wistfulness of folk-music, or rises to the more exalted frenzy of epic speech.

In the poetry of Lady Margaret Sackville the Hellenic and the Mediæval make strange mingling, combining in shades of dim Byzantine goldenness very precious in these times of the abasement of the poetic mystery to themes baldly agrarian or unpleasantly egotistical. In Byzantium, Hellas merged with the Middle Ages, and the stark whiteness of Athenian beauty was

stained with the fire of the virile Gothic imagination. The result was a smouldering splendour like that of beaten gold or tinselled tapestry in sunset, and much of this scintillant shadow overlays her whole art. Her Greece has, at times, a Babylonish, at others a duskily Gothic aspect, and her Lyonesse, if sufficiently Western, is still peopled by queens and thanes and bower-women who speak in the accents if not in the language of Medea and Electra. Imagine Euripides writing a play on the subject of the *Nibelungenlied*, getting the local colour as well as a Greek could be expected to do, and informing his sonorous diction with a certain 'wildness' as a concession to Hellenic notions of Gothic robustness, and you may better appreciate the spirit of her work.

Mr. Alasdair Alpin MacGregor, the well-known West Highland poet, cultivates the Celtic muse of Fiona MacLeod, and worthily carries on the Highland tradition. The true Hebridean music lives in his singing lines.

It has for reasons of space been found impossible to quote at any length in these pages; and, indeed, any quotations given, or which it was possible to give, could not render justice to the extensive and growing body of contemporary Scots verse. Indeed, I am conscious of having omitted mention, not only of many poems of excellence, but also of numerous singers of whom mere mention would have been unfair without extensive quotation. The central fact regarding the Scottish Renaissance is that the rising generation of Scottish poets are beginning to recognise that they must be bilingual—that although English is in many cases a suitable medium for their work, it must be reinforced by Scots as an adjunct for use in those circumstances where they find English fail them. They have, indeed, rediscovered in Scots a natural and psychological speech capable of expressing a more intimate point of view, and holding for them many shades of feeling which English does not hold. It was, indeed, inevitable that they should arrive at such a conclusion. It may be objected that Scots poets have been bilingual for more than two centuries. But at no time within that period has Scottish opinion, both educated and popular, evinced such marked interest in the vernacular, and it can scarcely be doubted that the endeavour to enlarge and enrich Lowland Scots and to employ it more frequently as a medium of cultured verse is, after all, one of those developments which men of letters plume themselves on creating, but which, when all is said and done, are merely the reaction of popular tendencies upon the sensitive mind of the artist.

LEWIS SPENCE.

JOHN BRAHAM

'BRAHAM,' exclaimed Weber, the first time that great melody maker and dramatic musical genius heard the mighty Anglo-Jewish tenor's voice, 'is the greatest singer in Europe!'

It may be of interest in this year, the centenary¹ of Weber's death, to recall some of the facts of the life, and estimates of contemporaries, of the powers of one who instantly, and so greatly, impressed the immortal composer of *Der Freischütz* and *Oberon*.

The regard between composer and singer was indeed great, for we know that Weber not only wrote 'to please Braham'² the dramatic solo 'Yes, even love' in *Oberon*, which the latter always sang, but also the beautiful prayer 'Ruler of this awful hour' in that opera. And Braham on his part, after Weber's death, did all that in him lay to see that the most appropriate tributes were paid to Weber's memory.

Braham was born at Rotherhithe in 1774, his father being a Portuguese Jew named Abraham, and, according to Henry Russell (composer of 'Cheer, boys, cheer' and many other songs), nicknamed, on account of his being short and fat, 'Punch' or 'Abe Punch.' According to the same authority, Braham's education was utterly neglected. It has been stated that Braham as a boy was so poor that he had to sell pencils in the streets of London. Whether it was compulsion or a native desire to be 'up and doing' that prompted him thus I do not know, but it is certain he laid the first small stone of his afterwards remarkable professional earnings by being paid a few shillings to sing treble in the choir of the Great Synagogue.

At that time one of the most prominent leaders of the Jewish community was Abraham Goldsmid, famous as rendering important services to Pitt's Government during the Napoleonic wars by floating Government loans with great success and on terms far more favourable to the country at large than had hitherto been the case.

¹ Weber died at Sir George Smart's house, Great Portland Street (tablet on house), June 4, 1826.

² Grove's Dictionary.

The Goldsmids, besides having a genius for finance, were keenly interested in educational matters, great amateurs of music, and philanthropists. Braham's beautiful boy's voice attracted the attention of Abraham Goldsmid, and he was accordingly invited to call at his house. The boy was placed under the care of Meyer Lyon, choirmaster of the synagogue, but known in 'another place' as Signor Leoni, the celebrated Italian opera-singer. Leoni taught his pupil the piano and singing—the former so well, that when his voice broke Braham could and did earn his living as a professor of the pianoforte, and to the end of his life frequently acted as his own and other people's accompanist at concerts.

To digress for a moment, let me remark what excellent musicians many great singers have been. Viardot and Malibran were capital pianists and theoretical musicians, the former playing Liszt's manuscript at sight, on an occasion when he could not read his own writing. Sims Reeves was organist of a church at the age of fourteen, and when in early years he was touring with a theatrical company as leading gentleman 'with song' would often step down into the orchestra between the acts and lend a hand with the incidental music as conductor, violinist or oboe player. Sir Charles Santley led the second violins in an excellent symphony orchestra in Liverpool as a boy, and studied harmony under first-rate masters; while Lablache, the bass, truly as great musically as physically (and from all accounts one could not say more), was 'cellist, and subsequently became at a few days' notice, such was his genius, double-bass player in the opera at Naples.

Braham's natural ability for singing, combined with Leoni's no doubt excellent instruction, very soon brought the boy into remarkable prominence, and we find him singing at Covent Garden Arne's 'The soldier tired of war's alarms,' with its truly alarming roulades, in a style which challenged comparison with Mme. Mara, a celebrated coloratura singer of those times, when, let us not forget, the art of coloratura singing was at a very high pitch of perfection. According to a picture which I have had the privilege of seeing, through the kindness of Lady Strachie, Braham's granddaughter, owner of the picture, he sang it in a blue suit, standing in a striking yet simple attitude holding a man's sword in his right hand, the end of the scabbard resting on the ground. The pose is dignified, the face fine and the eyes full of intelligence and fire.

William Wallace, in his book on the *Musical Faculty* (Macmillan), lays great stress on the influence of environment on musicians. There is proof of this theory in the case of Braham. So in this connexion let us return to Abraham Goldsmid and his

surroundings, which became Braham's, for throughout his life he was a friend of the family. Abraham Goldsmid, the aider of Pitt in high finance, besides having the honour of visits to his house by George III. and the Prince Regent, Lord Chancellor Eldon, etc., was an intimate friend of Lord Nelson, the estates of Lord Nelson at Merton and Goldsmid at Morden adjoining. So close was the friendship, that during the few weeks that Nelson was home just before Trafalgar, when the hero was seeking quiet and repose, he only dined out twice, once with the Duke of Queensberry ('Old Q') and once at Abraham Goldsmid's. In Sichel's *Emma, Lady Hamilton* there are frequent references to the kindhearted and sympathetic financier, whose untimely death robbed her of her best friend. The daughters of the house were taught the piano by Thomas Attwood, favourite pupil of Mozart, organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, and one of the founders and hon. treasurer of the Philharmonic Society (now the Royal Philharmonic Society), where Braham sang thirty-seven times. J. P. Salomon played the violin with the family, and no doubt got support and sympathy for his concerts, from which the Philharmonic sprang. And here too came 'Papa' Haydn, one time pupil and accompanist of Porpora: let us remember in this connexion the great historic singing master.

Was it not an environment for a highly intelligent, observant and assimilative youngster? Royalty, Pitt, Eldon, Haydn, Attwood, Lady Hamilton, and Nelson himself—all to be seen there, along with many other social and artistic celebrities, amidst the fitting surroundings of a beautiful house and lovely gardens and grounds, when the whole world was reverberating with the thunders of the Napoleonic wars, culminating in the tragic glory of Trafalgar.

After his studies with Leoni, his voice having become a fine tenor, eventually of the compass of nineteen or twenty notes, Braham took lessons with Rauzzini, a talented Italian opera-singer, musician and teacher living in Bath, and became associated with Nancy Storace, a famous prima donna. The technique he acquired must have been very fine; he could pass from his natural voice to the falsetto without anyone being able to perceive where the change occurred. Braham now entered on that triumphant career which made a writer in Grove's Dictionary say, more than a quarter of a century after his death, which took place at the age of eighty-two, that he had created a constant furore, which even then had hardly died away, and of which echoes may still to-day be heard, a century and a half after his birth. Nor were his triumphs confined to his native land. In Italy it was said there was no singer like him, an opinion that was confirmed by that keen and incisive critic Fanny Kemble—a distinguished member

of the great family which included Mrs. Siddons by ties of blood and the all-talented Sir Charles Santley by marriage—when she wrote that Braham encountered and beat the Italians.

Mr. Sydney Grew, in a very interesting article on Braham in the *Sackbut* of October 1924, draws attention to a point much to the credit of Braham, that he refused lucrative engagements in Italy in order to improve himself in composition and theoretical knowledge. On his way to Italy he had been detained in Paris by enthusiastic admirers for several months. Much of his touring was done with Storace, of whom I like a story which reflects credit on her powers of detecting the early signs of genius, and shows firm determination that those less discerning than herself should recognise them too. It is related that she used at Covent Garden to drag Braham forward at the first symptoms of an encore and quell by her glances those in the audience who might show any unwillingness for it to be taken. Surely to the Beatitudes should be added: 'Blessed are the encouragers.'

Splendidly healthy, Braham throughout his long life hardly ever missed an engagement. He sang in Grand Opera—English and Italian—Ballad Operas (in which he wrote much, in its way, effective music), and Oratorios, as well as duets and trios with all the great artists of his time, always with success; while his patriotic songs probably expressed the *ne plus ultra* of national feeling. All this went on till he was well over seventy, when, as H. C. Deacon in Grove's Dictionary says, 'He could still give out notes from his great chest with immense power.'

An old friend of mine, William Lowes Rushton, author of *Shakespeare a Lawyer*, grandson of Sam Webbe junior, the glee writer, used to say that he had heard Braham, when quite an old man, accompanying himself at the piano, sing out the word 'fire' in a descriptive song in such a way as to make the whole audience jump in their seats! There was, however, a side to Braham's art over which the judicious must shed a tear. In private life he was esteemed and honoured as a delightful and interesting companion, but, alas, artistically a strong strain of what has been called vulgarity was frequently present. Let us cite two witnesses. Lord Mount Edgcumbe said: 'The fact is, Braham is two people.' The Rev. Julian Young, son of Charles Young, the famous actor, in the *Life of his father*, speaking of Braham, wrote: 'Braham was not merely a scientific vocalist, he was a scientific musician. No man understood better, or more thoroughly appreciated in others, purity of style, yet no man oftener violated the canons of good taste by florid interpolations when singing before a miscellaneous audience.' It seems then that one cannot do other than come to the conclusion that Braham when in his sober vocal senses was, as a singer, sublime; but, alas,

he could not resist the temptation sometimes of taking a 'drop too much' of popular applause. Discussing this matter with Sir Charles Santley, who never dreamt of doing anything himself but what was in good taste and perfectly appropriate on the concert platform, I found that he did not think these lapses of great importance in estimating Braham's powers. The main point was that, when required, he could 'deliver the goods'—goods of the highest quality, accepting the view once expressed by the painter W. Q. Orchardson, that it is not the absence of faults, but the presence of great qualities, that makes a great artist, and showing once more the truth of the dictum of Professor Henry Morley that the great critics are not censorious.

Many are the 'reasoned criticisms' to be found of Braham in contemporary writings, and by most eminent writers too. Charles Lamb says: 'The foundation of Braham's vocal excellence is sense.' And again, after remarking on the enthusiasm to which Braham could rouse an audience, says that in his quiet moments it was like 'listening to a cultivated gentleman talk intelligently to you.' Sir Walter Scott said that 'Braham was a beast of an actor, but an angel of a singer.' I asked my old friend Mrs. Keeley, who had sung in *Oberon* with Braham at Weber's request, and acted with Edmund Kean in *Shakespeare*, whether she considered that Sir Walter's adverse opinion of Braham's acting was quite justified. She replied that when Braham had nothing to do on the stage he was bad, but when he had something dramatic in his part he could give quite good effect to it. One of the last of the circle who had heard Braham, Mrs. Merton, of Stanhope Terrace, who died comparatively recently at the advanced age of ninety-six, used to recount to me an instance of an effect produced by a dramatic gesture of Braham on the occasion of the opening of some building by Queen Victoria shortly after she had come to the throne. Readers of Lytton Strachey's *Queen Victoria* will recall how he describes the nation as looking with ardent hope to the rule of the youthful sovereign. Braham on the occasion referred to sang the National Anthem, and in the second verse—

Oh Lord our God, arise,
Scatter her enemies,
And make them fall:
Confound their politics;
Frustrate their knavish tricks;

when he came to the line

On Thee our hopes we fix;

he changed the pronoun apostrophising the Deity and sang

On *her* our hopes we fix:

and as he did so, slightly, but with dramatic suddenness, raised a finger indicating Her Majesty, in front of whom he was standing. My informant said the effect was immense. The Queen bent her head in blushing and gracious acknowledgment, while the applause of the audience was simply overpowering.

Let me quote just one more tribute to Braham's powers as a singer. Mr. Joseph Heywood, of Manchester, in the *Cornhill Magazine* for December 1865, after giving his opinion that doubtless Braham was among the greatest singers of any age or country, describes his rendering of a piece of recitative at a performance of Handel's *Israel in Egypt*. Commenting first on an almost comically quaint manner in which Braham rose and addressed himself to his task, Mr. Heywood writes:

Braham said, 'But the children of Israel went on dry land,' and then paused; and every sound was hushed throughout the great space. And then, as if carved out upon the solid stillness, came these three little words: 'Through the sea'; our breath failed us, our pulses ceased to beat, and we bent our heads, as all the wonder of the miracle seemed to pass over us with those accents. Awful, radiant, resonant, triumphant, he sat down, while the whole house thundered its applause.

Braham amassed what was, for those days, a very large fortune—some 80,000*l*. Like many another artist, he lost it. Though one is glad to know his last days were comfortable; for his daughter, the Countess of Waldegrave—she who had married, as she said, 'once for position, once for money, and once for love'—saw that he wanted for nothing.

Strangely enough, he lost his fortune in spite of his better judgment. In earlier days he used to say to intimate friends that the man who put his savings into theatrical speculations was mad. And then towards the end of his life he did it—put 40,000*l*. into the Colosseum (long since swept away) in Regent's Park, and the rest into the St. James's Theatre.

Like many another remarkable man—Napoleon, Erasmus, Edmund Kean, and that master of hysterical laughter and most tragical tears, the 'great little Robson'—Braham was very short. For a number of years Braham lived at what is now 38 Baker Street, Portman Square, and died at Brompton on February 17, 1856. He lies buried in Kensal Green Cemetery, under the wall to the right of the main entrance.

I sometimes dream of the cast for the *Messiah* as it will be performed on the Day of Judgment. I think the ethereal voice of Jenny Lind will be heard in the soprano solos and the full-

throated, emotional, and dramatic tones of Malibran in the contralto. Sir Charles Santley will sing, with noble, silvery resonance and wondrous technique, 'Thus saith the Lord' and 'Why do the nations,' whilst Braham's voice will resound through the dome of heaven in all its marvellous sensibility and triumphant glory:

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame.

J. MEWBURN LEVIEN.

PSYCHOLOGY OF THE SHOW

STUDY showmanship if you would understand mankind. Take note of all things—swings, roundabouts, menageries, freaks, fortune-tellers, acrobats, tricksters, boxing-booths and quacks—that belong to fair or circus. Watch how the crowd is attracted to each—sometimes silently, sometimes noisily, sometimes curiously, sometimes in fear, according to the strangely patterned diversity of the business of pleasure.

Why do these people who yesterday complained of the jostling in the streets desire to be bumped or be swung round till they are dizzy, even sick? Why do they delight in seeing men, beasts, and things put to any but their right uses? Why are they so ready to be deceived and so angry if undeceived? Why, in short, should holidays overturn mankind's usual behaviour in the quest of pleasure and the avoidance of pain?

Some new thing is supposed to be the staple of amusement, and there may still be evidence for believing this to be so. At the beginning of the twentieth century, for instance, a machine known as the 'Moving Staircase' was installed at the Crystal Palace as a sideshow. To gain the fresh experience of ascending a short flight of steps without having to lift a foot people were willing to pay. A dozen years later, when moving stairways were installed in stations of London railways, the public repeated the experience with a sense of annoyance. The plaything, no longer new, was no longer pleasant.

But novelty is not always present in our amusements; in fact, the chief inspiration of holidays is custom. Once more to circle on 'golden galloping horses' or pitch missiles for prizes at the 'shy' is to bring back memories of bygone enjoyment to strengthen that of the moment. Such association of present and past is always part of the fun of the fair. Take the case of pink lemonade. Once it was liked because it was new. While an 'outfit' was passing through America in a time of drought a red blanket fell into a tank, and the dyed water, refused by horses, became lemonade which human beings drank eagerly; ever since its colour has always belonged, like the smell of a menagerie, to

the American circus. Holiday-makers insist that lemonade must be pink because it was pink before.

Yet with this love of foreseen delight there goes a desire for heightened thrills. This the history of the switchback proves. Originally the idea was Russian, artificial inclines having been built for winter fairs so that tobogganning could be enjoyed even by dwellers in the plains. In 1823 such contrivances were brought to the notice of the managers of Sadler's Wells, who forthwith announced the 'Celebrated and Extensive Russian Mountains' as part of their programmes. 'The novel event of many of the audience nightly descending in the cars, will continue their rapid and safe career from the extremity of the stage to the back of the pit every morning until further notice' is how the new sensation was described in the advertisements. Switchbacks grew longer, until to-day the 'Giant Racer' suggests that a spice of real danger will have to be introduced by the showman of to-morrow. Our generation has grown increasingly accustomed to greater speed. Less than a century ago the roundabout was turned by small boys who hoped for a free ride as payment. Railways taught the public to despise its slow motion and the showman to use the power of steam. Electricity and the petrol engine had similar effects, so that to-day the mechanisms for enabling people to experience the force of gravity or the giddiness of rapid rotation equip the showman with an arsenal more formidable in extent than a mediæval monarch's engines of war. And to a certain extent the engines of amusement are designed to strike terror: the proprietors vie with each other to create the greatest appearance of peril that is possible without risking their customers' lives and limbs. As if the spectacle of cars shooting down inclines or of persons seated on mats being dropped suddenly from an ascending incline into a steep spiral groove were not enough to convince onlookers that the appliances created a genuine sense of physical insecurity, further means were adopted. When the Amusement Park of the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley gathered a greater collection of these engines than had ever been seen together before, the effect was increased by a method kept secret until the exhibition closed. Then a party of women who entered a labour exchange explained that they were 'professional screamers,' engaged to 'provoke excitement on flip-flaps, helter-skelters and joy-wheels.'

'What psychologists those amusement merchants are!' was a newspaper comment. Showmen need to be such. They are not dealing with the minds of men, for the mob has only an elementary brain. To them humanity is merely a mass of starved emotions unchecked by reason. Note the following occurrence at Waterford in the summer of 1925. An illusionist at a picture

theatre was performing the trick of 'sawing through a woman,' who lay in a long box which was to be cut in halves while her head and feet protruded from either end. Obviously the woman is never sawn in two, and it therefore follows that when the box is divided she must be occupying only one part, and not both. At Waterford an assistant, fearing that a slipknot placed round the woman's neck might strangle her, blundered at the critical moment: the box parted before shields had been inserted on each side of the cleavage, and she was seen curled up at one end. Such circumstances, one might think, would result either in laughter or in satisfaction at having discovered an illusionist's secret. What actually happened, however, was that, though the unhappy woman burst into tears, 'the audience rose in their seats and shouted insults and charges of fraud against the producer.' He had baffled their hunger to be duped.

Incidents of this kind explain why deception plays so important a part in showmanship. While eager to be forced to shriek or weep, the public is even more insistent on being made to stand open-mouthed in astonishment. To listen to a showman's confessions of fakes is to wonder whether the credulity of man in the mass is not endless. 'Lord' George Sanger, in particular, tells in his *Seventy Years a Showman* many a strange tale of fraud. When he as a youngster was performing in a booth at the Hyde Park Exhibition of 1851 one of the most popular sideshows was Madame Stevens, the 'pig-faced lady.' In reality she was a fine brown bear whose face had been closely shaved. Over her paws were white gloves with 'nice plump white arms above them'—again because of the razor. She sat, in poke-bonnet, shawl, and long fashionable frock, at a table; underneath was a boy to prod her with a stick whenever the showman asked, 'I believe that is correct, miss?' Following the grunt he would turn to his audience to explain: 'As you see, ladies and gentlemen, the young lady understands what is said perfectly, though the peculiar formation of her jaws has deprived her of the power of uttering human speech in return.' In this way a lengthy conversation was carried on until the climax: 'You are inclined, I suppose, as other ladies, to be led by some gentleman into the holy bonds of matrimony?' Here the hidden boy prodded so vigorously that the wretched bear uttered sounds of anger, thus giving the showman his cue to say 'What, no? Well, well, don't be cross because I asked you,' and to make a collection during the peal of delighted laughter which followed.

Still more extraordinary were Sanger's accounts of the fakes that laid the foundations of his own fortunes. His 'Shoal of Trained Fish in their Exhibition of a Naval Engagement' consisted of toy boats floating in a glass tank of water, each fitted

underneath with a noose of fine wire through which goldfish were induced to put their heads. Each boat bore a squib. When these were lit 'the startled fish darted hither and thither, and the naval engagement, with plenty of smoke and small detonations, was complete.' His 'Tame Oyster that Sits by the Fire and Smokes his Yard of Clay' was still simpler. Inside an oyster-shell were two small pieces of piping connected with rubber tubes which ended in the mouth of a small boy under the table. First a real oyster was passed round the booth for close inspection. When it was returned the dummy was substituted. A 'churchwarden' was ceremoniously filled with tobacco and the stem inserted into a hole in the shell. Some bashful child in the audience was handed a spill and allowed the awful privilege of lighting the pipe. Under the table the other child drew smoke down one tube and puffed it back through the other, until Sanger had to tell the oyster, 'That will do, sir. You will make your head ache if you smoke too much.' Once more the real oyster appeared, while the dummy shell disappeared.

In the records of circuses and sideshows similar instances are plentiful and are still being multiplied to-day; indeed, the history of showmanship seems to insist that the amusements of the public never change. Emperors and clowns alike have always delighted in strange men and beasts. Queen Victoria and Edward VII. were as interested in dwarfs, giants, and elephants as any Cæsar or humble countryman. A trainer of ancient Rome taught elephants to walk on ropes; a trainer of fifty years ago, who had probably never read Suetonius, presented the same marvel. Addison saw a set of acrobats in Venice perform the 'pyramids' in the manner described by Claudian and still witnessed by us to-day. Trick riding, generally supposed to have been first practised towards the end of the eighteenth century, is mentioned both by Homer and Montaigne. Cruelty, perhaps, may not be so much in evidence, despite the hunting of tame deer or the coursing of captured hares; for instead of killing animals in the arena we, more economically, shut them up for life. Executions are no longer public spectacles, though trials for murder are. Martyrdom likewise has died down with the lack of enthusiasm for religions. Gladiatorial combats remain under the ban of the late Cæsars, though men still die fighting, not some other man, but his speed record on a motor track. Undoubtedly, society has altered to some extent or other, even if mob instincts remain the same. Think well, however, before deciding where there has been a change. While you shake a censorious head at the ancients for witnessing the spectacle of nude nymphs bathing, your own countrymen in Paris are thronging to the Folies Bergère.

In essence the appeal of showmanship is to primary emotions

that are steadfast in mankind. Reason may control these in the isolated mind, but not in the human herd. Why the cries of terror from professional screamers attract us to where our fellow creatures rush down a steep place like the Gadarene swine is not because there is a devil within us that must be driven out. On the contrary, the emotion that arises is one—too little exercised in the ordinary course of modern life—which prompts adventure. For lack of a more exact name this must be termed 'joy'; but here a distinction must be drawn which is very necessary to the understanding of holiday crowds. Dictionaries, as well as common speech, confuse the emotion of joy with the feeling of pleasure; but if joy is, as commonly believed, an emotion, it must differ radically from the feeling which results from the satisfaction of any emotion. To give pleasure is the aim of all the showman's artifices, though many of these do not appeal to joy. Wondering curiosity will, as has been shown, easily cause pennies to flow from a man who spends his life in the same field or a woman who toils year in, year out in the same kitchen. Pity at the plight of puppet 'Babes in the Wood' will bring a ready flow of tears to eyes not likely to weep on real occasions, and so forth, each emotion that is starved in real life finding a stimulus at the fair. Classify all the showman's tricks and you have charted the public mind. First there is the desire for food that brings to the fair piemen, pudding-men, gingerbread-sellers, pig-roasters, milk-maids, *lemonadiers*, and tapsters. Other carnal desires are also excited in a way that makes a mob of men seem more debased than a herd of beasts. In reality, however, this readiness of man to be coaxed into craving what he did not need the moment before enables him to fly as well as fall. Showmanship keeps human nature alive. Toil would make him into a machine, but circuses and sideshows quicken his passion, stirring dormant emotions as sport braces neglected muscles. Unlike the beasts which find their happiness in the fulfilment of their daily needs, man has had little 'of all his labour, and of the vexation of his heart wherein he hath laboured under the sun.' Since drudgery has won for him no more than the daily bread which has only to be eaten to be despised, he finds his heart is empty directly his stomach is full. Tired of the poor rewards gained by what he wills and does, he is eager to buy at any price experience that will happen to him. Pleasure is the consciousness of life (as pain is the consciousness of what causes death), and man's insatiable search for it is the same impulse that raised him from the beasts.

The show was invented by his rulers to appease him, to cajole him, to tame him, to win from him his money or the labour of his life. The bedaubed witch-doctor is a showman, also the priest arousing wonder amid the fume-wreathed pillars of the temple

and the conqueror returning amid pomp and circumstance with the spoils of war. Executions as well as carnivals, funeral rites as well as court revels, the burning of heretics as well as tourneys, provide evidence of the history of the show. Study the spectacles devised, whether with full intent or not, to capture the public's loyalty, the public's obedience or the public's purse, and you will see that the showman of to-day is as significant a figure as priest or emperor, for he belongs to the same trade. 'People,' Bernard Shaw has said, 'will have their miracles, their stories, their heroes and heroines and saints and martyrs and divinities to exercise their gifts of affection, admiration, wonder, and worship, and their Judases and devils to enable them to be angry, and yet feel that they do well to be angry.' Just as mediæval priests exhibited Satan in the market-place for the strengthening of religion, just as the Protestants organised plays and processions of the hustling of the Pope for the upholding of their particular faith, just as monarchs exhibited traitors' heads or had their enemies destroyed in effigy after the manner of Guy Fawkes in order to maintain their thrones, so the proprietors of waxworks or raree-shows portrayed the latest and most revolting crimes to fill their own pockets, and so did Sanger fire a wickerwork statue of Kruger in order to draw townsfolk to his tents away from an American rival.

Years have changed the show after all. Whatever resemblances may be traced between the tourney with its jousts, dwarfs, jesters and elephants, and the circus with its battles, freaks, clowns and menagerie, the contrast remains that one was presented by a king to his subjects and the other by a subject to his king. That royal word *entrée* (latterly, alas, fallen into disuse) survives to link the two, and though the millionaire proprietor of railroad circuses that travel in five trains may be merely a man like ourselves, the old-fashioned riding-master has some of the royal dignity which cannot be as much as tarnished by the impertinence of his clown. Nevertheless, the change is real. The horse, which once gave its rider rank, was dispossessed of social dignity when commoners grew rich and peers poor. And when horsemanship was no longer a noble accomplishment but a sport, monarchs had no longer the means to summon great gatherings of lordly pride; only the masses had the money to pay for a show. Thus the modern circus came into being. It was not invented; it was produced by the circumstances of the times about 150 years ago. Though Derby Day on Epsom Downs most truly represents the survival of the spirit that existed in England before the *cursus* was laid out at Stonehenge—the spirit that was familiar in the world even before Achilles fired the Greek horsemen and charioteers to race in honour of dead Patroclus—the circus is yet more worthy of study than the Turf. However dwindled it may be from its

former glories and former popularity—though this is true only of England, and not of America, where it is a mammoth arsenal of amusements—the circus is something that is a whole. What though we may find in a volume of 1806 that 'Those parts of the entertainment at Astley's, or the Circus, which do *not* consist of pranks or horsemanship' are among (to quote the book's title) 'The Miseries of Human Life,' it is vain to deny that all the old-established sideshows of circus or fair reflect some aspect of human nature. Here is the mirror of our inner selves. Here are things ugly, curious, admirable and beautiful, each warranted to stir some primal emotion. Here are also, or should be, the jests that lead in the end, however long the process may last, to sanity—for the clown, say what you will, does definitely appeal to a quality in man that is not in the brutes. Be you child or philosopher—walk up.

M. WILLSON DISHER.

THE MYTHS OF WAR

IN the *Nineteenth Century and After* for April 1926 Mr. F. J. P. Veale, under the above title, discussed the causes of tales of atrocity in war and considered the degree of belief which should be given to them. His article painted the military profession in general, and the private soldier in particular, in such dark colours that I wish to attempt a vindication in this article. There are also other aspects to the question than those dealt with by Mr. Veale which should be noticed.

The chief effective restraints on the perpetration of what are commonly known as 'atrocities' in war are apt to be overlooked, when the question is raised as to their inevitability, or the credibility of the evidence of their occurrence. These restraints are, in order of importance, the moral standards of the warring peoples, the military laws governing their armed forces, and the laws and customs of war, as embodied in code and subscribed to by all civilised nations. As regards the degree of culture which entitles a nation to be called 'civilised,' it is sometimes argued that all Western European nations, being descended from the same stocks, or 'blends' of races, have reached approximately the same standard, and are no more likely, the one than the other, to go astray or relapse into methods of barbarism. From this it is a short step to assume that modern war will be conducted equally fairly or equally foully by them all; in short, that they will need an equal coat of whitewash, or be tarred with the same brush.

The usual arbitrary classification of European ancestry, with its Nordic, Alpine and Mediterranean races, is, however, hardly a sufficient measure of the modern outlook on war of the Western nations. Temperamental differences, resulting not only from casual 'blendings' in the past, but from environment, history and tradition, are now clearly marked and recognisable, distinct and persistent characteristics of the separate peoples. It is with these acquired rather than inherited traits that the historian seeking to explain certain occurrences will in the end be forced to reckon; and they may, at any time, upset calculations based on the sanctity of international law, or the written guarantees of Governments.

The question of 'atrocities' in war is bound up with the gradual historical development of a set of laws and usages, along with a system of discipline capable of enforcing them. This development, in spite of periodical lapses, has on the whole been steadily maintained, and the desired ideals never lost to view; nor are these ideals all of such recent or tender growth as has been commonly supposed, though their adoption by all the nations, even in theory, is an affair of yesterday. The international law which now exists is based on Roman Law, which itself originates in various ways from tradition, the example and usage of great leaders and statesmen, and the so-called 'natural law' of contemporary civilisation. But with the fall of the Roman Empire and the irruption of barbarians into Europe, humane standards of warfare inevitably received an almost mortal blow. The methods of Huns, Goths and Turks, and the reprisals they provoked, fostered ferocious ideas in the minds of ignorant mercenaries, and even debased such standards of chivalry as still lingered among kings, princes, and emperors. The Thirty Years' War, a long agony of horrors, culminated in the massacre of Magdeburg in 1631, where of a garrison and population amounting to some 25,000 souls only 2700 were reputed to have survived. Even Akbar's sack of Chitor, a stock example of the earlier Asiatic method, fails in comparison with such a slaughter. At Magdeburg that terrible stimulant to atrocity, religious hatred, was no doubt responsible for much; the individual soldiers of each side hated each other to the point of murder, and extended this hate to the defenceless men, women and children unfortunately associated with their enemies. The devastation of the Palatinate, where, under the express orders of Louis XIV., a whole country was deliberately given over to fire and sword, marks the turning point in European sentiment; the nations, revolting from such 'atrocities,' looked about for some means to prevent their recurrence. The result of the labours of the great jurists, who by degrees codified the humaner customs and rules of an earlier age, and added new and appropriate restrictions, was to create a body of universally approved laws and usages, which international opinion increasingly tended to impose on all belligerents. But as none of these so-called laws could then, in the circumstances, be enacted or enforced by any legislature, they remained based on the sentiment and tacit agreement of civilised nations. An outrageous infringement of these rules or guides of conduct in war became an 'atrocity'; and, with the modern reinforcement of international conventions, the commission of such an 'atrocity,' if brought home to a particular nation, its responsible Government or its commanders, naturally places it, now as then, 'outside the pale of civilisation'—at any rate, for the time being.

It is very necessary to distinguish between illegal acts of a Government or its high command, committed 'according to plan,' and resulting in ordered 'frightfulness' of the troops under its control, and those sporadic outbreaks of savagery among its soldiers, which may be due to lax discipline, inherent vice, or total ignorance of the laws of war. For the first, only the superior authority can be legally held responsible, though no enemy would long hesitate to exact vengeance from the humbler instruments should opportunity offer; for the latter acts, a general right to reprisals is recognised, after due warning to the enemy command. These are 'atrocities' committed by one army against another, difficult sometimes to substantiate, but usually verifiable. 'Reprisals,' of course, are in the nature of a two-edged weapon; they lead often to a systematic rivalry in barbarity, out of all relation or proportion to the original offence. Reprisals carried out on the persons of hostages or prisoners of war have sometimes produced impossible situations—as recently two notable cases of this kind proved. The officers and crew of the first German submarine, caught, so to speak, 'red-handed' in a breach of the laws of war by sea, were interned in a detention barrack instead of a camp for prisoners of war. The German Government in its turn took steps to place three times the number of prisoners, all officers, in a lodging which for lousiness and general discomfort would have made the detention barrack in question seem like a hotel. This measure succeeded. Later, when an entirely false and garbled account of the *Baralong* affair had reached Germany, and popular anger over the alleged *bestialität* of a British naval officer had reached fever heat, steps were actually taken to collect a party of young British officers in order to place them on submarines by way of 'reprisal.' Wiser counsels, however, prevailed, and the lives of these, and probably many other gallant men on the other side, were spared.

There is also a distinction between 'atrocities' of the above nature and those committed against an unarmed population, against neutrals or other non-combatants, whether committed 'by order' or not, and whether carried out by irregular troops, military police or officials in occupied and conquered territory, or by the regular land, sea and air forces of the invader; though it may often serve the purposes of propaganda to confuse them. A great many established 'atrocities,' quoted to show how chronic and inevitable these things are, can by no stretch of imagination be classed as 'war.' When Gladstone made all Europe ring with his denunciations, he was speaking of the systematic massacre and outrage perpetrated on the peasants of Bulgaria by Bashi-Bazouks and other brigands of the same nature, of whom the provost-marshal of a modern army would

make short work. The Turkish deportations and massacres of Armenians were on the same footing, and may be classed with the manifestations of primitive ferocity of 'Boxers' and Bolsheviks. No one would maintain that all these doings have been properly reported, or that the evidence was all trustworthy, still less that on that account they had no foundation in fact; 'atrocities' on a large scale, that in no sense could be called 'war,' for purposes of comparison with the conduct of regular armies, were in every case proved. They could neither be explained away as propaganda nor excused as military necessities.

In dealing with real war the ground is firmer, since the combatants at the outset know and tacitly agree upon certain rules. Without going into the history of the laws and customs of war, it may be taken for granted that the Hague Conventions of 1899 and 1907 covered all the grounds of previous agreement, and went as far as general consent made possible, in extending the scope of existing laws; and this would certainly, at that time, have been considered sufficient to deal with any allegations of infamous conduct made by one hostile nation against another. The Conventions naturally did not specify all the varieties of savagery possible in war; they contented themselves with stating that

until a more complete code of the laws of war can be drawn up, the High Contracting Parties deem it expedient to declare that, in cases not covered by the rules adopted by them, the inhabitants and the belligerents remain under the protection and governance of the principles of the law of nations, derived from the usages established among civilised peoples, from the laws of humanity, and from dictates of the public conscience.

A flimsy security, as it proved, yet not at the time so considered. As late as February 1914 the British *Manual of Military Law*, treating of the subject of 'reprisals,' said:

Owing to the advance of civilisation and the high state of discipline and training of modern armies, such acts have become more and more uncommon and are now rarely committed except by irregulars, and inhabitants of invaded territories.

Six months later this could not have been written.

Civilised war cannot rightly be defined as 'organised homicide,' seeing that it is not waged for purposes of the 'bag,' but to secure the submission of the enemy with the least necessary expense in lives and treasure. Given the attainment of the desired result, the fewer men killed the more successful the war; while the absence of 'atrocities' is, of course, an added honour for the victors. But the desire for a rapid end can never excuse those calculated breaches of the laws of war which a high command may commit in order to paralyse the enemy. The difficulty of

keeping strictly to a code can, where there is the will, be overcome; though such code will not be one drawn up by 'civilians in comfortable armchairs,' but one based on the experience of centuries of warfare, on the principles of humanity, the ideals of chivalry, and the combined wisdom of great lawyers and great soldiers. Such a code may, perhaps, never entirely eliminate 'spontaneous atrocities' committed by individuals, but its rigid enforcement, when such crimes have been brought home to the offenders, can make their recurrence comparatively rare. Those frigidly planned instances of 'frightfulness,' of which the Great War was so fruitful, and about which there was little or no conflict of evidence, are harder to punish; yet to adopt the attitude that 'atrocities' take place so naturally and easily in war is to help to maintain the debased moral standards that gave rise to them. The object of codes of laws and usages being to raise these standards, it should not be necessary to instil 'hate' into 'conscript civilians' in order to make them fight. In this respect the decent professional soldier, who is no hired assassin, has no different feelings to his brother volunteer or conscript towards his individual enemy, whom he respects so long as he fights fair. Whether he will be prone to believe stories of 'atrocities' about his enemy will naturally depend more on that enemy than on propaganda. A nation at war that has seen its opponent break one law after another, and has experienced 'frightfulness' of all degrees, will eventually come to believe that such opponent is, as the French would put it, '*capable de tout*.'

Such terrible lapses from a painfully constructed ideal appear only the more emphasised if a comparison is made with some older wars. For example, the French revolutionary armies, though of the nature of tumultuous levies, were animated with high ideas, of liberty and fraternity, of their mission to free Europe from its feudal chains. To quote General Count Foy, himself, as a young man, a soldier in these wars:

During the first years of the Republic the French generals made war with an austerity and moderation befitting the noble cause for which they had taken up arms.

And again:

The old soldiers long remembered Saint Just and Lebas, representatives of the People, who, during the campaign of 1794, caused some volunteers to be shot for having taken a few eggs from the poultry-yard of a peasant in Brabant. A year later, the brigade of Latour d'Auvergne, surnamed by the Spaniards 'the infernal column,' on account of the terror which it excited on the field of battle, was encamped in cherry-orchards in Biscay, and the grenadiers durst not pick the cherries from the boughs which hung over their tents.

So much the less dared they pluck the fruit of other opportunities;

the lives and property of the inhabitants, the honour of their wives and daughters, were safe. Here was the effect of discipline, founded on a high ideal, and enforced with an iron hand.

Under Napoleon's system of making war support war, with his imperial ambitions, necessitating the subjugation and exploitation of the conquered nations, this early austere ideal was soon lost, and the lapse from discipline was not long in following. Napoleon's armies lived on the territory they occupied;

their mere passage [to quote General Foy again] destroyed in a few hours the resources of a whole country. . . . We have seen the young conscripts constrained to wrest from the labourer the frugal fare of his children . . . this scourge became still more terrible, when exasperated passions put arms into the hands of those who were not called by their condition in life to bear them . . . our soldiers, always generous in their relations with warriors, were inexorable to the patriot who had taken arms to defend the fruit of his garden, or the honour of his daughter . . . the military reports now presented nothing but a bloody series of villages plundered and towns taken by assault; and if it happened that the ministers of a God of Peace transformed themselves into leaders of insurrection and war, one could not be surprised to see young soldiers accustomed to religious practices throw aside their former habits, and violate convents, churches, even the asylum of the grave itself.

Such became the state of discipline of the French armies in Spain. Certainly they were in a bitterly hostile country, where no soldier's life was safe outside the cordon of their pickets, and where 'atrocities' and 'reprisals' daily followed each other; but such indiscipline would not have been tolerated by a commander like the Iron Duke. There is little doubt, however, that a moral deterioration had come about, due partly to the 'system,' partly to a natural arrogance in the conquerors of Europe, and partly to lack of firmness and example in the French generals and marshals. The British army was, of course, operating in a friendly country, and under a commander notoriously strict. Foy has much to say in praise of its discipline, though he shared to the full the prejudices of his countrymen.

Plunder and exactions in foreign countries are regarded with generous aversion by men who, even in war, show every respect to institutions and to private property. . . . We know of no troops so well disciplined as the British . . . the glory of the British army has arisen principally from its excellent discipline . . . the tendency to indiscipline is corrected by the moral rectitude which is produced by the long application of a constitutional form of government.

It is historically certain that no two armies of different nations faced each other for so many years, as did these in the Peninsula, with such complete absence of mutual recrimination or of accusations of breaches of the laws of war. As far as military operations were concerned, both sides observed the conventions and pro-

prieties, then accepted, towards each other; but the letters and diaries of British officers afford sufficient proof of the atrocious sufferings of the Portuguese and Spanish populations at the hands of the French invaders of their countries. In comparison with such a catalogue of misdeeds, the one serious lapse of the British army, at Badajoz, stands out as conspicuous by its rarity; and hence is often loosely quoted as something unparalleled. The peculiar circumstances of the case was the strain, greater than most armies could have borne, imposed by Wellington on his soldiers. They had faced the carnage of Albuhera, the assault of Ciudad Rodrigo, and were now thrown into the seething inferno of the breaches of Badajoz; the irruption of this crowd of maddened and reckless men into a pitch dark foreign town, with complete confusion, loss of formation and control; the devoted efforts of the surviving officers, many of them wounded, to prevent or persuade their men from forgetting their honour: all this gives a picture of war which, however dark, is not entirely so. The iron rule of discipline was soon reasserted, not again to be broken—a discipline that has been maintained to the present day.

The circumstances of modern war will rarely permit of a defenceless population being situated, as were these unhappy Spaniards, between the army of their would-be deliverers without and that of their conquerors within the walls. The experience of the Great War tends to discount the probability of sieges and assaults as formerly carried out; yet it should not be forgotten that sacks of towns taken by assault have occurred within living memory, even though strictly forbidden by the laws of war. But in the most notorious case, that of Port Arthur in 1894, neither of the combatants had then, so far as acknowledging Western laws and usages went, qualified for inclusion in 'the comity of civilised nations.'

In the foregoing the laws of war on sea have not been considered. These, too, had a gradual development, along with that sense of the 'brotherhood of the sea,' which helped to mitigate and eventually to end the peculiar piratical horrors that existed even in Tudor times. Early sea-fights between Britons and Spaniards were wont to be fought *à l'outrance*; the common practice of boarding parties who gained possession of the enemy's decks was to 'set over the side' all survivors and leave them to drown; and if, in the days of Raleigh, prisoners were taken, they must pay ransom, or be forced to serve, or, if they were an incumbrance, they might be marooned on some inconvenient islet. In time a sense of comradeship, in face of the implacable sea, grew up; so that it became the bounden duty, at least of British sailors, after the foe had hauled down his flag, to rescue him from his burning or sinking ships. 'Atroci-

ties' at sea became the special prerogative of pirates. Then came the inventions of the mine and the torpedo, the latter of which met with almost universal execration. Here was a secret weapon by which whole ships' companies could be sent to the bottom without warning and attempts were made to ban its use. But in the end the interests of those Powers who saw in it the ideal weapon of the weaker fleet prevailed. Public sentiment, nevertheless, was undoubtedly right; without the torpedo the piratical 'atrocities' of the 'unrestricted' submarine war would have been impossible.

It is interesting, if discouraging, to study other attempts in the past to restrict the invention and manufacture of new and devilish weapons of war, from the time of the crossbow, considered a base engine, the musket, whose owners got short shrift from the Chevalier Bayard, to the so-called 'explosive bullets' which exercised the minds of the signatories of the Declaration of St. Petersburg in 1868. The march of science is always ahead of these attempts, and even when the weapon in question is banned by the full authority of the Powers its secret manufacture, further adaptation, and the study of its extended use can still continue. As an instance, the use of 'asphyxiating gas,' not as an explosive, but for purposes of suffocation, is strictly interdicted. There are those who incline to advocate its recognition, on the ground that, after all, as a weapon it is remarkably humane. In their eyes the fate of Sennacherib's army would be satisfactory and appropriate—to their enemies; one sufficiently noxious and extended breath, and all would be over. To contemplate, however, an absolute control of war by the chemist is to accept a counsel of despair, to agree in what to the majority would seem an outrage. The change-over from a state of peace to war, for the nation possessing both expert chemists and well-organised factories, may indeed be simple and rapid, but the range and extension of such war cannot be predicted, its incidence must be indiscriminate, its results appalling. At the present moment, though codes and agreements exist, Western civilisation toys with the subject, perhaps relying on its so-called 'essential unity.' The originators and first perpetrators of this war 'atrocities' unavoidably lie under the suspicion of favouring its repetition; surreptitiously everyone else prepares to meet them with some poison equally or more effective—a competition neither sanctioned by the laws of war nor of humanity.

It is often forgotten that the commission of 'spontaneous' outrages by individual soldiers is not so much restricted by vague codes, of which they may be ignorant, but by the clearly defined military laws of their respective armies. Moreover, though a soldier may realise at the close of a day of battle that he is lucky to be

alive, and even then not assured of life for a single minute, his thoughts do not turn lightly to murder, rape, and arson, or any acts which if committed to the knowledge of his officers would procure him a certain passport to the next world. Battles lasting for days and weeks are too exacting of the physical and mental powers of the soldier to leave him in mood for such adventures; nor, as a general rule, will the front line or the shattered ruins of bombarded villages be the place in which to find them. In the British Army Act quitting the ranks without permission, plundering, or in any way ill-treating the inhabitants of the country in which war is going on is punishable by death; and similar laws obtain in all civilised armies. Of course, if a spirit of 'frightfulness' is inculcated from above, and the commission of 'atrocities' connived at or encouraged, the bad elements in all national armies will come to the front. Especially is this the case where unarmed populations, whether enemy or neutral, are concerned, for their power of reprisal is generally feeble, producing only further outrages. In no department of international law are the agreed or partly accepted rules so unsatisfactory and incomplete as in that which deals with the rights and duties of inhabitants of a war zone, or of a country about to be invaded. As early as 1863, in the first of those Manuals in which Government sought to lay down 'Instructions for the Government of Armies in the Field,' the United States ruled that a population might rise *en masse* to resist an invader, and yet be treated by him as public enemies, rightful belligerents, and entitled, those who might be captured, to be accorded the privileges of prisoners of war. The Prussian rule and practice in 1870-71 was uncomprisingly different; hence the vexed question of *francs-tireurs* and other improvised levies, that involved many reprisals and counter-reprisals. At the Hague the different points of view as to the belligerent rights of populations could not be unified, and though the status and rights of neutrals were clearly laid down, occasional violations of neutrality were recognised as likely to occur, and suitable penalties were provided. The right, too, of a neutral State to mobilise its forces in defence of its frontiers was established; so that the neutrality of Belgium in 1914 was not only guaranteed by the famous 'scrap of paper,' but its right to resist the violation with the entire strength of its army and people was supported by the full weight of international law. Few, however, of the plenipotentiaries of 1907 could have foreseen the situation in 1914, when a neutral was asked at the point of the bayonet to surrender its neutrality and itself to break its agreements by aiding and abetting the invader. It would have been deemed inconceivable that the refusal of such a demand could entail a series of 'atrocities' committed on the people of Belgium, whose patriotism, whose undoubted right to resist, and

whose helplessness might at least have claimed some special leniency. About these particular 'atrocities,' whether exaggerated or not, it is enough to say that, with the means to enforce discipline of the strictest kind which the invaders possessed, their occurrence could have been absolutely prevented. The execration they aroused has, it is probable, made their repetition, by any army calling itself 'civilised,' in future impossible.

The ideal of 'civilised war' has been roughly defaced, yet there is no reason why it should be regarded as damaged beyond repair. In trying to reconstruct it it is unavoidable that these and other 'atrocities,' otherwise better buried in oblivion, should be considered with reference to their prevention. Codes of laws and sanctions are all very well, and public opinion has its weight; but in the day of battle, when for such extraneous considerations there is little room in the thoughts of the high command, when the soldier looks to his own officer alone for orders and example, it is discipline, stern and unbending, that will maintain the character of that fighting profession, wont to be styled 'honourable,' and the reputation of the nation of which it should be the ornament and pride.

A. G. BAIRD SMITH.

CORRESPONDENCE

'THE MYTHS OF WAR'

To the Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER.

SIR,—Whatever may have been the impression on the minds of your other readers as to the scope of the article by Mr. Veale in your April number, it certainly seemed to me to be a subtly designed effort to absolve Germany from the guilt of her awful atrocities in the Great War—even where his arguments were apparently without bias, qualifications in favour of Germany were introduced; and in his letter of June he casts all the doubt he possibly can as to the findings of the special Committee presided over by Viscount Bryce.

For instance, he says: 'The value of the Bryce report to them would be increased a thousandfold if it were only certain that its framers started by regarding these allegations "with keen suspicion," but were reluctantly forced by the evidence before them to come to the conclusions they did.'

In answer to this here are Lord Bryce's own words: 'We began the inquiry with doubts whether a positive result would be attained. But the further we went and the more evidence we examined so much the more was our scepticism reduced. There might be some exaggeration in one witness, possible delusion in another, inaccuracy in a third; when however we found that things which had at first seemed improbable were testified to by many witnesses coming from different places, having had no communication with one another, and knowing nothing of one another's statements, the points in which they all agreed became more and more evidently true. And when this concurrence of testimony, this convergence upon what were the same broad facts, showed itself in hundreds of depositions, the truth of those broad facts stood out beyond question. The force of the evidence is cumulative.'

This statement should be sufficient to silence any future depreciation of the Bryce report.

The evidence against the Germans does not consist of 'lurid anecdotes patronised and encouraged by the State.' Professor Morgan spent four months in France, visiting every town and commune lately occupied by the Germans. He personally interrogated and cross-examined over 2000 British officers and soldiers at the places detailed in his documents. Each story was taken separately and investigated separately. Mr. Veale says 'It is witnesses who have to prove the case.' Well, we have the evidence of hundreds of witnesses in the British Government reports by Viscount Bryce and by Professor Morgan, and full details are given in the appendices to both the reports. The total mass of evidence is so vast as to be overwhelming, even leaving out of account the further bulk of

evidence contained in the reports of the French and the Belgian Governments and of Dr. Hillis.

It is well to note Mr. Veale's admissions: 'Stories of murder, rape and arson are, of course, subject to exaggeration . . . but in the main they are generally true.' Also: 'Such stories may sometimes be supported by actual facts; but this is a mere accident.' Also: 'It is difficult to waive aside as exaggeration or fabrication the happenings at Louvain. . . . They may be condoned airily as those regrettable lapses to which even the best disciplined troops are liable under gross provocation.' I may remark that this is a condonation of the massacre of scores of innocent civilians, of fires, and of destruction, extending over four days.

Another extenuation, namely, of rape, is seen in the following extract: 'Some women are found during the search for the assassin. . . . The officer in command has been killed, or is lost, or is not interested, or is busy doing something somewhere else . . . the time before the shop-assistant is short—and so . . .'

Not only were the rank and file guilty of this crime, but the officers also. There is evidence that in Bailleul five officers were guilty of rape; and in Liège in the public square officers started the rapes.

As to outrages in general, Professor Morgan reports evidence establishing that they were committed by the express orders of responsible officers from company commanders up to brigadier-general.

In conclusion, Mr. Veale may consider the Bryce report merely as 'a once potent instrument of propaganda,'¹ but for my own part I prefer to accept the estimate of the eminent jurist, Professor Morgan, in these words: 'The studied sobriety of its tone, the known integrity and judiciousness of its authors, carry instant conviction to the minds of all honest and thoughtful men.'

EDWARD ANDERSON.

Birmingham.

¹ Rather than as a document valuable to historians.

'TOBACCO'

To the Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER.

SIR,—Dr. Dixon's interesting paper on tobacco in your April issue well illustrates the diversity of opinion which prevails on certain points in connexion with this subject. In reference to the effects of tobacco on vision it is stated that blindness due to tobacco is very rare, and is 'almost always the result of cigar smoking.' It would be unfortunate if your readers were allowed to remain under such a misapprehension.

Tobacco amblyopia—i.e., partial blindness, for complete blindness is never produced—is quite a common condition among the working classes, and is usually caused by the kind of tobacco known as 'shag,' 'Irish twist,' or 'bogie roll.' It is rare among the cigar-smoking well-to-do classes. Chewing and snuffing tobacco may also produce it.

In many respects the effects of tobacco on the visual nerve mechanism are of great interest, but further discussion would be out of place here.

In reference to methyl alcohol, it should be pointed out that this substance, when chemically pure, does not give rise to visual symptoms. The impurities present in commercial wood spirit are extremely toxic, and it is to them that the blindness in 'methyl alcohol' poisoning is due.

Yours faithfully,

H. M. TRAQUAIR.

16, Manor Place,
Edinburgh.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER



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PLAYING-FIELDS

DURING the Great War we heard much of a 'C3' nation; and then, perhaps, many people became aware for the first time of the distance that we had travelled since the days when John Bull could be accepted as a fairly typical Englishman. After the war we might have forgotten what we had learned if sensational publicity had not been given to figures quoted in the House of Commons which showed that, in the course of the year 1924, of the candidates who presented themselves for enlistment in the army 63 per cent. were rejected as physically unfit. And this only tells a part of the story. In addition to this 63 per cent. there was, as there always is, a large number who were rejected off-hand by the recruiting sergeants as too obviously unfit to be worth subjecting to medical examination—a number estimated at about 10 per cent. of the total applicants. Behind

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Communications should be addressed to the Editor of the NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER, 10 & 12, Orange Street, Leicester Square, W.C.2.

Letters as well as articles will be considered for publication, but letters should be confined to criticism or amplification of articles which have already appeared in the Review. No anonymous contribution is published.

In many a town, lies that dreadful residuum, with which everyone who enters the congested areas of our great cities is only too familiar, of men who are too frail, too crippled, or too malformed to have any illusion as to its being worth while to offer themselves. Altogether, according to the best qualified opinion, certainly well over 80 per cent.—not improbably more than 90 per cent.—of that section of our population from which recruits for the Army would naturally be drawn are too ill-developed or constitutionally too unsound to be fit for a soldier's life.

Not that we want them to be soldiers. The Army, if with some difficulty, will probably always get recruits enough. But soldiering, being the only trade in which a definite physical standard is insisted on, gives us our only trustworthy statistics. Entrants into civil avocations are not subjected to any similar examination; but the man who is physically unfit to be a soldier is, though not disqualified, handicapped in every other walk of life—to a greater or less extent he falls short of competence to bear his proper burden as a citizen. By the advance in medical science and surgical skill, by increasing sobriety, and by progress in sanitation we know that the average longevity is being increased. In the events of the Great War, as also in other incidents since then, it was shown that the stuff of which the people is made has not deteriorated in matters more important, perhaps, than any physical qualities. But these things, though they may mask, do not condone or compensate for the physical degeneracy. In proportion, indeed, as the opportunities of health and long life are greater, the more unjust is it that so large a proportion of our people should be condemned to conditions in which good health and proper development are almost impossible. The better the stuff that is in them the more cruel is it that they should from birth be hampered and stunted as they are.

And though these figures concern men only—and one thinks, on such a subject, primarily of men—it must be borne in mind that the disabilities weigh equally heavily on both sexes. The women of the race, we may be sure, are no fitter than the men, and, unless measures are taken to stop it, the degeneracy must be progressive, increasing from generation to generation.

No one doubts the causes which have produced the present conditions—the rapid industrialisation of the country, the abandonment of rural industries with the crowding of the people into factories and towns; the inordinate growth of urban areas and the congestion of masses in the slums. It would be easy to accuse our forefathers of a horrible negligence in allowing the existing situation to develop; but it would be as unjust as it would be to accuse them of lack of foresight in not providing landing places for aeroplanes. There were, indeed, voices of

warning raised a century and a half ago. Far-sighted and self-sacrificing men and women, by individual effort or banded in philanthropic societies, did their best, and but for them the conditions would be infinitely worse than they are. But each age has problems of its own which are sufficiently engrossing; and if to us hygienic town-planning now seems an obvious necessity, what portents which threaten succeeding generations are we not ignoring? Of what follies and shortsightedness are not our grandsons going to accuse us? It is enough that in this one matter at least our eyes are opened. We can no longer pretend to ignore the conditions which surround us, and we must do our best to remedy them, spurred to haste by the knowledge that every year remedy becomes more difficult as new areas of open space become submerged under the flood of bricks and mortar or cut through by the building of arterial roads. The danger at the moment is accentuated by the shortage of houses. New areas must be built upon, new towns must be laid out and existing towns must spread yet wider over the surrounding country. But none of these things should be allowed to go on without the compulsory reservation of a minimum fixed proportion of public recreation ground.

During the last two decades much effort has been expended, both here and in the United States, in the attempt to ascertain what that minimum proportion of public open space should be; and the conclusions reached by different investigators from various angles are in curiously close agreement. Without going here into details of the numerous calculations, it is agreed with practical unanimity that 5 acres of public open space are necessary for every 1000 of the population.¹ There are those who put the requirement even higher than this, demanding as much as an acre of public open space for every 125 persons; but 5 acres to 1000 may be taken as a reasonably agreed minimum, and this, in a normally developed town, means a reservation for public recreational purposes of from one-tenth to about one-fifth of the total urban area. Anything less than one-tenth should not be regarded as tolerable.

Of these 5 acres it is further agreed that approximately 3 acres should be definitely assigned to what are comprehensively called playing-fields, the term including everything from sand piles for young children, cricket pitches, grounds for football, hockey or netball, etc., running tracks and lawn tennis courts, to bowling greens and putting courses for youths of a maturer age. Real golf courses are not considered: they must go farther out. It would be easy to make the reader's flesh creep by

¹ An excellent summary will be found in an article by Mr. G. L. Pepler, F.S.I., in the *Town Planning Review* for January 1923.

these, ain, lies that dreadful residuum, with which everyone who knows the congested areas of our great cities is only too familiar, of men who are too frail, too crippled, or too malformed to have any illusion as to its being worth while to offer themselves. Altogether, according to the best qualified opinion, certainly well over 80 per cent.—not improbably more than 90 per cent.—of that section of our population from which recruits for the Army would naturally be drawn are too ill-developed or constitutionally too unsound to be fit for a soldier's life.

Not that we want them to be soldiers. The Army, if with some difficulty, will probably always get recruits enough. But soldiering, being the only trade in which a definite physical standard is insisted on, gives us our only trustworthy statistics. Entrants into civil avocations are not subjected to any similar examination; but the man who is physically unfit to be a soldier is, though not disqualified, handicapped in every other walk of life—to a greater or less extent he falls short of competence to bear his proper burden as a citizen. By the advance in medical science and surgical skill, by increasing sobriety, and by progress in sanitation we know that the average longevity is being increased. In the events of the Great War, as also in other incidents since then, it was shown that the stuff of which the people is made has not deteriorated in matters more important, perhaps, than any physical qualities. But these things, though they may mask, do not condone or compensate for the physical degeneracy. In proportion, indeed, as the opportunities of health and long life are greater, the more unjust is it that so large a proportion of our people should be condemned to conditions in which good health and proper development are almost impossible. The better the stuff that is in them the more cruel is it that they should from birth be hampered and stunted as they are.

And though these figures concern men only—and one thinks, on such a subject, primarily of men—it must be borne in mind that the disabilities weigh equally heavily on both sexes. The women of the race, we may be sure, are no fitter than the men, and, unless measures are taken to stop it, the degeneracy must be progressive, increasing from generation to generation.

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drawing pictures of the conditions as they exist in contrast to this. There are, for example, boroughs in London which have less than an acre of open space to each 25,000 of the inhabitants. The classes which make up the population of such areas are, unhappily, not the least prolific in the community. We all know, from hearsay, if not from personal contact, what the life of the children of both sexes is in such an area, with nowhere to play but in the streets when they are young, nowhere but those same streets to loaf in as they grow up. The resultant stunting and failure to develop is not of the physical natures only. These places are the breeding grounds of crime and political discontent. Putting the matter of Christian charity aside, the mere economic waste, the ascertainable injury and loss to society, is appalling.

A survey of our public schools shows that they have on the average an acre of playground to every thirty boys. The whole extent of ground possessed by them is larger than this, but about one acre to every thirty boys is what is generally found to be the space needed for actual playing-fields. Many people, of course, think that too much attention is given to games in our public schools, but not many of the objectors would care to send their sons to schools notoriously deficient in playgrounds. In the United States it is laid down as a maxim that no elementary school in an urban area should have less than 8 acres of ground, no secondary school less than from 10 to 20 acres, and no high school less than from 20 to 40 acres. This is a standard which, perhaps, we can never hope to live up to in this country, any more than we can hope that our elementary schools can ever be put on the same footing as our public schools. They need not be. But there are elementary schools in England which have no playgrounds at all, and sometimes in districts where a playground could have been bought for a negligible sum when the schools were built. A great many schools have only a yard some 25 or 30 feet long by 12 or 15 feet wide, and even this is too often closed at 4 o'clock—the key turned in the lock and the children left with nowhere but the streets to play in. Nor—for one who knows the harassments of an elementary schoolteacher's life—is it easy to blame the teacher. But it is a shocking state of affairs. London police courts are familiar with the spectacle of boys brought up on the charge of playing in the street 'to the annoyance of the public'; and it is estimated that of the pupils in the British elementary schools not 10 per cent. ever get a chance to play a game of cricket in their lives—cricket, which is our 'national game.' Of what use is it to address appeals to 'play the game'—to point out that such and such things are 'not cricket'—to a class 90 per cent. of the members of which have no opportunity to know what cricket is? It was a true

story which Mr. A. E. R. Gilligan told at a meeting at the Albert Hall a year ago of the small boy brought out from the London slum for a day in the fresh air who protested with tears against the suggestion of attempting to play cricket in a field where there were no lamp-posts.

While, however, it is the picture of the London slums that leaps first to the mind, this is far from being a problem for London alone. Even in small villages the situation is deplorable. A village may or may not have a village green; it may or may not have a kindly lord of the manor who concedes it a cricket pitch in his park; but the chances are that no one organises any games upon the green, and the cricket ground in the park is used for practice by a handful of men or older boys on, perhaps, one evening in the week and on one afternoon when matches are played against some neighbouring village. The youth of the village—children and growing boys and girls together—have, in the great majority of cases, only the street and lanes to loaf in. Fresh air they have; but for their healthy development, whether in body or morals, the conditions are not much better than those of the city slum.

Of the larger towns of the country, Manchester, thanks to two or three far-sighted and patriotic individuals, seems to be the best equipped, with 156 public football grounds, 88 cricket pitches, more than 400 lawn tennis courts, and 44 playgrounds for children. The National Playing-Fields Association is now engaged on a survey of the conditions as they exist in towns all over the country, and the earlier returns show that in thirty-five towns with a population of 1,535,730, distributed among eleven counties, there is one public football ground to every 14,219 persons, one cricket ground to every 25,595 persons, one hockey ground to every 127,977 persons, and one public playground to every 29,533 children. Some of the smaller towns with a population of from 5000 to 11,000 have no public provision for playgrounds or sports fields of any sort; and the sad thing is that in not a few of the larger towns, while the children are neglected, there is a more or less adequate equipment of bowling greens, lawn tennis courts and municipal putting courses. One town of 126,000 people, with 20,000 schoolchildren, has ten hard lawn tennis courts, six bowling greens and two putting courses, and not a single ground for cricket, football or hockey. Another town of 63,000 people and 10,000 schoolchildren has eight public bowling greens and nothing else.

This is intelligible. Bowling greens, lawn tennis courts and putting courses have the double advantage that they are not seriously disfiguring to a public park or offensive to the eye of a landscape gardener, and, by the charge of a small fee, they

can be made financially self-supporting or even better. It is very possible that the town councillors themselves may enjoy them. But they are not of the smallest use to the children of the community. They do nothing to furnish healthy exercise to youth at the age when it is most needed, nor do they contribute anything to the inculcation of the spirit of team-play which we believe to be one of the chief moral advantages of the better games. Municipal authorities may well have thought that they were acting for the best—may have prided themselves on their progressive spirit—in providing so many bowling greens and putting courses. The ratepayers may quite reasonably like them. It simply has not occurred to them how infinitely greater is the need of playgrounds and how cruelly unjust it is to provide only for the amusement of the well-to-do and the middle-aged, leaving the children, who have neither money nor votes, unconsidered.

In yet another direction there is conflict in the use of open spaces by which playgrounds are made scarcer. There are few towns which have not now more or less ample allotments. In many places it is notorious that allotment-holders are often far from belonging to the class for whom the allotments are in theory provided; and those same towns may be destitute of any sort of public cricket pitch, football field or playing-ground. No one denies the desirability of allotments, any more than anyone denies the need of more houses or the advantages of arterial roads. But the need of playing-fields is at least as urgent as is the need of any one of these three things; and the time has passed when it should be possible to frame any new town-planning scheme, any project for the expansion of a suburban area, any programme for the laying out of public parks or gardens without due provision for playing-grounds.

A larger question is whether we are not now spending too much money on the education of children and too little on their recreation. A healthy well-developed body is hardly less important than a well-developed mind; and, considering only the intellectual results, it is questionable whether pupils in our elementary schools would not get more education out of less teaching if they were kept fit and keen by having a proper share of games. Both the Minister of Health and the Minister of Education in the present Government are warm supporters of the new playing-fields movement; and the Solicitor-General is vice-chairman of the Council of the National Playing-Fields Association, which was organised in July 1925. It is inevitable that before long the question of official Government co-operation and assistance from the public funds should come to the front. The Army is now notoriously well supplied with sports grounds. There is to-day no place where regular troops are stationed in the

British Isles which has not its properly appointed ground with cricket, football and hockey fields, running track, well-equipped pavilion, and all other accessories of a first-class athletic ground; while Aldershot, with its 30 running tracks, 100 cricket and football grounds and about 80 lawn tennis courts, has not its equal in the world. This result has been arrived at since the Great War, chiefly by the judicious use of part of the surplus of the Canteen Fund. The proposal to give an approximately equal amount of money—namely, 300,000*l.*—to the civil servants for use in a similar way recently provoked a storm of opposition both in Parliament and outside. It can, of course, be fairly argued that the Canteen Fund was not public money; but the cases are sufficiently alike to make it curious that, while everybody is glad that the soldiers are so well provided for, the protest should have been so strong against a parallel treatment of the civil servants. There seems to be a certain immediate necessity that soldiers should keep physically fit; but is fitness really more essential to efficiency in the Army than in any other walk of life?

Of late years other countries have been taking up the matter of the physical training of their peoples with extraordinary energy, a wave of enthusiasm for sport *à l'Anglaise* having swept over half the world. The present writer is not one of those who believes that we should always—or even often—copy American models, least of all, perhaps, in the realm of sport; but what the United States is doing is worth noticing. President Coolidge last year summoned and addressed a National Conference on Outdoor Recreation at which the chief topics for discussion, as outlined by himself, were: 'The encouragement of outdoor recreation as a Federal function; the bearing of outdoor recreation on mental, physical, social and moral development; outdoor recreation as an influence in child welfare.' There has already been in existence in the United States for twenty years a Playground and Recreation Association which has achieved notable results. Chiefly as a consequence of its activities there are said to be 1500 salaried play-leaders (or what we should know as 'games-masters' or 'games-mistresses') employed in various cities, in 616 of which \$14,000,000, or about 2,800,000*l.*, was in 1925 spent on what are called 'recreational activities,' though in 1919 the expenditure was only a little in excess of \$6,000,000. Some States have already passed laws permitting the sale of unappropriated State lands to counties, cities, towns or villages at a nominal consideration 'upon the express condition that such lands shall be improved and utilised for recreational purposes by the community'; and the city of New York alone has availed itself of the opportunities under the law to acquire and equip

twelve playgrounds, three athletic fields and eleven parks. Now the Federal Government is fairly committed to a policy of encouragement, until not only the children, but the industrial workers (in whom outdoor exercise is regarded as a necessary prerequisite to efficiency), 'in every town in the country shall have full opportunities for recreation under trained play-leadership.'

We cannot hope in Great Britain to emulate the grandiose scale on which such things are done in the United States. Nor do we need to, any more than we need try to copy the plan of some Continental nations which, with national or local municipal funds, are sprinkling the country with sports grounds for the training of their Olympic athletes, gymnasts, and football players. The people of this country, it has been sufficiently shown, have no enthusiasm for the Olympic Games, and there is a deep and probably sound distaste for the whole system of producing champion athletes by intensive training. Having taught the world to play games, it may be that the greater rôle yet awaits us of teaching it to play them in the proper spirit. Meanwhile, inspired primarily by our example, but with the immediate incentive of competition in the Olympic arena, there is now going on—in the United States, in Germany, in France, in the Scandinavian countries conspicuously—a movement by which whole populations are being converted into populations of athletes. We, on the other hand, put the possibility of some sort of training, casual at best, within the reach of, at the most liberal estimate, 20 per cent. of our people. That on this basis we shall not for long be able to compete with other nations for championship honours is obvious. Some hint of what is coming, a premonitory cloud, in the loss of our athletic pre-eminence, already darkens the horizon. But the failure to breed champions we can bear with. What will be hard to bear is that, while nation after nation all around us is breeding its entire population into healthy men and women, raising the physical standard, giving all alike the moral tonic of well-developed bodies, we alone should be content to remain 'C3.' It should touch our pride no less than our consciences.

There is always danger that these two things will be confused and that the proposal to provide playing-fields for the mass of our children and youths should be suspected of concealing a subtle scheme for the professional training of athletic champions in a wholly 'un-English' spirit. It is true that the more people who have an opportunity to learn to run, jump and play, the more champions we are likely to produce. But that is nothing. The reason for the need of more playing-fields is that millions of the people of these islands now have little chance to grow up

into healthy men and women or to develop into anything better than loafers imbued from childhood with the vices of the street corner.

In no other country is the problem as serious as it is with us. In none has the congestion in urban areas gone so far; and the mere fact that we have played outdoor games for so long and have taught the playing of them, as they are now known, to all the world has its disadvantages. In other countries the ground is clear. They can start to build from the foundations on the most scientific plan, whereas we, as so often in the industrial field, are already cluttered up with traditions, with prejudices and with organisations, not all of which are suited to modern requirements, but which cannot be abolished. On these we can only build in our customary British way.

The National Playing-Fields Association was organised at a meeting at the Albert Hall in London in July 1925, one of its most active workers being the Duke of York, the King having shown the greatest sympathy with its objects from the start. Until the people get to understand precisely what the Association stands for, its name is probably against it, though it was adopted after long consideration; for what the Association really is, is an organisation to improve both the physique and the moral of the British people and to make the British Isles a healthier and happier place for youth to grow up in. In October 1925 the King issued a letter to the lords lieutenant of all the counties asking them to take the movement up and to report to him from time to time on the progress being made in their counties; and as a result of that action twenty-one counties have now their county associations, and in all of them a survey is being made of the needs of every city, town and village within the county limits. Already, as a result of the publicity given to the movement, there has been a remarkable awakening of interest in the subject among municipal bodies all over the country, and a number of generous gifts in land or in money (the last being an offer of 20,000*l.* by an anonymous donor for use in one district of Greater London) have been received by the National Association or by local organisations. When the National Association was first formed there was a not unnatural apprehension that it might override the numerous private societies which are already in the field and have done great service to the public, each in its own locality. That fear, however, has been dissipated. It is the county associations which are expected to be the practical working bodies, appealing to the spirit of county pride, and it will be their part to encourage and foster local effort. Behind them the National Association, with its exalted patronage and influential membership, can wield an

influence quite beyond the powers of scattered individual exertions, however earnest.

From now on every threat of submergence of a new open space under the flood of bricks and mortar will be watched with a jealous eye. Already in London and other large cities each area capable of conversion into a playground, however small (and very tiny playgrounds serve for tiny children), is being carefully marked, and the possibility of its acquisition is being investigated. But the mere acquisition of such tracts is not enough. Nothing like proper use is yet made of the existing open spaces. A proportion of each such area must be definitely consecrated to use as a playing-field, and on that field the games must, to a certain extent, be organised. Children, and not young children only, are very helpless without guidance; and they must be taught to play, as they should be taught to run and jump, if they are to get anything like the full benefit, whether physical or moral, from their games. It is not likely that there will ever be any great number of 'salaried play-leaders' in Great Britain; but it is believed that volunteer service, and that of the best, will be forthcoming in abundance.

Playing-fields are not so trifling a subject as they may sound. There are those among the backers of the new movement who believe that it contains the possibility of larger benefit to the country than any movement which has been started for some generations.

H. PERRY ROBINSON.

THE IRISH FREE STATE AND DOMINION STATUS

MR. WICKHAM STEED, after a tour in Ireland a few years ago, used to quote with special emphasis the remark made to him by a shrewd political observer in Ireland that Irish people resented the term Dominion and wished to hear as little of it as possible, since they always regarded Ireland as being a 'mother country.' But anyone who has studied the more recent debates in the Dail must have been struck by the rapid change of attitude in regard to this term Dominion, by the constant insistence upon the full claims of Dominion status, and not least by the pride with which Irish Ministers claim that the establishment of the Free State has made the world realise much more clearly than before that Dominion status does mean, under modern conditions, full political independence. This claim has been put forward openly by Irish Ministers in the past few months, and particularly in reference to the forthcoming meeting of the Imperial Conference, at which the Irish Government makes no secret of its intention to demand fuller definition of certain matters concerning Dominion status, and also to demand the removal of various minor 'anomalies' which are considered to be incompatible with the full implications of the Irish Free State's international position.

The situation which has suddenly arisen in Canada, owing to Lord Byng's refusal of a dissolution to Mr. MacKenzie King, seems likely to reinforce very considerably the claims to reconsideration of such matters which the Irish Ministers have been preparing to put forward. And, since the whole position of Governors-General will probably come under discussion at the Imperial Conference as a result of the situation in Canada, it is worth while noting in some detail the points in relation to the Irish Governor-General which are likely to be raised at the Conference. Mr. Blythe, the Irish Minister for Finance, made several remarkable statements, in introducing the vote for the Governor-General's establishment and expenses in the Finance Bill, which show a very decided change of attitude towards the position of the Governor-General since the early days of the Irish Free State.

I think we can take it [declared Mr. Blythe] that we have definitely established a new thing in the British Commonwealth of Nations; we have got one of our own citizens, one of our own people, as Governor-General. I regard that as a very definite step forward which we should not recede from. I think it may be taken as definitely established that the Governor-General in future will always be one of our own people, one of our own citizens, and it might well be the case that it would be bad economy to do anything that would lower the status of the Governor-General's office. I certainly do not take the view that the Governor-General is in any way the representative of a foreign Power. He represents one of the elements of the Oireachtas [Parliament]. He stands here as a representative of the Crown, but the Governor-General cannot be appointed without the assent of the Government of Saorstát Éireann [the Irish Free State]. The Governor-General will in future, as I say, so far as the Saorstát is concerned, be one of the citizens of the State, and the office may serve a very practical utility in the future.

It may be doubted, indeed, whether any definite guarantees have ever been given, or could be given, that would justify such an assertion on the part of an Irish Minister. But the Irish Ministers have not failed to realise that plain speaking on such matters may help to define a position by asserting the attitude of a Dominion Government and expressing very clearly what is expected by it at the hands of the Imperial Government. The Irish Free State, as Mr. Blythe proclaims, has in fact set a precedent for all the Dominions by successfully insisting that its first Governor-General must be not only a citizen of the Free State, but a person of their own choice. The other Dominions have not yet even obtained the same concession. But in the Free State it is thus openly assumed that the precedent cannot be departed from and that it must become the rule for the future. And the result of this concession, in allaying the prejudice of the new Ireland against any such direct symbol of external sovereignty, has certainly been most remarkable. The Governor-General, abused and ridiculed for many months as the surviving figurehead of British rule in Ireland, is now openly accepted, not only by the Irish Ministers, but by the Irish Labour Party as being an integral part of the Executive. The debate on the Governor-General's vote was most illuminating in this respect. There was severe criticism of the amount of his expenses, and a suggestion by the leader of the Opposition that the salary of 10,000*l.* a year stipulated for under the Treaty was beyond the figure that would have been settled by a free decision; but the Opposition were as satisfied as was Mr. Blythe that the Governor-General has 'a definite part in the business of the State.' The sole criticism was on grounds of expense, and on the question whether the Governor-General ought to contribute more largely to his establishment expenses out of his own salary of 10,000*l.* instead of requiring an additional 6000*l.* a year.

Even Professor Magennis, leader of the new Nationalist Party, confined his criticism entirely to the question of possible economies—stating no more, in regard to the status of the Governor-General, than that the President of the Executive Council ought to be treated as the much more important figure of the two. And it was extremely interesting to find several deputies objecting to the announced intentions of the Government to transfer the Governor-General's official residence to the old Chief Secretary's Lodge instead of the more costly and spacious Viceregal Lodge where Mr. T. M. Healy is now established. It was argued that the dignity of the State would suffer if visitors from other countries found the Governor-General living in an establishment that was not as large as they expected, and that the few thousands a year that could be saved in this way would be no offset to the loss in national prestige. Dr. Hennessy, pleading for hospitality to foreign learned societies, put the matter very crudely by insisting that the country needs an 'official social entertainer,' and that as such the Governor-General could not fulfil his functions adequately in a smaller house than the old Viceregal Lodge. But Mr. Blythe made it clear that the present Governor-General had always wanted to live in the Chief Secretary's Lodge by choice, and that he was 'urged and almost obliged' by the first Government of the Free State to take up his residence in the old Viceregal Lodge—largely, it is true, because the Viceregal Lodge was so much easier to defend against possible attacks in that difficult time. Having compelled Mr. Healy to live in the ampler state of the Viceregal Lodge, they did not now think it fair to evict him before the expiration of his term of office.

Most significant was the development of a new attitude towards the usefulness of the Governor-General as a definitely Irish officer of State. As Mr. Blythe put it, 'we all, perhaps, have not been able to think as much about the political evolution of the State as we would like, but I certainly would like to put forward the view that the people who simply think that the Governor-General is somebody with whom we have no concern, and who might be made the mark for all shafts of attack, are not looking at the thing with a great deal of vision.' He expressed himself as being as much against 'lavish displays or lavish entertainment' as was the leader of the Labour Party, and he did not want people to 'adopt a line that was supposed to be characteristic of Ireland a century or so ago.' On the other hand, he thought that a dignified establishment was necessary; it might serve 'without any lavishness to keep some of our citizens from turning their eyes elsewhere'; and—a suggestion which certainly would never have been made by a Nationalist leader in regard to any of the former Viceroys—the holder of the office, if he is, as he

will be, outside the political arena, may, if there is great stress in the future, provide a centre where people who are very much in conflict might come together. In any case,' concluded Mr. Blythe, 'I think it is a narrow and short-sighted view to take of the matter to attempt unduly to reduce the dignity of the office.'

All this certainly shows the evolution of a very different attitude towards the Governor-General's office from that which prevailed soon after the Treaty was signed. And the debate in the Dail, in which a large number of representatives of the different interests took part, showed that Mr. Blythe's attitude was generally shared. The Labour Party spokesmen merely expressed their disapproval of any suggestion that the Governor-General's establishment should become the 'centre of a social circle,' on the assumption that the present standard of expenditure was going to be maintained. Major Bryan Cooper (a former Unionist M.P. for County Dublin, who has made a very notable success as one of the Independent members of the Dail) was quite willing even to see future Governors-General lodged in the old Chief Secretary's Lodge. He thought it 'a very handsome and beautiful residence,' and that it would be 'no unworthy residence for the Governor-General.' His only objection to the Government's intentions in regard to future holders of the office was that the Government would find it very difficult to put the Viceregal Lodge to any other use, owing to its size and the difficulty of keeping it up; whereas he thought the Chief Secretary's Lodge might easily be disposed of at a profit. And Mr. Blythe's replies on these matters left it beyond all doubt that there was no idea whatever of trying to reduce the dignity of the office in any way. Confronted with a great deal of criticism from various quarters as to the alleged extravagance of the Governor-General's vote, he made a very strong case against any reduction upon the present allowances; and he raised a significant point in arguing that if the allowances were cut down it would become impossible for any but rich men to accept the office. 'And if we got to the position where in practice we were confined to rich men,' he pointed out, then 'I do not think we could be at all sure of having the office filled in future by citizens of this State.' So far as Mr. Healy personally was concerned there was an entire absence of any personal criticism in the whole debate. His personal popularity was obvious throughout; and it is impossible to praise too highly his skilful handling, with unimpeachable and devoted loyalty to the Crown, of an extremely delicate situation. Mr. Blythe's suggestion that in times of crisis the Governor-General offered possibilities of impartial and unprejudiced discussion on neutral ground was a real tribute to the wise counsels that have

again and again issued from the Viceregal Lodge in the past few years.

But while the status of the Governor-General has thus become generally accepted as an advantage instead of an incumbrance in the Free State, Irish Ministers have been jealously watching its bearings upon the constitutional independence of the State. Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald, in his speech on the vote for his own Department of External Affairs, announced openly that the Irish delegates to the Imperial Conference this autumn would raise, among other questions, certain matters concerning the position of the Governor-General. Challenged by some of his critics as to why all despatches from his Ministry to Great Britain bore the signature of the Governor-General, he declared that the Government regarded this practice as an anomaly surviving from the old Colonial Office system, which they thought it was now time to remove. He believed that equality of status among the various members of the British Commonwealth of Nations had now been effectively recognised, but that certain anomalies still survived which ought to be abolished by consent at the Imperial Conference. One of them was this requirement that all despatches addressed to Whitehall must bear the signature of the Governor-General; although he claimed that already the Irish Government 'does not recognise his right to alter one word or comma of them.'

The greater part of Mr. Fitzgerald's speech on the vote for his own Department was concerned with insisting that they had 'brought home more clearly to the nations of the world than had ever been done before what exactly is the status of a country known as a Dominion. The advent of Ireland, from the point of fact that the Irish nation was known historically and culturally, made known to people abroad, even to a greater extent than did the event of the signature to the Treaty of Versailles, that these nations, known as Dominions, were full sovereign States, exercising the full rights of sovereign States in the world.' His general attitude towards the status of Dominions was that they were 'adolescent but not yet entirely adult.' Part of the work of the next Imperial Conference (to which he devoted a great part of his speech) would be to help to define what Dominion status was. Apart from the question of having all despatches signed by the Governor-General, the Irish Government intended to raise two other matters at the Imperial Conference, in order to secure what he described as fuller implementation of the already recognised equality of status within the Commonwealth. One was that extra-territorial powers should be possessed and exercised, especially in regard to the question of passports, 'not merely by one member of the Commonwealth, but by all coequal members of the Commonwealth.' The other was that 'it should

be made clear beyond any doubt, not only in principle but in every detail of implementation, that, in so far as the work of the Government of any individual Dominion is concerned, no one should possess power to have any say in regard to, to interfere with, or veto the work of that Dominion except the Government of that Dominion.'

From the Imperial Conference itself he did not expect the exercise of any absolute power (since it had no powers whatever), but he argued that 'nations working together find it useful to come together at times and consider any difficulties that may arise in their so working.' He did not even think that the Imperial Conference had power exactly to define matters; but 'where anomalies existed, the representatives of the Governments have the power to agree that it is time these anomalies were done away with.' He did not think they could all be done away with at any one Imperial Conference, but 'in friendly council the representatives of the Governments could agree that the full implementation of equality should now be exercised, in so far as it could be exercised at present, without introducing anything particularly revolutionary, but at the same time indicating the process of growth, and of rapid growth.'

On the question of extra-territorial powers, Mr. Fitzgerald had to answer a close cross-examination on two points especially. One was the position in regard to Irish Free State passports, which, he admitted, had in certain cases been refused recognition by British consular agents in other countries. The position under present arrangements—assuming that the Irish Free State Government intends to develop the use of Irish passports—is certainly unsatisfactory. 'We do not pay the salaries of British consuls,' explained Mr. Fitzgerald, 'but generally, in the case of the Dominions, the British consul as an act of courtesy does service for the bearer of the passport.' In a number of cases this courtesy had, he knew, been refused. But he pointed out the impossibility of insisting upon an act of courtesy, though he considered that the British Government 'made a bad mistake' in not requiring its consular agents to perform such services without demur. He held that the courtesy was one which they were entitled to expect in view of their status as a Dominion, but he thought they could not claim it as a right, though they might well argue at the Imperial Conference that they were justified in being disappointed at not receiving such courtesy as a matter of course.

But apart from this relatively unimportant question of passports, the Imperial Conference is likely to hear not only from the Free State, but from South Africa (and, in view of recent events, probably also from Canada), some vigorous discussion on the

position of the Dominions in regard to the responsibilities of war and peace involved in acceptance of the Protocol and in membership of the World Court of International Justice. Mr. Johnson, as leader of the Irish Labour Party, insisted very strongly upon the need for illumination in regard to the Irish Government's attitude towards liability in the event of any future war in which Great Britain or any other member of the Commonwealth might become involved. There had been a full-dress debate on the subject in the Dail earlier in the year, on a special motion by Mr. Johnson demanding fuller information concerning international affairs; and Mr. Fitzgerald had to exercise a good deal of ingenuity to avoid committing himself to any very definite reply. He admitted that opinion in the Dominions generally was 'tending very largely towards the assertion of a position whereby the Dominions would not be either technically or legally at war necessarily by the fact that Great Britain was at war.' But he did not think that such opinion could yet be given a concrete definition. Facts and theory, however, can be very different when war arises, and he would not commit himself as to how such opinion would be treated in the event of war. 'It would be a valuable thing,' he agreed, 'to have it established that the Free State would not be even technically at war,' but he pointed out the obvious geographical influences upon any such situation. And on the vote for expenses towards the upkeep of the League of Nations Mr. Fitzgerald had to face similar difficulties when challenged as to whether or not the Irish Government accepted the responsibilities that are involved in adherence to the World Court of International Justice. Here Mr. Fitzgerald absolutely refused to commit himself. He pointed out that, whereas the Protocol of the International Court was signed in the name of Great Britain and Ireland before the Free State was yet established, it was impossible, until a formal decision had been made, to decide whether or not the Free State accepted all the responsibilities that were involved in such signature. He would not either repudiate or confirm the adherence of the Free State, although hard pressed by Mr. Johnson, the leader of the Opposition, who insisted that in justice to the League of Nations, as well as out of self-respect, they ought to define how they stood in regard to the World Court. Mr. Fitzgerald would go no further than to contend that their attitude did not in any way derogate either from their position in the League of Nations or from their status as a sovereign State. He maintained that the point whether the Free State was in fact bound by a convention signed before it came into existence was 'very subtle,' and that it probably would not be cleared up for a long time yet. It may be assumed, indeed, that the attitude of the Free State in this matter will be

largely determined by the attitude of other Dominions which may have decided upon a more definite line at the Imperial Conference.

But on the question of the supremacy of the Dominions' own courts, to the exclusion of any appeal to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, there is no doubt whatever that the Irish Government intends to adopt a decided line. Recent utterances in Canada suggest that the same line will be urged very strongly by at least some of the Canadian representatives at the Conference. But the Irish Government had made its own attitude on this matter very clear quite early in the present year. The question arose over a relatively unimportant law-suit in connexion with the Irish land legislation, which resulted in an appeal to the supreme courts in the Free State, and which was afterwards carried, as a further appeal, to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. The Irish Government decided to make a stand at once against all such appeals, and brought in a 'Land Bill' which was admittedly designed as a 'gesture' to the Imperial Government. The Bill was most exceptional and unusual in its character. It was vehemently attacked by various Irish lawyers (even though they expressed approval of the main principle that it sought to affirm) on the ground that it was retrospective legislation designed to prevent citizens of the Free State from exercising their existing rights. The Government announced that it was willing to refund to the litigants concerned any costs which they might have incurred, but on the main issue, of refusing to allow any appeal beyond the supreme courts of the Free State, it was adamant. The debates on the Bill were almost entirely concerned with the constitutional question, and the merits of the very insignificant case which gave rise to the Bill were scarcely discussed at all. And although there was a great deal of criticism of the Government's attitude from various sources—on the ground that the Bill was retrospective in its action, or on the ground that a Bill was not the right way to assert what the Government wished to assert in claiming its supremacy in international affairs—yet there was all but complete unanimity even in the Senate, and absolute unanimity in the Dail, in supporting the contention of the Government that no court outside the Free State should have any jurisdiction in matters affecting internal Irish affairs. The Bill passed all its readings in both Houses without a dissentient vote, and the Government certainly obtained a very clear mandate to present its case at the Imperial Conference this autumn. Similar issues have already been raised in other Dominions, and it is more than probable that strong support from several of them will be forthcoming for the claim put forward by the Free State.

It is certainly a remarkable, and perhaps an unexpected, result of the acceptance by the Irish Nationalists of Dominion status as a substitute for complete national independence that Ireland should have so soon begun to play a leading part at the Imperial Conferences in insisting upon the full implications of various recent developments in the direction of Dominion independence. But whatever cause for apprehension the older school of Imperialists may find in such a development, it is undeniable that the Irish Parliament has very rapidly been converted from reluctant acquiescence in the acceptance of Dominion status as a compromise to a genuinely enthusiastic belief in the evolution of Dominion independence within the British Commonwealth of Nations. There is no longer any apparent desire, even in anticipation of some remote opportunity, to break loose, but, on the contrary, a new sense of the immense advantages which are involved in membership of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

DENIS GWYNN.

THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

THE President of the Board of Education has announced that it is the intention of the Conservative Party to proceed, as quickly as parliamentary time allows, with the Bill which has already passed the Lords, appointing a Statutory Commission to carry out the recommendations of the Departmental Committee set up by the Board of Education in 1924: if this purpose should be effected the government of the University will be entirely altered. The vast majority of members of the University heartily dislike the new constitution proposed by the Departmental Committee. Some observations explaining the reasons for this attitude may therefore be acceptable at the present moment.

The University of London, as at present constituted, came into being in 1900 as a result of an Act of Parliament passed in 1898. By that Act the University, which had been previously an examining body granting degrees to collegiate and non-collegiate students alike in all parts of the Empire, was reconstituted 'in accordance with the desire to establish closer relations with the great colleges and medical schools in London.' It thus became a teaching as well as an examining body, with a dual constitution, but the continuity with the older University in its function of keeping its examinations and degrees open to non-collegiate students as well as to collegiate students was sedulously maintained.

By the constitution of 1898 the University is governed by its senate and convocation. The senate has full executive powers; convocation, which consists of the Chancellor, the Vice-Chancellor and all graduates who are on the register, 'may discuss any matter relating to the University and declare its opinion thereon to the senate,' and on certain points it has the right of veto, subject to an appeal to the Privy Council. Convocation further has the important privilege of electing both the Chancellor and the Chairman of Convocation and sixteen members of the senate. There are also on the senate sixteen representatives of the teachers, who are called faculty members, and there is a further section of twenty-two representatives nominated by the following bodies:—Four representatives of the Crown, four of the Inns of Court, two of the Law Society, two of the Royal College of Physicians, two of

the Royal College of Surgeons, two of University College, two of King's College, two representatives of the London County Council, one of the Corporation of the City of London, and one of the City and Guilds of London Institute. Representatives of convocation upon the senate are *ex-officio* members of the 'Council for External Students,' and are, in fact, the trustees of external interests. Much misunderstanding prevails regarding the so-called 'external' students; certain colleges within the London area, usually the larger and more important colleges, have a special status as 'internal colleges,' and students at these colleges are called 'internal' students. All other students are classed as external. They include:—

1. Students unable to attend any college.
2. Students too remote from London to attend internal colleges.
3. Students unable to pay the fees of the more expensive internal colleges, but able to attend courses of study not admitted to 'internal' status, the fees for which are usually smaller.

It has long been customary for many great provincial colleges to test their students by sending them to London for examination alongside students from the internal colleges of the University. Moreover, certain of the Dominions overseas greatly prize the opportunity of examinations for the London degree, which are conducted in the Dominions themselves, and these Imperial Examinations have become a notable feature of the external side.

The sixteen faculty members mentioned above are *ex-officio* members of the 'Academic Council,' which is more especially concerned with the interests of internal students. These two councils are the primary statutory committees of the senate, and most of the administrative work of the University is in reality conducted by these bodies, which report directly to the senate and are, of course, governed by its decisions: the greater part of the agenda at any meeting of the senate consists of the reports from the Academic and External Councils respectively. It will be seen that the senate of fifty-six members consists of three roughly equal sections:—(1) representatives of convocation—*i.e.*, of graduates; (2) representatives of the faculties—*i.e.*, of teachers; (3) members nominated by outside bodies. The thirty-four representatives constituting the first two groups are secure of a permanent majority upon the senate, and the control of the University consequently lies in the hands of its graduates and teachers.

The first years of the University under its new constitution were, naturally enough, difficult years. The new partner, the teaching colleges or 'internal' side, had accepted, somewhat reluctantly, the setting up of the dual University by the Act of 1898: they would probably have preferred to form a new Uni-

versity, consisting only of the colleges forming the group known as internal colleges. Indeed, one of the most powerful of the London colleges, the Imperial College of Science and Technology, had remained persistently aloof from the dual University and had continued to agitate for a separate degree-giving charter of its own. It was this latter agitation which influenced the senate in 1908 to appeal to the Government to appoint a Royal Commission 'with a view to considering what measure of reconstitution was necessary in order that the Imperial College of Science and Technology might be incorporated with the University.' In response to this appeal the Government appointed in 1909 a Royal Commission with a far wider and indeed a wholly different reference; and this Commission, known as the Haldane Commission, because Lord Haldane was its chairman, reported in 1913. The main recommendation of the Haldane Commission, which gave the control of the University into the hands of a small bureaucratic senate of fifteen members, was resented alike by graduates and teachers, who saw the government of the University thus taken from them. Immediate opposition was aroused, and the Haldane Report seemed a dead letter until September 15, 1924, when it was announced that the Government of that time (in which Lord Haldane was Lord Chancellor) had appointed a Departmental Committee 'to consider the Final Report of the Royal Commission on University Education in London (the Haldane Report), dated March 27, 1913, and having regard to present circumstances, and after consultation with the persons and bodies concerned, to indicate what are the principal changes now most needed in the existing constitution of the University of London, and on what basis a Statutory Commission should be set up to frame new statutes.' On October 9, 1924, the personnel of the Committee was announced in the Press; the Labour Government resigned that evening and Parliament was dissolved.

The Report of this Departmental Committee was published on March 16, 1926. It was seen to contain a recommendation which was obviously framed on the model of the Haldane Report. Again the government of the University was to be taken out of the hands of the graduates and teachers and given to a supreme executive 'council' of sixteen members: the present preponderantly-representative and executive senate was to be superseded by a body half of whom might have no knowledge whatever of the University. This 'council,' like its model, the Haldane senate, has met with a wholly hostile reception from graduates and teachers. The Bill, now introduced in the House of Lords, to appoint a Statutory Commission to give effect to the Departmental Committee Report is certain to be strenuously contested by the University as a corporate body.

During the past forty years the University has had to submit to three Royal Commissions—the Gresham, Cowper and Haldane Inquiries respectively—and three Departmental Committees. The effect upon the University activities of these frequent interferences with its working has been serious, and has discouraged and checked its normal evolution. It is significant, however, that, during the thirteen years of comparative freedom from inquest that have elapsed since the publication of the Haldane Report, the number of internal students has trebled and the number of external students has doubled. The University thus has shown during this period, whilst left undisturbed, that it is a vigorous and flourishing organism which does not seem to call for any revolutionary change. But the senate has been attacked from various quarters because of its supposed unwieldy size; and one incident, which has been widely misunderstood, has been seized upon to emphasise the view that the senate cannot come to a decision because of conflicting opinions held by its three sections of representatives. In 1920 the senate, by a majority vote, decided to accept *provisionally* an offer of a site upon the Bedford estate in Bloomsbury which the Government had bought for 425,000*l.*, and proposed to make over to the University in exchange for the site and buildings at present occupied by the University headquarters and by King's College respectively. The acceptance had to be provisional because the exchange could not be effected without the consent of the council of King's College, which owns the site and premises in the Strand upon which successive Governments have cast an envious eye. The terms of the 'offer' of 1920 conveyed by Mr. H. A. L. Fisher further complicated the question by making it clear that the Government were pressing upon the University one of the recommendations of the Haldane Report, which proposed to 'concentrate' certain of the larger colleges upon the Bedford site with a view to forming what Lord Haldane is fond of calling 'a real University,' consisting only of a few 'internal' colleges. This policy of 'concentration,' as it came to be called, clearly envisaged a University limited to certain specially favoured colleges, and shorn of its external and Imperial side. The policy was naturally resented by the colleges which were not destined to form the inner ring and by the representatives of external interests in the University. The project of removal to Bloomsbury was ultimately wrecked by the refusal of King's College to give up its share of the property forming the larger part of the exchange demanded by the Government. Because of this refusal, in June 1925 the senate notified the Treasury that it was impossible to carry out the *exchange*, but it also expressed its eagerness to receive the whole or any part of the Bedford site as a *gift* for University purposes. Mr. Fisher's 'offer,' which had been repre-

sented as a 'gift,' was, in fact, an exchange very advantageous to the Treasury, but very onerous to the University and to King's College. There has never at any time been any question of a 'gift' from the Treasury; indeed, when asked by the senate to relinquish the exchange and to make, at long last, their much-advertised 'gift,' the Treasury vouchsafed no reply until their option upon the Bedford site had lapsed and the 'gift' was no longer feasible. This is the true history of the offer of the Bedford site, and it completely exonerates the senate of the charge, based upon persistent misrepresentation of facts, that by its incompetence, indecision, and futility it has lost for the University a splendid 'gift' offered by the Government. Had the University been, in fact, under the control of the small executive body contemplated by the Haldane Commission and by the Departmental Committee, it could have taken no other action in this matter than the action for which the present senate is so unfairly blamed.

Another objection made against the present senate is that it cannot exercise sufficient control over the finances of the University, and two outside grant-distributing bodies, the University Grants Committee and the London County Council, raise this objection. The present position is that about one-third (34 per cent.) of the whole revenue of the University is contributed by outside grant-giving bodies, and the practice has been that this part of the revenue has been, in fact, distributed direct to colleges accepting the grant without coming under the control of the senate, which has, however, always apportioned the other two-thirds of its revenue under the advice of its own finance council. There has been no impugment of the capacity of the senate to deal properly with this much larger distribution of funds, but the proposal of the Departmental Committee is that the supreme 'council' is intended to supersede the senate and to control *all* the finances of the University, including those of the colleges. It is this recommendation which is causing the most serious misgiving in all quarters. It must be clearly understood that the forty odd colleges of the University have hitherto enjoyed practically complete financial independence. The University of London is, in fact, a federation of autonomous institutions held together by much the same impalpable links that bind the separate components of the British Empire. Any attempt to subject the independent units to actual government from headquarters would equally wreck both Empire and the University. For example, the proposal made by the Haldane Commission that 'co-ordination,' as it was called, should be enforced upon the internal colleges—that is, that the central government should, to prevent 'overlapping,' dictate to each college what classes it should or should not conduct—was fiercely resented by the

colleges. This control, which is also apparently contemplated by the Departmental Committee Report, could not be very readily enforced. Let me quote a concrete example. A certain medical school a few years ago was deprived of its accustomed grant by the University Grants Committee, apparently because that Committee desired to convert this particular school from a general into a special school of medicine. This school, which had behind it a century of famed activity, organised its resources and greatly increased its membership, and when it had thus demonstrated that it was perfectly able to function as a general medical school without aid from the University Grants Committee, that body, which clearly had acted *ultra vires* in the first instance, relinquished its attempt at coercion and renewed and even increased the grant in proportion to increased membership. Wanton interference of this kind with the schools is likely to become more frequent as a result of the regulations regarding schools now suggested by the Departmental Committee, and it is significant that the Archbishop of Canterbury during the debate on the Bill in the Lords voiced the apprehension felt by the theological colleges of undue interference with their liberties likely to result from these regulations. There will undoubtedly be similar apprehension at the medical schools, which, with only two direct representatives of the twelve schools on the senate, will be apparently required to submit the appointment of their principal teachers (including, of course, the medical and surgical staff) to the senate thus constituted. One awaits with interest the response of the medical schools to this proposition. The President of the Board of Education has announced that the Government will insist upon the retention unaltered of the recommendation setting up the new Council; it thus proposes to destroy the present position of freedom from outside control of the University and its schools. The composition of the supreme finance council introduces for the first time the thin end of the wedge of Government and municipal control of the Universities: for the representation of the Crown and of the L.C.C. is raised from 6 in 55, as it is at present, to 6 in 15. The Board of Education now rules all primary education, as well as the major part of secondary education, and is trying to extend its operations to University education; unless this attempt is now successfully resisted, the German system of State-controlled Universities seems likely to be forced upon us if this Bill goes through.

I have dealt with some of the problems created by the Departmental Committee Report as it affects the internal side of the University, with which, as a recognised teacher of twenty-three years' standing, I am very familiar. Let me now detail the effect of the new constitution upon the external activities inherited from the

old University of London. The dual constitution of 1898 secured the protection of external interests by the retention on the executive body, the senate, of the seventeen representatives of convocation (out of fifty-six), who were especially charged with the defence of the external side. But the new constitution of the supreme governing body will guarantee only one such representative out of fifteen (for the Chancellor, who constitutes the sixteenth member of the council, never attends, and may be left out of account). The composition of the new senate loads the dice heavily against the external side; opposed to the seventeen representatives of convocation there will be sixteen academic representatives, eleven collegiate representatives, also necessarily predominantly academic, and three 'co-opted' members, who are likely to have the same complexion as the permanent majority of 'academic' as against external members, by whom they will be elected. The body so composed will be charged with the duty of electing six of its members on the new all-powerful council. It must be remembered that collegiate representatives, whether professors or heads of colleges, are almost necessarily unsympathetic towards external interests. It is significant, for example, that a proposal three years ago to allocate a new grant (of only 500*l.* per annum) to external activities was opposed when it came before the senate by both the representatives of a certain college and by no one else. The desire to absorb external students into its own classes actuates every college and prompts this jealousy of any effort to extend external activities. What are the chances, I wonder, of any 'external' representatives being elected to the supreme council by a senate thus composed? From an experience of the senate during the last twenty years I have no hesitation in saying that the new constitution takes away every safeguard of external interests except what may be found in this future meagre representation of one-fifteenth, which replaces the actual representation of nearly one-third, on the governing body of the University.

When we consider that in the past twenty years only one representative of convocation has been elected Vice-Chancellor as against nine representatives of the two other sections of the senate, who have succeeded in defeating every attempt made by the external representatives to get something like a fair occupation of the chair, it is increasingly unlikely that, with a much greater preponderance than at present of opposition to external interests, there will be anything like a fair proportion of external representatives chosen to the supreme council; and, inasmuch as all the funds of the University (including the earned income from examination fees) would be allocated by this new council, external activities could with great ease be simply snuffed out by withholding the funds necessary for their continuance. The balance

of power upon the council necessarily determines the distribution of money, and now, for the first time in the history of the University, we have proposed direct representation upon the senate of colleges all competing against one another, and still more against the external side, for provision from the University chest: in the dog-fight which must ensue the under-dog is going to be the external side all the time, unless some statutory regulation is introduced providing that a certain proportion of the six members of the council to be elected by the new senate shall be external representatives.

Senate and convocation, which are the only bodies entitled to speak for the University, have expressed, by large majorities, their opposition to this fundamental recommendation of the Departmental Committee founded on the Haldane Report, but they have also expressed their desire to introduce such changes in the constitution and procedure of the University as long experience has shown to be called for; they consider that these changes could be better effected by those with expert knowledge than by outsiders, however eminent, and by agreement rather than by compulsion. The moment the Departmental Committee Report was published the senate appointed a strong committee to revise its own procedure and constitution in the light of the criticisms of the Report, and this Committee has already reached a very considerable degree of agreement on the changes recommended. The competence and the open-mindedness exhibited by the senate in altering its own procedure were well illustrated in the settlement by agreement, a year or more ago, of the long outstanding dispute with the Imperial College of Science and Technology. Representatives of the college and of the senate met, and after a series of conferences a compromise agreeable to both parties was arrived at, and the Imperial College has voluntarily resigned its ambition to become a separate University and has accepted with complete satisfaction the position of a school of the University. The difficulty, which the Haldane Commission had been especially asked to resolve, but which it did nothing to resolve, and indeed accentuated, was immediately resolved by the parties interested. An agreed solution is surely preferable to a solution forced upon an unwilling institution by a body necessarily ignorant of the inside working of the institution they set out to 'reform,' and for this and other reasons the great majority of members of the University hope that the Bill for reconstitution of the University now before Parliament may be defeated, and that the University may be empowered to conduct its own reforms on the same principle as has proved so successful in the case of its relations with the Imperial College.

E. GRAHAM LITTLE.

THE EGYPTIAN PROBLEM

IN order to appreciate the present position in Egypt it is necessary to understand the psychology of the Egyptian. Egypt from the dawn of history has always been under the domination of foreign races. She has always been held by force, and as soon as the conquerors became merged in the population they in their turn were ousted by other foreigners. The centuries have passed over the tiller of the soil and have left him as they found him thousands of years ago. He still lives in the same kind of house; his cattle and his crops are everything to him. His manner of life has not changed, and if you have seen one village in Egypt you have seen them all. He is ignorant, vain and obstinate: a mixture of childishness and astuteness, of simplicity and cunning, concealing levity of mind under solemnity of aspect. Stolid, instinctive conservatism is in the very marrow of his bones. He is a creature of routine and very suspicious. At the same time he is truculent and ever ready to revolt against his ruler. His crass and self-satisfied ignorance makes him glorify the most stupid superstition, while acts of revolting savagery are the natural results of a malignant fanaticism, and he has a furious hatred, when worked up, of every creed beyond the pale of Islam. He is created to be managed, not to manage. He is excitable, like all races of sub-tropical climates, and out of his routine he cannot do anything with patience, fairness or moderation. He is usually devoid of gratitude to man; he reserves that for God. He is good-humoured, loves a joke, and a disturbance may be often prevented by appealing to his sense of humour. He builds, but never repairs. He is a consistent liar, and a very crooked man in his dealings. In family life he is fond of his children, but a despot in his house. He has a deep-rooted attachment to the village where he was born, which he never leaves unless compelled by circumstances over which he has no control. His sympathies have always been with tyrants who ruled him with determination, and never with easy-going masters. He is apparently frank, but really very insincere. He requires constant stimulus to rouse him to any prolonged effort, but when appealed to at his mosque he is always ready to believe any tale which

appeals to his credulity. He is the ready tool of unscrupulous agitators, and is easily driven into such a state of hyper-excitement as to cause him to let loose his destructive instincts. This is the mentality on which the political agitator in Egypt plays, and it is the mentality of over 90 per cent. of the population.

The Nationalist movement, as we know it to-day, really began in 1905, when certain villagers of Denshawai were charged before a special court with assaulting British officers. Four persons were executed, a certain number were flogged, and others were sentenced to various terms of penal servitude. The case was the subject of a most acrimonious debate in the House of Commons, and the surviving offenders were ultimately released. It was the plank on which the Nationalist movement was founded and provided a platform for the late Mustafa Pasha Kamel, the apostle of Nationalism. It was fostered by the ex-Khedive, Abbas Hilmy, not because he in any way believed in Nationalism, but because he thought it would be a thorn in the flesh of Lord Cromer, whom he cordially hated.

When war broke out in 1914 the ex-Khedive, Abbas Hilmy, was in Constantinople and failed to return. Rushdy Pasha was appointed regent, and negotiations were entered into with Prince Hussein, a half-brother of the present King, with a view to his acceptance of the throne. Egypt was declared to be a British Protectorate, and Prince Hussein became its sovereign with the title of Sultan. Hussein was a great gentleman, brought up at the Court of Versailles. As a young man, during the reign of his father, Ismail, he had held nearly all the Ministerial portfolios. He knew his Egypt well, and when and where to impose his will. He was not the man to be trifled with or to condescend to Nationalist intrigues. What he said to his people was good in their sight, and it was very largely due to his influence and personality that Egypt gave no trouble during the war.

On December 18, 1914, the veiled Protectorate exercised by Great Britain for over thirty years was transformed into an open Protectorate. This did not materially alter the situation in Egypt, but what its material advantages were not even those who were responsible for it have ever been able to explain satisfactorily. Our dominant position, together with martial law, gave us a free hand. It was again the use of one of those half-measures which have been so prejudicial to us in our dealings with Egypt. We deliberately neglected the opportunity of incorporating Egypt in the Empire and proclaiming annexation, as was confidently expected by all its inhabitants, natives and foreigners alike. It was a colossal mistake to prefer the vague and indefinite Protectorate to the more certain and definite annexation. The wisest and best of Egypt's very few statesmen,

THE EGYPTIAN PROBLEM

IN order to appreciate the present position in Egypt it is necessary to understand the psychology of the Egyptian. Egypt from the dawn of history has always been under the domination of foreign races. She has always been held by force, and as soon as the conquerors became merged in the population they in their turn were ousted by other foreigners. The centuries have passed over the tiller of the soil and have left him as they found him thousands of years ago. He still lives in the same kind of house; his cattle and his crops are everything to him. His manner of life has not changed, and if you have seen one village in Egypt you have seen them all. He is ignorant, vain and obstinate: a mixture of childishness and astuteness, of simplicity and cunning, concealing levity of mind under solemnity of aspect. Stolid, instinctive conservatism is in the very marrow of his bones. He is a creature of routine and very suspicious. At the same time he is truculent and ever ready to revolt against his ruler. His crass and self-satisfied ignorance makes him glorify the most stupid superstition, while acts of revolting savagery are the natural results of a malignant fanaticism, and he has a furious hatred, when worked up, of every creed beyond the pale of Islam. He is created to be managed, not to manage. He is excitable, like all races of sub-tropical climates, and out of his routine he cannot do anything with patience, fairness or moderation. He is usually devoid of gratitude to man; he reserves that for God. He is good-humoured, loves a joke, and a disturbance may be often prevented by appealing to his sense of humour. He builds, but never repairs. He is a consistent liar, and a very crooked man in his dealings. In family life he is fond of his children, but a despot in his house. He has a deep-rooted attachment to the village where he was born, which he never leaves unless compelled by circumstances over which he has no control. His sympathies have always been with tyrants who ruled him with determination, and never with easy-going masters. He is apparently frank, but really very insincere. He requires constant stimulus to rouse him to any prolonged effort, but when appealed to at his mosque he is always ready to believe any tale which

appeals to his credulity. He is the ready tool of unscrupulous agitators, and is easily driven into such a state of hyper-excitement as to cause him to let loose his destructive instincts. This is the mentality on which the political agitator in Egypt plays, and it is the mentality of over 90 per cent. of the population.

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the late Mustafa Pasha Fehmy, made no secret of his opinion that Egypt's future welfare lay in her annexation to and inclusion in the British Empire. He saw no peace in Egypt until the *de jure* and *de facto* rulers were merged in one man. Had we annexed Egypt when we proclaimed the Protectorate and promised to give her Dominion Government after the war, we should have had no trouble then or now. Our angle of vision was faulty, and the chance was lost once more of putting the relations between ourselves and Egypt on a really satisfactory basis. The choice of the word 'Protectorate' was in itself unfortunate, the Arabic equivalent of it being '*Himaya*,' which was the term applied to all sorts of scallywags who had, mostly by dubious means, become the subjects of foreign Powers. The word carried a reproach with it, and for that reason, if for no other, was unacceptable to the Egyptian people.

Immediately after the rupture with Turkey General Sir John Maxwell, who was commanding the British Forces in Egypt, announced by Proclamation the existence of a state of war between Great Britain and the Ottoman Empire. This Proclamation stated that the British were fighting to protect the rights and liberties of Egypt, and to secure the continuance of that peace and prosperity which she had enjoyed during the thirty years of British occupation, that Great Britain took upon herself the sole burden of the present war and would not call for the aid of the Egyptian people. They would merely be required not to hamper our military operations or render aid to the enemy. Before the end of the war we imposed on them, directly and indirectly, many heavy burdens. The fiction, however, was always maintained that compulsion was never applied to Egyptians in regard to any war services they rendered. Never during the war were the legislative bodies, created to give limited opportunities of constitutional expression to Egyptian public opinion, allowed to meet. They had no opportunity of associating themselves publicly with any of the measures taken by the Sultan and his Ministers in furtherance of the war. In fact, the government of the country was subordinated to military necessities. At the same time there was strikingly little interference with the individual or the ordinary civil Government, and Egypt had little or no right to complain. The censorship was rigorous, and very often unintelligent and exasperating. Yet the country, and even the towns, accepted the new *régime* without outward manifestations of hostility.

Great Britain had probably few well-wishers among the Mahomedan population of Cairo, whose opinions were swayed by the University of Al-Azhar, which has at all times exercised a great influence in fostering or creating discontent against any

ruler. They were held in check by the Sultan Hussein and admonished to attend to their own concerns. The younger Pan-Islamic and Nationalist Parties, who had been in close and sympathetic relations with the Young Turks of Constantinople, were also kept in a quiescent state by the personality of the sovereign. Sultan Hussein was universally respected. Amongst the rural population he had a great reputation as a good landlord and an expert farmer. He was also a '*grand seigneur*' endowed with a great charm of manner and was known for his liberality—very important assets in an Oriental country. Yet, as is the way of the Egyptian, this did not prevent a very serious attempt being made on his life, which was happily unsuccessful. For the welfare of Egypt he very unfortunately died on October 9, 1917. He was succeeded by his brother Ahmed Fouad, who was the choice of the British Government.

There is no doubt that up to the time of the war the rural population was not hostile to the British occupation of Egypt. They probably looked upon us as instruments of Providence sent to minister to their material welfare: to see that they had sufficient water for their crops, that they were not oppressed by the tax-gatherer, and were allowed, within certain limitations, to follow their own mode of life. They were prosperous and contented. Lord Cromer had a party in the country, and his annual reports were looked forward to and read and appreciated by the people. He had delivered them from the slavery of the *corvée* (forced labour without pay) and from the tyranny of the pasha. They knew they could obtain a hearing for their grievances, and that their wrongs would be righted. What, then, were the causes which made them join forces with and become the instruments of the Nationalist Party? First of all we must know what is the Nationalist Party and how it generated. Some twenty-five years ago a young man called Mustafa Kamel appeared on the political horizon. He had been taken up by a well-known French politician, to whom he subsequently became secretary. This was at the time when France did not see eye to eye with England as regards Egypt. Mustafa Kamel became imbued with a hatred of England and a desire to free Egypt from the British yoke. He was a brilliant speaker, and had been well grounded in France in the political patter, which was essential for the part he was to play. He found an ally in the ex-Khedive Abbas, who used him and his party as occasion required to put spokes in the wheel of Lord Cromer. Young Egypt rallied round him and listened with avid ears to the words which fell from his lips, and read with feverish eagerness the newspapers which he published. There can be no doubt that he was largely financed by the Khedive. Until the incident of

Denshawai he did not create much impression on the mass of the people.

There is very little in the life of the Egyptian to interest or stimulate his intellectual faculties. Politics have filled that want. It is not so much, probably, that he believes many of the things which he postulates as the necessity of finding something exciting upon which to exercise his mental faculties in a way that appeals to him. He loves to foregather with three or four others and discuss political schemes and evasions until he has decided upon his line of action. It is far from necessary that this should be practical or likely to be of any real benefit to his country. It is a game in which he becomes absorbed. It is true that in some instances he may end by even convincing himself. He certainly most whole-heartedly gives his time to what, to him, is a most engrossing occupation. At the back of his mind there is always the question, Where shall I come in? He always places himself first and the rest nowhere. He is quick to avail himself of any weakness of his opponent and an adept at making out a very plausible case. His ranks are filled from the official classes—the Bar and young gentlemen who have not found posts under Government for which their thoroughly unpractical education alone fits them. As with the rank and file, so it is with the hierarchy in politics. They are out for place and power, with opportunities of placing their relatives and friends and acquiring anything that may be going.

Mohamed Ali educated enough Egyptians for the needs of his Government and no more. We have educated enough to form a small army of revolutionaries. The students and school-boys are the most zealous of Zaghlul's adherents. Not only have they played the part of active propagandists and picketers, but wherever disorder was rampant they were in the midst of it. They organised strikes in their schools, defied their masters, and even at times threatened their own fathers into agreement with their subversive ideas. They found politics much more absorbing than school-books, but they howled when, in consequence, they were unable to pass their examinations. They entirely cast aside as worthless that mental and moral discipline which in course of time would have enabled them to assist in governing their country with any prospect of success. Zaghlul did a great disservice to his country in invoking their aid. They repeated *ad nauseam* the catchwords 'Complete Independence,' 'Down with Milner,' and 'the Sudan.' Even the little schoolgirls of four years of age were not backward in doing their part. Never was the saying that the power of sound is greater than the power of sense more vividly illustrated.

The theological students of the Azhar University have always

been ready to join in any turbulent movement. They number some 14,000 and come from every village and hamlet in the country, and are ready tools for propaganda. Their services were made full use of.

When the war began Egypt appeared to be threatened with an economic crisis. The price of cotton dropped to almost a nominal rate, and even then it was difficult to dispose of. It looked as though the markets of the world would be closed to Egyptian produce. The British Financial Adviser's Note cast a gloom over business, so pessimistic was it in tone. Happily, he proved to be entirely in the wrong, and the Egyptian was soon receiving enormous prices for his cotton, which put him in a contented frame of mind. He was quite pleased when a steamer laden with cotton was sunk by submarines. He argued that it would enhance the price. He never gave a thought to those who perished. Immense sums of money poured into Egypt. The expeditionary force, which grew into a large army, had to be kept constantly supplied and fed. Unfortunately this money did not always fall into the hands of those who were entitled to receive it. The army had to trust to the civil administration to see that payments were duly made to those entitled to them. The administration had been greatly depleted of its British officials by their call to the flag, and the native channels through which payment was made did not always function with a close regard to honesty. Never had the governors of provinces such a chance of making good, never did they fail so ignominiously to profit by their opportunities. It was an object-lesson. The village omdas, or headmen, took advantage of every opportunity for oppression and speculation. The money for produce was paid by the army through them to the proper recipients, and much of it stuck. The blame was imputed to the English, who were much too busy with the war either to hear or understand. This was after the redress of the first grievance of placing large contracts in the hands of Greeks and other contractors, who, paying low prices to the Egyptians, made huge profits for themselves. Under increasing pressure in 1917 and 1918 the question of army supplies assumed a different complexion. Practically forced contributions were made. Those who had the stuff had little reason to complain of the prices, except that payments were long in reaching them or melted away in the transit. Sometimes, however, whole districts were compelled to supply that which they did not grow. This was a real hardship, as those who grew what was required did not fail to take advantage of the situation to obtain an exorbitant price. This, again, is a reflection on the capacity of the provincial governors. The small man always went to the wall, there was no one to protect him, but all the same the

English were allotted the blame. The bigger men, of course, had friends at Court and suffered no hardship. The cesses for the Red Cross Fund were another cause of arbitrary dealing. The native district officer would inform the omda, that his village was assessed at 100*l*. The omda would say that the village was assessed at 400*l*. and pocket the difference. What perhaps was felt most of all was the requisition in November 1917 for army transport of the donkeys and camels, indispensable beasts of burden to the Egyptian peasant. They were hired or bought, it is true, at reasonable rates, but nothing could make up for the loss of them. Those that survived the war were sold back at the market rate, but that rate, in consequence of a shortage of animals, was very much higher than what he had been paid for them. Even then it sometimes required an influential friend to get an animal of any kind. This was a very serious grievance and did much to antagonise the peasants against us.

The most serious trouble of all came with the recruitment of the Labour Corps in Egypt. It was started in the summer of 1915 for participation in the operations on the Gallipoli Peninsula, and was to be employed in an entirely non-combatant capacity. Its object was to furnish unskilled labour. The conditions were very attractive to the Egyptian peasant, and he responded in large numbers. The recruiting was carried on in the provinces with the assistance of the provincial governors, the district officers, and the omdas, under the supervision of Egyptian Labour Corps officers, whose main idea was to get the men. There was a free response to the call until towards the end of 1916, but after our reverse at Katia a revulsion of feeling took place. Fear had crept into the minds of the labourers, and still more into the minds of their relatives in the villages. Typhus had broken out and was making ravages, and men had died whose deaths had not been notified to their relatives. The Labour Corps suddenly acquired a bad name in the Egyptian villages. That is how the difficulty of enrolling fresh recruits arose, though numbers of those who had already served were still willing to re-enlist. The fiction of volunteering was still kept up, but the governors were given to understand that men were required and that no efforts should be spared to obtain them. This led to every kind of abuse. The omdas took care to send every male of the families who were opposed to them, and in many instances wreaked their vengeance upon the property and the helpless women and children who were left behind without male protection. The British military authorities needed the men and asked no questions. The British civil authorities, harassed and overworked, had lost touch with the people. The cupidity and vindictiveness of the village omdas did incalculable harm to the good name of the

British in the rural districts. The extensive use made of the motor car and the motor cycle by British officials in the provinces instead of the more leisurely way of the horse and the camp did much to impair the good and friendly relations which had existed between the cultivators and the officials. With the motor car they dashed off to their work and did it with barely an exchange of a word with anyone, returning as quickly as possible to their papers and their offices. They never gave the people an opportunity to know them, or the personal equation a chance. Thus the influence which they had formerly in the rural districts was lost and has never since been regained. The Residency, too, had no proper liaison officer to keep the High Commissioner properly informed of the real trend of native thought and opinion. Never in any country had one been more needed.

The flooding of the country with minor British officials was another mistake and helped to widen the breach which already existed between the British and the educated class. The Egyptian very rightly assumed that he was quite capable of doing the work which they were called upon to do, and their presence very much undermined the weight and influence of the men who were really essential. Lord Cromer had always been against an excess of British officials. He held that a strictly limited number was necessary, but anything beyond that was superfluous and even harmful. The holders of the secondary certificate of education in Egypt had always felt they had a prescriptive right to a post under Government. This, no doubt, was so in the past, but their numbers had greatly increased without a proportionate increase of posts. Every position given to an Englishman they considered to have been taken from them. This constituted, in their eyes, a substantial grievance.

On November 13, 1918, two days after the Armistice, Zaghlul Pasha and some of his friends called at the Residency. They claimed to be the representatives of the Egyptian people, which at the time was a self-arrogated title and a gross exaggeration of fact. They laid before the High Commissioner a formal demand for the abolition of the Protectorate. Sir Reginald Wingate informed them that he was not acquainted with the intentions of His Majesty's Government in regard to the future of Egypt. A few days later Zaghlul asked for permission for himself and his colleagues to leave for England, where they wished to place the Egyptian case before the British people. That request was also refused after reference to His Majesty's Government. Zaghlul naturally made full use of President Wilson's fourteen points and did some intensive propaganda by means of an exhaustive Memorandum amongst the Plenipotentiaries at the Peace Conference. The Prime Minister, Rushdy

Pasha, becoming jealous of Zaghlul's coming to the front, proposed that he and Adli Pasha should go to England and confer personally with the British Government. This was met with a polite refusal and an expression of regret, on the ground that the British Ministers were too much engrossed in the Peace Conference to find time for the discussion of Egyptian affairs. This led to the resignation of Rushdy Pasha and his Cabinet on March 1 and a storm of excitement. This excitement was intensified by a Note on Constitutional Reform by Sir William Brunyate, which, though marked 'confidential,' leaked out. Rushdy is reported to have said, 'Je suis demeuré rêveur et stupéfait devant cette Note.' Whatever were its intrinsic merits, it did not exercise a calming influence on the minds of Egyptian politicians.

On March 6 Zaghlul Pasha and nine other members of the Party of Independence were summoned by the General Officer commanding His Majesty's Forces in Egypt and sternly lectured for promoting a great political agitation against the existing *régime*. Next day they issued a firm protest, and a complete account of their interview with the General, which they circulated all over the country. On the afternoon of March 18 Zaghlul Pasha, Hamid Pasha al-Basil, Ismail Pasha Sidky, and Mohamad Mahmood Pasha, who is now a Minister in the present Cabinet, were deported to Malta. Within a few days the whole country was seething with revolt. The train had been well laid by Zaghlul, who makes up pre-eminently as an agitator for whatever he lacks in statesmanship. Subsequent history records his release from Malta, his triumphal return to Egypt, his further exile to the Seychelles and Gibraltar, and his return again to Egypt to obtain in two successive Parliaments an overwhelming majority.

On December 7, 1919, the Milner Commission came to Egypt. A boycott had been proclaimed against it before its arrival, and this was rigidly enforced. Its task was to devise a means by which the conflicting British and Egyptian interests could be conciliated and to evolve a plan for the future government of Egypt which would satisfy the Egyptians and safeguard British interests. Given the mentality of the Egyptian, the first part of its task was an impossibility; nothing that was reasonable would ever satisfy an Egyptian politician. The Commission acquitted itself well of its undertaking, and evolved a scheme which should have satisfied everybody. In Egypt you have to impose what you compose, and this was not done. The work of the Commission was scrapped and we took another step into the morass.

At the beginning of 1922 the Prime Minister of Egypt was beginning to find his position very irksome. He was between the hammer and the anvil, and wished to find an excuse for

resigning his office. He evolved the Declaration of February 1922, which he presented as an ultimatum, feeling sure that it would be rejected. To his surprise and stupefaction it was accepted by the British Government and Egypt was granted her independence. Four points were reserved for further discussion: the Sudan, the Suez Canal, the protection of foreign interests, and the defence of Egypt. It is on these four points that all subsequent difficulties have arisen—the parrot cries of the Sudan and complete independence, the latter of which includes the removal of the army from Egypt. This would certainly eventuate in disorder and the consequent occupation of Egypt by the army of another Power. There are always powerful destructive forces in Egypt, but there is nothing to show that constructive force exists.

England has invited and has offered every facility for the discussion and settlement of the four reserved points, but no Egyptian Ministry has yet shown the slightest disposition to come to an agreement. Zaghlul has always been the shadow in the background. It has at last come to this—we cannot negotiate with Zaghlul, we cannot negotiate without Zaghlul: at least, that is what he would have us think. The time has come for the matter to be looked squarely in the face. King Fouad's recent speech from the throne at the meeting of Parliament expresses a pious wish for the best of relations with England, but it is only a pious wish, and can be taken to mean nothing more. The reference to the Sudan is ominous, if somewhat vague. The Egyptian is an opportunist and is ready at all times to take advantage of weakness. The state of things in Egypt is highly unsatisfactory. The high state of efficiency which Lord Cromer patiently built up has become undermined. The great foreign interests find it difficult to get a decision from the Egyptian Government one way or the other for things which affect their undertakings. Dry rot has set in in almost every administration. The National Courts of Justice, which were looked up to and respected, have fallen from their high estate, and the decision in the murder case has been a knock-out blow. We cannot possibly allow Egypt to govern herself in the crude fashion which may commend itself to her politicians. She has not only herself as an isolated unit to consider, but must consider the obligations entailed by her geographical position and the vested rights of foreign interests within her gates. We are solemnly pledged to protect those interests. Egypt is the hyphen which links our Eastern and Western Empires together. Can we leave her destinies in the hands of a demagogue? We have reached the crossroads and must make a final and binding decision. We must be prepared to throw down the gauntlet and face the conse-

quences—if there are any—after a display of firmness. We must say to Egypt, 'Since you are not prepared to carry out your share of the agreement of 1922, which was conditional, we will abrogate it and return to the *status quo*. We have shown you every indulgence, but we are prepared to meet force with force. Take your choice. It is the only possible solution. We have been very weak and very hesitating; we have used half-measures, and whither have they led us?'

In Lord Lloyd the British Government has a very great asset. He has had great experience of the East and will go down in history as the greatest Governor Bombay has ever had. His handling of the Zaghlul crisis was masterly, but he must be given a free hand to carry out the policy of the British Government. This would strengthen his position enormously. If his hands are in any way tied, the Egyptian politician will bank on it and put every impediment in his way. Lord Cromer was given a free hand, and he succeeded. Let a free hand be extended to Lord Lloyd, and he too will succeed.

In Egypt there are several political parties, but, whether they are Liberal Constitutionalists or Zaghlulists, they all have the same aims—the exodus of the British from Egypt and the handing over of the Sudan. They are all bound to that policy, and the extremists will see that they stick to it. The British Government must have no illusions on this point. None of them will yield in negotiation, but all of them will yield to force. If we are not prepared for this, the alternative is to get out and leave our task to another European Power, always bearing in mind that we cannot hold the Sudan without Egypt.

J. E. MARSHALL.

TOWARDS A PHILOSOPHY OF INDUSTRY

THE workshop is a little world where points of irritation and conflict arise which are transformed into great sweeping movements in the larger world outside. Our social life reveals workshop errors in much the same way as faulty stuff shows up a badly-adjusted loom. Yet even now many people find it hard to connect social discords with industrial evils. We need a body of informed opinion that will approach industry in order to find what are the preventable drawbacks imposed on the workers and how those drawbacks may be removed. Political leaders of all parties are conscious of this need. Mr. Baldwin speaks of a new industrial spirit, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald says that industrial psychology is even more important for peace and production than industrial economics, Viscount Grey pleads that the workers shall be given a real share in management.

Students of psychology are familiar with problems of repression and distortion, due to defects of environment, and workshop life which forces the individual to adapt himself in order to make a living imposes the harshest adjustments. Fit in or perish! is the workshop challenge to the factory worker. Faced with such an alternative, it is not surprising that much of the fitting is about as comfortable as a Cinderella slipper on the foot of one of the ugly sisters.

Modern industry presents us with a complete laboratory of cases of unhappiness. From all this we get the reaction against the regimentary process, the feeling that industrial civilisation has grown too hard and mechanical for humanity to bear. To understand the restlessness of the worker we have first to visualise the actual setting of his life. Its prevailing note is one of drab monotony. Day after day he is awakened by his alarm-clock, hastily swallows his cup of tea, often at a coffee-stall counter, and hurries along the road, half-awakened, in response to the factory hooter. Such a man is kept upon monotonous repetition work for year after year. High-speed production compels him to keep his attention fixed upon his work, because if he allows his mind to wander from his petty task he cannot keep the pace demanded. Thus he is in a state of high nervous tension. When

he has finished his day's work he returns to a dingy little house in a barrack-like street. His mind has been held taut during those working hours while he works at a rate which induces mental and physical exhaustion. A reaction is bound to come.

In America, where high-speed production has developed to a greater extent than in this country, we see evidences of that human recoil against industrial pressure. The people are extremely volatile, and in their keyed-up mental state are at the mercy of extravagant waves of feeling. Queer religious beliefs (Pillars of Fire), freakish politics (Klu Klux Klan), drastic social experiments (Prohibition) sweep like wind across a cornfield. Mob emotion, mass hypnotism, result in wild stampedes after the latest craze, like a herd of buffaloes thundering over the prairie.

In this country we are faced with the same problem, though in a lesser degree. Lurid sensationalism attracts the unstable type, which is, according to psychologists, on the increase. Factory girls shout and sing in the streets when they leave work to the disgust of decorous ladies, who forget that these girls have had to concentrate their attention all day on seeing how many boxes they can pack. Revolutionary ideas are taken up eagerly by those whose lives are bare and drab. Historically the rise of Socialism as a force in England coincides with the great London dock labourers' strike in 1889. Socialist ideas entered the English Labour movement then. It is just those workers who have had to struggle most fiercely for existence who gave to the trade union world, not a plan for the constructive improvement of conditions, but an abstract picture of a glorious future in which nothing evil would exist. It might be imagined that in conditions of casual dock labour all that would appeal would be some immediately pressing material demand. But as a reaction against their harsh, unlovely conditions it was necessary for them to construct a mental image of a beautiful society which would eliminate all the evils of the crude struggling world they knew. Out of insecurity and sordidness came a burning idealism which compensated them for all they missed.

One has only to see a huge Albert Hall demonstration cheering for the Social Revolution to realise that it is the meeting and not the 'revolution' which is the thing. There the faith is proclaimed, the picture painted, and for a glorious hour those present live in another world. A certain emotional relief is secured, and that is the real purpose of the gathering. So the revolutionary flame is kept burning to satisfy this emotional need. The feeling generated to some extent cancels the week's grind and carries them through another week. For years men will respond

eagerly to it without any question of getting anywhere or of doing anything. They insert a 'psychic distance' between themselves and the conditions which they detest so much. They do not want to hear any practical proposals to bridge the gulf between the system that is and the system they desire. They do not want to discuss details of programme. This would destroy their dream, their flawless vision, and so cut off their escape. It is imperative for their emotional satisfaction that there must be no connexion between this world of dream and the world of reality. All this is the romantic side of revolutionary agitation, with its waving of red flags, its colour and excitement. Just in so far as life is harsh and grinding, colourless and unlovely, this idealistic propaganda will make an irresistible appeal to workers of a certain temperament.

In America the Industrial Workers of the World—which, with the French Syndicalists, has been the chief propagator of the General Strike idea—is at the apex of revolutionary fervour. It organises migratory workers whose conditions of life are exceptionally hard. Yet around their camp fires in the 'jungles' they sing their songs of revolt and talk inspiringly of that coming commonwealth wherein comradeship and harmony will dwell. They advocate this idea with all the fervour of religious faith. Yet one may suspect that there, as here, this ideal commonwealth is more in the nature of the satisfaction of an emotional need than a rational and well-thought-out plan for the future. They sublimate those suppressed social instincts which find no outlet in the struggle for life. From the social studies of Carlton Parker or the Report of Columbia University (Social Science Bureau) we may see how such men, cut off from ordinary ties of family and citizenship, fashion their own fierce group loyalties which conflict with those of society.

Industrial conditions canalise energy along certain channels or give an impetus to idealistic reactions which are like puffs of steam from an engine. The danger is that futile indulgence in empty emotional agitations, whose only purpose is to let off steam, becomes the rule. When this is so it diverts energy from worthy purposes. The process of mind-deadening which begins in the workshop revenges itself in a grand 'flare up' to compensate for unnatural conditions. These agitations are an index that something is wrong with industrial life.

America is fortunate in possessing a painstaking thinker, Professor Thorstein Veblen, who has examined machine influence from a psychological standpoint and has produced a whole new fascinating literature on the subject. Because of the absence of pre-industrial tradition we see the results of industrial technique in comparative isolation. High-speed industry, with its routine

and monotony, catches huge sections of the population in its whirl and flings them off to gyrate like humming-tops. The matter-of-factness induced by machine work requires as a complement the syrupy sentiment, degenerating almost to idiocy, of the American film. Newspapers with half-column headlines, and little else, play on and increase the desire for something different felt by masses of people jammed together round factory plants. Strikes and industrial disputes in America are often fought out with an almost incredible bitterness. Armies of gunmen, clubbing and shooting, dynamite, destruction of property, have accompanied these disputes. Human nature contains a good deal of high explosive which captains of industry handle carelessly, forgetting that explosions always bear a relation to preliminary pressure—which truism applies to human explosions as well as the chemical variety.

Fantasy-making is one form of escape from the irksome round. Daydreams may be indulged in at work unless speeding up and motion study by increasing the tension robs the worker of this relief. Romain Rolland, in *Jean Christophe*, notes this effect of industrial life :

How many voyages of the mind can one make, standing up with wide-open eyes, in the space of a second ! Manual labour is fairly well suited to intermittent thought. The working man's mind would be hard put to it without an effort of the will to follow a closely reasoned chain of argument : if he does manage to do so, he is always certain to miss a link here and there ; but in the intervals of rhythmic movement, ideas crop up and mental images come floating to the surface ; the regular movements of the body send them flying upwards like sparks under the smith's bellows. The thought of the people ! It is just smoke and fire, a shower of glittering sparks, fading away, glowing, then fading once more. But sometimes a spark will be carried away by the wind to set fire to the dried forests and fat ricks of the upper classes.

With imaginative sympathy, M. Rolland penetrates to that knowledge which some of us have had to gain through experience. The gorgeous daydreams of the workshop, the snatches of philosophy, of romantic idealism—all these help to colour the grey factory life and are clutched at eagerly. But as the factory screw is tightened it cuts through the daydreams. No time or energy is left to construct castles in the air ; there is no longer any barrier between the worker and the narrow ugliness of the life he leads. By holding the worker down to a hateful reality we are heading for a social smash.

Other ways of escape are open. The psychological writer, W. Trotter, says in his *Herd Instinct* :

In the tragic conflict between what he has been taught to desire and what he is allowed to get, man has found in alcohol, as he has found in

certain other drugs, a sinister but effective peacemaker, a means of securing, for however short a time, some way out of the prison house of reality back to the Golden Age.

The factory mould is remorseless. If the instincts and desires which cannot find expression within it are too powerful the individual must break loose. If there is a strong pressure running counter to general human needs, turbulent mass movements will result. In general, being economically helpless and having no alternative, the worker will have everything in his nature that cannot fit into the mould either repressed or lopped off violently. After this mutilation has gone on for some time he begins to measure everything in the world, seen or unseen, by workshop standards. His world comes to be bounded by the four walls of the workshop. The walls are pushed back a little, but the same mechanical processes are held to run through life. I once knew a machine-shop foreman who insisted that the workers on the various machines came in time to resemble the parts of motor lorries which, day in, day out, they manipulated. The idea, though fantastic, held a certain truth. So workshop realism is born, based on a little mechanical knowledge and many limitations—a realism which measures the universe with a foot-rule. Without much opportunity or desire to study history or acquire breadth of mind, the factory worker feels the impetus of modern science which for the last half-century or more has been applied to industry and so has filtered through to him.

Creative joy, craftsmanship, variety, direction—all these have been taken away by standardised machine production which has dangled higher pay before the worker's eyes as the sole inducement to work. Social instincts are not developed in such conditions. The wealthy successful man of business who accumulates without purpose, who has never acquired the art of living, and would probably die—as sometimes happens—out of sheer inanition if he retired, is the counterpart of the factory 'hand,' who, not knowing what to do with his spare time, sucks his pipe disconsolately outside the factory gate when holidays come. Any qualities either possessed which could not be used in their work have withered away. They have allowed industry to eat them up.

I have known machine workers, who could not tolerate the deadly routine, to rush off every evening to 'pictures' or music-halls. They said they wanted to see life—presumably instead of living it ! After hard work, men, naturally enough, turn to pleasure. But the trouble comes when, instead of there being a gentle oscillation between work and play, there is a period of fatiguing grind which drives the worker in his leisure to a feverish

search for relief. In this way his whole life is poisoned, unbalanced, spoilt. He cannot find any real enjoyment, for sensationalism defeats itself. Films become more lurid or inane; revues tickle the jaded palate by more daring and dreary indecencies. However he may strive to shut out the sight for a few hours, there will be printed before his tired eyes a row of machines whose clatter will beat into his brain. Sunday papers, the great stand-by of the tired workman, grow more awful; but even the crude recital of domestic infidelities fails to keep him awake after his Sunday dinner. Nervous irritation and fatigue, partly mental, partly physical, will not permit of wholesome interest. Sustained attention is impossible when mind and muscles are flaccid.

The ramifications of factory influence faces us as one of the gravest problems of our industrial age. Whatever affects the workshop is bound to affect society. It is the centre of life for those masses who are moulded by machine production. Yet our industrial psychologists ignore the need for industrial readjustment. Where investigators such as Veblen differ from them is in the possession of a deeper, wider social outlook. This gives value to the work of the industrial philosophers, whether their immediate conclusions are tenable or not. The general view of the Veblen school is that industry, as conducted to-day, allows no place for the varied instinctive needs of men.

Man [says Veblen] by native endowment is best fitted to live under conditions of a moderately advanced savagery such as the machine technology will not permit. . . . Neither in the physical conditions which it imposes nor in its habitual ways of observation and reasoning is the machine age adapted to the current native endowment of race.

How to ease the strain which industrial civilisation puts on human nature is the question with which a philosophy of industry has to deal.

The matter-of-fact logic of machine industry and the mechanical organisation of life constantly incline him [the workman] to a rating of men and things in terms of tangible performance.

Wonder, awe, curiosity, abstract reasoning, are all suppressed. The man with the hoe gives place to the man with the lever. Considerations of utility govern the workman's mind when he is bought and used like the rest of the raw material required to enable the productive plant to function to its full capacity. Idealism may flash across his mental horizon as a strangely attractive contrast to his standards, the *ignis fatuus* of sensation dances fitfully over the rim of his ironbound world. But, pressing, inculcating, moulding, there is always the machine logic which is the mental by-product of the factory. This is

doubly attractive because it does not need thinking out. Belts travelling round and round, machines chopping iron rods in regular lengths, the whole factory, including the workmen, organised to carry out certain functions, to achieve certain results. Given this, what more natural than that the workman should accept the universe as a larger factory plant with Evolution as the power-house and driving-wheel? He sees only the validity of those mechanical ideas which fit in with his 'process view.' We have the making of an iron dogmatism here—a dogmatism which can be and is being applied to the whole of life. Thought and history are being crushed into the factory formula, and if we look closer at any department of human activity the marks of its iron teeth are plainly visible. Yet Professor Veblen notes the recoil which is taking place as well.

Neither the manner of life imposed by the machine process nor the manner of thought inculcated by habituation to its logic will fall in with the free movement of the human spirit, born as it is to fit the conditions of savage life. So there comes an inevitable—in a sense, congenital—recrudescence of magic, occult science, telepathy, spiritualism, vitalism, pragmatism.

As to pragmatism, this borrows from the mechanistic outlook, for it accepts the workshop standard of truth. Does it work? Can it be used?

Judged by this standard, democracy, despotism, oligarchy, are regarded dispassionately as tools to be flung away if they will not serve the purpose. We see this 'process view' in action when professed democrats use mass industrial action to coerce Parliament. Democratic leaders are embarrassed, but their followers are not conscious of any inconsistency.

Italy and Russia, countries which affect the greatest contempt for tradition and precedent, while in many respects so different, agree in machine glorification. Each carries it to the extent of possessing a machine drama, in which machine-like gestures, mechanical settings and scenery are the rule. Breaking from the traditional ideas of the pre-mechanical era, they have come directly under the powerful influence of the machine.

The factory plant is the furnace for the recasting of values and views, and, while the workman is exposed to its full force, its influence pervades society. The factory thinker is not a student in the usual sense of the word. Unlike the men who give up their lives to speculation and thought, he gathers his notions by the way while he dons his greasy overalls and works his machine. Yet he counts for something in his trade union branch or shop committee, and moves his fellows because neither he nor they feel any of those doubts which assail every student who reads widely. His work is the touchstone of his ideas

'When you have a bar of iron in front of you which has to be twisted into a certain shape,' he says, 'you learn to bind your ideas down to facts. You become practical!'

He reasons from the facts of the factory with the same directness that his hammer falls upon his chisel. He is typical of many who are learning narrow mechanical precision in the workshop. The workshop is the school of these new utilitarians—these factory realists. The thinker in overalls. Is he the coming arbiter of the world?

Whether he is or not, the problems he raises demand attention, and perhaps he is the knottiest problem of all. The growing pressure of such mass-made ideas, squeezed out of the factory like toothpaste, are bound to have a tremendous influence.

One criticism of the factory utility is, What is Utility? The old utilitarians were notoriously blind to beauty, and the neo-Benthamites are no better. The hideousness of our industrial towns mars the lives of those who live in them. They are starved of beauty, art, literature, music, poetry—all the graces of life; but usually they do not realise it. As there is no place for these in the factory, they are scorned as being of no account. Undoubtedly they would receive inestimable benefit from everything they now lack. It is not everyone who cries 'Utility!' who is a judge of usefulness, and the factory is the poorest of teachers. We are not walking equations or the spare parts of machines. The factory obscures the reason for many things.

The great error of the workshop utilitarians—who are not confined to the workshop—is that they elevate narrowness and crudity to the level of a philosophy and a working plan of life. Can we deny the utility of those arts which help to raise us above the beasts? To make workshop limitations the boundary of life is as sensible as it would be for a purblind man to restrict everyone to his radius of vision. Life is greater than the process of securing the means of life, and we must be at least as concerned with its finished splendour as with structure and structural problems. We cannot live always in an atmosphere of scaffolding and paint-pots or enjoy an eternal spring cleaning. When these things are done, we wish to do many other things which may not be so easily explained in terms of further utility. We wish all to have cultivated and happy lives. But the factory utilitarian may object: 'What is the use of that? Cultivation and happiness serve no end, produce no results!' Yet our daily work is useless if it does not help us to reach this end, and if the end itself is not justified, then all the utilitarian steps leading to it are futile.

The factory standard, if it is not corrected, may succeed in spreading a horrible blight over life as it has already done over the

industrial towns. If the advance of a rigid unlovely utilitarianism goes on, it may be that stern justice will be meted out to those lovers of beauty who failed to protest when degrading conditions were meted out to others. Just as people become reconciled to living and working in squalor—of body and spirit—so they come to accept this as the normal and proper condition and, as unconscious victims, become the apostles of ugliness, imposing it by sheer mass weight upon their fellows.

We get an industrial philosophy when industry dominates our lives; we get a philosophy of industry when other factors are given due weight and the one-sided pressure of industry is corrected. But while masses of people are treated as Robots they will seek to impose Robot standards on society.

I have suggested the kind of workshop changes which, from my experience of factory life, I believe are best suited to meet the need. The General Strike added force to these suggestions which appeared in 'The Psychology of the Workshop' (*Nineteenth Century and After*, June 1926). But it is necessary to take a far wider view than that of those experts who simply confine their attention to the workshop. The workshop must be studied in relation to society before a sound philosophy of industry can be reached.

It may not be necessary to submit everything to the bar of workshop logic for justification. Much that occurs between life and death appears to defy logical analysis, and perhaps life and death must be placed in the 'non-logical' category. The mystic who with wonder-laden eyes looks behind the veil of appearances may penetrate as far as the dull-eyed, heavy-jowled industrialist, who, returning from a tour of the world's beautiful cities, rubs his hands at the sight of the black smoke vomited from the blackened chimneys and says: 'That's the scenery for me! Where there's muck there's brass!'

However, I do not venture to blaspheme the logic of our machine era. Having come under its influence as an engineering worker, I realise that there is an unanswerable case to be made against its narrowness. Consequently I challenge its tests of utility. Much that is accepted without question is without value, and much that is despised as useless would be like water in an industrial desert. A philosophy of industry will deal with the problem of those who spend their lives in corners of huge machine shops, in blocks of ugly little houses, or moving in droves from one to the other.

Like all real problems, it is not easy. Obviously we cannot return to 'a condition of moderately advanced savagery,' even if it were desirable. We may believe that with the continuance of machine industry the process of elimination and selection will

foster just those instincts that find adequate expression in industrial life and so be content to leave it to time to right the balance. But there is not much satisfaction in that for our generation, which is exposed to the tremendous stresses and strains involved in the machine technique.

A glance at newspaper advertisements indicates the extent to which our industrial civilisation results in nervous breakdown for the individual and newspaper headlines keep us informed of social breakdowns, strikes and turmoils traceable to the same cause. It is doubtful whether the unmalleable type of humanity will die out rapidly enough to give us industrial peace, or that the rest can be moulded as required. There is always the danger, when the repressive process appears complete, that a sudden surge and heave will throw the whole of our industrial gear out of order and bring to the surface all those impulses which have gathered strength and fury by repression.

From the writings of our industrial experts we would never guess that they are confronted with the gigantic task of adjusting industrial civilisation to the needs of man. They bend their energies to altering the shape of a lever so that it may be pressed over more smartly, to inventing a 'progress card' that will show at a glance if the worker in any department has failed to function perfectly.

In his Report as High Commissioner for Palestine (1920-25) Sir Herbert Samuel, who is not unacquainted with English industrial problems, remarks:

Many observers who have studied the new type of character that is being produced in these villages have been struck by the cheerfulness of the people. . . . There are three factors in their lives which make them contented. The first is that they are workers on the land, close to Nature. . . . The second is that they are on an intellectual level distinctly above the ordinary peasant; they are much more than hewers of wood and drawers of water; they read, they think, they discuss; in the evenings they have music, classes, lectures; there is among them a real activity of mind. And the third factor is that they are not engaged in some casual task without special significance other than the provision of their own livelihood. . . . So they find the labour of their hands to be worthy of their activity. It is made lighter by intellectual activity; it is ennobled by the patriotic ideal which it serves. That is the reason why these pioneers are happy.

Could we not achieve similar results by working on similar lines?

R. M. Fox.

COTTON

Not long ago there was a visitor in our laboratories who said, when he came upon bags of the raw material in the experimental spinning mill: 'Is that cotton? I thought cotton was the stuff you buy on reels.' Once upon a time, also, grandparents used to speak very scornfully of 'that cotton stuff,' in days when the linen-cupboard of the farmhouse really contained linen. These two quotations illustrate the purpose of this article; it attempts to give some impression of the varied interests which lie behind the production of such a common thing as a reel of cotton, to indicate why the raw material has passed from the status of a substitute to become the dominant textile, and why it is not unlikely to take a further step and so become a specialised textile, surviving only by virtue of its intrinsic merit.

Cotton as a subject for study is full of contrasts. Some of them are worth setting down, so as to give some glimpses into its variety of aspects. Take first some contrasts of big and little things. Thus the world's crop of cotton, grown and spun each year, weighs about 10,000,000,000 lbs.; this weight is made up of individual hairs removed from the cotton-seed, and they are sufficiently thin to slip easily into a tube whereof the bore need only be one-thousandth of an inch. Though thus tenuous and fragile, yet, as their length runs from $\frac{1}{2}$ inch to $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches, these hairs are proportioned in much the same way as an unusually long garden hose-pipe. While developing inside the fruit of the plant they grow little faster than a millimetre a day, but while being spun in the mill they are whirled on spindles which revolve more than a hundred times a second. In England alone there are some 50,000,000 spindles. On a single seed there are about 10,000 hairs.

Then there are personal contrasts. Sunburnt men in white drill and sun-helmets are as intimately concerned with cotton as the pallid men with bowler hats: the former work in sub-tropical climates which are trying; the latter in Lancashire, which is also trying, especially by contrast. Cotton can take its student into the back streets of Manchester on a rainy day, or set him boring holes in the soil within a glance of the Pyramids. Some men

concerned with cotton are ardent advocates for a settled policy of land tenure with African natives; others are enthusiasts on short-time working of mills.

Another contrast lies between the century-old stability of the industry, and the possibilities which the next century presents. The fundamental invention of mechanical spinning was that of 'drafting rollers,' which are successive pairs of rollers running at different speeds and can therefore take the place of human fingers in attenuating the cotton. These were invented by Wyatt in 1748, and by the end of that century the better-known inventions of Hargreaves, Arkwright, and Crompton had been added to Wyatt's, and thereby had completely superseded the handicraft of the spinning-wheel. Since then there has only been one new machine added, and that an accessory, invented by Hellmann in the 'fifties. The machines now are larger, are less primitive in their construction, can be worked faster, and produce more; but it would seem that a temporary finality of major invention had been reached long ago. Hence it happens that side by side with mechanical equipment, which would seem out-of-date if it were not the only equipment available—just as pack-horse and dogcart were up-to-date not long ago—we find an industrial organisation which is perhaps the most complete in the world, wherein every little detail is systematised.

Yet it is quite possible that this high pitch of organisation is comparable to the story of some organisms in the geological record, to whom the loss of adaptability caused by over-specialisation brought the fate of extinction when conditions changed. That the conditions of industry are now changing quickly is axiomatic, and an interesting flash of light was thrown on the unchanging cotton industry by a speaker at a recent conference. The shortage of juvenile labour in cotton-spinning was the subject of the conference, and the estimated requirements which he specified could have been met exactly (according to the 'Vital Statistics') if children were allowed to leave the elementary schools and go to work in the mills at eight years old instead of leaving at fourteen. Fully to appreciate this we must turn back to the Acts of Parliament which were passed in 1819, 1825, and 1831; the last of these succeeded in limiting the employment of children in the cotton mills to a day of twelve hours, not counting mealtimes, while it no longer permitted the employment of any who were less than nine years old. This was a century ago.

There are many other contrasts to be found in these early stages of the history of cotton, and the shadows of them still fall on the industry.

Later on we shall note certain causes which may restore suppleness to the industry, together with some which may make

the need for such power of readjustment imperative. One other contrast requires notice. The United States used to be as preponderant in the production of cotton as Lancashire was in its spinning and manufacture, and the rôle of any other country was relatively insignificant, but the contrast is already fading. The United States is now the heaviest consumer, and, though still the greatest producer also, its dominance is being lessened by the continuous development of cotton-growing areas elsewhere.

We can proceed now to attempt an outline of the story of cotton, not going into the details which are available elsewhere, but emphasising such features as appear to indicate the existence of general principles.

Many wild and cultivated kinds of cotton are known. They range from plants whose seeds are merely smeared over with a kind of rusty velvet to such kinds as have seed-hairs well over 2 inches long. One such long cotton, produced some years ago by a scientific worker, is as yet practically unuseable, owing to the limited demand for perfection in fabrics and to the cost of adjusting machinery and staff to deal with it. A familiar example of the kind of cotton cloth which can be produced from such specialised raw material is given by the balloon fabric made during the war. All these different cotton plants have in common, however, a constitution which is only suitable for sub-tropical climates; also, they are greedy for water, and yet, speaking broadly, they flourish best in rather arid conditions. Cloudy climates rarely grow satisfactory crops. This cantankerous balance of opposite preferences makes for economic difficulties in attempts to expand the cotton-growing area, and, though the crop has been tried in almost every part of the sub-tropical world, the areas which can grow it profitably under skilful cultivation are comparatively restricted.

Though the world's crop is grown almost entirely from annual sowings, on account of the better control thus obtained over pests and diseases, yet the primitive cottons were probably all perennial shrubs, in which form the annual plants may still be carried on if the climate is suitable. It is not unlikely that the genus is naturally an inhabitant of situations akin to those of rock plants, where its tap-root can be sent down in search of a permanent water supply to depths of 20 feet or more, while the stem flourishes under a cloudless sky, but makes very poor cotton. In such situations the germination of the bulky seed would be difficult, did it not possess its blanket of seed-hairs; these, although dead, absorb water easily from passing showers, moist air, or damp soil, and so facilitate germination. The length of the hair is excessive in the cultivated cottons, and would cause

the emergent seedlings to be entangled and stunted; but all the hairs are removed for consumption in such crops, so that the seed is planted naked, or nearly so. The text-books interpret the function of these hairs as being purposeful rather than a blind survival-value, and assert that they aid the plant in the dispersal of its seed by wind. In reality they clog the seeds and seedling if they are long enough to be carried by any wind milder than a gale, while if they are short enough not to injure the seedling, they are useless for aviation.

The genus has been cultivated for 2000 or 3000 years, and was probably utilised by gathering from wild perennial plants a long while before this; the archaeological evidence of its use is, however, very scanty in comparison with that of flax. The origin of the various cultivated cottons is most obscure, an obscurity which may be felt if we quote the conclusion of a friendly discussion, namely, that the three main types cultivated are derived as follows: that of India from the Mediterranean, of Egypt from South America, and of the United States from Malaya. Apart from such guess-work, however, it is evident that all these types had a common evolutionary origin, with their kin the ancestors of our conservatory plants *Hibiscus*, *Althaea*, or *Abutilon*, and with the wild mallows of our fields at a further remove.

One inference about the details of this evolution seems clear enough, namely, that the modern Indian type of cotton, apart from important introduced kinds, is on a branch of the genealogical tree which diverged from the main trunk very near ground level. The likelihood of this inference from the form of the leaves and the refusal of this Asiatic type to cross with the others has recently been increased by a discovery that a fundamental difference exists in the cell structure.

Given a suitable climate and such kind of plant as will produce a saleable product, the crop in its early stages looks rather like a field of potatoes. Rooting as deeply as it can, much deeper than most annual crops, it is very susceptible to soil variation, and when full grown it can be seriously affected by such changes in the water content of the soil, as may happen quite out of notice, 6 or 10 feet below the surface. Hence arises one of the major difficulties in the growing of cotton under irrigation, from which much trouble has arisen.

The actual fruiting period lasts as long as three months in some situations and climates, from the opening of the first fruit to that of the last useable one. This is in marked contrast to the once-for-all manner in which the cereal crops grow; it more resembles the behaviour of tomatoes. But this continued opening of successive flowers, each taking another six weeks or so to ripen its fruit, is very fortunate, in that it gives us time to study the

development of the crop and provides an easy method whereby that development can be measured and recorded pictorially by making daily counts of the open flowers and the ripe fruits, or bolls. Records thus made are now in general use where cotton is grown for experiment or research.

A small percentage only of the flowers is cross-pollinated by bees, but the cumulative effect of this small amount, acting year after year, is to make it rather difficult to keep an exact control over the purity of any given stock of seed, and still more difficult to persuade the practical man that it can be done.

It is also fortunate that the crop has not all to be picked at once, but can be worked over several times during the ripening season, the pickers removing the seed-cotton from the open bolls by hand. Even so, the labour required for picking is the controlling factor of cotton cultivation in many places, though that of women and children is equal to the task. The capital available for working the land during the rest of the year is helpless at the picking season, when not only is labour needed in abundance, but no tools or machines which capital can provide are of any use. It is true that cotton-picking machines are being invented every year; they are tried and abandoned, though many of them are ingenious and almost practicable: a cross between a chestnut burr and a vacuum cleaner describes most of them, but the successful mechanical picker has still to be invented. On its arrival the whole basis of cotton production will be materially altered; but it is quite probable that such a machine never will be produced. The difficulty of the position is illustrated by the recent reversion of some growers in the United States to a custom long obsolete, whereby the bolls are plucked bodily from the plant, which can easily be done by machinery; these are then dried until they open, after which they are put through ginning machinery, which not only has to remove the lint-cotton from the seed as usual, but also from the woody fragments of the bolls themselves. As cotton cultivation it is scandalous; as business it makes all the difference.

After the crop has been picked, the next limitation is imposed by transport, for almost all the spinning mills are in the temperate zones, far from the sub-tropics. Roughly two-thirds of the seed-cotton is seed proper; only one-third is cotton-lint. The seed has its own value as a source of oil, though it is much less valuable than the lint; but both must be carried about together until they reach an installation of ginning machinery, which separates one from the other. In Africa this often implies head-porterage for many miles. Once ginned, the transport facilities again determine whether the seed shall be exported to the oil mills or used for fuel; only a fifth to a twentieth part of the seed needs to be retained for sowing the next crop. The lint-cotton itself

has to be pressed into compact bales to make it portable, and then it begins a journey which is comparatively short in the United States, but extends half-way round the earth in some cases. The selling value of the finished article has to carry these transport charges, and was able in the past to do so with ease, for the bulk of the crop was grown on cheap land with cheap labour, and not by intensive farming. To-day the agriculture of the United States has passed the turning-point imposed on it by the law of diminishing returns, and the 'mean white' type of cultivation which largely succeeded slave labour has become economically impossible. So with other cotton-growing areas the change is under way, or is predictable with certainty; the advent of cotton-growing provides a cash crop, which thus raises the standard of living, increases the density of population, and so demands a larger area of foodstuffs; this in course of time makes the cultivation of cotton impracticable except at higher prices. Cotton cannot be eaten. The world population is increasing, filling the vacant spaces of cultivable land, and demanding their use for food production. These are the salient facts. For a crude illustration of the rate at which such land is filling up, remember Marryat's *Settlers in Canada*, published in the 'fifties. If cotton could be grown on land suitable for forestry, but useless for food crops, its position would be very much stronger. But, on the contrary, this strong position is actually held by its new rival material, artificial silk, one important form of which is made from forest timber.

Hence it would seem likely that we have already unconsciously turned a corner in cotton production, and that the way of the future must lead to more specialised production of high quality cotton, in quantities relatively small, for special uses. Many agricultural research workers have been striving of late years in this direction merely to indulge their sense of craftsmanship, but without much encouragement from the users of the raw cotton; it may well be that they are within sight of their reward.

We pass by way of the ginneries to shipboard, and so through the ports and the merchants to the cotton-spinning mills. The classification and merchanting of the cotton is in the hands of specialised merchants and their exchanges, whose work is ultimately dependent upon the skill with which expert 'graders' can assess the value of various samples of the raw material by handling it and by looking at it. There is much to be learned about cotton-grading. It is ostensibly exact enough to sustain the weight of millions of pounds of capital, and until recently there has been no opportunity for the industry to check those judgments by precise investigations into their significance and reliability. Such attempts as have been made during the past

few years tend rather to indicate that these judgments are far from being infallible when taken off the beaten track. However, they have sufficed in the past, whatever the future may demand.

Arriving eventually at the spinning mill, the cotton has to pass through masses of machinery. The functions of each machine are largely obscured for the visiting stranger by the energy which it wastes in sound vibrations; from the boom of the openers and the hum of the cards, through the clattering crashes of the combers and the soprano yell of the jack-frames, to the comparative quietude of the shrill spinning machines themselves. Noisiness is of course comparative, and the damp, warm spinning mill is not noisy by the standards of a weaving shed, still less by those of a boiler shop, but the contrast with the cottonfields is very striking. The purpose of all these machines is best realised by getting away from the noise and considering what the actual job may be.

The purpose of the cotton-spinner could be accomplished with a pair of forceps and a lens. Each hair would be picked out from the mass of lint with the forceps, straightened out and laid down on a strip of black velvet side by side with other hairs, till a rank numbering twenty to two hundred had been formed, according to the fineness of the yarn required. End to end with each of these, as markers, a row of further hairs would be laid down, forming a kind of procession, until the required length—say, ten miles—had been reached. If the operator with the forceps sneezed, several yards of the procession would float away, so the hairs have to be bound together more or less tightly by twisting the tail of the procession as the head advances. To set a cotton mill on such a task seems like killing mosquitoes with a steam hammer. Such a twisted procession of hairs, uniform in thickness all along its length, is the unattainable ideal of 'singles yarn,' the end-product of cotton-spinning proper. In actual practice the thickness of the yarn varies a great deal from place to place over short distances, though constant on the average over longer distances. In the limit cases of commercial spinning such yarn will measure more than 100 miles to the pound-weight, and it may contain more than fifty twists, each caused by a complete revolution of the spindle, in every inch of its length.

Now to consider what has to be done when cotton is spun by hand, in order to attain this rearrangement of the tangled mass of hairs into orderly ranks. First of all the hand-spinner picks out any obvious foreign matter, such as bits of dry leaves, and then the lint-cotton is hit with a stretched string like a bow-string, whereby it is fluffed up till sand and grit can fall out of it. Having thus been cleaned, it is disentangled by combing it with natural

or artificial combs, so that any knots of hair are disentangled, and each hair is left free to be withdrawn from the mass by itself. Then the cotton is laid out in the form of a length of soft rope, called a sliver, about the thickness of a finger, and this is loosely compacted by slight twisting or rubbing. Care is taken to make this sliver uniform along all its length, after which it is wound on a distaff for convenience in manipulation. Holding the free end of this sliver in the left hand, the hand-spinner partially draws out a few hairs from the end, thus causing them to assume automatically a parallel arrangement; he twists these together and draws a few more at a time until a short length of singles yarn is formed. This is then attached to the spindle, which may belong to a spinning-wheel, or it may dangle free in the air, as in the most primitive method. The fine yarn used for the old Dacca Muslims of India was spun thus primitively, but the weight of the spindle was supported on the point of its lower end in a curved piece of shell, so that it spun rather like a pegtop; no finer fabrics than these have yet been spun from cotton. The spinner's task now is to keep the spindle revolving and to continue to draw out hairs at the right pace to match the speed of the spindle, allowing the twist to run up and grip these hairs, but not to run past his fingers and so grip the undisturbed sliver; if it did, no more hairs could be withdrawn, except as a clumsy clot. It is a fascinating exercise in manual dexterity. Presently the drawing-out has to stop while the spun yarn is wound up on the spindle, and then another length is drawn, spun, and wound. With some types of spinning-wheel the spinning and winding are simultaneous.

This procedure is repeated exactly by the machines of the mill. They do not each perform one of these functions alone—usually each machine takes some part in several functions; but in fairly regular succession they clean, disentangle, lay parallel, equalise, reduce, and twist-up the interminable procession of hairs. The size and number of the machines is so proportioned as to satisfy the demands of the final spinning spindles which the mill is designed to work, and each of these is producing singles yarn at rates which range from 2 to 6 inches in each second of the working day.

A curious sidelight is thrown on the watertight compartmenting of the cotton industry by the production of singles yarn—that is, the single procession of hairs merely twisted on its own axis. Such yarn is regarded as a definite finished product, itself the raw material for other compartments of the industry. Yet in reality it is no more than a conveniently portable form in which the raw material can be packed, comparable, in fact, with the bales of lint-cotton, or the big cylindrical cans in which slivers

are coiled up. The singles yarn, as such, is almost devoid of uses. It is a very unstable structure, liable to all kinds of changes when unwound, even when not stretched. All its use depends on giving it something to lean against, thus checking its propensity to untwist itself. This lateral support may consist of another strand of singles, the two being mutually twisted together to make a 'twofold' yarn, and this is self-stable, each strand preventing the other from untwisting. Three such twofolds again twisted upon one another make our reel of sewing-cotton.

Or the instability of the singles yarn may be prevented by zig-zagging it across other strands of yarn, thus producing a stable woven fabric. Or the singles may be looped in and out upon itself, as in knitting, though this is more commonly made with twofold yarn. Still more complex looping is used in lace. Or again, it may be wound round a wire, to serve as part of the insulating medium in electrical appliances. Lastly, the untwisting may be prevented by the use of adhesives and sizes. Singles yarn is advertised for constructing cotton entanglements to discourage sparrows from visiting germinating rows of peas in the garden; this is almost the only use to which it can be put as a finished product.

The interdependence of successive stages through the entire industry is thus exceedingly close. The spinner can only make the best which it pays him to make from the raw material sent him by the grower to meet the requirements—thread, cord, woven or knitted fabric, lace or blankets, or other covering—put forward by the tyre-maker, milliner, electrician, or hosier. Any demand arising from the invention of a motor-car component has to filter back and back till it reaches the plant-breeder who provides the grower with his seed. At present that process of filtration is still far too slow; ten years ago it was far slower. The intensive organisation of the factory end of the industry has cut it up into separate sub-industries, each one so self-contained that many of those who make twofold yarn will seriously assert that singles yarn, still less the raw cotton from which it is made, is quite devoid of any interest to them!

Until ten years ago the cotton industry thus presented a curious structure. The cotton-growing end of it was rapidly advancing its technical knowledge under the control of various Government agricultural departments; such departments were concerned to obtain not only big yields from their land, but also to ensure that the quality and selling value of the product should also be as high as was economically feasible. This 'yield $\times$ price product' needed to be known accurately, in terms of index numbers, before rational decisions upon cotton-growing policies could be taken. Also, having regard to the inevitable conser-

vatism of this huge and old industry, such agricultural departments needed to know not only the current selling value of their produce, but also its intrinsic value, to which it might be expected to approximate in the course of time; the two values may be widely different. The quality is of course determined in part by the skill and care with which the crop is grown, picked, classified, packed, and marketed, but it depends primarily upon the kind of cotton cultivated in any given locality, and is thus controllable by the plant-breeder. Now, although it is none too easy to assess the yielding capacity of any new cotton, it was found almost impossible to determine its quality, and thus the determination of the 'yield $\times$ price product' was little more than an ideal. The only practicable method at first was to produce the new cotton in bulk and put it on the market to see what it would fetch; obviously a tedious, costly, and wasteful kind of rule of thumb. A partial improvement was made by way of spinning tests, the technique whereof has been refined until correct determinations of the kinds of yarn which a cotton will make can now be done from a pound or two of raw material. Such a spinning test determines only the intrinsic value, not the selling value, and it had the great disadvantage of being a mere end-result of trial and error, so that the result could not be used to predict how the next sample would behave.

The cotton-growers were definitely well ahead of the cotton-spinners by 1914 in their knowledge of, and their control over, their own half of the industry. On the other hand, the spinners were just as far ahead of the growers in their commercial organisation. The cotton-grower who visited Lancashire in the hope of guidance through such problems as the preference for brown cotton from Egypt, the significance of yarn strength, and the general relation between his raw material and the properties of the finished product, found himself wandering in a maze. And the maze was cut up by watertight bulkheads. So far as these and similar technical problems were concerned, he could only gather scraps and snippets of evidence from individuals. Moreover, such evidence was difficult to interpret correctly, for there was no common language in which grower and spinner could discuss their mutual interests.

Gradually it became evident that, in spite of all prepossession to the contrary, there was no trust to be placed in expert subjective opinion concerning the merits or vices of any new cotton. This implies that, after all the time and trouble of bulking a new cotton has been expended on the strength of favourable opinions, it may be a failure after all; such was commonly the case. Conversely it implies that potentially good cottons may be condemned in embryo; some proofs of this were also unearthed. Such were

the difficulties which stimulated the late Mr. J. W. McConnel to initiate a development of technical organisation within the cotton industry distinct from the commercial organisation, and this new technical work is now breaking down the watertight bulkheads, bringing the community of interest between grower and consumer into practical working order, and it will eventually provide them with a common language. The British Cotton Industry Research Association on the one hand, and the Empire Cotton-Growing Corporation on the other, with a deliberate overlap between them in the field of research on cotton-growing, have made it possible for the man from overseas to learn more in a day than he could formerly glean in a month, while the mill manager has become independent of Press stunts.

The constitution constructed for the latter of these two bodies is in itself a great experiment in the organisation of industry worthy of separate study. Nor can we now examine the new language which research is synthesising for grower and spinner to use; that it is interesting may be sufficiently indicated by quoting two apparently paradoxical dicta therefrom. 'Other things being equal, the weaker the hair, the stronger the yarn'; and again, 'The qualities needed in cotton when it is being made into yarn are, in the main, the exact opposite of those needed in the yarn itself.'

In conclusion, consider what controlling factors may operate to influence the future of the cotton industry. We have noticed that cultivation is restricted by climate, labour, transport, and by the necessary employment of soil which is good enough to grow food crops. Climate is very slightly controllable indirectly by the plant-breeder; labour of the marginal kind required for the picking must tend to diminish as the level of civilisation rises; transport is controllable, but the soil requirements are a heavy disadvantage in comparison with wood-pulp. On the industrial side we may expect that, in spite of the enormous amount of capital represented by existing equipment, changes in the machinery are likely to happen as the aftermath of research; such changes will incidentally modify another limitation, namely, the infrequent chance of promotion within the spinning mill, which makes it a dead-end occupation for too many of its young recruits. At the present day the cost of equivalent yarns is less if they are made of cotton than if wood-pulp artificial silk is used, but there seems no reason to doubt that in course of time the position will be inverted, thus putting another limitation on cotton. It is just possible that this might still be held off by new methods of cotton manipulation, but it is at least as probable that the existing artificial silks will be improved much further. Thus the balance of probability leads me to conclude that cotton

will presently have to make good its position on the intrinsic merit it possesses in its tensile strength and its durability under repeated bendings ; the fabric of a tyre will serve as a typical case.

But the best artificial silks are already better than low-grade cotton in such strictly utilitarian properties ; they are also much more beautiful. But they still fall some distance short of good cotton made into good yarn, while both cotton and yarn can be improved further. Thus it is likely that cotton will retain its position as a 'structural' material, but will lose it as a mere 'covering' material. If this forecast be correct—and it is hereby confessed to be heterodox—it carries the implication that, after many years, the cotton industry of the world will have shrunk to much smaller dimensions than it now assumes, relatively to the world population and in the amount of cotton handled. In thus shrinking it will specialise both agriculturally and industrially, concentrating upon the quality of its product instead of seeking chiefly for cheapness and quantity.

Such is a rough sketch of the varied interests which 'cotton' can offer even now. If the changes we have anticipated become actual, our topic will become less unwieldy, and still more interesting.

W. LAWRENCE BALLS.

ART AND THE CINEMA

A CHANCE FOR THE BRITISH PRODUCER

MR. WELLS has occasion to remark in *Joan and Peter* that scientists are concerned with research and not with the result to the world of the inventions born of their researches. Inventions are in fact taken up by men who realise their commercial possibilities and explore them as far as they think practicable. This is often unfortunate for the invention, for, though it is unjust to say that the business man has no imagination or æsthetic sense, he has first and foremost to consider his balance-sheet, with which the use and development of any invention must be reconciled. Any other than its immediate profit-bearing function thus comes to be ignored and the invention itself loses the respect and consideration that is its due.

The cinema as it affects the ordinary public is at present in this predicament. It is often said to be in its infancy. It is hardly so. It has, it is true, the undeveloped mind of a child, but it has also the strength and ingenuity (and incidentally the lusts) of a grown man. It could be forced to reveal all the wealth and mystery of visible life. Actually it is made only to peep through bedroom keyholes, to push for a place in the crowd round a street accident or to applaud the antics of a drunken tramp ; and because the master it serves has not the wit to demand more than these humiliating services, it is neglected by artists and all men with creative minds as too obdurate or banal for their attention.

What has happened ?

The cinema is the direct lineal descendant of the circus. It was the travelling showman who first realised its possibilities. It was on his estimate of public taste that the first film dramas were devised. They were brisk, hearty and clean, as the circus turns had been before them. They were full of action and movement of all kinds ; they gave us runaway horses, and cowboys chasing befeathered Indians and heroic Territorials rescuing enchantingly beautiful dairymaids from bad men who subsequently turned out to be good at heart—or 'became shot'

And they gave us the 'comics' of the slapstick and the funny man.

The result was that the world flocked to little tin sheds where it paid its penny and sat enthralled. It is true the light flickered so much that you were lucky if you came away with only a slight headache. It is true you were given only a bare board to sit on, so that your whole body ached as well. These things did not worry you. You knew better things were coming.

Better things came, but only from the inventors. The films ceased to flicker, they ceased to show all dark objects as jet black and all light objects as deathly white. People no longer appeared as automatons, sawing the air like windmills to show they were saying something. They learnt to confine their movements to just those gestures that would suggest what they were supposed to be saying. They learnt to act.

And then all the trouble began.

For some reason, as soon as people talked of acting as an art that all the principal participants in a film should acquire their thoughts flew immediately to the stage. They forgot that the clown has to act, that the circus manager's wife had to go through a severe training before she learnt how to back-somersault off a galloping horse, that the ring-master uses his whip and his voice solely to keep things moving. They forgot in their excitement that to keep things moving was the one and only fundamental necessity of this new department of the entertainment business. They were determined to ape the theatre, to feed their studios on indigestible stage conventions and their actors and actresses on material which would no doubt have given them excellent opportunities of bringing the house down if they could have spoken the lines the opening and shutting of their mouths suggested, but which gave them no possible chance against the searching scrutiny of the studio lamps, nor later of an audience which wanted action and things kept moving, and not the sensation of watching a play with their ears blocked by wireless receivers emitting sentimental and irrelevant airs.

Meanwhile the Great War came, and the cinema had little chance of development in any country except America. The United States had by this time discovered that California was the finest natural film studio in the world. The country's instinctive shrewdness suggested that here was an industry capable of almost illimitable expansion. Its eugenical fervour hinted that the cinema-hall was the best possible rival to the drink saloon.¹

¹ 'Often when a moving-picture house is set up the saloon on the right hand or the left declares bankruptcy.'—Vachel Lindsay, *The Art of the Motion Picture*, 1915.

The industry was established. Fortunes were made by the promoters and by the actors themselves. Each year the export of films increased and the percentage of home-grown to American films exhibited in Europe dwindled. When the war ended the banks gave the industry their support and helped very considerably to encourage American enterprise at the critical moment when Europe was once more trying to enter into competition. Thanks to this support and to the talent which has been lured away from poverty-stricken European studios, America stands to-day pre-eminent in the field, and is likely to remain so until producers on this side of the Atlantic leave off merely understudying her methods.

There is so much more that positively demands to be done. For instance, the slow-motion camera has been in existence for some years now. Can it be said that producers realise what an instrument they have to their hands? Could anything be more admirably comic or more entirely suitable for projection on the screen than Mr. Wells' brilliant essay in the fourth dimension, *The New Accelerator*? We refer to the cinema as the 'moving pictures.' How often does it give us pictures that express motion? The camera-man goes everywhere—he is in the air, on the racing-track, under the sea. He brings back photographs shot in all these spheres, and very dull photographs they are more often than not. Yet the cinema is capable of conveying the actual impressions a man may receive on these trips—the sensations of flight, of speed, of peril—and can see things as the racer and the pilot and the diver see them, and not merely as the spectator who happens to look at the sky or the track or the sea through a pair of field-glasses.

It may be too much to expect pictures of this sort from the commercial film magnates of to-day. These prosperous showmen have the taste of the public to consider. This is 'the chief and abiding obstacle to improvement. . . . If the public in general calls for art it will get it.'² One may sympathise with the film producer. It may cost his firm well beyond 50,000*l.* to produce one single film, and if the film 'flops' the financial return is negligible. One may even be satisfied with his excuse that as he never pretended to be an artist he has a perfect right to give the public what it wants. Yet it remains a fact that only such film artists as Mr. Fairbanks and Mr. Chaplin know to any degree of accuracy what the public wants. The others, the presidents of producing companies big and small, have an idea of what it will 'stand for,' but do not know in the least what will win its way to its heart or mind. As for concentrating solely on giving the

² Robert Nichols, *The Future of the Cinema* (*The Times*, August (1925). (Quoted as the general verdict of Hollywood.)

public what it wants, one has only to read the memoirs of any theatre manager or study the Bankruptcy Court reports to see whither that policy almost inevitably leads.

On the other hand, it must be admitted that the American film industry is enjoying the greatest prosperity. This does not imply that cinema-goers are completely satisfied with the type of entertainment it offers them; but it does give the producers some justification for adopting a conservative attitude and refusing to tolerate any extension of the scope of the cinema at the expense of the photo-play. If, then, we want originality in film production we must expect it from other quarters.

Already something has been done. In *The Last Laugh*, which was shown in this country last winter, Herr Murnau, a young German director, gave us the finest character sketch that has ever been presented on the screen. He showed us not merely what the character did and looked like, but what he saw and felt. The character is a hotel commissioner, and the film is concerned with his inevitable decline and fall when deprived by age of his job and the respect of his neighbours and himself. As it proceeds we pass through the simple fabric of the plot to the thoughts and visions that possess the commissioner's own mind. He dreams, and through all the scenes of his dream turn dimly but insistently the revolving doors, the hub of his working hours. He reads the notice of his dismissal, and we see, not his face, but the letter, and its effect upon him is conveyed, as facial expression could never convey it, by the trembling of the paper and the sudden stabbing distinctness of the message as its meaning strikes his mind.

What this film achieves, what is wanted in all films, is an escape from the bondage of words, from all literary associations. This has been said often enough already, but even to-day the film is far too common in which caption calls to caption across a void of gaping mouths and faces sniggering at some joke that demands a verbal explanation. And such blunders are not always the director's fault. A director may give us a film of exquisite sensibility, a film entirely made up of visual quips, a film in which the heart is asked to grieve over nothing but what the eye has a chance of seeing. That same director may then be impelled by his contract to create some film out of, let us say, the latest fashionable novel—a work that may depend for its effect wholly on the personality or verbal dexterity of the author. He may make a success of it, but he would make a far greater success of a film of his own devising. Herr Lubitsch's version of *Lady Windermere's Fan* may keep to the plot, but it is not Wilde, and as a screen story has no intrinsic significance. Thus the author is unfairly represented to people who may take no other opportunity of judging

him, and the audience is dissatisfied that it has not been given better entertainment.

The whole adaptation business is as unfair to author and audience alike as it would be if the management of a theatre substituted a recitation of certain sensational passages from Holinshed for a widely advertised performance of Shakespeare. Producers fall into the habit of it because of the publicity value of the book or play adapted, and because few of them ever aim for anything higher than the realistic representation of the incidents of a literary story. In the main they study life rather than the means at their disposal to suggest life. Local colour is plentiful, and it is easier for the director, if he wants scenes of, say, slum life, to go to the slums and take the scenes there or to construct in his studio an exact replica of some actual slum street than to use his brains and build up a set as it would be built up by an expert stage-craftsman, to give just enough colour and atmosphere to the scene.

There are films in which this latter method has been adopted. In *Rascolnikov* and in *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* Herr Robert Wiene, the director, uses throughout a series of artificial sets, painted and constructed in an exaggeration of reality, to emphasise in the former film the squalor and gloom, in the latter the weirdness and morbid fantasy, that surround the characters. There can be no doubt that in such films as these this style of setting is far more effective than any naturalistic style could be, just as in *Robin Hood* the architectural sets used by Mr. Douglas Fairbanks are far more appropriate to this happy-go-lucky romance than would have been any attempt to provide an accurate imitation of the contemporary Gothic.

Although, then, the laws that should govern film production are quite distinct from the laws that govern play production, the film producer can make good use of the experience of the stage in his search for film settings. Here the circus can be of little help to him. The bourgeois theatre of bedroom plays and the fourth-wall-missing theory can be of little help to him. But among stage craftsmen as opposed to stage carpenters and decorators there are several whose work definitely clamours to be used in the development of the cinema. Take for instance one of Mr. Gordon Craig's designs for *King Lear*. Picture it on the screen—immense billowy clouds, beating shafts of hail, and three tiny struggling puppets of men—and compare it with anything the screen has yet given us. Producers may plead that they are busy giving the public what it wants, but if the cinema is ever to be regarded seriously as an art there should be among them a steadily increasing number who will make their directors consider the screen as Mr. Craig considers his stage and every artist his canvas—as a

space to be filled with light and shade and, above all, movement in exact balance.

If the cinema is an art, if it provides a means of giving expression to things that would otherwise exist only as mental visions or incommunicable thoughts, it must have its own laws; but before seeing what these are it is necessary to consider its versatility.

The cinema is an instrument for the diffusion of ideas and impressions just as is the wireless. The scientific lecturer uses it to point out some physical reaction, or by means of artificially constructed cartoons some atomic or astronomical theory. The schoolmaster uses it to show why Euclid needs a certain piece of construction for the proof of one of his theorems; the coach, with the aid of the slow-motion camera, the defects in a crew's style; and the botanist, with the aid of the swift-motion camera, the effect of sunlight on plants. And in future the zoologist will have the travel film, taken largely with a telephoto lens, to supplement his own experiences and his observations in Regent's Park, while the political student will consult the topical budgets of to-day for the omissions of our historians and biographers.

But in all these things the cinema is a mechanical convenience, not an art. It is merely helping out already existing arts or sciences. But the cinema of the entertainment world, the cinema that has a blank square of screen to fill with any series of images that will amuse or edify the public, has more than this to do—has, in fact, a definite art of its own to offer us.

It is the function of this art to give us something that is worth looking at and cannot be perceived in any other way. It need not tell a tale, any more than an Academy picture need tell a tale. That it does so now almost exclusively is due to the overwhelming grip that the public taste fallacy has upon the minds of film producers.

The film without a material meaning, the 'abstract' film, has been attempted by certain producers, seldom yet with much success. The best that has so far been accomplished is a series of films by Herr Ruttmann, a lithographer of Munich. These are no easier to describe than is a Cubist painting, being in fact the principles of Cubism applied to the representation of movement. Thus, as in a Cubist painting colour and form are disintegrated and rearranged for the purposes of design, so in Herr Ruttmann's films colour (or tone), form *and* design are subordinated to movement—set in motion as words are set to music.

So far, except in the ballet, with which the cinema has much in common, art has only been able to suggest the beauty of movement by depicting objects in motion. The Ruttmann films *are* movement, and it is the sensation of movement that is domi-

nant in them, and the design subsidiary. Here, then, we have something that belongs exclusively to the cinema; without its aid these 'pictures' could never have been constructed, nor the effect they afford even so much as suggested.

There are also films that are abstract in the sense that a futurist picture is abstract, giving, that is, patches of scenes and images so arranged as to suggest the confusion of impressions in the artist's mind at one particular moment. The main objection to films of this sort is that they attach only a secondary importance to movement. They succeed only so far as they make movement their main ingredient. Thus in a film of Paris impressions recently exhibited by the London Film Society the spectators were mildly interested in the play of light on a revolving crystal, but only actively excited to applause when the producer put them in the front of a train and sent them whirling round the roofs of the city, and later in the bows of a Seine steamer and let them fly under bridges and through the river traffic with the speed and relentlessness of an arrow. In a similar film one of the principal ingredients is the picture of a girl rocking herself backwards and forwards on a swing—a sight interesting enough, maybe, in its right context in a film with a plot, but of no intrinsic æsthetic value, as its exhibition showed.

Why is this?

The cinema, in so far as it is an art, has to deal only with those movements which can be felt as music is felt. The art of the cinema is the art of conveying sensation by means of visual movement. At present all that is conveyed by ninety-nine films out of a hundred is a series of emotional situations. It may be that a certain proportion of the public delight in these and demand nothing more; but that is no reason why the cinema should neglect its true æsthetic function.

When film directors pay due attention to this, as they must sooner or later, we shall see at last the world as it is, the world in which we live and move and too seldom use our eyes. We shall have, for instance, a representation of a village fair, and it will be seen by us not as a series of picture postcard views but as it might be through the eyes of a single visitor to it. We should in fact be put by the camera in his position. We should see his curiosity as he looks from stall to stall and at each passer-by. We should go on the swings with him, and the whole fair would turn about our heads; and on the roundabout, and we should feel his giddiness. And for a climax there would be the giant racer.

Films of this kind will represent an escape from the conventional manner of production as great as that of the Impressionists from the academic traditions of their day or of Tchekov from the pasteboard realism of the contemporary theatre. They will have

the same result. They will give us actuality in the place of artificiality. They will bring a blast of fresh air into an atmosphere that badly needs it, and they will meet at first with suspicion and ridicule from those in authority.

To get over this difficulty it should be possible to set up a number of independent cinemas to do for films the pioneering work that for plays is done regularly at Hampstead, Kew and Barnes, and to a certain extent by the Sunday societies. The Film Society has done valuable work during the past year in this way and also in the reviving of films of previous years for purposes of comparison; but something more is needed than its annual series of eight performances can afford. There is no reason why the cinemas should not acknowledge, in just the same way as the theatres do, that tastes differ; and no reason why some cinemas, at any rate, should not provide entertainment for the many—one might almost say the multitude—who prefer Lord's to the Law Courts, and such sensations as the thrills of motor racing or the glories of flight to the dreary reiteration of mock heroics and the sublimation of scandals dreamed of in suburban back bedrooms.

But these independent cinemas must have their regular supply of films if they are to be worthy of their name; and herein lies the opportunity for the British producer.

Following the education of our ordinary person [says Dr. Bernard Bosanquet] we find, I should say, that the recent movements in pictorial art have at least included phases which have enabled him to see the world with a larger and more penetrating imagination. Whatever endows him with a new gift of sight, he must suppose, I think, to be a gain.³

And if film directors in England can create films to enlarge the imagination and enrich the sight of the cinema-goer they will be doing something far more than merely putting forward an original brand of goods to compete with the familiar wares of America. It will certainly get them the 'reciprocity' they want, but it will do much more than that. It will inspire audiences in this country and in all the countries to which the cinema has penetrated with respect for their enterprise and understanding and with a sincere interest in all their achievements.

R. E. C. SWANN.

³ *Three Lectures in Æsthetic.*

AT ST. BENOÎT-SUR-LOIRE

It was a surprise to me at Orleans to know that I was near the site of the famous Abbey of Fleury. I had come on pilgrimage indeed to Fleury without knowing whither I was going, for there is no Fleury on the map: it is lost in the glory of the relics that it treasures, and is simply the village of St. Benoît.

St. Benoît is about three miles from St. Aignan-St. Benoît, a tiny station about an hour from Orleans on the railway that runs to Gien, that picturesque riverside town famous for its *faïencerie*, and its beautiful chateau, eighty-six steps up from the level. This railway may be described without offence as lazy; it dallies quietly by village after village through the flat agricultural country of the Loire valley, rich everywhere with associations of the saints and kings of the days in which France came to the birth.

At St. Aignan a diminutive omnibus awaits the train, and the pilgrim is ensconced with one or two countryfolk in a square box-like compartment and soon deposited at St. Benoît. It is a typical French village with a wandering street passing through a market-green, and if it is market-day the stalls are set up beneath the trees, and the villagers stand chaffering round the stalls, the women in sombre black dresses, buying their household necessities for the week, as they have done perhaps since the stones of the abbey were laid one upon another. On one side is the hospice, a remnant of the practical religion of the old days of the monks, and here and there amid the house-fronts are traces of Gothic mouldings, and stonework purloined long ago from the great buildings that once stretched southward to the broad and sluggish river.

The vast mass of the abbey church lies behind, and a few steps bring the pilgrim to the village school and presbytery on its northern side; in April a mass of lilac on the grey wall gives a glorious glow of colour as you pass. But the magnificent portal tower—who can describe it, with its sixteen pillars faced by columns, so heavy and yet so graceful, their capitals carved with such luxuriant wealth of symbol and figure and leaf and flower? These great pillars and their fine vaulting form three colonnades

up to the great west door, and are the base of the tower, which now has but one story above, a fine chamber once the abbot's chapel, whose Nevers stone has a peculiar rosy glow when the sun sets in the west. Its builder, Gauzlin, elected abbot in 1004, was of royal blood, and wished the abbey, already of vast feudal importance, to have a tower that should dominate the neighbourhood. 'I wish,' he is reported to have said, 'to raise at the west of the monastery a tower fit to be a model for all France.' He built it in four stories, and so it remained till the time of Francis I., who punished the monks for resisting his appointment of the first abbot *in commendam* by removing the two upper stories of their grand tower. One of the richly-carved capitals bears the inscription '*Umbertus me fecit*': whether Umbert was the architect of the tower or only the carver of the pillars is unknown: the subjects are indeed most varied, and give many glimpses into the working of the eleventh-century mind. On one pillar are the miseries of humanity—a blind man asking alms; a cripple; a beggar. On another sits the Lord in Judgment, robed and girdled, His right hand on the apostle's head, amid the seven lamps and the seven stars; the artist does not attempt to portray the sword proceeding from His mouth, but writes simply '*Gladium exi de ore Domini*.' All the imagery of the Apocalypse is faithfully given on others—the persecutors of the Church, the four horsemen, the souls beneath the altar, the stars falling from heaven, the men hiding in caves, heaven, and hell with its tenants grinding their teeth. On others the guardian angel takes a child for its care; St. Martin, whose relics were brought here in the Norman invasions, cuts his mantle to clothe the beggar; the Holy Family journey to Egypt; the Virgin and Elizabeth embrace; and Jesus sits in the Temple among the doctors: vine-leaves and grapes, lions, and doves sipping from a vase, acanthus and palms adorn some of them in extraordinary variety.

On each side of the west door are written the names of the kings and saints, popes, bishops, scholars and warriors who visited Fleury in its grandeur. It is indeed a noble list; from the seventh century onward all came to the shrine of St. Benedict. Our own St. Oswald, for instance, in the middle of the tenth century was sent here to learn the spirit of the Benedictine rule and returned to re-establish monasticism, and, as Orderic Vitalis says, 'he was placed at the head of all the English monasteries.' Here they stood at this great door or at an earlier one; monks and abbot waited to do them honour as they crossed the threshold, and far away beneath the grouped pillars of the apse amid the dim radiance of silver lamps was the treasure that St. Benoît guarded, the sacred bones of him who moulded and fixed in lasting form, venerable even in the eleventh century, the fluid

flood of the enthusiasm of Western monasticism, the relics of Benedict of Nursia, that have lain for 1500 years in their jewelled *chasse* at the far east-end, the climax of the adoration of the pilgrim. Even to-day, when monasticism is but a ghost of itself, we come to its founder's shrine with reverent expectation, and a sense of moving amid a great unseen spiritual concourse of our forerunners; the translation of his relics from Monte Cassino to the banks of the Loire was never questioned from the eighth century onwards. It seems no place for critical inquiry, and we yield ourselves to what for all these centuries has been a spiritual fact. The fame of Fleury and all that Fleury stood for, the decayed magnificence of the vast church, and the whole spirit of the place may for the moment authenticate the story on which its glory rested.

That story is that in the seventh century the Lombards wrecked the Abbey of Monte Cassino, where the body of St. Benedict had rested since his death, that the monks had fled with the precious relics, and that Mommolus, Abbot of Fleury, was stirred by a vision to send the monk Aigulf to bring them to the safe haven by the Loire. Aigulf returned in 666 with his sacred burden, and with him monks from Le Mans with the body of St. Scholastica. The story is told in the fifteenth-century carving in the tympanum of the beautiful north door, which is now closed. To the right of the bas-relief is the opening of the tomb; the sepulchral stone has just been raised, and rests on the herbage that has overgrown the stones of the abandoned monastery. A monk takes the bones from the tomb and places them in a basket held by another; others stand reverently beside them. The centre panel represents the miracle by which it was made certain which were the bones of St. Benedict, and which those of his saintly sister, claimed by Aigulf's companions. The two skeletons were there; but which was which? It was settled in this way. Two children had just died at Villeneuve, a boy and a girl. They carried the two skeletons to the children's bodies, in turn praying that the relics of St. Benedict might give life to the boy and those of St. Scholastica to the girl. Both children returned to life, the one at the touch of the larger bones, the other at the touch of the smaller, and, all doubt being now driven away, St. Mommolus and St. Aigulf take the body of St. Benedict on their shoulders and bear it with psalms and swinging censers to the abbey. The procession is shown in the right-hand panel. This beautiful bas-relief is surmounted by a Christ in glory with the four evangelists.

The acquisition of so sacred a treasure made the fortune of Fleury. From an insignificant religious house it became a great spiritual and intellectual centre. In the ninth century Theo-

dulphus, Bishop of Orleans, the friend of Charlemagne, chose Fleury and its monastery to be the site of a great school for young nobles, which attracted, it is said, as many as 5000 students. Thus at St. Benoît spiritual fervour mated with intellectual energy: the stream of pilgrims mingled with the stream of scholars. But abbey and school had hard times during the long period of the Norman invasions. Monasteries like St. Benoît and St. Martin of Tours were dangerously placed on the banks of the Loire. Both were twice utterly wrecked, but both took good care of their chief treasures, the relics of St. Benedict and St. Martin. Like the body of our Cuthbert, they had to wander far. But a new era of prosperity awaited them when the troubles were over, as the glorious church begun by Abbot Gauzlin's stupendous tower, to be completed during the next two centuries, abundantly shows.

The church alone remains of all the magnificence of Fleury. Its schools were shattered, and its famous library dispersed in the sixteenth century by its abbot *in commendam*, Odet de Coligny, a Protestant like his brother the Admiral, and at the Revolution the stones of cloister and refectory, library and dormitory were sold and carted away to a contractor's yard at Orleans. Not a wall is left, only grass-grown ditches on the southern side, and a few poor buildings on the river bank.

But the stupendous church remains, and may be any day almost all your own, except during the great feast in July, when Benedictine fathers gather to do honour to their founder. The vicar, a Benedictine, who serves now as representative of abbot, prior, monk and chanter of the long-vanished abbey, kind and courteous but somewhat forlorn in the long vistas of those eternal aisles, will accompany you. The nave stretches before you in seven bays; it was built after the choir and was dedicated in 1218. In the aisle on the left is the beautiful north door, now walled up. In the last bay are Cardinal Richelieu's choir-stalls, surmounted on either side by most realistic carvings of the Seven Deadly Sins, with a very graceful Annunciation on the side of the southern stall. Beyond the nave is the crossing and wide transepts, and beyond that the architectural choir, sanctuary, ambulatory and chapels, all built before the nave in the most graceful style of the eleventh century, their luxuriant ornament being confined to the capitals of their many pillars. The space before the high altar, which stands in an apse raised on many steps, is paved with mosaic-work of marble, porphyry and jasper, probably antique, given by Cardinal Duprat in the sixteenth century. One naturally asks why this architectural choir is empty of its stalls, why they have been moved down to the nave, and why the level of the paving has been greatly altered, so that the graceful pillars

on either side are shortened and deformed. The answer to these questions is very interesting, and throws considerable light on the development of Catholic sentiment and doctrine. For in the original monastic church the choir where the many monastic offices were said was certainly the architectural choir, some feet below the level of the apse, which was faced by a wall in which there were windows, through which the pious pilgrim could gaze into the crypt where were enshrined the relics of St. Benedict in their golden and jewelled casket. The wall of the apse supported a little chapel with its altar, *not* the high altar of the abbey, but one sacred to the saint resting below; the culminating glory of the vast church was thus not the altar, but the relics of the saint, enshrined amid the glory of carven pillars, arched vaults, and holy chapels. But where was the high altar in the church of the eleventh century? And what was its form? Some remnants of this ancient altar are preserved in the Chapel of St. Mommolus, part of the pre-tenth century church or monastery, and it is clear that it was an oblong stone table, very different from the long altars set up against the eastern walls of cathedrals a century later. Moreover, it is certain that in this church, the *raison d'être* of which was to glorify a great saint, the high altar was not the culminating eastward glory on which the eye rested, but it stood, so to say, in the centre of the church at the crossing, westward of the monastic choir, so that the monks said their daily offices between it and the relics of the saint. It is plain, too, that the priest officiated at the high altar looking west according to the primitive custom. It was in later days that significant changes were made; the stalls were brought down to the first bay of the nave, the high altar was removed, and a new high altar erected in the apse, a series of steps hiding the wall by which pilgrims could look into the crypt was built, altering the levels and hiding the bases of the pillars, and access to the relics afforded to pilgrims by a staircase on either side down into the crypt, as is common in the Confessio of churches in which the bodies of the saints are venerated. Is not the story of the development of Catholic sentiment written here in stone? At first the high altar stood in the midst, and the priest celebrated mass with his face to the people, while the monastic choir lay behind him in front of the sacred relics, or rather of the low wall through which the eyes of the pilgrims peered to get a glimpse of their protecting casket. This was before the definite pronouncement of the Church on Transubstantiation, the eve of the age of Berengarius. But thought changed, and architecture had to be changed with it—nay, deformed and spoiled. The central service of the Catholic Church, the divine drama must occupy the supreme place; the apse, the church's culminating glory, must house the high altar,

and the eucharistic mystery gain, if that were possible, in suggestive solemnity, through being performed in close proximity to the sacred relics. And so this later church staged its drama of redemption amid incense clouds and thronging acolytes as far as possible from the distant worshippers, far even from the monks in their stalls, at an altar no longer central and table-like, but raised on many steps above the spot where the relics lay. At the same time access to the tomb seemed more impressive to the pilgrim, led down to the crypt by the staircase dimly lit, and thronged by worshippers at the time of great solemnities.

Thus outwardly the vast church took the aspect of any great cathedral of its time—the high altar became, as elsewhere, the final and culminating point of reverence; the pillared apse and ambulatory, the group of chapels, the remnants of yet earlier building, and the presence of the saint's body beneath the altar, hidden yet realised to be there, added to the numinous glory of all that surrounded the sacred rite.

In the seventeenth century ecclesiastical fashion, still less well advised, erected a great classical reredos behind the altar, veiling the grace of the grouped columns of the apse and the glimpse of the chapels beyond. This offence, wonderful to relate, has been swept away. Sold for 2050 francs in three lots, and bought by a neighbouring householder for his private chapel, part of it was bought back after the war, and is now installed in the south transept as a war memorial—a delightful illustration of the thrifty spirit of our neighbours.

The capitals of the pillars in the choir and sanctuary, though many of them were restored and their figures obliterated in the fourteenth century, are most interesting and boldly cut. The eye may range from the earthly Paradise in which Adam and Eve wander amid trees interlaced with vines, plucking the fruit as they pass, to the carven story of St. Benedict, St. Maur, and St. Placidus. Indeed, one may suggest that the general idea of the carvings is to represent the state lost by 'man's disobedience and the fruit of that forbidden tree,' restored again in the saintly life of the founder of Western monachism. On one capital is carved in three scenes the sin of Adam. On one hand the good God introduces his children into the garden; in the centre the serpent offers the apple from his capacious jaws fringed with cruel teeth; and on the left the good God, his eyes cast down as if pondering the way of redemption, holding a lock of Adam's long hair in one hand with a closed book in the other, leads them beyond the borders of the earthly Paradise, while the serpent sardonically grins above: the amount of facial expressions in these rude carvings is extraordinary. On other capitals are the sacrifice of Abraham, the Visitation, Jesus in the Temple, Peter walking on

the water, and a Christ crowned and in royal robe reigning from the Tree. So Old and New Testament, Creation and Redemption, prepare the way for portrayals of the glory of St. Benedict. Here he sends St. Maur with the Book of his Rule and the Abbot's Cross on his mission to Gaul; here he miraculously mends the broken mortar which one of his followers, his nurse indeed, had borrowed to bruise the corn in for his food; here St. Maur saves St. Placidus, the youthful disciple who had fallen into a rushing stream; and here the saint raises a dead child to life, which a poor peasant had laid in humble faith at the Gate of Monte Cassino; the limbs of the child tremble, with returning life, and he gives him back to his father; here the proud King Totila kneels in reverence at his feet, just about to be raised from his knees by the saint's reassuring hand.

So perhaps the eleventh-century artist would teach, or teaches maybe better than he knew, that power, beneficence, and the royal simplicity of obedient human nature, lost in the Fall, won back by Christ, bloom and blossom in the life of a saintliness, whose deeds and words seem superhuman to the natural eye and mind. At the shrine of the great saint the whole course of man's fitful story is made to lead up to him and his miracles, the crown of what humanity restored in Christ can become. Such too, no doubt, was the spirit, felt if not expressed, of the more spiritually minded of the pilgrims, led more by reverent awe than by the desire of the healing of their bodily infirmities, who peered through the loopholes in the eastern wall, or descended by the staircase to the mysterious crypt. This veneration of the bodies of the saintly, that seems so strange a feature of the life of the Middle Ages to the rational mind of to-day, and which cannot even be said to hold the place it did in the devotional life of the Catholic Church, was to the vulgar connected with miraculous healing, but to the mystic it was the revelation of the Divine in the human. Even in the Middle Ages the sentiment of the pilgrimage waxed and waned with the sense of the greatness of the personality of the saint, and the number of miracles wrought waxed and waned with it. In the tenth century, for instance, there was a marked diminution of the miracles of healing at the shrine of St. Martin at Tours. The fact is attested by a curious and naïve story¹ of a vision vouchsafed by the saint to Hervé, the rebuilders of the basilica at Tours. The purport of this vision was that the saint, in consequence of the decay of piety in the world, and notably in the cloister, was now more supremely concerned with the saving of men's souls than of their bodies: the power of his intercession must now be exercised for the increase of holiness rather than for the cure of the diseased pilgrims; in fact, St. Martin had not the

¹ *La Collégiale de Saint-Martin de Tours.*—E. R. Vaucelle, p. 161.

time to use in this less important ministry. In the next century the decline of pilgrims consequent on the saint's acknowledged lack of interest in the healing of bodily infirmity was made good to the monastery by the acquisition of the relics of saints, more open to the old appeal of disease, and the pilgrimages resumed their popularity and financial success. What ebb and flow there was in the popularity of St. Benedict we do not know; certainly it must have been at its height when this majestic shrine was built. But the monastery, becoming a great centre of intellectual life, famous through the world for its schools, and thronged with students, acquired other sources of income than that which flowed from the pilgrims, though no doubt the two interests reacted on each other. The stream of students and the stream of pilgrims flowed side by side, and both were to the glory of the premier Benedictine abbey, which sheltered the relics of St. Benedict himself.

One small remnant of the earlier monastery, probably of the seventh century, remains in the so-called Chapel of St. Mommolus. It leads out of the crypt on the south side, and is a small vaulted hall, supported by two rugged central pillars, the capitals adorned with a rude design. Two masked windows on the north side prove that it was anterior to the present sanctuary. It is now a kind of museum, containing capitals that have been taken down, the remains of the original altar, and the massive wooden chest, in which the bones of the saint were enclosed from the time of the Revolution until their removal to the beautiful new *chasse* in 1881. The altar has been put together from fragments; it was a rectangular cube, each face adorned with niches for the figure of a saint, and has the appearance of the Christian tombs of the early centuries at Arles or elsewhere.

The interest of the chapel is that it was here when Aigulf carried his sacred treasure to the spot where it has rested so many centuries.

The repose of the mortal body of St. Benedict, if it indeed lie here, has not always been as peaceful as the calm of his great church suggests. Many of his bones have been given to other churches; it is but a remnant, according to the *procès verbal* of July 9, 1881, that rests in the present golden *chasse*, illuminated with figures of saints and armorial bearings. In peace for awhile here, then through the period of the Norman invasions, his monastery twice destroyed, he was carried hither and thither for safety; then after these upheavals he was shrined in the eleventh century in this glorious crypt to be for a long period the source of healing to the pilgrim and the centre of the life of the learning of Fleury. Doomed to meet in the wars of the Reformation, since Coligny's brother had the property of the

abbey in his grasp, a tide of greed and spoliation, which left it with the schools associated with his memory crippled for ever, and their great library dispersed, he rested here until the Revolution swept away everything at St. Benoît but the noble church to the contractor's carts—hallowed stones for common uses!

Through the years he has slept on, type of religion in this transitory world, the same in spirit whether held in honour or buffeted by the unruly passions of men. Amid a France whose attitude to religion is so puzzling he sleeps still, venerated but little visited: his casket, of the most exquisite craftsmanship of our time, attended by one Benedictine father, the *parochus* of the village, reverently set where it was laid 1200 years ago, is no longer the goal of thousands of pilgrim feet seeking health from the touch of his holiness; it is no more the vivid inspiration of a great company of his order and their scholars in the cloisters that once were joined to the church; the flame of his pure and distant light has paled before the warmer and more sensuous attraction of Lourdes, or the national spirit aroused by the name of St. Joan. The learning of a Fleury is no longer fed at the tombs of the saints. But yet to eyes that look back, and minds that try to sum up the values of the ages and to trace faithfully the sources of their best inspiration, this fair crypt with its pathetic treasure-chest speaks eloquently. He who lies here worked miracles in men, and the something in men which responded to his touch exists still if in other forms, and the arm of Him in whose keeping Benedict was as a little child is not shortened, though His accents in our ears sound not in the same tones.

W. J. FERRAR.

SOME POINTS IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SAILING SHIP

To a student of the evolution of ships the existing relics of the ancient world present many more or less accurate drawings of ships and some models of ships made for special purposes, and possibly distorted so as to serve those purposes the better, but from the perishable nature of their wooden structure, actual vessels can only be preserved through the ages by such a concatenation of favourable circumstances as must always render them the greatest rarities.

From the ancient world, there exist in the Cairo Museum two boats made during the XIIth Dynasty, about B.C. 2000, for use in sacred processions, while at Abu Sir near Sakkara there is a large model of a sacred boat in brick. Several resting places for such boats, hollowed out of the rock and preserving much of the external form of the vessel, have also been found, and there are of course a very large number of small models of Nile boats, most of them also dating from the XIIth Dynasty, many of them of very beautiful workmanship, but nearly all distorted and exaggerated in their underwater body, in order that they may stand conveniently on a flat surface.

Of these early relics the two full-size sacred boats alone show with any detail the method of construction employed. They are built of a number of small pieces of wood set together end to end and edge to edge so as to form a wooden skin, the pieces connected by double wedges of hard wood in dice-box form, and they are built entirely without keel, stem, sternpost or any internal framing. So remote is the construction of these vessels from the framed ship of the great age of sail, and so completely has this method of building disappeared from the modern world save over part of the Upper Nile and on the Ganges, that it would be unnecessary to say more of it here were it not that a consideration of the drawings of Egyptian ships enables us to interpret more accurately those of mediæval vessels. In spite of all the doubt which has been cast on the details of the ships of the Egyptians, as depicted in tombs and temples, and the criticisms which have been levelled at their seaworthiness, it has been

found that the proportions of the actual boats preserved are exactly those of the dug-out canoes still used by the natives of Accra on the West Coast of Africa, a type of vessel particularly noted for its qualities as a good surf-boat.

The explanation of the unreal appearance of the ships on Egyptian frescoes lies in the fact that the artists always showed their vessels exactly broadside-on, and that it is most difficult to realise that a vessel whose length was generally about twelve times her depth amidships was not necessarily extremely long in proportion to her breadth; for in modern craft the breadth is seldom more than double the depth, and if there is more than one deck it is very much less. In the existing sacred boats the breadth amidships reaches one quarter of the extreme length, and if, therefore, we interpret the drawings of other vessels in these terms and also raise the artist's water-line through about one third of the freeboard shown, we obtain a picture of a practicable and seaworthy boat. This tendency of the more primitive artists to depress the water-line is exemplified by nearly every small boy when he draws his boat as she stands on the floor before him, and afterwards is naturally unwilling to hide more of his treasure below his water-line than need be. The same characteristic of an abnormally low water-line is even more strongly marked in the many mediæval seals which show ships, and it persisted in England until the end of the Tudor period; consequently the apparent want of seaworthiness in almost any mediæval ship as depicted by contemporary artists or sculptors may be removed if only the observer will give himself the trouble of raising by a few feet the water-line shown.

In Northern Europe we are fortunate in possessing the actual remains of three large vessels in a reasonable state of preservation, the earliest one dating from about 300 A.D. and of Danish origin, found in a marsh or bog at Nydam near Kiel, another in a burial tumulus at Gokstad near Oslo, and the third at Oseberg near the same place, the last two being both of the ninth century A.D.

These three ships are all so nearly complete as to show in full detail the methods by which they were built. They are all about 80 feet long and are constructed with a long keel to which are attached a curved stem forward and an almost exactly similar curved sternpost aft. Resting on the top of the keel are a series of curved transverse timbers or ribs, and laid longitudinally outside these timbers is the outside planking, each strake partially overlapping that below it in the fashion now known as clincher-built. The earlier vessel, which was propelled entirely by oars, has a beam of only 10·5 feet as compared with the 16·5 feet beam of the two others, and the planking in her case is cut out so as to leave a number of lugs projecting on the inside

and pierced with holes, rather as is seen in some modern roofing tiles. Lashings were passed through these lugs, and the planks were by this means connected to the frames. In the Viking ships the upper planking is fixed by iron pins, but, except for these differences, the three vessels are similar in all essentials. They are fine both fore and aft, with considerable sheer, and of almost exactly similar shape at both ends, while amidships they are full in form.

It was in just such large undecked boats that the voyages described in the Saga of Eric the Red were made, from Norway to Iceland, thence to Greenland, and later south to the American 'Vineland,' while for more than two centuries similar ships of the Danes spread terror through the coasts of Scotland and of England and penetrated even the estuaries of Ireland. The type has survived almost unchanged in Northern Norway and North-Western Russia, while their small descendants of Northern Scotland and the Faroe Islands still display very definite signs of their Norse ancestry and from thence have become so well established in the whaling industry that all double-ended boats are ordinarily spoken of as whaler-built.

For propulsion the Norse ships relied mainly on oars, worked by their large crews of sixty or more men, but they carried one mast amidships, on which a square sail could be set athwartship when the wind was favourable. The same square sail is still used in the more remote parts of Norway, but in other lands it has given way to one or more lug sails, set fore and aft in the boat, which enable some progress to be made against a contrary wind.

An item of particular interest in all three of these ancient vessels is the rudder, which was not hung from the sternpost as it is in modern craft, but was supported on the quarter, the starboard or steerboard quarter, in such a way that it could be rotated about its axis by means of a short handle or tiller which projected into the vessel, an arrangement which shows considerable affinities both to the steering paddles of the ancient Egyptians and to the quarter-rudders still used on the Ganges and the Irrawaddy.

After the period of these earlier Norse and Danish ships, little or nothing is known of the vessels of Northern Europe until the date of the Bayeux tapestry which depicts William the Conqueror's invasion of England, but the ships there shown are so nearly identical to those of their northern ancestors as to make it evident that the Normans' 200 years residence in France had in no way altered their methods of shipbuilding.

The contemporary evidence for the details of the ships of the Middle Ages consists very largely of seals, which in the case of important ports commonly bore a ship under sail. In ship-con-

struction, if we allow for the limitations of space under which the engravers worked, there was little change for nearly two centuries, save that the vessels became considerably shorter. Oars, as a chief means of propulsion, were no longer shown, but fore-castles and after-castles were added at the two ends of the ship, first as temporary erections to provide commanding positions for men-at-arms, but later as permanent parts of the ship's structure. The rudder continued as a paddle fixed to the quarter, and it is not until the thirteenth century that the seal of Ipswich shows a rudder permanently fixed to the sternpost. This marks an innovation of considerable importance, as until that date all northern vessels were effectively double-ended, and little differentiation had been made between bow and stern. With a fixed rudder on the sternpost, however, the possibility of interchangeability disappeared and the way was open to the great differences in structure between bow and stern which are so typical of the ships of the Tudor and Stuart periods. Through several centuries little change was made in the rigging, the single mast and large square sail remaining essentially unaltered, and it was not until nearly the middle of the fifteenth century that we begin to find evidence of the addition of two smaller masts, one spreading a square sail and stepped forward very near the stem, so as to prevent the ship from turning into the wind when the wind was abeam, and the other aft in the stern with a sail which facilitated steering.

About the same time as the additional masts appeared, examples occur of a bowsprit which served to set up the stay of the mainmast—or more usefully that of the new foremast—while later, near the end of the century, this spar was utilised to set an additional square sail, low down near the water, but able to assist that of the foremast in keeping the vessel's head off the wind.

In view of the fact that the bowsprit or 'artemon,' carrying a square sail and serving the above-mentioned purpose, was employed by the Romans in one-masted vessels—although in common with the rest of their comparatively advanced methods of rigging it entirely disappeared with the fall of their empire—it is curious that in the development of the sailing ship amongst northern nations the use of a square sail on the bowsprit, in a position so advantageous for exerting a turning movement on the vessel and for keeping her off the wind, did not appear sooner.

Although a number of illustrations exist in which early three-masted ships are shown with square sails on their mizzen, it is at least doubtful whether these sails were really the square or 'cross' sails shown, for as long as the lateen sail was in its infancy in Northern Europe many artists, as for example the

painter of the famous *Departure of Henry VIII. from Dover*, were unable to distinguish between the old square sails on main and fore and the comparatively new lateen sail on the mizzen. In the picture quoted, the spar or outlicker which projects from the stern of every vessel would have been quite useless with the square sail which the artist shows, although most necessary to extend the sheet of a lateen mizzen.

The triangular, or nearly triangular, lateen sail, with its long yard nearly fore and aft of the ship, is first known in the Mediterranean during the ninth century, although it is most probable that it was introduced by the Arabs in the tide of their conquests of 200 years earlier. As a primary sail it spread west and north as far as the Bay of Biscay, but further north it was only employed as a convenient mizzen steering sail. Curiously enough, the word 'mizzen' is itself from the Arabic '*mizân*,' a balance or adjustment, so the term may well have come west with the sail, but unfortunately, to the destruction of all consistency, the French '*misaine*' means the foremast.

To return to the vessel's hull. As soon as a rudder hung permanently from the sternpost became the accepted practice much differentiation began to take place in the stern, the upper part of which was extended aft, usually in square form, so as to increase the accommodation available for the master and for the more important passengers. At the same time the after end became more and more bluff, until by the end of the fifteenth century the semi-circular 'square tuck,' extending well below the water-line, was generally adopted and gave the lower part of the stern that truncated appearance which is commonly seen in drawings of the sixteenth century. This form of construction, which persisted in large English vessels until about the Restoration and in other European countries for many years later, is still to be seen in a great number of the smaller British boats and in Thames sailing barges. Concurrently with this development near the water-line the upper decks were allowed to project still further beyond the sternpost, and in large vessels, such as the *Harry Grace à Dieu* of 1514, we find a succession of three 'counters,' each projecting further aft than the deck below it. Such an arrangement of three decks at the stern, superimposed above the upper structural deck with the object of providing commanding positions for the men-at-arms, although it produced vessels of most terrifying appearance, very greatly diminished their seaworthiness. The after erections were to some extent balanced by a double-decked fore-castle, but the waist of these craft remained so low that it had to be protected, by means of nettings and gratings, from the assaults of the fighting-men, placed on the lofty upper works of the enemy ships.

A most important innovation, introduced by Henry VIII., was the piercing of the sides of the hull for the accommodation of heavy ordnance, such as could only be carried low down in the ship. A number of small cannons had previously been mounted on the upper works, but it was not until this period that the actual structure of the hull was in any way modified in order to improve the fighting capacity of the ship.

During the reign of Elizabeth very considerable improvements were made in the design of English warships, their length was increased in proportion to their beam and their bows became less bluff, while towards the end of the Tudor period the height of the stern and fore-castle was reduced to more reasonable limits. As a result, when the test of battle came, the fleet under Lord Howard of Effingham was able to out-sail and to out-manceuvre the ships of the Great Armada, all of the older and more cumbersome type; but it must always be remembered that the determining factor in the English victory was that our ships employed heavy ordnance, carried low in the ships, while the enemy relied mainly on the fire of their men-at-arms and of lighter guns, mounted on the upper works. Great as were the improvements in body form, an unfortunate misinterpretation has tended to exaggerate both its magnitude and its suddenness. It is true, as is often stated, that the earlier Elizabethan ships had a 'length' which was only twice their beam; but 'length' then meant only the length of the keel, without allowing for the overhang either of the sternpost or of the stem. As these overhangs together totalled at least as much as the beam of the ship, the length, as we know the term, measured from stem to sternpost, amounted to about three times the beam, and this ratio remained by no means uncommon for small vessels right up to the end of the eighteenth century, although for larger ships the improvement which Hawkins initiated continued slowly and gradually for nearly a century.

In this connexion, it should be remembered that it is only from the latter days of Queen Elizabeth that we have in England any exact dimensions or accurate pictorial representations of contemporary ships. The State Papers of that reign contain full numerical details of the individual Royal ships of 1602, while a manuscript collected by Samuel Pepys, and still preserved in his library at Cambridge, shows a number of shipwrights' draughts of ships of this period. Another manuscript in the same collection provides the exact dimensions of the masts and spars of all our men-of-war of 1600.

In the matter of masts, the latter part of the fifteenth century showed a gradual increase in size of the foremast and its accompanying sails, for after the introduction of the spritsail on the

bowsprit the foremast was able, more and more, to supplement the mainmast as a means of propulsion and to leave to the spritsail the duty of keeping the vessel's head off the wind.

In the larger ships from the reign of Henry VII. onwards the lateen mizzen was assisted by the addition of a still smaller mast and lateen sail, called the bonaventure mizzen, placed right aft on the counter, and this four-masted rig remained usual for the largest ships until the second quarter of the sixteenth century, when the mizzenmast became considerably larger and received the addition of a topmast carrying a square topsail.

The best known example of the rigging of this period is Payne's famous print of the *Sovereign of the Seas* of 1637, which also shows the further addition of a vertical topmast and small square sail, called the spritsail topsail, at the end of the bowsprit.

To continue on the subject of sails, from the time of the *Sovereign of the Seas* down to the period of the famous clipper ships of the middle of the nineteenth century, the development has been all in small steps and in small details, each designed to obtain some comparatively small increase in mechanical efficiency. The manuscript rigging plans of Sir Anthony Deane of 1670 show vessels which, in all essentials of spars and sails, are extraordinarily similar to the ships which fought at Trafalgar, although there are, of course, certain definite differences which strike the eye.

By far the most important change during this period was the gradual introduction of jibs and staysails into the larger ships. The jib, a triangular sail spread forward between the foremast and the bowsprit, or rather its continuation the jib-boom, served to reinforce the action of the spritsail and spritsail topsail in keeping the vessel's head off the wind. This sail proved so useful that by about 1730 it had caused the disappearance of the troublesome spritsail topmast, which, from the impossibility of adequately staying it, must always have been most difficult to keep in place; and although the square spritsails were retained until the early part of the nineteenth century, their use as head sails disappeared, and they served only as running sails in fair and light breezes.

Even before the employment of the jib, triangular staysails had been spread on some of the stays, between the masts, and these, serving as they did to assist the vessel when beating against the wind, became so popular that before 1800 every ship had as complete a set of fore and aft staysails as she had of square 'cross' sails.

After a life of some 300 years in northern ships it was found about 1750 that the triangular fore end of the lateen mizzen sail served little useful purpose, and in consequence this portion was cut away, and, although the whole of the large lateen yard was

retained in big ships for many years, sail was only spread on the after end as far as the mast, and the fore end became vestigial.

In small ships a gaff, or short spar with jaws partially embracing the mast, had been introduced to spread the mizzen sail, and by 1770 this method was also employed in the larger ships, where the useless fore end of the lateen yard interfered with the spreading of a mizzen staysail. Soon afterwards the gaff was lengthened, the mizzen sail was increased in size and its foot spread by a boom, thus converting it into the large 'spanker' or the 'driver,' so useful as a steering sail to the clipper ships.

From the moment of its introduction in the fifteenth century, the ship-rig with its three masts represented so great an improvement in sailing and manœuvring power over its predecessor, whose one mast and a square sail gave her no ability to utilise any wind that was not well aft, as to become almost universal among all the nations of the seaboard of Western Europe for all but the very smallest coasting vessels. Improvements however in one- and two-masted vessels began, after about the middle of the eighteenth century, to restrict the ship-rig more and more to the large vessels, with the result that it is now sometimes difficult to remember that up to that period practically all ocean-going vessels, even down to small merchantmen of 150 tons, were ship-rigged.

It is true that the smaller and earlier of these merchantmen, after the fashion of the Navy in the previous century, did not carry the square topsail on their mizzen, which in the latter days of sail formed the hall-mark of a ship; but ships they were both in name and by descent, and it was not until after the introduction of steamers that the term 'barque' was applied to those small ships which, in order to economise in their crews, had discarded or had not been fitted with a square mizzen topsail.

To return to the subject of ship-design, from the restoration of the monarchy we are on sure grounds for, from that date, contemporary dockyard models of the more important ships have been preserved, in increasing numbers as their period approaches our own, while from 1700 onwards the plans of nearly all the men-of-war built may be found at the Admiralty. Details of merchantmen, however, and particularly of small merchantmen, are a more difficult matter, as up to the middle of the eighteenth century hardly any contemporary models seem to have been made, nor are any plans known to have been preserved.

After the reign of Charles II. change in the matters of ship-design and construction, as in rigging, was slow and confined mainly to small details, for the reason that our naval architects

of that period had arrived at an extremely satisfactory result, which as long as wind remained the motive power could only be improved in minor matters.

The beautiful, but excessive, carving and gilding of the later Stuart ships was reduced under the Georges and was again reduced at the beginning of the nineteenth century; the sterns were gradually lowered, and the facilities for communication between quarter-deck and forecastle were progressively improved, until by about 1840 the two were joined into one continuous flush deck; but essentially the hull of a man-of-war of Nelson's time differed much less from that of one of the opponents of De Ruyter than do our recently launched post-war Dreadnoughts from their predecessors of before the war.

Towards the end of the French wars however a marked change was made in hull form by discarding the old square beakhead bulkhead and carrying the stem and its forward planking right up to the level of the forecastle deck, while in 1827 the form of the square stern was eased off into an ellipse in order to facilitate the placing of guns so as to fire on the quarter, where previously there had been a 'blind spot.' Other minor improvements followed, but between 1850 and 1860 first steam and then iron attained the ascendancy in the Navy, and the old wooden sailing warship, instead of further development, became gradually only a relic of the past.

Amongst merchantmen, sailing ships have owed their longer history to the relatively high coal consumption of the earlier steamers, while for many years a place remained to them in the longer oceanic routes and for the transport of those types of cargo for which speed was not essential.

Until the beginning of the sixteenth century warships as such did not exist in England, and all large vessels were constructed for the double purpose of carrying merchandise and of fighting the enemy when occasion demanded. It was only the introduction of heavy ordnance by Henry VIII. that caused the differentiation between the man-of-war with her sides pierced as near the water-line as possible, in order that she might carry her great guns with safety, and the merchantman with her smaller number of lighter guns arranged at a greater height, so as to interfere as little as possible with the stowage of cargo, but quite sufficiently armed to put up a stout fight against pirates or privateers.

Right up to the general introduction of steam into the Navy, the larger merchant ships differed little from their warlike contemporaries, beside which they were frequently called on to fight, save that they carried a considerably lighter armament and were rather less strongly constructed. But the introduction

of steam, increasing as it did that desire for speed which its early limitations made it unable to supply throughout long voyages, proved a great stimulus to improvements in both the body-form and the rigging of sailing merchantmen, and from about 1850 much competition existed, particularly between lines plying to the Far East, in the matter of speedy voyages.

So much however has been written during the last few years about the rise of the famous sailing clippers, and their rapid decline after the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869, that it is unnecessary to elaborate their history here. Suffice it to say that since the Great War, large sailing ships have become so scarce as to be objects of almost antiquarian interest, and that just as they fell before the steam engine, so at the present moment our small sailing craft are rapidly disappearing, driven off the seas by the advancing internal combustion motor.

G. S. LAIRD CLOWES.

EMILY BRONTË'S POEMS

These important textual corrections and unpublished verses are here printed for the first time by kind permission of Mr. Clement Shorter, owner of the Brontë copyrights.

THE Brontë family of peculiar geniuses were dominated in life by Charlotte, and though she was ready to do justice to Emily's talents, the reputation of the stronger character overshadowed that of her more aloof sister for many years. It is not so now. Interest in the elusive personality and the writings of Emily Jane Brontë grows with the rolling years. There is now an inclination to rank *Wuthering Heights* as the greatest of the Brontë novels, but whatever the variance of opinion on that score, there is no doubt about this—that of the three Brontë sisters Emily was the Poet.

Twenty-one of Emily's poems were published in 1846 in that once obscure but now famous volume *Poems by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell*. In the one-volume edition of *Wuthering Heights* and *Agnes Grey*, edited by 'Currer Bell' and published in 1850, Charlotte included in a selection from Emily's literary remains another batch of eighteen poems. The next important augmentation was made in a limited edition of 110 copies of *Poems by Charlotte, Emily, and Anne Brontë*, published by Dodd, Mead & Company, of New York, in 1902. A further big addition of previously unpublished poems gave distinctive value to the edition of Emily's poems, edited by Mr. Clement Shorter and published by Hodder & Stoughton in 1910. Then in 1923 appeared *The Complete Poems of Emily Jane Brontë*, also edited by Mr. Shorter. This, the most authoritative of all editions, contains all that had previously appeared, even in privately printed issues, and it is enhanced by numerous corrections and improved readings, with informative notes by Mr. C. W. Hatfield. In the preface Mr. Hatfield says:

More than two hundred words have been amended, and it is believed that we have now as accurate a transcript of the words written by Emily Brontë as it is possible to obtain.

Those familiar with the literary history of the Brontës will

remember how in the autumn of 1845 Charlotte accidentally found a manuscript volume of poems in the handwriting of her secretive sister Emily. 'It took hours,' Charlotte tells us, 'to reconcile her to the discovery I had made, and days to persuade her that such poems merited publication.'

The present location of this notable manuscript volume was unknown to Brontë authorities until I had the good fortune, while on quite a different quest, to meet it among a big collection of Brontë manuscripts and relics in the Honresfeld library of A. J. Law, Esq., formerly M.P. for Rochdale. The manuscript consists of twenty-nine pages, 7 inches by 4½ inches, written by Emily Jane Brontë in a rather minute hand which towards the end—evidently when she feared the paper would not suffice—becomes definitely microscopic. I have had the pleasure and privilege, thanks to the special facilities accorded to me by the owner, of making a searching examination of the identical volume in Emily's handwriting discovered by Charlotte. The outcome of its rediscovery is somewhat astonishing.

This treasure volume contains thirty-one poems dated 1838 to 1846. Of these, fifteen were first printed in the 1846 volume of verse, eight were given to the world in the 1850 edition of *Wuthering Heights*, and eight made their first appearance in print as recently as 1902 in the New York edition of poems by the Brontë sisters. Comparison of the manuscript with the printed text reveals many differences and discrepancies. It is not without interest to scan those which occur in the poems first published in 1846, though the variations furnished by the manuscript cannot be offered as corrections, because it must be assumed that Emily had the opportunity of revising the printer's proofs and was responsible for the comparatively unimportant alterations.

The reliability of Charlotte Brontë as sponsor for and editor of the poems by Emily which were included in the 1850 volume has never been queried, and the fidelity and authenticity of the text of the poems has not been even remotely suspected. However, the Honresfeld manuscript compels a complete revision of accepted ideas, in view of the direct evidence it affords that Charlotte was unquestionably infected with that most annoying of editorial diseases, 'altermania.'

Emily's own manuscript proves that the text of her poems as printed by Charlotte in 1850 is an amazing cento of genuine and spurious. Numerous textual corrections of it are essential, and the next edition of Emily Brontë's poems should have the distinction not only of purging several of the poems of unauthorised interpolations and recording the true text, but withal the further honour of printing two pieces for the first time in full by the

insertion of stanzas which Charlotte entirely omitted. Later editors, never suspecting the authenticity of the text, and not having access to the original manuscript, accepted and reprinted Charlotte's 'Selection' of Emily's poems practically *en bloc*.

The eight poems printed by Charlotte in 1850 as the work of Emily naturally invite special scrutiny. The Honresfeld manuscript is the sole authority for them, and it is undoubtedly the volume utilised by Charlotte. Indeed, no other manuscript of any one of these eight poems is known. The differences between Emily's *written* lines and Charlotte's *printed* version must be accounted the work of the editor, and the author of *Jane Eyre* cannot be freed from the onus of tampering with her sister's poems and vitiating the text by a tinkering process of alteration, addition and suppression, of which no hint was given in presenting the poems to the public. Some might argue that several of the changes are improvements, and that Charlotte Brontë was entitled to amend and recast as she pleased poems written by a sister who was no longer alive to see how they looked in print, and to make the revision which printed lines so often seem to render imperative.

The plain truth is that Charlotte was much inferior to Emily as a poet, and in most cases her alterations are the very reverse of improvements. However, even if it could be established that every change was a change for the better, literary people would still be justified in resenting such editorial meddling with and muddling of the text of the poems of a departed poet, and none the less though that poet was a beloved sister.

Mrs. Gaskell says: 'It was thought desirable about this time to republish *Wuthering Heights* and *Agnes Grey*, the works of the two sisters, and Charlotte undertook the task of editing them.' In a letter to Ellen Nussey, Charlotte mentions that at this period she was 'closely engaged *revising*, transcribing,' etc. Possibly this very 'revising' is to blame for the unreliability of Charlotte's versions of Emily's poems, and may account for the mangling of this first stanza of a particularly interesting piece dated in the manuscript 'December 4th, 1838':

A little while, a little while,
The noisy crowd are barred away;
And I can sing and I can smile
A little while I've holyday!

Though the lines are not to be found so printed in any edition, that is how Emily began her well-known poem descriptive of her experience as a schoolteacher. Evidently Charlotte did not approve of the terse allusion to the boisterous scholars, so she pencilled an alteration above the second line of the manuscript,

and in accordance with that interpolation printed the verse thus:

A little while, a little while,
The *weary task* is *put* away,
And I can sing, and I can smile,
Alike, while I have holiday.

The fourth line has no pencilled changes, and that unfortunate word 'Alike' may be a misreading, though the correct word is as clearly written as the recurring 'little' in the first line, and it is probable that Charlotte substituted the word she printed simply to avoid a third use of 'little' in the one stanza. She took similar liberties with the second verse, which as Emily wrote it should read:

Where wilt thou go my harassed heart?
Full many a land invites thee now;
And places near, and far apart,
Have rest for thee, my weary brow.

Again Charlotte's pencil is in evidence, and she printed the stanza with her own alterations incorporated in this fashion:

Where wilt thou go my harassed heart—
What thought, what scene invites thee now?
What spot, or near or far apart,
Has rest for thee, my weary brow?

Numerous other corrections of the accepted text of this poem are made imperative by comparison of the printed version with the only known copy in the handwriting of Emily Jane Brontë. Only two of the stanzas were published by Charlotte as Emily wrote them. She gave us 'sheep' instead of Emily's 'deer,' and misled many authorities into thinking that the poem referred to Emily's school life in Brussels by printing

Still— as I mused—the naked room,
The *alien* firelight died away;

instead of the authentic version—

Yes, as I mused, the naked room,
The flickering firelight died away.

Emily's references to Miss Patchett's school at Law Hill were altogether too strong for Charlotte, and the penultimate stanza had to be toned down. Emily wrote:

Could I have lingered but an hour,
It well had paid a week of toil,
But Truth has banished Fancy's power:
I hear my dungeon bars recoil.

Instead of that strong fourth line Charlotte's interpolating pencil

made an alteration which emerged in this emasculated printed version :

Restraint and heavy task recoil.

It is impossible to tabulate the many other amendments required in the text of this interesting poem, but they are all available for the next new edition of Emily's verse. The most astonishing fact culled from the original manuscript of the piece is that in printing it Charlotte entirely omitted a beautiful stanza which should come between the fifth and sixth printed verses. It has never before been printed and reads :

Shall I go there ? or shall I seek
Another clime, another sky,
Where tongues familiar, music speak
In accents dear t' memory ?

The first poem in the Honresfeld manuscript volume is *Loud without the Wind was Roaring*, dated November 11, 1838. It has no pencilled alterations, but comparison with the printed version shows that most of the verses have been tinkered by the 'improving' hand of the poetical censor of the Brontë family. Charlotte 'sighed' where Emily 'grieved,' preferred 'which' to Emily's 'that,' converted 'slopes' into 'heights,' turned 'scarlet' into 'vermeil,' and did violence to the text even to the extent of entirely rewriting the third line of the sixth stanza and the fourth line of the fifteenth. As an example of Charlotte's baneful ideas of editing take the fifth stanza, which she printed as follows :

Awaken, o'er all my dear moorland,
West-wind, in thy glory and pride !
O ! call me from valley and lowland
To walk by the hill-torrent's side !

This is what Emily wrote :

Awaken on all my dear moorlands
The wind in its glory and pride !
O call me from valleys and highlands
To walk by the hill-river's side !

Many Brontë lovers consider *The Blue Bell* one of Emily's finest poems. It is one of the eight printed by Charlotte from the Honresfeld manuscript, where it is dated December 18, 1838. This piece also has suffered from misreadings and unpardonable alterations, but it is even more astonishing to discover that in printing the poem Charlotte Brontë completely omitted four consecutive stanzas. Later editors, with implicit faith in Charlotte, and lacking manuscript authority, naturally repeated the

blunders and perpetuated the omission. Here is *The Blue Bell* printed correctly and in full for the first time. Italics indicate the corrections and a perpendicular line the hitherto unpublished verses.

The blue bell is the sweetest flower
That waves in summer air :
Its blossoms have the mightiest power
To soothe my spirit's care.

There is a spell in purple heath
Too wildly, sadly dear ;
The violet has a fragrant breath,
But fragrance will not cheer.

The trees are bare, the sun is cold,
And seldom, seldom seen ;
The heavens have lost their zone of gold
And earth *its* robe of green.

And ice upon the glancing stream
Has cast its *sombre* shade,
And distant hills and valleys seem
In frozen mist arrayed.

The blue bell cannot charm me now,
The heath has lost its bloom ;
The violets in the glen below,
They yield no sweet perfume.

But though I mourn the *heather*-bell,
'Tis better far, away ;
I know how fast my tears would swell
To see it smile to-day.

And that wood flower that hides so shy
Beneath the mossy stone,
Its balmy scent and dewy eye,
'Tis not for them I moan.

It is the slight and stately stem,
The blossoms silvery blue,
The buds hid like a sapphire gem
In sheathes of emerald hue.

'Tis these that breathe upon my heart
A calm and softening spell,
That if it makes the tear-drop start
Has power to soothe as well.

For these I weep—so long divided—
Through winter's dreary day,
In longing weep—but most when guided
On withered banks to stray.

If chilly then the light should fall
Adown the dreary sky,
And gild the dank and darkened wall
With transient brilliancy,

How do I yearn, how do I pine
For the time of flowers to come,
And turn me from that fading shine
To mourn the fields of home.

The word 'heather-bell' in the sixth stanza is not easy to decipher, and no doubt it puzzled Charlotte Brontë, who got nicely over the difficulty by printing 'sweet Bluebell.' The only pencilled interpolation occurs in the first line of the penultimate stanza, where Charlotte has lightly drawn her editor's pencil through all but the last word and written 'Yet oh when chill the sunbeams' above Emily's line. With the further alteration of 'And' for 'Yet' the line was so printed. The fourth word in the final stanza has always been printed 'weep,' and one can readily forgive Charlotte for so misreading it, as the word in the manuscript suffers from complications and looks very like 'weep' owing to the fact that Emily first wrote 'long,' and then, finding a better word, converted it into 'yearn.'

Charlotte Brontë describes the pieces dealt with up to this point as 'three little poems of my sister Emily's, written in her *sixteenth* year.' Mr. Hatfield in his note thereon (*Complete Poems*, 1923, p. 37), written without knowledge of these dated manuscripts, shrewdly suggests the probability that Charlotte was mistaken, and that the poems were written at a much later date. Close examination of the manuscript proves that he was right, and reveals the reason for Charlotte's error. As a rule Emily's figuring of the dates at the head of the poems is indifferently done, and the last figure of the year given for the composition of *A Little While* looks at first sight quite like a '3.' Indeed, it is not unlike the undoubted '3' which precedes it, but closer scrutiny and more minute comparison of all the figures proves that the correct date is '1838,' which is also the date—in very clear figures—of the other two poems. Charlotte has misread an '8' that looks like a '3,' and those who have wrestled most with the handwriting of the Brontës will blame her least. Manifestly, then, this school poem was written while Emily, then in her twenty-first year, was a teacher at Miss Patchett's educational establishment, where the date indicates she remained, not, as Mrs. Gaskell says, for *six* months, but for a year and a half.

The poem which begins 'Shall Earth no more inspire thee,' has suffered less from editorial interference than some of the others. It has no pencilled alterations. Nevertheless, Charlotte

did not print it exactly as in the original, and one of her deviations is worth noting. Emily wrote:

Few hearts to mortal given,
On earth so wildly pine,
Yet none would ask a Heaven
More like the earth than thine.

This was too strong for Charlotte, who toned it down by printing 'few' instead of 'none.' A keen student of the Brontës—a great admirer of Emily's verse—commenting on these alterations, says: 'In many cases the original is certainly the better version, and in every case it is more revealing of Emily's personality. Charlotte seems in some cases to have tried deliberately to take away the marked individuality of a line, as though she felt that her sister showed too much of her altogether unusual view of life.'

The next poem, *In Summer's Mellow Midnight*, is printed with but one error until we come to the last two stanzas, which vary considerably from the true text of the manuscript. As written by Emily they should read:

Have we not been from childhood friends?
Have I not loved thee long?
As long as thou hast loved the night
Whose silence wakes my song.

And when my heart is laid at rest
Beneath the church-yard stone,
I shall have time enough to mourn
And thou to be alone.

As printed by Charlotte this is how they were rendered:

Were we not friends from childhood?
Have I not loved thee long?
As long as thou, the solemn night,
Whose silence wakes my song?

And when my heart is resting
Beneath the church-aisle stone,
I shall have time for mourning
And thou for being alone.

One of the changes made by Charlotte's pencil in the final stanza is specially significant. I am indebted to Mr. Douglas Charlesworth, the Yorkshire dialect poet, for the apposite suggestion that here we have additional proof that the alterations were made by Charlotte, who evidently altered the second line to make it true, for Emily was then *laid at rest*, not in the church-yard, but beneath the *aisle* of Haworth Church.

The sixth of the poems first published in 1850 requires con-

siderable correction to make it agree with the Honresfeld manuscript, from which it parts company in several places, and notably in the opening stanza, which as written by Emily should read :

Aye there it is ! It wakes to-night
Sweet thoughts that will not die.
And feeling's fires flash all as bright
As in the years gone by.

In the manuscript this piece is entirely free from the marks of the interpolating pencil, but the printed version shows that it did not escape Charlotte Brontë's tinkering treatment. She printed the first stanza thus with three lines entirely rewritten :

Ay—there it is ! it wakes tonight
Deep feelings I thought dead ;
Strong in the blast—quick gathering light—
The heart's flame kindles red.

Charlotte took the ' kindling ' from Emily's second stanza, which should have opened :

And I can tell by thine altered cheek,
And by thy kindled gaze,

instead of as printed—

Now I can tell by thine altered cheek,
And by thine eyes' full gaze.

The fourth stanza in the manuscript closes with the lines :

The essence of the Tempest's roaring
And of the Tempest's fall.

Charlotte printed ' thunder ' for ' essence ' and changed the next line to

The whisper of its fall.

In regard to this poem still another count can be added to the indictment of Charlotte Brontë as guardian of the orphan children of Emily's muse. The last printed verse—

Nature's deep being, thine shall hold,
Her spirit all thy spirit fold,
Her breath absorb thy sighs.
Mortal ! though soon life's tale is told ;
Who once lives, never dies !—

is not in the manuscript, and I strongly suspect it to be a moral tag of Charlotte's own composition.

In only one instance did Charlotte Brontë print the lines written by Emily in this illuminating holograph volume with absolute faithfulness to the author's text. The printed version of *Love is like the Wild Rose Briar* agrees with the manuscript

verbatim et literatim. This is the poem which was set to music and published in 1879 as a song by Charlotte Brontë.

Emily Brontë's famous *Last Lines*, beginning ' No coward soul is mine,' which Mr. Clement Shorter describes as ' a poem of supreme worth, a poem that will take its place as one of the very best in all literature written by a woman,' is the final piece in the Honresfeld manuscript, where it is dated ' Jan 2d, 1846.' Charlotte included it in her ' Selection ' of Emily's poems printed in 1850, but in no edition is it to be found exactly as Emily penned it in the only known manuscript of the lines. Here is the famous poem correctly printed for the first time :

Jan 2^d 1846

No coward soul is mine
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere
I see Heaven's glories shine
And Faith shines equal, arming me from Fear

O God within my breast
Almighty, ever-present Deity
Life, that in me hast rest,
As I—Undying Life, have power in thee

Vain are the thousand counsels
That move men's hearts, unutterably vain,
Worthless as withered weeds,
Or idlest foam that swirls the boundless main

To waken doubt in one
Holding so fast by thy infinity
So surely anchored on
The steadfast rock of Immortality

With wide-embowing love
Thy spirit animates eternal years
Perusest and broodsst above,
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates and rears

Though Earth and Moon were gone
And suns and universes ceased to seem
And thou wert left alone
Every Existence would exist in thee alone

There is not room for Death
Now storm that his might could render void
Here thou art being and God
And what thou art ~~may~~ never be destroyed

No coward soul is mine,
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere :
I see Heaven's glories shine,
And Faith shines equal, arming me from Fear.

O God within my breast,
Almighty, ever-present Deity !
Life, that in me hast rest,
As I—Undying Life, have power in thee :

Vain are the thousand creeds
That move men's hearts, unutterably vain,
Worthless as withered weeds
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main,

To waken doubt in one
Holding so fast by thy infinity,
So surely anchored on
The steadfast rock of Immortality.

With wide-embracing love
Thy Spirit animates eternal years,
Pervades and broods above,
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates and rears.

Though Earth and moon were gone
And suns and universes ceased to be,
And Thou wert left alone,
Every Existence would exist in thee.

There is not room for Death,
Nor atom that his might could render void,
Since Thou art Being and Breath,
And what Thou art may never be destroyed.

In the third line of the second stanza Charlotte altered 'hast' to 'has,' which was a trifle compared with the liberty she took in printing 'man' instead of 'moon' in the penultimate verse—a blunder which was repeated in every edition till Mr. C. W. Hatfield corrected it in *The Complete Poems* of 1923. As the words are very clearly written in the manuscript, we can only conclude that, as in the other instances, Charlotte had no scruples about tampering with the text of the poem.

The most vital blunder—affecting the sense, and even more so the limpid flow and beauty of the last stanza—must be attributed to Charlotte Brontë's blameless but unfortunate misreading of a word peculiarly constructed and difficult to decipher—the initial word in the penultimate line. Emily first wrote 'F o r,' then, thinking of a better word, she wrote an 'S' on the top of the 'F,' converted the microscopic 'o' into an 'i' by equipping it with a dot, superimposed an 'n' on the 'r,' and inserted the letters 'ce' in the ample space at the end of the word. 'Since' is undoubtedly the correct reading, as careful examination of the facsimile of the original manuscript shown on the preceding page will prove. Charlotte Brontë was evidently baffled with the word, and glossed over the difficulty by printing 'Thou—Thou art Being and Breath'—an erroneous version perpetuated in every subsequent printing of the poem.

POEMS FIRST PRINTED IN AMERICA.

Over three score of Emily Brontë's poems made their first appearance in the volume of verses by the Brontë sisters which was privately printed in 1902 by Dodd, Mead & Company, of New York. The manuscripts of most of these new pieces are in the great Bonnell Brontë Collection of Philadelphia. Mr. Clement Shorter reprinted the additional poems in the volume published by Hodder & Stoughton in 1910. In an Introductory Essay Sir William Robertson Nicoll wrote:

After the death of Emily Brontë, *seventeen* poems were published by Charlotte Brontë. These are *all* derived from a manuscript transcribed in February 1844 by Emily Brontë, and written in microscopic characters. *Four* were left unprinted by Charlotte Brontë, and are now published.

The manuscript noted is the one now in Honresfeld library, and my close acquaintance with the precious volume enables me to point out several errors in Sir William Robertson Nicoll's Introduction.

- (1) *Eighteen* of Emily's poems were printed by Charlotte.
- (2) They were not *all* but only *eight* of them derived from this manuscript.
- (3) The number left unprinted by Charlotte was not *four*, but *eight*.

No doubt the writer of the Introductory Essay was misled by Appendix V. of *The Brontës: Life and Letters*, 1908, Vol. II., p. 432, where, in reference to the same manuscript, we are informed that 'Each poem is headed with the date of its composition. Of the poems included in this book *four are still unprinted*; the remainder were published in the *Poems of 1846*.'

Here we have three inaccuracies: (a) Each poem is not dated. There are two exceptions, namely, *Love is like the Wild Rose Briar*, and *There should be no Despair for You*. (b) There was not a single poem in the manuscript *unprinted* when Mr. Shorter's two splendid Brontë volumes were published in 1908. (c) The statement that 'the remainder were published in the poems of 1846' is obviously wrong, for we have seen that *eight* of them remained sequestered in this important manuscript volume until Charlotte accorded them the dignity of print in 1850.

In making her 'Selection' from this manuscript Charlotte left the other eight still unprinted, and it was not till 1902 that they were first printed in the limited New York edition. There is no manuscript authority known for seven of the pieces except the Honresfeld volume. Charlotte Brontë's husband, A. B. Nicholls, made transcripts from the volume while it was in his possession, and probably other transcripts of some of the poems may be in existence. I have no doubt that it was from such

transcripts that these eight poems were printed in the American edition, and that these transcripts are derived from the Honresfeld manuscript is quite patent to one who has had the opportunity of carefully studying the original and specially concentrating on the points where—as evidenced by the printed text—mistakes occur in the transcripts. The first lines of the poems are :

- (1) How still, how happy ! these are words.
- (2) Fair sinks the summer evening now.
- (3) If grief for grief can touch thee.
- (4) O Dream, where art thou now ?
- (5) It is too late to call thee now.
- (6) The wind I hear it sighing.
- (7) Far, far away is mirth withdrawn.
- (8) I see around me tombstones grey.

In the 1910 edition of Emily Brontë's poems these are reprinted along with other additional pieces taken from the New York volume. In offering them to the public Mr. Clement Shorter, well aware that the text was not faultless, said :

I present the poems exactly as they stood in the printed volume. . . . It is open to the expert and the enthusiast to make their own corrections of the text as they think the author meant it to have been, and *whether the lines that they reconstruct are anywhere nearer those that Emily Brontë actually wrote will probably never be known.*

As far as concerns the eight in the Honresfeld manuscript, there is no reason why future editions should not print the lines 'that Emily Brontë actually wrote.' I submit an instalment of the necessary corrections.

The eleventh line of No. 1 should be 'Than laughing *mirth's* most joyous swell,' and in the last stanza 'gleam'—obviously a rhyming guess at the word—should read 'beam.' Poem No. 2 requires considerable rectification, and though she did not print the verses, Charlotte Brontë is partly responsible for the mistakes, for again her tinkering pencil is in evidence. For the eleventh line Emily wrote :

To 'scape from labour's tyrant power,

but the line was too graphic for Charlotte, who drew her pencil through 'tyrant' and interpolated two words which must have been incorporated by the transcriber, for the line was printed :

T' escape from *some light* labour's power.

The last stanza is printed in this semi-senseless form :

Be still, reviving Hope doth say ;
Departed joys 'tis vain to mourn ;
Think every storm that rides its way
Prepared a more divine return.

The 'Be still' and the initial word in the third line are from Charlotte Brontë's pencilled alterations, while the other departures from the authentic text are the more pardonable attempts of transcribers to read the almost unreadable. This is what Emily wrote :

Ah no, reproving Hope doth say,
Departed joys 'tis fond to mourn,
When every storm that rides this way
Prepares a more divine return.

Several of the mistakes in the American first printing of the poem were corrected in *The Complete Poems* of 1923, where, however, the word 'fond' (Yorkshire dialect for 'foolish') was altered to vain. A footnote to the printed version of the piece says : 'The fifth and sixth stanzas of this poem have been crossed out in the author's manuscript.' This furnishes one of the proofs that the printed text, whatever its immediate authority, must have been originally derived from the Honresfeld manuscript, in which there is a cross lightly pencilled through the verses mentioned. No doubt the cancelling cross came from Charlotte's pencil. The other pencilled alterations indicate that she had some idea of publishing this poem, and it was evidently her intention to omit the stanzas she crossed out.

No. 3, as printed in the 1910 edition, agrees with the manuscript, which shows a distinct comma at the end of the line—

Yes by the tears I've poured,

which, unless another manuscript authority be forthcoming, definitely rules out the addition of the word 'thee' to the end of the line, as in Benson's *Brontë Poems* of 1915. Nos. 4 and 5 are correctly printed in *The Complete Poems* of 1923. No. 6 is correctly given in the 1910 volume, but the 1923 edition prints 'on' for 'upon' in line 7, and 'pain' for 'pains' in the penultimate stanza. The date of the poem is printed 'October 23, 1839,' apparently through a misreading of the second figure in the day of the month. It looks like a '3,' but it is unquestionably a '9.'

The manuscript of poem 7 confirms Mr. Hatfield's reading of line 18. He had not been able to trace the original, but, basing on a transcript, rendered it

On cursed *Gomorrhah's* howling plain

instead of the 'Zamorrhah' and 'Zamornah' of previous editors.

No. 8—the last of the poetical residue of the Honresfeld manuscript—has a curious interest. When first printed in 1902 and reprinted in 1910 the first line ran

I see around m piteous tombstones grey.

Without manuscript guidance Mr. Hatfield deleted the word 'piteous' and corrected several other mistakes. Examination of the manuscript makes clear the origin of 'piteous' in the transcript version. It is manifestly a misreading of a badly written word which is cancelled but not very plainly so. The word is undoubtedly 'pillars.' The most important of the mistakes which call for correction occurs in the fourth line from the end, which in print reads:

No, mother! On thy kindly breast

instead of as in the manuscript, where the poem concludes with:

No—rather on thy kindly breast
Let us be laid in lasting rest
Or waken but to share with thee
A mutual immortality.

The textual errors recorded do not complete the list, but surely they suffice to make plain the imperative need of another new edition of the poems of Emily Jane Brontë.

DAVIDSON COOK.

KEATS AND THE GOLDEN ASS

IN the October or November of 1818 Keats, then twenty-three, met for the first time Fanny Brawne. By December he was more or less engaged to her. From December 1818 to the autumn of 1819 he sustained the most remarkable and consistent period of creative activity ever endured by a poet of his age; it began with *Hyperion* in February, continued with *The Eve of St. Agnes*, the *Odes* and *La Belle Dame*, and culminated in *Lamia*, which he began in June and finished in September. A few months later, on February 3, 1820, he travelled in a cold wind by the night stage from London to Hampstead. The same night he suffered the first of his pulmonary attacks: he wrote no more; a year later, on February 23, he died. ('Severn—Thank God, it has come.') It is difficult to realise how short a respite for composition he was allowed in this single period which approached poetic maturity, or how much he crowded into it: some nine months, and *Hyperion* and the *Odes* and *Lamia* all conquered and fashioned. Of *Hyperion* he may have had doubts, and yet in its ostensibly unfinished form it is among the most finished of his longer poems; he could have been content for awhile if it had ever been for his restless spirit to know content.

Possibly the most satisfactory element in this product of poetic maturity is the group of *Odes*; here his imagination is magical and yet disciplined by a certain rigidity of form which adds to the enchantment. Certain of these *Odes* have been sufficiently praised. Indeed, the *Grecian Urn* poem, with its concluding passage on 'Truth is Beauty,' has called forth unnecessary quantities of critical ink. Keats explained all that he meant by that phrase in a journal letter to his brother and sister-in-law:

I am certain of nothing but of the holiness of the Heart's affections, and the truth of Imagination. What the Imagination seizes as Beauty must be Truth—whether it existed before or not.

If that does not explain Keats's mind, no superstructure of critical elucidation will ever be able to do so. Yet while some of the *Odes* have had due attention, one at least, the *Ode to Psyche*, has

been strangely neglected or misunderstood. Both Sir Sidney Colvin and Dr. Robert Bridges place it among the least successful of Keats's attempts in strophic form. Colvin sees in it nothing more than Keats's realisation 'of the meaning of Greek nature-religion and his delight in imagining the beauty of its shrines and ritual.' Miss Amy Lowell, Keats's latest biographer, in her uneven but too much abused volumes, is at her worst in describing this poem. She seems to regard it as a piece with regular stanzaic pattern, while the 'two unrhymed lines in the published version' are 'a slight blemish.' A cursory examination of the ode shows that it has no regular stanza pattern, and that the number of unrhymed lines is not two, but at least four. In fact, unrhymed lines are part of the beauty of the piece. They occur in the earlier stanzas. The last stanza is fuller and completely rhymed, gathering and holding within itself the melody and meaning of the poem.

This *Ode to Psyche* which critics have been ready to disparage Keats himself valued as marking a definite stage in his development. The poem first occurred in his journal letter to George and Georgina Keats in April 1819. Before setting out the ode for them he writes:

The following poem—the last I have written—is the first and the only one with which I have taken even moderate pains. I have for the most part dash'd off my lines in a hurry. This I have done leisurely—I think it reads the more richly for it, and will I hope encourage me to write other things in even a more peaceable and healthy spirit.

Here is an incongruity, definite and yet unexplained, between the importance which Keats attached to his achievement and the attention which it has received from his critics. But before one can reach the discussion of the thought of the poem and its relationship to the other poems of 1819 there arises the problem of its genesis in Keats's mind.

The nucleus of suggestion from which Keats's imagination draws its creative impulse is the story of Cupid and Psyche, a myth which in the course of our own and of other literatures has attracted very various minds. Whatever may have been the origin of the story, and

such like tales the wind would seem to blow
From place to place, e'en as the feathery seed
Is borne across the sea,

its first literary form was given to it by Apuleius, the young African of the second century who mastered an exotic Latin full of bizarre imagery, and through that medium broke into Roman literature with his *Metamorphoses* or *Golden Ass*—a tale of Thessalian magic, macabre, at times picaresque, free from all the

known conventions of writing and exultant in an exotic brilliance of phrase and a piquant control of incident. In the middle of this record of boisterous and undisciplined adventure Apuleius inserted, as an episode, the story of Cupid and Psyche: an old hag is made to tell the myth to a beautiful girl who lies captive in a robbers' cave, and Lucius, the hero, is allowed in his ass's shape to overhear it. Apuleius has exorcised all roguery from the episode; it remains a movement of exquisite beauty, isolated from the wild adventures which surround it, and it has appealed before all other elements in the *Golden Ass* to English imaginative writers. Many times it has been translated; in the mid sixteenth century a certain William Adlington, of whom we know nothing except that he loved restrained language, attempted to bridle the wantonness of Apuleius into well-tutored English. The Elizabethans liked his translation, and between 1566 and 1639 they called six times to the booksellers to republish it; nor was it the Elizabethans alone, for whatever advantages the recent scholarly versions may have, they cannot extinguish the naïve honesty of Adlington's prose. 'Jesting and sportful,' Adlington found at times his Roman decadent 'very light and merry'; yet he persuaded himself that the story tended 'to a good and virtuous moral.' In *Marius the Epicurean* Walter Pater depicts the *Golden Ass* as the golden book which charmed the adolescence of Flavian and Marius:

but set as one of the episodes in the main narrative—a true gem amid its mockeries, its coarse though genuine humanity, its burlesque horrors, came the tale of Cupid and Psyche, full of brilliant life-like situations—*speciosa locis*—and abounding in lovely visible imagery (one seemed to see and handle the golden hair, the fresh flowers, the precious works of art in it) yet full also of a gentle idealism so that you might take it, if you chose, for an allegory.

And Pater translated the tale of Cupid and Psyche, gathering 'into it the floating star-matter of many a delightful old story.'

William Morris, too, inserted a poetical version into the placid decasyllabics of his *Earthly Paradise*. It stands there as the May narrative, 'a tale . . . lovely as the lovely May.' More recently the tale has been 'done into English from the Latin' by Dr. Robert Bridges as *Eros and Psyche*, and the Laureate's own valuation of the theme can be implied from the couplet by Keats which he prefixes to the volume:

O latest born, O loveliest vision far
Of all Olympus' faded hierarchy.

A number of volumes were accessible to Keats in which he could have encountered the tale. In Adlington he might have found it more or less as Apuleius gave it, or Lemprière's *Classical*

Dictionary, which was never far from his elbow, would have supplied him with an epitome of the essential elements. Further, Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, destined a few months later to supply the story of *Lamia*, might have tempted him with a mention of Cupid and Psyche to look elsewhere for some fuller narrative. Possibly Keats consulted one or all of these before he completed the poem, yet we know that he was originally attracted by none of them, but by the much more obscure literary product of Mrs. Mary Tighe.

In 1805 Mrs. Tighe printed her poem *Psyche* for private circulation, and a posthumous edition followed in 1811. She was born in Ireland, a supposed descendant on her mother's side of Hyde, Earl of Clarendon. A consumptive like Keats, and like him fretful and unhappy in love, she sought a certain consolation in literature, and, as she was still a fashion in the early years of the nineteenth century, she chose to write in imitation of Spenser. Her *Psyche* is Spenserian both in form and sentiment, a poem Dr. Samuel Johnson would have loved to annihilate. Her contemporaries treated her with some generosity. The *Quarterly* praised her, and Leigh Hunt admitted the 'languid' charm of the poem. Later critics have stuck Hunt's adjective as an adhesive label so consistently to the piece that one doubts at times if they have troubled to examine the contents. Tom Moore even went as far as to write a poem in praise of Mrs. Tighe:

Tell me the witching tale again,
For never has my heart or ear
Hung on so sweet, so pure a strain,
So pure to feel, so sweet to hear!

Moore wrote these lines in 1802, when *Psyche* was still in private circulation. Later, when the poem was openly published, and the *Quarterly* had spoken, Mrs. Tighe became something of a literary lion, and Moore began to modify his praise; 'one used hardly to get a peep at her blue stockings, but now I am afraid she shows them up to the knee.'

Mrs. Tighe's poem is an interesting museum specimen of the method of a minor Spenserian. The general outline of the Cupid and Psyche story, as Apuleius gave it and as it is generally known, is that of a young girl who is visited at night by an unknown bridegroom. She is not to examine his identity. Unfortunately she is tempted, and at night holds a lamp over him and discovers that he is Cupid. So overcome is she that she drops burning oil from the lamp on the young god, who leaves her, angered by her faithlessness. Venus, the mother of Cupid, gives Psyche a series of tasks to perform, which she contrives to execute by supernatural aid of one sort or another. Finally

Cupid recovers from his burns, pleads to Jupiter on behalf of Psyche, and is reunited to her. Mrs. Tighe finds Cupid a very unsatisfactory young god: to lie sick on one's bed while one's mistress is attempting dangerous adventures is no rôle for a Spenserian champion. So in *Psyche* Cupid disguises himself as an unknown knight and follows the girl through all her difficulties. Only in the last moment of triumph does he disclose his Olympian identity. Similarly, Psyche's tasks are not those classically prescribed for her, but perilous temptation in 'the Bower of Loose Delight,' in 'the Castle of Suspicion,' and amid 'Slander or the Blatant Beast,' and 'Jealousy' and 'Suspicion.' A myth has become an allegorical romance in the hands of Mrs. Tighe, and, it must be admitted, much of its suggestiveness has disappeared in the process. How closely Mrs. Tighe could imitate the actual narrative of Spenser may be judged from the following stanza, adapted from the description in the *Faerie Queen* of the dwelling of Archimago:

In lowly cottage, walled with mossy sod,
Close by a little spring's perpetual rill,
A hermit dwelt, who many a year had trod
With sacred solitude that pine-clad hill,
And loved with holy images to fill
His soul enrapt; yet courteous then besought
A while secluded here to rest; and still
Replete with kind and hospitable thought,
To a sequestered bower the weary Psyche brought.

One of the more successful of her independent descriptions is that of 'the Bower of Loose Delight':

Hence there arose within her heart sore dread
Which no alluring pleasure could dispel;
The splendid hall with luscious banquet spread,
The soft-breathed flutes which in sweet concert swell,
With melody of song unspeakable;
Nor the light dancing troop in roses drest,
Could chase the terrors which she dared not tell,
While, fondly cherished in her anxious breast,
She strove in vain to soothe the fluttering bird to rest.

Too often she destroys the sonority of the Spenserian stanza with a disjointed 'bitty' movement, but here at times she suggests something of the large melodies of her original.

Such was the poem from which Keats gained his first conceptions of the Cupid and Psyche story. In his boyhood he had read Mrs. Tighe and Beattie's *Minstrel* and found them both satisfying. Strangely enough, a few months before he was to adapt Mrs. Tighe's poem with such splendid purpose he found himself growing tired of the 'blue stocking':

This however is true—Mrs. Tighe and Beattie once delighted me—now I see through them and can find nothing in them or weakness, and yet how many they still delight.

With Mrs. Tighe and possibly certain other secondary sources in his mind Keats came in the spring of 1819 to write his *Ode*. Of the Cupid and Psyche story itself he makes very little detailed use. The allegorical meanderings of Mrs. Tighe interest him no longer—instead, he finds his whole mind concentrating upon one element, and that the personality of Psyche. Through the image of Psyche he first released a group of abstract thoughts which for some time had troubled him, and to which he returns again and again in the later poems of this period. The development of his argument in the poem has sometimes been considered obscure. He imagines that he sees the two lovers together and recognises them. Cupid, 'the winged boy,' can claim no particular attention: he is already a god and adequately attended to by the Muses; but Psyche—surely Psyche should be a goddess. She appeared a little too late in the history of things for the Greeks to defy her. Yet he will do so—in his mind she shall be a goddess; and suddenly in the last stanza he builds up a thickly wreathed complication of images for the mental apotheosis of Psyche:

Yes, I will be thy priest, and build a fane
In some untrodden region of my mind,
Where branched thoughts, new grown with pleasant pain,
Instead of pines shall murmur in the wind:
Far, far around shall those dark-cluster'd trees
Fledge the wild-ridged mountains steep by steep;
And there by zephyrs, streams, and birds, and bees,
The moss-lain Dryads shall be lull'd to sleep;
And in the midst of this wild quietness
A rosy sanctuary will I dress
With the wreath'd trellis of a working brain,
With buds, and bells, and stars without a name,
With all the gardener Fancy e'er could feign,
Who breeding flowers, will never breed the same,
And there shall be for thee all soft delight
That shadowy thought can win,
A bright torch, and a casement ope at night,
To let the warm Love in!

Keats has been criticised for over-elaboration in that last stanza; yet I believe that if we are to follow his development in 1819 he is registering here for the first time in verse an idea which is growing in importance in his mind. Possibly it was for this very reason that he gave so much attention to the poem—the first successful grappling with a crabbed corner of thought. He pleads in the poem: I cannot see you, Psyche, as a goddess; I cannot behold the beauty of you as you were, but I can recreate

you in poetry. The shrine of the mind dressed by the working brain is as important as the actual contact with experience in the physical world. Instead of being worshipped, as you might have been, as a physical form you shall be worshipped as the memory in the mind of all things that are beautiful. That same theme he approaches variously in the other odes of this period. Although the question of chronology is difficult, we can assume with some certainty that the Psyche ode was first. It was followed by the odes to a *Nightingale*, on *Melancholy*, and on a *Grecian Urn*.

In the *Nightingale* poem Keats says, in short, 'O to become inebriated, so that I might forget the weariness of fever and fret of this world.' This element of weariness, we find, arises from the impermanence which lies in the experience of beauty. As the poem develops, Keats rejects Bacchus as a solution for despair and substitutes poetry. In poetry he finds the possibility of the recreation of lost beauty by the power of imagination. Later he suggests suicide as a release, but this, too, he rejects. The quick soul must keep the spirit of life alive within it, so that it may gather impulses from experience such as the blackbird's song, and capture them into permanence by the exercise of the imagination. The shrine of Psyche in the mind is the only protection against the death of things beautiful in the physical and material world.

The *Ode on Melancholy* deals with the same theme, but with a modified approach. Melancholy is inseparable from Joy and Beauty and Delight. If we embrace Joy to the full, Melancholy must be the aftermath. The solution of the shrine of Psyche is the solution of suspense, of contemplation, platonic and not hedonistic in temper. In the *Ode on Melancholy* the emphasis lies rather with the exultant glory of the moment of delight, seized out of experience, and sufficient in itself to compensate for the Melancholy which follows:

Ay, in the very temple of Delight
Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine,
Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue
Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine;
His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,
And be among her cloudy trophies hung.

In the *Ode on a Grecian Urn* Keats elaborates more fully than anywhere else the suggestion which he first saw for himself in the *Psyche* poem. The figures on the urn are symbols of action which stimulate the mind to imaginative experience. If instead of those shapes we had the living counterparts of which they are the image, the music would pass, the loves die, the joy be made bitter by regret; but on the urn they are 'unravish'd,' perpetual

figures on that mental shrine of Psyche, by which the perdurability of the affections arising from the imagination is maintained.

The same thought is explored again in the *Lamia* poem, although Keats is interested here quite independently in the narrative portrayal of a tale of magic. Lamia, who gathers within herself all that is beautiful in the poem, is yet a snake. To Lycius she is all beautiful; to the philosopher Apollonius she is all serpent. Philosophy in the poem is condemned: it sees too clearly, and in so doing reduces the rainbow into 'the dull catalogue of common things.' Keats seems to return here to the mood of the *Ode on Melancholy*: Beauty is to be seized wherever it may be perceived, and we are to discount its serpent-like aftermath of Melancholy.

I am not attempting to assert that Keats was formulating any definite principles in these poems; all I see is a poet working over and over again with an astounding variety of imagery the same body of abstract thought. Sensuousness and the aftermath of sensation on the one hand, and the retention of Beauty as first perceived on the other, those seem to be the ideas which fascinate him, and he had suggestions of them among the poets he knew best. Spenser had treated such a theme in *Epithalamium*, and Milton is never far from it either in *Comus* or in *Paradise Lost*. Possibly he learnt at the same time from those two poets the entrancing melody of the stanza made up of lines of ten syllables and six syllables, a pattern of verse which they in turn had learnt from the Italian canzone, and which he uses with such bewitching effect in the *Psyche* and *Nightingale* poems.

The importance of the *Psyche* poem, then, lies in the fact that here for the first time Keats mastered a new melody and conveyed some new insight into the mind's relationship with experience. With him that element of abstract thought never hardened into dogma; but in ruminating upon it he discovers much that was best in the latent resources of his own imagination. Never did a poem illustrate the strange ways of poetical inheritance more clearly than does this *Ode to Psyche*. An African of the second century shapes into literary form a story which floated down to him from dim antiquity. In Tudor England worthy Adlington renders the Latin into simple English. In the early nineteenth century a young 'blue stocking' reads Adlington and concocts a poem in the artificial form of Spenserian imitation. A decade later Keats inherits what Mrs. Tighe has left and, finding it a medium suitable for the content of his mind, transfigures it again. If all those who have borrowed from Apuleius could be brought together, what a strange company they would be: the cockney poet, the blue stocking, the recluse Fellow of Brasenose, and the leonine pre-Raphaelite Communist. Their community would

arise from something which is greater than any one of them—for the Cupid and Psyche myth is greater than the *Ode to Psyche*; it would arise from the perduring centre of suggestion which lies in the old legends of the world.

B. IFOR EVANS.

THE TIME-SCHEME OF THE FIRST SERIES OF SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS

THE first 126 of the 154 short poems which Thomas Thorpe in 1609 published with *The Lover's Complaint* under the title of 'Shakespeare's Sonnets' were addressed to a 'Fair Youth'; but it may fairly be said that this is the only point connected with the history of the poems on which there is agreement among even a majority of those who have commented on them. And as long as this uncertainty continues much that is essential to an understanding of these lovely verses must of necessity remain unknown; for the language in which they are written is often so elaborate that its true meaning is quite obscured, and it is often so artificial that it seems to be also insincere; some of the 154 poems are primarily literary exercises, and all of them may conceivably be of that character; some of them express the poet's personal emotions, and possibly all of them may have been written for his own notebook; much of the praise bestowed on the Fair Youth is excessive, and all of it may be only empty flattery; Shakespeare's protestations of affection sometimes amaze us, and there may not have been any reality in them at all. But indeed, even when we regard these poems as being after all founded on fact, none of the phrases of affection or compliment or rebuke in them can, as Mrs. C. C. Stopes has pointed out, be estimated at its true value until we form some sort of a theory as to the facts which lie behind them; in a large proportion of them the phrases used will differ in value or force very greatly, not only as we apply them to this person or that, but as we connect them with one period or another in the life of the same individual.

Now, though so much is in dispute about these poems, there is one point about them as to which there ought not to-day to be any uncertainty at all—namely, the time at which Shakespeare began writing them, and, indeed, wrote most of them. Sir Sidney Lee has pointed out that the great popularity of the sonnet form of verse in Elizabeth's reign lasted through certain definite years, namely, 1591 to 1597; Shakespeare himself inserted sonnets in his plays of *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Henry V.*, the two first of which were acted in 1594

and were probably composed earlier, while the third is generally assigned to the year 1599; and, finally, all those scholars who have specially examined the point are agreed that, if any inference as to the time at which these poems were composed can be drawn from similarities of thought and parallelisms of expression which occur in other works of Shakespeare, the greater number of them must have been composed in the years in which Shakespeare was writing his two narrative poems and the earliest of his plays, especially *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. That is, according to Mr. R. M. Alden, the judgment of Isaac and Sarrazin and Davis, while Mr. J. Q. Adams has independently arrived at the same conclusion, and that all the four scholars have formed almost identical judgments on this subject provides at last a good starting-point for the criticism of the first series of Shakespeare's sonnets.

But if this one point is accepted, a second point follows almost of necessity, for that the Fair Youth was a wholly imaginary person is a theory of desperation; that these poems were addressed to the William Herbert who afterwards became Lord Pembroke is impossible, in view of the fact that the latter came to London for the first time in 1598; that Shakespeare in 1593 or 1594 found a second patron as accomplished and distinguished and friendly as Southampton really was is most unlikely; and there then remains only the alternative that these poems were in fact addressed to the person who was, as Sir Sidney Lee has said, 'the only patron' of Shakespeare 'known to biographical research'—i.e., the third Earl of Southampton. My purpose in this article is to examine how far the actual text of these poems agrees or conflicts with Sir Sidney's theory.

Now among the 'Fair Youth' sonnets there is one, No. 104, to which editors do not usually pay enough attention. It is one of the few sonnets which make definite statements in unambiguous language, and it does, in fact, say two things quite clearly—first, that this poem was written almost exactly three years after the poet and his friend had met for the first time, each year being a solar year, which began with spring and ended with winter; and, secondly, that the two men had met for the first time not only in the spring, but in the April (see verse 7) of some year. Given, then, that the friend was the third Earl of Southampton, the first meeting of the poet and the peer may very reasonably be placed in that April—namely, April 1593—in which Shakespeare dedicated *Venus and Adonis* to Southampton. For though the two men may of course have met in the April of the previous year, yet since the tone of the dedication to *Venus and Adonis* indicates acquaintance only, and Shakespeare had no occasion to look for a literary patron in 1592, I feel justified in basing my

calculations on the later rather than the earlier of the two dates which alone require consideration.

And here I am face to face with a much-debated question, namely, 'Is the order in which Thomas Thorpe printed these sonnets in 1609 the order in which they were originally composed?' Since, however, Thorpe's order is, as Mr. Knox Pooler has established, the only order which has any authority at all, and these sonnets, as they are printed, appear, as Professor Dowden has always maintained, to tell a consecutive narrative, again I feel justified in accepting Thorpe's order as it stands, and I base my time-scheme on the numbers of the poems as they are printed in all editions except those in which Thorpe's text has been confessedly rearranged.

The first point, then, that I wish to make is that, unless strong evidence to the contrary is forthcoming, the first 104 of these sonnets ought to be assigned to the three years April 1593 to April (or thereabouts) 1596: and then I turn back to the beginning of the series. By a lucky chance No. 1 contains a phrase, 'Thou that art the . . . only herald to the gaudy spring' (verse 10), which has no point at all unless it was written in some spring: then I accept the old suggestion that No. 26 is simply a metrical version of the dedication to *Lucrece*, being, in fact, a letter sent to Southampton with a copy of the poem,—the author, Mr. A. W. Pollard tells me, would in all probability send a copy of his work in his own handwriting to the patron who had accepted his dedication of it—and thus I reckon Nos. 1 to 26 to be the sonnets which Shakespeare sent to the Earl during the year May (or April) 1593 to May 1594. The first 17 of these poems urge the youth to marry, and, since no sane person really wishing to persuade a youth to marry sends him 17 consecutive letters on the subject, these 17 poems may safely be regarded as forming a sonnet sequence of the most regular Elizabethan type. There were good reasons for the choice of the subject, and it surely yielded in Shakespeare's hands some most exquisite poetry. Nos. 18 and 19 seem closely connected with Nos. 1 to 17; Nos. 20 to 25 are poems of compliment of varying quality, and of No. 26 I have spoken. These first 26 sonnets seem to form a well-marked division in the whole correspondence, one noticeable fact being that in this first year there were no sonnets dealing with the private concerns of the two friends, though such sonnets appeared afterwards at frequent intervals. Yet the ties between the two men grew closer in the course of the year, since the 'you' of intimacy instead of the 'thou' of formality or deference occurs already in Nos. 13, 15, 16 and 17, though it will not reappear till we reach Nos. 52 to 55.

And here, for the benefit of those who have not read Mrs. Stopes' excellent biography of Lord Southampton, I may set down

the chief events in the lives of Shakespeare and his patron in the years 1593 to 1601, for both men passed through the chief crises of their lives in those years; and if we wish to know the real character of this strange friendship we must bear in mind what really happened to the two friends in those years as well as what one of them wrote from time to time in courtly phrases. In April 1593 Shakespeare was without fame and without fortune; somehow by the year 1592 he had obtained a share in a company of actors and he had adapted at least one play for the stage, while he had probably begun work on his own earliest plays, namely, *The Comedy of Errors*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, and *Romeo and Juliet*, and the author of *Venus and Adonis* had certainly practised writing verse before he composed that poem; but he was still a poor man and unknown to fame in April 1593. *Venus and Adonis*, however, became popular at once, and *Lucrece*, published in the following year, increased the poet's reputation; in this year (1594) four of his plays were acted, and from that time two new plays of his appeared on an average every year. In 1596 he obtained the right to use armorial bearings, and in 1597 he bought one of the best houses in Stratford-on-Avon; in 1598 Meres considered him the best writer of plays, both in tragedy and comedy, that there was in England. Shakespeare's prosperity, then, dates roughly from the year 1596. As for Lord Southampton, in April 1593, though only nineteen and a half years of age, he was already a distinguished man, for noble birth meant much more in Elizabeth's time than it does to-day: he was owner of a large landed estate, he was in favour with the Queen herself and a close friend of Essex; all that Shakespeare said of him might be called true, and all that Shakespeare hoped for him seemed possible at that time. It should be added that he had a real love of literature, as well as great skill in all the martial sports of that age, and that from the age of seventeen he had been 'contracted' to Lord Burleigh's granddaughter, Lady Elizabeth Vere. In the year, however, in which he attained his majority (1594) two disasters happened to him, for first of all he was called on to aid the escape of two of his friends, who had between them killed a man in a duel, and then he offended Burleigh by refusing finally to marry his granddaughter; he was forced to pay the huge sum of 5000*l.* as the price of his release from his contract. Then in September 1595 he fell in love with Essex's cousin, Lady Elizabeth Vernon, and his story till James I. ascended the throne is a series of successive misfortunes. The Queen steadily refused her consent to his marriage with his lady-love, and he seems to have wavered for more than two years whether he would sacrifice his love to his ambition or his ambition to his love. He was often absent from London and from Court in 1596 and 1597; he served

at sea under Essex in this last year to the satisfaction of his general, but not to that of the Queen; and in 1598, having received 'leave to travel,' he went to France in the service of Lord Robert Cecil, who was sent as ambassador to the Court of Henry IV. In August of that year he returned from France without leave and married Lady Elizabeth Vernon, also without leave; a daughter was born to them three months later, and when he at last returned to England, *i.e.*, in November 1598, the Queen shut him up in the Fleet Prison for two or three weeks. For some reason she never forgave him for his marriage, and she showed her hostility to him in several ways in 1599 and 1600. Finally he took part in Essex's conspiracy, and was closely confined in the Tower from February 1601 to the end of Elizabeth's reign. Whether these events show through Shakespeare's melodious verses or not, they largely occupied the thoughts both of the patron and the poet during the years in which these letters were passing between them; and to read the poems as if while they were being composed the two men did not change both in themselves and in their relations to each other is to misinterpret the text before us in an important particular. Given, then, that Shakespeare wrote the first series of his sonnets to the third Earl of Southampton, and that Thorpe printed those poems in their true order, there cannot be much doubt as to the years in which the majority of them were composed: the first 104—or even the first 106, since Nos. 105 and 106 seem closely connected with No. 104—belong to the years in which the poet was at last winning success and prosperity, while the peer was 'a young man about town' eager for new experiences, and a young courtier looking forward to a career of the utmost distinction. The 106 sonnets followed each other in an almost unbroken succession, and both men were 'standing on the top of happy hours' through most of the time in which the 106 were written. It is possible to divide this period into portions, but it is hardly necessary to do so, for, in spite of the incidents of the Stolen Mistress and the Rival Poet, the first of which occurred when Shakespeare was a struggling author and in the second of which he was quite in the wrong, there appears to have been a real and intimate friendship between the two men in these first three years. Most of Shakespeare's most-quoted sonnets are to be found among the 106 written in that period, and the diminution in the intimacy of the two men, which is indicated in No. 98 and definitely mentioned in Nos. 100, 101 and 102, coincides roughly in point of time with the beginning of Southampton's long wooing of Lady Elizabeth Vernon.

There remain 20 sonnets for consideration, of which 13 were occasioned by a grave difference between Shakespeare and his

friend, and those editors who discuss the time at which these poems were written differ considerably in their calculations; yet if we accept all the evidence which is available on the subject we shall, I think, come to something like a clear decision in the matter—*i.e.*, we shall realise that all these poems must be connected with one of two periods in Southampton's life, namely, either the interval between the beginning of his courtship and the writing of *The Lover's Complaint*, or the interval between the writing of that poem and the Earl's imprisonment in 1601. If Thorpe's order for all these sonnets is accepted as well as his statement that *The Lover's Complaint* was written by Shakespeare, all of these 20 sonnets must either have preceded or followed that poem, and the circumstances of Southampton's life enable us to fix its date very closely indeed. The well-known sonnet 107 should, then, enable us to take the last step in the argument—it will, as a matter of fact, show that one or the other of the two alternatives which I have mentioned is to be preferred according to the interpretation which we put upon its cryptic phrases. It is necessary to dwell shortly on these various points.

In the first place, it is of course possible that, though the first 106 and the last 19 sonnets of this series have been preserved in their true order, No. 107 has been displaced, and that it should, as is so often done, be connected with Southampton's release from the Tower in April 1603; but though that theory can never be disproved, I venture to urge that any theory which explains these 20 sonnets without the assumption that one of them has been displaced should be preferred to a theory which assumes displacement, unless really strong reasons can be given for the second theory. In the second place, I urge that similarly, unless strong reasons can be given for rejecting Thorpe's ascription of *The Lover's Complaint* to Shakespeare, his evidence on the subject ought to be accepted, for the authenticity of that poem rests on exactly the same authority as the authenticity of the sonnets themselves. In it a lady (the lover) tells an elderly man how she has been courted and betrayed by a beautiful and charming youth, who is described in just such terms as would be applicable to Southampton; it is not a pleasing poem, nor is it written in any style which we usually associate with Shakespeare, but it at once ceases to be dull, and indeed becomes forcible in places if it is read as a description of the position in which Lady Elizabeth Vernon would find herself if Southampton should finally abandon her. The suggestion to this effect which the Comtesse de Chamberlain made in the *Revue de Paris* of February 15, 1923, seems to me not only brilliant, but true, and it seems also to throw a flood of light upon the history of all these later sonnets. Lady Elizabeth certainly became Southampton's mistress not later

than February 1598, and Rowland Whyte thought that their liaison had begun much earlier. *The Lover's Complaint*, then, if it has the origin which the Comtesse suggests, must have been written in, or very nearly in, the year 1597, *i.e.*, later than the early months of the long wooing, but before Lady Elizabeth was actually *enceinte*. Either, then (if I leave out of account the theory of displacement), Nos. 107 to 126 were written between April 1596 and, say, the autumn of 1597, and *The Lover's Complaint* then closed the correspondence between Shakespeare and his patron, or there was a long break in that correspondence, due to the poet's bold appeal on behalf of Lady Elizabeth, then a renewal of it with a friendly letter in November 1598, then intercourse again between the two men, though it was not the old intimate friendship, and finally an end to the correspondence when Southampton was committed to the Tower (and to most rigorous confinement) in February of the year 1601.

The choice between these two alternatives must depend ultimately, as I have said, on the interpretation which we place upon the famous sonnet 107. If it is simply a poem of affection, the first of these two alternatives may be the true story of these poems, and so, too, if it is assumed that in 1596 or 1597 Southampton announced his intention of marrying his lady-love, having assured himself that he would not be imprisoned for doing so; if, on the other hand, No. 107 is primarily a letter of congratulation to the Earl on his release from prison, it should, I submit, be placed in the month of November 1598, and Nos. 108 to 126 be placed between that date and the date of Essex's conspiracy. I say November 1598, for, as Mrs. Stopes has discovered, Southampton was confined in the Fleet Prison in that month for marrying Lady Elizabeth Vernon, as well as in the Tower for his graver offence in February 1601; and, though it is quite true that he was in 1598 imprisoned for two or three weeks only, he had been guilty of two acts of very grave disobedience: he had even before that fallen quite out of favour with the Queen, and he was in fact never forgiven by her; his speedy release was a very proper subject for the heartiest congratulations. I interpret the first stanza of the sonnet as meaning that the wide world of Elizabeth's Court, 'dreaming on things to come' in the political circle in which they lived, had expected a long imprisonment for the Earl, and the second stanza as congratulations to him on his marriage. Shakespeare commends him for having, after his long hesitation, preferred the favour of Lady Elizabeth to that of Queen Elizabeth, and for having exchanged the long uncertainties of his wooing for the settled happiness of marriage. My explanation of the phrases 'Sweet boy' in No. 108, v. 1, and 'My lovely boy' in No. 126, v. 1, is that Shakespeare, vowing an unchanging

friendship (it is one of the conventions running through all his sonnets), did not alter his expressions of affection with the alteration of the times, though in the other 13 of these last 20 sonnets I always think that I do detect a very different tone from that which is found in the poems of the first three happy years.

It is not likely that the reader will accept all my conclusions; but he will certainly blame Shakespeare's hyperboles less and trust his phrases of affection more; he will wonder less that he once resigned his mistress to his patron and understand more that he sometimes opposed the latter very stoutly; he will realise more fully the force of the appeals made in Nos. 108 and 116, the depth of the anger in Nos. 124 and 125, and the serious purpose hidden in the last slight poem, if he will re-read all these sonnets in connexion with the time-scheme which I propose, or else with some better scheme, of a similar kind. Much of the poetry in these sonnets is, of course, independent of time and circumstance, but one chapter in the life-stories of two very interesting men is written here too, and that can never be understood clearly until we re-address these old letters and re-write on them the dates that I believe they once bore.

J. A. FORT.

THE TEMPER OF HELLAS

Isles of Greece, by Anthony Dell: Geoffrey Bles, 30s.

Greek Pottery, by Charles Dugas—translated from French by W. A. Thorpe: Black, 3s. 6d.

New Chapters on Greek Art, by Percy Gardner, D.Litt., F.B.A.: Clarendon Press, 21s.

Scultura Roma, by Eugenia Strong—translated by Giulio Gianelli: Florence, Alinari, 250 lire.

THE archaeologist's task is enchanted, like the artist's. The artist's fancy, from his sense of truth, his desire for expression, and his skill, discovers from raw materials a portraiture of life; but the archaeologist, too, as these books show, aims at a portraiture of life, resplendent also with truth's delightfulness, by unearthing from the sand or dust some fact to relate to other facts, or preferably some mould of beauty lost, and for the most part long forgotten, with which to arrange one of history's living pictures from its fascinating heterogeneity of jagged and scattered fragments. The life of Hellas at its best, in circumstances, in diversions, in desires and in thought, is, as Professor Percy Gardner aptly argues, England's heritage, and treasures are still hidden in the tilth. Chateaubriand insisted that the historians, the poets, the orators, and above all the philosophers, who wrote with such intuition of friendship, love, beauty and eternity, that when we catch their enthusiasm we seem, in seeing the ideal of one of these, to know the true nature of them all, drew something—of which they were probably unconscious—from the play of sunlight on the purple sea, on the grey and silver of the olive, on the cypress raising its sable column into the blue serene, on the wild declivity of the bare mountain, Helicon or Hymettus. There still hangs over Grecian landscapes a wildness very different from Italy's serene accords, and the grimness of the Sophoclean fate, the harshness of Æschylus' President of the Immortals, might well have been inspired by the sight of the Greek mountain in sunlight and storm; we can still see these things as the immortal ancient saw them.

Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild.
Sweet are thy groves and verdant are thy fields,
Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,
And still his honied wealth Hymettus yields.

There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds,
The free-born wanderer of thy mountain air.
Apollo still thy long long summer gilds,
Still in his beam Mendelis' marbles glare.
Art, glory, freedom fail but nature still is fair.

So fair that when, in our own days, a new book dares to take the title *Isles of Greece*, we would indeed hope that well-chosen words would celebrate peak and headland, gorgeous enough before genius and passion added to them a glory not their own; Byron and Myers both gave a hint of how to write so, and Fr. Martindale also, with a brilliance of workmanship he has made no effort to maintain, wrote exquisitely in *The Goddess of Ghosts* of the temper and scenes of Hellas. Mr. Anthony Dell in a month of summer travel saw much of the banality of the modern Greek, but nothing of the struggles and the dreams which, among the associations that he notes, created the heritage of our culture, and among which, as Wordsworth wrote, thinking of Scott at Yarrow,

Visions of the past
Sustain the heart in feeling
Life as she is.

But Mr. Dell in passing Cape Leucadia allows Sappho, like all the giants and gods and wildness of Hellas, to blur away into the mist of his full and prosaic diary; and, though his book is full of charming photogravures, he brings us back from Rhodes and Chios and the Icarian Sea, from Epidaurus, Sunium and Eleusis, wiser and clearer in nothing, unless we failed to know that modern Greece is more familiar with the rattle of cheap taxis and the flicker of the cinema than with the idylls of Moschus or the ambitions of Pericles. The ancient *μαχαίρῶς* is now nothing but a penknife. The new *Isles of Greece* is unworthy of its opportunity. Only writers should apply to take up that enterprise.

Among Grecian urns, Mr. Charles Dugas succeeded as decidedly as Mr. Dell failed with the privileges of travel. A Professor of Archaeology at the University of Montpellier, in the wake of Furtwängler, Reichhold and Hauser, he has explored the vases of Athens, Rome, Florence and the Louvre, and seems as much at home among their shapes as Mr. Beazley or Miss Richter. There is in his book something which reminds one of *Charicles*. For, watching the designs of the vases, he is able to piece together the whole life of which they formed so intimate a part. He watches the child giving a doll its dinner, and the young athlete oiling himself in the palæstra. He goes with the peasant among his wines and oil, and sits with the men of wealth at their banquet.

We may imagine [says M. Dugas] what a subject for jesting it must have been for everyone to find painted on the vases he was using a picture of the banquet, of the preparations for it and its various pleasures, to compare himself with the figures before his eyes, and to seek in those scenes of gaiety, and often of license, encouragement to enjoy the present.

The sister used the vase hardly less than the brother. From it she took the paint for her complexion and the perfume with which she scented herself. The vase leads us in her wedding procession and, dismissing all convention, takes us with her into her bath.

It brings us at last even to the chamber of the dying, and, following M. Dugas, we understand that among the vases, as nowhere else, we come in intimate touch with the playfulness and the tenderness of Hellenic life. Locked away now in the glass cases of archæological museums, the cups once felt thirsty lips at their brims; the girls carried home those *hydriæ* on their heads. The voice of mourning for the dead arose beside those *lekythoi*, and sad hands filled the vase with the ashes of beloved bodies.

Emotions, passions, daily labours of which the painted vases have been the instruments or the witnesses, something of all those who have handled them seems to cling about their sides whence escapes the charm of a vanished but living past.

The life of the little town passed long ago on to the clay, and comes to us more real than its original, for only because the artist depicted the young Greek piper on his vase could Keats say, with what Sir Walter Raleigh called a 'beautiful and deliberate confusion' between the reality of Nature and the diuturnity of art,

For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair.

As we look more closely at the designs,¹ however, we see that they have not that rounded and perfected beauty which give through marbles such an insight into the Hellenic spirit. For that spirit was intimate with the poignancies of earth, and it felt an import, at times terrible, at times sublime, in the shape of the human form from neck to toe. It is true that in ancient Hellas Europe first and best learned the truth of Don Ramiro de Maeztu's words that 'the simplicity of art allows us to take our way more surely among the complexities of life.' But though the Greek mind was simple, and its classical expression is distinguished above all by balance and therefore by restraint, yet the Greeks' self-discipline enabled them to feel and to express all the intensity with which the flesh endues the spirit. 'Passion,' said the most eloquent of their critics, 'is as large an ingredient

¹ They are very poorly reproduced in this little book, and even the illustrations of the vases are incorrectly drawn.

in sublimity as a sense of character in an agreeable style.'² Fulness of feeling gave them, as it gave Cleopatra, immortal longings, and, identifying these with the outward grace and gesture which had first inspired them, the sculptors conveyed their eagerness to the marble, for they were as intimate with it as with the expressiveness of the model, and their instinct added something of their own. In their portraiture three separate aims can be distinguished, though they often mingle; to represent a man in the light of ideas,

As when a painter poring on a face
Divinely through all hindrance finds the man
Behind it,

and, in finding him, finds something finer than either he or the finder, finds some hint or promise of what Aristotle taught—that we are human inasmuch as something divine assumes sway within us; or again, to seize a salience of characteristic, and to present it picturesquely like Sargent or Dickens, giving the full resplendence of an unqualified fact; or again, like the caricaturists, to throw all the emphasis on some obviousness of shape, some outward oddness. In this the Roman portrait, as Professor Gardner agrees with Wickhoff, anticipated the tendency of our own age; but in all ages it was a device that stamped the cheaper kind of art.

Professor Percy Gardner, in finishing a long and brilliant career as a researcher, gives a book to be treasured either by the artist or the scholar, a book in which so much personality, sympathy and insight are added to his learning, and which is so beautifully illustrated with pictures of fine sculptures, little known because recently discovered, that any word other than praise seems carping. But why, in a book issuing from the Clarendon Press, does the lack of punctuation make the Professor appear to identify Theocritus with Bion, or Cumæ with Neapolis? And it is indeed irritating for the scholar to find that the index again and again passes over the recurrence of a name it has once mentioned, and, worse still, does not at all contain many important names mentioned more than once in the text. One instance is particularly striking. A considerable, and valuable, portion of the book is devoted to an attack on certain methods and judgments of Furtwängler and Wickhoff. Those methods and those judgments are identified in England, as Professor Gardner does not omit to mention, with their *vulgarisatrice*, Mrs. Strong, whose work was published above the name of Eugenie Sellers; her translation of Furtwängler and her book on *Roman Sculpture* are the books—her own marked by unusually individual judg-

² Longinus: *Περὶ Ὑψους*.

ments—to which many students are obliged generally to refer. Yet Mrs. Strong is mentioned in the index under neither of the names which are known in the world of archæology. A new and improved edition of *Roman Sculpture* has lately appeared, translated into Italian and more finely illustrated. It lacks, however, any reference to the greatest archæological discovery made in Rome in recent years, the underground Basilica at the Porta Maggiore, which has been the especial study of Mr. Cumont.

Professor Gardner is so enthusiastic for the claims of ancient Hellas, and so desirous that one should see her life whole, that one regrets that he did not attempt to relate her art to Plato's æsthetic theory, or Aristotle's, or to that, perhaps still more attractive, of Longinus. For these indeed, though each writing of literature, gave those philosophies of art which relate the treasures of archæology with the minds of living men. Aristotle insisted that it is the function of the human mind to realise, not the outward or 'accidental' characteristic, but that distinctive, that substantial form which makes a thing what it is in the realm of lasting and effective reality; from his communion therefore, through outward things, with this essential reality the artist finds the right word, the right concept. The form expresses the action of the formative idea upon the potentiality of raw material, and it is this idea which the artist must represent, or as Horace restated the theory, '*Scribendi recte, sapere est et principium et fons.*' And almost in our own times Flaubert arrived at the same thought that '*Tout déroule de la conception.*'

When this theory was reconsidered in the thirteenth century the word 'generation' seemed best to express the relation between the creative mind and either the original of what it made or the raw materials which themselves modified the conception; and indeed it helps us to understand the ancient theories. Plato distrusted art, thinking it a game, even if a noble game, for in his view it revealed no ultimate ideas; to him the right name for the artist's gift was imagination, and its creations were phantasms, εἰδωλα, which contained no truth, but had only a glamour of delightfulness. For poetry and song and dance were to be true to the outward nature of things, as he argued in the *Republic*, and not to their invisible reality in the realm of ideas; but the outward nature of things copied in art was only an appearance, almost a delusion, and art therefore, though a necessary and refreshing element in life, must never be taken as giving a vision of truth or of beauty.

Aristotle, however, conceiving reality in terms of mind, rather than of ideas, saw more clearly the part the reason plays in knowing truth. So that by imitation he meant, not reproduction,

but individual representation; for life and Nature show us the reality of things which the artist will know and interpret, according to the laws of Nature, but in the terms of reason. He can idealise, therefore, from Nature to a type, or he can conventionalise from life into line. He can plead that he has attained an artistic effect, or that he has given a conventional rendering, or that he had expressed something nobler than what he had before him; and to be true to life will be his object, because the life of right reason gives us truth.

We would have liked to see these theories applied to a statue often neglected by the English, but duly appraised by Professor Gardner—the *Idolino* of Florence, the finest example of the School of Argos. 'A metaphor of youth and spring and morning,' it is perhaps in the grace of its naked readiness the most perfect form by which a Greek sculptor ever depicted the joy of the athlete in his health and symmetry. The climate and the games of Greece gave opportunities of studying the human form which have been since unrivalled, and the Hellenes were not allowed to let them slip. Plato himself observed that the interest of his contemporaries in the human form compelled the sculptor to maintain a precision that was not exacted from the painter of a scene; for animals and flowers they did not find so fascinating. Sometimes, as we have seen, the sculptors' conception of their model sufficed for the sublimities of art; sometimes they represented him as the hero or the god. The head of the *Diadumenus* here reproduced shows how well they could from time to time recapture the significance of human features; but that is not generally what we ask of the Greeks, because it is not the peculiarity of sculpture. Sometimes, as in the *Venus of Petworth*, or in Canova's bust of Napoleon in the Pitti, a sculptor has given the face its nobility, but the subtlety of human features is more than we ask from carvers of stone. For them (at least, as we admire their work now) the eye does not shine, the hair does not glisten, the cheek does not glow, the lips do not redden, the skin does not darken, the eyebrows and the hair lose the subtlety of their texture: sculpture turns still, cold and clear, the most mobile and elusive object of the eye's attention.

It is perhaps just for these reasons that we place on its topmost height the headless *Venus* dug by Italian archæologists from the sands of Cyrene, the *Aphrodite Anadyomene* now in the Baths of Diocletian, or rather in that part of the Museo Nazionale which was once the cell of Carthusians vowed to exchange the earthly love and beauty for the heavenly. Professor Gardner dismisses this discovery with the word 'exquisite.' Writing heterogeneous studies on any subject that came within his view,

he did not aim at making his book balanced and exhaustive. He says nothing of the recent discoveries at Athens or Girgenti, lovely as some of them are, and he might well have given us his ampler views of this fairest of Aphrodites, or at least have said whether he accepts the assessment made by Signor Mariani in his monograph. He tells us much of Phidias and Praxiteles, he refers many times to the familiar masterpieces, the Discobolus of Myron and the Doryphorus and Diadumenus of Polycleitus, and recognises how wild and poignant was the spirit of Scopas. But most of this was known to Westmacott. The Venus of Cyrene suggests, however, none of these: in composition it bears a relation to the Venus of the Esquiline in the Museo dei Conservatori. Who carved it? Not Phidias, though, as Quintilian said, the majesty of his art was adequate to the gods, as was seen by his Athene at Athens and his Zeus at Elis. Polycleitus excelled in the charm and proportion of his figures, and Pliny tells us, though in a story of doubtful value, that in the Temple of Artemis at Ephesus his statues of the Amazons were preferred to those of Phidias. But this Venus belongs to the great age which was seventy to a hundred years later, the age of Plato himself, the age of Praxiteles, Scopas and Euphranor. But it lacks both the tragic intensity of Scopas and the perfect roundness which was a convention with Praxiteles. Might it not have been by Euphranor, who is described by Pliny as excellent with an excellence in everything he touched, who was a master of symmetry and first depicted the dignity of heroes? For Euphranor in some details was careless, as the sculptor of this Aphrodite is careless of ankles and feet.

Professor Gardner has so much to tell one of all these sculptors and of Lysippus that one moves through his pages as through a gallery of marbles, and many ancient pieces are admirably reproduced. Particularly charming are Dr. Amelung's reproduction of an Athenian lady, and the bust of a charioteer from the frieze of the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus, a bas-relief which has been generally attributed to Scopas. But we cannot agree with Professor Gardner that the Azara head of Alexander entirely fails to give that impression of the manly and leonine to which Plutarch refers. On the other hand, the Professor's praise of the statue at Munich, which he thinks a copy of the Magnesian statue of Themistocles, seems to be overdone: it has not that 'rare dignity and ideality' which he attributes to it; Dr. Wolters is right in saying that it is not very individual.

But Professor Gardner has attractive chapters on other subjects; and his remarks on the scenery of the Greek stage will make the book a necessity to those who have not yet included sculpture in their studies of Hellas. Synthesis is the supreme

need of all our criticism, ancient as well as modern; and he is right in insisting that Greek literature involves Greek art, as indeed all literature involves all art, and that without the results of archæology one can see only dimly into the ancient life and ways of a people whose sympathy with genius drew forth masterpieces which, if they are no more essential to modern studies than those of ancient Judæa, or mediæval Italy, or France, are full of concepts which are very closely identified with our own culture.

And what was the temper of the country which gave birth to these concepts? If they flash on us the vision of the past, what is it that they sustain our hearts in telling of the truth of life? Aristophanes observed that, behind the careless majority who thought of nothing but fashion and pleasure (for at least, as the vases show, those were but too faithful to Aphrodite Pandemos), there were others who had an elevation about them. These had learnt from their long training of music and exercise the fitting use of both strenuousness and sentiment, which was to fix their mind on living heroically, not alone in unfaltering endurance of effort and pain, either in games or war, but also in those things which the harmony of physical proportions signify—the virtues of justice, temperance, fortitude and chastity.

Self reverence, self knowledge, self control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.

Indeed, man sees in Nature nothing higher than his own spirit which evokes those things which 'dispose to stateliness and high mood and sublimity.'³ The Hellenes attained to this because in their philosophy the forms of outward things were shaped by an inward grace discernible by reason, and indeed given by an invisible reality; for all was moulded according to patterns of perfection. And all forms of beauty pointed to an unseen and eternal beauty, so that, as Plotinus summed it up long afterwards,

Whenever a beautiful object is presented to the consciousness, we strive always, while reducing that object to a form (apprehending it, that is, as an idea), to discover beyond and identify ourselves with a formative principle, which being the one ultimate ideal is the one essential and transcendental beauty of the universe.

But we doubt whether in the age of Phidias, or of Myron, the Greeks were quite clear as to the height towards which their sublimities were pointing; that matter, in fact, is still being argued. And in exalting their greatness we gain nothing by passing over their deficiencies. Kingsley noticed that they allowed their divinities a licence they did not approve in themselves; and that beyond all that man could discover was a void

³ Longinus.

into what he could conceive, a void, outlined already to the Jews in prophecies, and filled when, in considering what had inspired their society, the Christians showed that humanism had been waiting for a completion it could not attain unaided. The Greeks never really cared much about the mean, the lowly or the poor : failing, therefore, to attain the idea of a unified society, they failed also to realise that the ideal beauty they adored must have been the informing principle of mind and shape and movement. They knew the virtue of magnificence, they passionately admired the natural human excellence of either mind or body ; but they failed to attain to identifying the dignity of heroes with the spirit that frees the soul of goodness from things evil.

R. E. GORDON GEORGE.

ENGLISH SPORTING PRINTS: THE GEORGIAN PERIOD

Good sporting pictures, portraying the many and varied scenes of English country life, have always had a certain *cachet* of their own, well known to the discerning few, but not, as a rule, familiar to the general public. The squires and nobility of the past have always been patrons of this branch of art, largely for the reason that the artists depicted their horses and hounds, shooting and coursing dogs, and fighting cocks ; and for generations the paintings and prints, which all sportsmen still so greatly admire, of those animals, scenes and episodes, have helped to decorate the walls of innumerable great houses in Britain.

In thousands of other houses—the homes of yeomen, farmers, country doctors, lawyers, and business men—many examples of fine sporting prints still hang, and will probably continue to hang so long as their descendants inhabit the countryside and country towns. Unfortunately, in the case of the county magnates, the crushing weight of taxation and the decline of their fortunes have contributed to the sale and break-up of mansion-houses and estates in all parts of England and the consequent dispersal of pictures which have for generations decorated the ancestral walls of a very remarkable and distinguished race of men. These pictures, setting forth the delights of old English country life—a life which has been so long unique in Europe—have naturally begun to attract the attention of countries which have been either later in attaining a high degree of civilisation, or, until the last hundred years, have had a less settled and ordered existence. Germany and America are good examples. Since the year 1815 Germany had been growing rich with unexampled rapidity. Before the war large quantities of sporting prints, thrown on the market by the break-up of old English homes, were being eagerly bought by the Junker families of Prussia and elsewhere, and by wealthy merchants, desirous of setting up elaborately furnished country houses. Pictures of hunting, racing, coursing, shooting, coaching and cocking were all in high demand throughout Germany, and were likely to have continued so. The Great War, of course, altered everything, and a good many pictures of this kind

are now returning from Germany, where impoverished owners have been compelled to realise the collections made in the days of prosperity. Quite recently I saw at Messrs. Ackermann's galleries, in Bond Street, a set of four beautiful aquatints of eighteenth century English country scenes, which had recently come from a castle in Bavaria, a very welcome sight to all who cherish memories of England and English rural life.

In America, bursting with war wealth, the same fashion for pictures of English country life is to be found. In the north, hunting, after the manner of Great Britain, with packs of hounds, grows more and more popular. Racing has long been a passion in the States, and the demand for good English sporting pictures, whether paintings or prints, is extraordinarily keen. In South America, too, there is now a large and growing demand for these works among the great ranch owners, living in fine country houses, and merchants who have reared palaces in the rising cities. The demand for our best sporting prints in these countries is now, in fact, so great that those still interested in the country life and sporting ways of old England may well take warning before it is too late; otherwise the finest examples of a period which is steadily receding, and which can never again be recalled, will have been snatched from us by shrewd collectors in new and wealthy communities. For it is not to be denied that the old and pleasant rural life of England is slowly but steadily vanishing from our midst. In this small island the growth of population is spreading over large areas of the countryside, and the rapid increase of small houses, bungalows, workmen's cottages, chicken farming, and allotments cannot fail to produce great changes. Wire fencing and the enormous increase of motors and motor traction are ruining many hunting countries, and will before long bring the downfall of many more. Hunting may continue to exist for possibly another century in the wilder parts of England, such, for instance, as Exmoor, Dartmoor, Cumberland, Westmorland and parts of Wales; but there is no gainsaying the fact that hunting is not what it was, and the golden age of that wonderful and typically English sport has gone, never to return. Shooting, fishing, and other sports are being similarly affected. Racing and coursing will no doubt have a longer life.

I propose within the limit of this short article to try to indicate some of the work of those leading artists who have left us true and lifelike pictures of the country life of England in its happiest and most characteristic period, the period of the four Georges.

There were long before 1720 certain artists who illustrated books on sport, but who left, as a rule, few pictures or prints behind them. In Turberville's *Booke of Hunting* (1576) there are

some curious and interesting woodcuts illustrating different phases of the chase. This book and its reprints are always worth the collector's attention. Hollar, a great etcher of Stuart times, is worth attention, and his twelve plates, after F. Place, a Yorkshire artist of high merit, are very excellent. These are extremely rare. Ridinger's fine engravings of the chase and Oudry's hunting pieces of Louis XV.'s period are not to be forgotten. In Richard Blome's *Gentleman's Recreation*, published in 1686, are some capital drawings, by F. Barlow, of various phases of sport. The hunting and shooting pictures are very characteristic. The sportsmen are shown in the exact costume—a very pleasing one—of Charles II.'s later period. Among others there is an excellent picture of mounted sportsmen shooting birds flying, a rare performance in those days. This scarce book is highly to be recommended.

Peter Tillemans, a Fleming born at Antwerp in 1684, who came to England in 1704, was an artist whose work is little known in this country, but whose prints are well worth attention. Probably the best known of them is his *View of Thoresby Hall and Part of the Park*, depicting the Duke of Kingston shooting, with eleven pointers in front of him, all standing to game—a very curious and interesting piece, engraved in line by the artist. These pointers, although portrayed 200 years ago, differ little from pointers of the present day. Among the few Tillemans prints are to be found also some good pictures of horses and jockeys at Newmarket and one or two hunting scenes—the latest, a *Fox Chase*, dated 1752.

The earliest and one of the best artists of modern sporting pictures was John Wootton (1685–1765), who is believed to have been a pupil of John Wyck, the celebrated Dutch painter, and was himself far above the average. Horace Walpole, in his *Anecdotes of Painting*, describes him rightly as painting 'with consummate skill, animation and truth.' There are many good examples of his work at Windsor Castle, St. James's Palace, Longleat, Welbeck, Althorp, Badminton, Goodwood, Houghton, Tring, and elsewhere. At Houghton there is, or was, an excellent hunting piece which includes Sir Robert Walpole, Colonel Charles Churchill and Mr. T. Turner, with hounds and huntsman. Sir Robert, the famous Prime Minister, was a staunch foxhunter, and is said always to have opened the letters from his head-keeper in Norfolk before any of the rest of his correspondence, however important. There is a good and scarce print of this picture, published by John Boydell in 1778. Sir Robert Walpole died in 1745, and the picture was painted probably between 1725 and 1735.

Another well-known print, after Wootton, is that of Tregonwell Frampton, 'Keeper of the Running Horses at Newmarket in the Reigns of King William III., Queen Anne, King George I.

and King George II., published in mezzotint in 1740 and again in 1791. While looking at prints at the British Museum some years since I came across an excellent picture of *Death of the Fox*, after Wootton, which I had photographed and showed in *Country Life*. This led to the discovery that a magnificent set of eight paintings by the artist are at Longleat, and, thanks to the information supplied by a member of the Marquess of Bath's family, I ascertained the very curious tradition concerning them. All of these pictures save one are shown in a fine set of seven prints engraved by C. Canot, a French artist, and published by John Boydell, with French as well as English titles. These scarce prints are as follows: *The Going Out*, *Two Hunters*, *The Whipper-in Thrown Out*, *The Earthing of the Fox*, *Coming in at the Death*, *Death of the Fox*, and *Returning from the Chase*. In the picture of the *Death of the Fox*, a most admirable hunting piece, are shown Viscount Weymouth (the eldest son of Lord Bath), a handsome youth in a cocked hat and velvet coat; Lord Althorp (his brother-in-law), in a hunting cap, holding the dead fox; clamorous hounds, a mounted whip blowing a French horn, a negro boy in a turban, also with a French horn, and a rustic on foot. There is a curious Gallic touch about this fine piece, accounted for, probably, by the fact that Wootton had once learned his art abroad and that his engraver, Canot, was a Frenchman. Viscount Weymouth died in 1750, aged forty, and this picture was probably painted between 1730 and 1735. There is a similar set of seven paintings by Wootton—no doubt replicas—at Althorp. The paintings at Longleat are more than life size. The accepted tradition in the Marquis of Bath's family is that the whipper-in shown in the picture of the *Death of the Fox* was an orphan boy, found in the woods near Longleat, and that his history runs through the eight paintings. In the last of these—missing at Althorp—he is represented as meeting his death while separating two fighting horses. Wootton's fine and remarkable prints are rare and naturally in much request. He painted much at Newmarket, made a good deal of money, and built himself a house in Cavendish Square.

James Seymour (1702-52) is well known by his race-horses and hunting scenes. The prints are interesting as records of the sport and the costumes of his time; but his animals and figures are stiff and laboured and there is little artistic merit in his work. One of his best known pieces is 'Old Q's' (then Earl of March) celebrated *Chaise Match* against time at Newmarket in 1750, the preparations for which were of the most elaborate description. The prints of Seymour's work seem to have been all executed after his death.

We come now to a group of artists whose works illustrating

English sporting scenes, especially where horses and hounds are concerned, are among the greatest treasures of the later eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. This group includes such names as Ben Marshall, G. Stubbs, R.A., G. Morland, P. Reinagle, R.A., J. Barenger, J. N. Sartorius, Abraham Cooper, R.A., John Raphael Smith, Sawrey Gilpin, James Ward, Dean Wolstenholme, T. Rowlandson, and R. Weaver. Sir Francis Grant (President of the Royal Academy), Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A., and Richard Ansdell, R.A., all fine artists, are typically of the Victorian period, and their sporting work must perforce be treated with that of artists now or recently living.

Ben Marshall (1767-1835), whose splendid work has only lately come into appreciation again, after a long period of neglect, seems to me to stand at the head of the eighteenth century and early nineteenth century sporting artists. Some of his pieces are, in my judgment, unsurpassed, whether from the point of view of the artist or the sportsman. His *Tom Oldaker on Pickle* and *Mr. Francis Dukinfield Astley and his Harriers* stand alone as representations of the old English country life. Compare with them Stubbs' *The Third Duke of Richmond with Hounds*, or even his fine *William Bentinck, Third Duke of Portland*, and Marshall comes off triumphantly. Mr. A. J. Munnings, R.A., himself one of our greatest animal painters of the present day, in a very interesting article in *Country Life* of September 26, 1925, gives Stubbs pride of place over Marshall as a sporting artist. With that view I confess I cannot agree. Where I think Stubbs excels Marshall is in his delineation of quieter scenes, such as his *Brood Mares and Foals*, shown by Mr. Munnings in the *Country Life* article, a very beautiful picture in which it is impossible to find a fault. When Mr. Munnings wrote his criticism last autumn he could not, I think, have seen Ben Marshall's wonderful painting of *Tom Oldaker on Pickle*, which recently came to light, after being lost sight of for a century. It came into the market last year upon the death in Gloucestershire of a very old lady, Mrs. Ann Capel, a relative of the Rev. and Hon. W. W. Capel, who was master of the Old Berkeley hounds from 1810 to 1820 and, I believe, joint master with Mr. Harvey Combe from 1820 to 1833. The painting was bought by Lord Woolavington for the great price of 2205*l.*, then easily a record for Ben Marshall's work. There is some mystery about the date of this painting, which I believe to have been executed somewhere about 1800 or a little before. Oldaker was born in 1751 and was huntsman to the Earl of Berkeley's hounds from 1782 to 1794, when Lord Berkeley gave up hunting. In those days the Earls of Berkeley hunted the whole country from Berkeley Castle, in Gloucestershire, to Wormwood Scrubs, and had kennels at Gerrard's Cross, Cranford

(Middlesex), and Nettlebed (Oxfordshire), as well as at Berkeley. Tom Oldaker once hunted a fox from Scratch Wood, Wormwood Scrubs, to Kensington Gardens, where he lost him in some rough ground and covert. Tom was one of the most famous huntsmen of his time; it was said of him that he could 'guess a fox to death' when there was little or no scent to serve. After Lord Berkeley gave up hunting Oldaker migrated to Gerrard's Cross, and became huntsman to the hounds which are still known as the Old Berkeley. He died there in 1831 at the age of eighty.

The magnificent mezzotint engraving after the painting of Oldaker on the brown mare *Pickle* is in its way quite as famous as the original. It is full of enchantment. The wild and distant landscape with a hint of the Severn River, the fine, old-fashioned mare, full of life and action, Tom himself in his long-skirted hunting coat of yellow plush—the ancient uniform of the Earls of Berkeley—and a very full-peaked hunting cap, with his bugle horn, having a single twist, tucked under his left arm, and a wonderfully fine couple of hounds, Maleburn and Ramper, running alongside; all these contribute to make this mezzotint by Whiston Barney, in my judgment, the finest hunting print we have. It is extraordinarily scarce, and very few copies could have been printed. No one seems to be able to explain why this happened, although I have consulted the leading art dealers on the subject. Captain F. Siltzer, in his *British Sporting Prints*, mentions one in colour. I have never seen one, and in the last eighteen years I have only encountered two examples of the mezzotint. One of these, shown for a few days at Messrs. Fores', in Piccadilly, some ten years since, was sold for 95*l.* The last example I have heard of realised 180 guineas at Christie's in March last.

There is another portrait by Marshall of Tom Oldaker on *Brush*. This is manifestly a later picture, and Tom looks considerably older than in the portrait of him on *Pickle*. Neither the painting nor the prints, of which there are many, have anything like the merit of the earlier picture. Curiously enough the print of Oldaker on *Pickle* dates (1820) some ten years later than that of him on *Brush*, by R. Woodman, although the original painting must have been executed years before.

Among other famous prints after Ben Marshall are *Francis Dukinfield Astley, Esq., and his Harriers*, engraved by R. Woodman in 1809 and published by Marshall himself from 23, Beaumont Street. I place this fine picture as next to the Oldaker on *Pickle*, one of the greatest of all English hunting pieces. It is manifest that Ben Marshall took extraordinary pains with this portrait. He painted two perfect studies for it, in one of which he shows the wide, spreading landscape of which he was so fond as a background for his portraits. It would have been better for

the picture if he had insisted on this; but he was evidently persuaded by Mr. Astley, a fastidious sitter, to put in a hilly background showing the 'Hunter's Lodge,' erected after the owner's fancy. Nevertheless the picture is magnificent. Mr. Astley, his fine hunter, and the harriers, a splendid lot of old-fashioned, low-scenting hounds, are rendered with wonderful life and verve. I do not think that hounds in action have ever been better painted. Thanks to an article last autumn in *Country Life*, the original of this splendid print was rediscovered, after the lapse of a century, at Arisaig House, Inverness-shire, the seat of Sir Arthur Nicholson, K.C.B., a descendant of Mr. Astley and the owner of the picture. It was sold by auction at Christie's on May 14, and realised 2600 guineas, a fresh record. The very beautiful print of this great picture is assuredly one of the gems of any collection of hunting pieces.

Next to these two hunting pictures by Marshall comes his *The Earl of Darlington and his Hounds*, the prints of which, sometimes in colour, sometimes plain, are very well known. This is an engraving in line by J. Dean. The colour prints are very striking, and the old Earl on a favourite white hunter is a remarkable portrait. The hounds are not so well rendered as in the Astley picture; they are strong in bone for foxhounds of that period, but the feet seem to me too big and clumsy. Possibly, however, this was the old lord's fancy! Marshall always painted what he saw.

Ben Marshall, who lived for years at Newmarket, was great on portraits of famous race-horses, and had a large and remunerative connexion. He once remarked to his pupil, Abraham Cooper: 'I have good reason for moving to Newmarket. I discover many a man who will give me 50 guineas for painting his horse, who thinks 10 guineas too much to pay for painting his wife!' It may be recalled that, not long before Marshall's best period, Gainsborough and Reynolds were glad to receive from 40 to 70 guineas for a portrait. Marshall numbered among his patrons George III. and IV., the Earls of Vincent, Darlington, Scarborough, Earl Sondes, and many other distinguished sportsmen. Fine prints of such famous racers as *Haphazard*, *Muley Moloch*, *Diamond*, *Pericles*, *Filho da Puta*, *Sir Joshua*, *Zingaree* and others are well known to the initiated. These portraits of race-horses are inimitable, and are rendered even more valuable by the portraits of trainers and jockeys accompanying them.

He painted John Jackson and Tom Belcher, the prize-fighters, both engraved by Turner, and occasionally gamecocks. His portraits of various sportsmen, usually on favourite hunters, are also well known to print collectors. One of his most characteristic pieces of this kind is *The Sportsman* (Thomas Gosden), an

admirable picture of the gunner of that period (1824), with fowling-piece and a brace of sporting dogs, setter and pointer. Round his shoulders is buckled the very curious long, snake-like shot pouch of that period. I have just such a pouch, once the property of my maternal grandfather, which I can remember using in my early boyhood when I shot my first partridge with an old single-barrelled percussion gun. This excellent portrait was admirably engraved by Maile. The landscape is by Luke Clennel. Ben Marshall's pieces are among the most admirable of those produced by the long line of British sporting artists, and will always remain invaluable as records of his time.

George Stubbs (1724-1806) had a long and extraordinarily industrious career, and rose to the rank of R.A. He began to paint horses and dogs about 1750, and was at work almost up to the last months of his life; he died in his eighty-second year. A great animal painter, one of his most striking pieces is the frightened horse attacked by a lion, first engraved in 1777. He is said to have visited Ceuta (North Africa) in 1754 and to have there actually witnessed the attack of a lion on a horse. His race-horses, painted for many distinguished owners, include such celebrities as *Marske*, *Eclipse*, *Jupiter*, *Pangloss*, *Pyrrhus*, *Mambrino*, *Protector*, *Hambletonian* and *Diamond*, of the famous match, *Gimcrack*, the *Godolphin Arab* and others, many of which are engraved. He painted also shooting scenes and sporting dogs. Many of his equestrian portraits are first rate; among these are to be noted that fine picture, so greatly admired by Mr. Munnings, of the third Duke of Portland, at Welbeck (1767). The Duke is mounted on a white hunter, and is attended by his huntsman and a stable boy; all three are most admirably rendered. Stubbs' hunting pieces are not so good as Ben Marshall's, and the painting of *The Third Duke of Richmond with Hounds*, reproduced by Mr. Munnings in *Country Life* of September 26, 1925, does not compare well with Marshall's *Tom Oldaker on Pickle* or *F. D. Astley, Esq., and his Harriers*. It is quite in the old-fashioned manner; the horses are stiff and conventional in their action, and the hounds are only moderately good. This picture was, however, executed at Goodwood as far back as 1762, when hounds were much lighter in bone and more greyhound-like than they were fifty years later. Many excellent prints of Stubbs' work are in existence; but they grow steadily scarcer in this country, and ought not to be neglected by admirers of old English sport in its most characteristic period.

George Morland (1760-1804) and his work are too well known to need much notice here. Although in his youth he occasionally rode in country races in Kent, and once actually won, he apparently never painted racing scenes. His few hunting pieces are not attractive to the practical sportsman. His horses are too soft and

too fat, and his riders rather of the same type. I think, in truth, he was much fonder of painting the rural Dobbin than hunters and race-horses in hard condition. His shooting pieces are better, though rustic and primitive. A good many prints of these exist, many of which have realised high prices. His four plates of fox-hunting, in colour, engraved by G. Bell, published in 1800, depicting *Going Out*, *Going into Cover*, *The Check*, and *The Death*, are valued at 500*l.* Probably his best painting of sport was *The Death of the Fox*, which was in the late Sir Walter Gilbey's collection at Elsenham Hall; but this was never engraved.

We come now to Philip Reinagle, R.A. (1749-1833), whose work is often admirable. A pupil of the portrait painter Allan Ramsay, Reinagle soon manifested a bent for sport, especially in the delineation of game, shooting, and hunting scenes. He did a great deal of work for that famous and eccentric sportsman Colonel Thornton, of Thornville Royal, Yorks., whose portrait by him, an oval, engraved by Mackenzie, forms the frontispiece of the Colonel's *Sporting Tour in France*. When Thornton travelled from Scarborough to Spye Park, in Wilts., in search of further adventures in sport, his train was headed by a 'boat-waggon—admirably contrived for the carrying of luggage or loose dogs, covered with the skins of stags, fallow deer and roebucks killed by the Colonel, nets, otter spears, fishing rods and guns; drawn by four thoroughbred, cream-coloured Arabian mares, bred by the King.' A dogcart carried 'milk-white terriers and beautiful greyhounds.' A huntsman, followed by 100 couples of hounds, hunters with housings of deer skins; a keeper with three brace of pointers; and a falconer in green and silver, surrounded by hawks, closed the procession. Nine waggon-loads of old wine and ale brought up the rear. Surely an unexampled outfit for an English sportsman! Colonel Thornton had a fine hunting picture by Sawrey Gilpin, entitled *The Death of the Fox*. He required a pendant for this, and Reinagle painted for him his best hunting piece, *Breaking Cover*, so well known by the fine engraving in line by J. Scott, published in 1811. This is a really admirable picture. Hounds are away from a piece of woodland set in a most picturesque rocky landscape. The huntsman, blowing his horn, a whip and another sportsman or two are in front of the Colonel, who, mounted on a good white hunter, is turning in the saddle and capping and hallooing some rear hounds out of cover. The piece is full of life and action, though the rear hounds are not of the best sample. That, however, was not Reinagle's fault. He could paint hounds excellently when he saw a good one, and his *Southern Hound* (another picture), of which there is a fine print, is a very perfect representation of that ancient type. In *Breaking Cover* the huntsman is blowing one of those ancient short curved

horns reminiscent of the Stuart and Tudor period. These horns have long been out of fashion; but it may be noted that John Peel used such an one, and in our own day the huntsman of the Llangibby foxhounds still carries one of this pattern. I saw recently, at Swaine and Adeney's, in Piccadilly, one of these Llangibby horns, a most interesting survival. From their shape they are more easily broken than the short straight horn now in use. John Peel's horn, still extant, is a much-battered relic.

Reinagle got excellent prices for his pictures. For a portrait of the sixth Lord Middleton, gun in hand on the moors, with pointers and ponies, painted in 1792, he received 500 guineas. He also painted the Warwickshire hounds, of which Lord Middleton was master from 1812 to 1822, in full cry near Chesterton Windmill. Various sportsmen, including the master on a white horse, are riding at a widish brook; others are over or have found the depths. This is an excellent piece, and it is a pity it has never been engraved. I believe it is still at Birdsall House, the family seat, near Malton, Yorks. A reproduction appeared in *The Annals of the Warwickshire Hunt*, 1896. Reinagle did a great deal of excellent work, especially in his shooting scenes; and prints of his pictures, which are not numerous, are always worth looking after. Among them are to be found some good aquatints.

Sawrey Gilpin (1733-1807), mentioned in these notes on Reinagle, was a son of Captain J. B. Gilpin. He studied under Samuel Scott, a well-known artist, and afterwards settled at Newmarket, where he painted horses and sporting scenes. He did a good deal of work for Colonel Thornton, and his *Death of the Fox*, engraved by J. Scott in 1811, *Sir Peter Teazle*, *Pot8os*, *High-flyer*, and *Jupiter*, all famous race-horses, are among his best work. 'Pot8os' acquired his curious name from the spelling of a stable-boy who chalked on a cornbin thus: 'Potoooooooo.' His *Hawking* and *Fox Hunting* are also well-known prints. Gilpin was President of the Society of Artists in 1774.

James Barenger (1780-1831), who came of a family of artists, began to devote himself to sporting subjects at the age of twenty-seven. He is chiefly known to print sellers by his well-known picture of *Lord Derby's Stag-hounds*, published in 1823, in which appear Lord Stanley and the Hon. E. Stanley (afterwards thirteenth and fourteenth Earls of Derby); the huntsman, Jonathan Griffin, on *Spanker*, and the whipper-in, J. Bullen, on *Noodle*. This is a first-rate hunting piece; the hounds are excellent, and the old huntsman and his white horse are as good as possible. The twelfth Earl of Derby, who owned this pack, hunted from 'The Oaks,' near Epsom, for fifty years. This was the Lord Derby who married the fair Lady Betty Hamilton (who ran away with the Duke of Dorset), and secondly Miss Farren, the famous

actress. A few other prints after Barenger, setting forth shooting, hunting, coursing and racing, are to be met with occasionally; but he is not well represented.

Thomas Rowlandson (1756-1827), whose political caricatures are so well known, did a certain amount of sporting work, and coloured prints of various hunting and racing pieces by him are occasionally found. These, however, are mere travesties, and appeal more to the curious collector than to the genuine lover of sport.

The name of John Raphael Smith is almost unknown, except to the very discerning collector. He was a fine draughtsman, and his pastel work was excellent. He was also a skilled engraver. In the late Captain Siltzer's *British Sporting Prints* are to be seen two excellent reproductions of his work, both wonderfully suggestive of the eighteenth century English countryside. These are Matthew Horsley, of Birdsall, Yorks., and Stephen Hemsted, of West Ilsley. That of Matthew Horsley, from a print in the British Museum, might well have appeared in Walton's *Compleat Angler*, so reminiscent is it of old English life. Horsley was an eighteenth century foxhunting Yorkshire farmer who lived to nearly ninety years, and was a great and honest dealer in horses. A rural poem says of him:

From the days of old Draper, who rose in the dark,
Matt hunted thro' life to the days of Sir Mark,

If a fox would but run, every bog it was dry,
No leap was too large, no Wold hill too high;

A tough hearty sapling from Liberty's tree,
If ever plain Yorkshireman lived it was he.

Stephen Hemsted, a sporting doctor of West Ilsley, is also a perfect example by John Raphael Smith of the old English sportsman. He stands at the door of an inn, in the costume of 1790 or thereabouts, filling his long clay pipe. At his feet are two sporting dogs, pointer and setter, and his fowling-piece and a dead pheasant are on a seat on his right. A mug of ale, with a good head on it, is on a table near by. John Raphael Smith's work is very rare, but it is worth looking for.

Zoffany, the well-known portrait painter of the reign of George III., is not often quoted as a delineator of sporting scenes; yet his famous *Cock-fight at Lucknow*, the splendid mezzotint of which, by Earlom, is occasionally seen, has immortalised this ancient pastime. Colonel Mordaunt and the Indian prince, Asof-a-Dowla, are the chief figures in this fine piece; while Colonels Martin and Polier and various Indian notabilities, with the setters and trainers of the fighting cocks, are also in the picture.

James Green is an artist whose name is little known ; yet his fine portrait of John Warde, of Squerryes Court, Westerham, ' the father of English hunting,' as he has been called, has immortalised this fine old English gentleman, who in his time mastered so many packs of hounds. Mr. Warde, bare-headed, but in full hunting costume, is seated on a sofa, and by him, with its head upon his knee, is a favourite foxhound. The print, engraved by C. Turner, is dated 1829, and is to be found in the print room at the British Museum. The portrait is manifestly lifelike.

I do not find the name of Thomas Weaver in either the late Sir Walter Gilbey's *Animal Painters* or in Captain Siltzer's *British Sporting Prints*. Yet this artist executed in 1811 one of the best-known portraits of English masters of hounds. This was the famous John Corbet, of Sundorne Castle, Salop, who mastered the Warwickshire hounds from 1791 to 1811, a period of wonderful sport. His hound *Trojan* is immortal in hunting history, and *The blood of all the Trojans* was the squire's toast at the hunt dinners at Stratford-on-Avon. There is an excellent print of this picture by R. Woodman, dated 1812, a copy of which hangs near me as I write. Mr. Corbet is seen bare-headed, capping his hounds forward on the line of the fox. The huntsman and whipper-in are coming up. The landscape is excellent, and the figures of Mr. Corbet and his horse are portrayed with great spirit. The hounds are of excellent type, and would not disgrace any pack of the present day. This print hung in the house of some Warwickshire relatives of mine for nearly sixty years. One of them, who died in 1893 in her ninetieth year, as a girl remembered Mr. Corbet well. He was a most polite and courtly master of hounds, and she always averred that Weaver's portrait of him was excellent. Who was Mr. Weaver, and why are his hunting pictures so little known, if any others exist ? Perhaps some hunting reader of the *Nineteenth Century and After* can enlighten me ?

James Ward (1769-1859) is not a familiar name among those of sporting artists. ' A great painter, and a yet greater mezzotint engraver,' as he has been well styled, he achieved during his long life an immense amount of good work, little of which, however, was on the sporting side. In 1823-24 Messrs. Ackermann published a series of fourteen prints, dedicated to George IV., of celebrated horses, including *Dr. Syntax*, *Phantom*, *Leopold*, and other racers, the Duke of Wellington's *Copenhagen*, Napoleon's charger *Marengo*, and George III.'s favourite charger *Adonis*. His best known sporting picture is *Ralph Lambton and his Hounds*, an excellent hunting piece, portraying the famous sportsman, his hunter *Undertaker*, and his hounds. This picture was engraved by C. Turner and published in 1821. Ralph Lambton hunted the county of Durham, practically at his own expense, for close upon

forty years. He used, curiously enough, a boxwood horn, and his cheery ' Yi ! Haro ! Forrard ! Yi ! Haro ! ' when hounds were settled on the line was accepted as gospel in the North Country. I do not know who uses boxwood hunting-horns in these days ; but Messrs. Swaine and Adeney tell me they still make them occasionally.

Sheer lack of space compels me to shorten my remarks on other sporting artists of the Georgian period. J. N. Sartorius (1755-1828), the most distinguished of his family in the portrayal of sporting scenes, is, of course, well known. He is not to be compared with Ben Marshall or Stubbs ; but he painted many a good race-horse, and his hunting prints are familiar to all collectors and many sportsmen. S. Howitt (1760-1822) comes into the same category. There is a certain stiffness and rusticity about Howitt's work, which is not satisfactory to the eye, and his hounds in action are not well done. Henry Alken (1784-1851) is the most familiar of all sporting artists to the general public, and prints of his hunting, racing, coaching, shooting and cocking during the Regency and later Georgian period are still to be seen, usually in colour, in every print shop. His output must have been enormous, but he can hardly be ranked as a great artist. J. E. Ferneley (1782-1860), largely a self-taught artist, lived at Melton Mowbray, and had a great connexion among hunting folk. He had the advantage of a year of study under Ben Marshall, but his work is mediocre, and he never attained the first rank. Prints of his pieces are comparatively rare, especially on the hunting side.

Dean Wolstenholme, senior (1757-1837), is well known and deservedly popular for his hunting scenes, so often reproduced in aquatint ; but there is with him, as with Howitt, a certain rusticity of expression which mars his work. His Tom Moody scenes are of small merit from the artistic point of view. His son, Dean Wolstenholme, junior (1798-1882), was an engraver as well as painter, and executed a good deal of his father's work. His aquatints are excellent. The hunts celebrated by these two artists lay chiefly in Surrey, Herts, and Essex. There is a rural charm about the work of the two Wolstenholmes which, in spite of certain shortcomings, is very engaging.

J. F. Herring (1795-1865) was certainly one of the most industrious of all sporting artists, and his output was immense. His portraits of race-horses form a wonderful historical series. His horses in action are nothing like so good, and in his hunting scenes there is little life or action about them. They seem to be galloping and going over their jumps by a process of ' slow motion,' the precursor of those curious pictures now to be seen at the cinema theatre.

The attention of the collector of sporting prints may also be

directed to the works of Abraham Cooper, R.A., a first-rate artist, far too little known, as well as to those of W. and H. Barraud, H. B. Chalon, W. Webb, C. Loraine Smith, T. Woodward, R. B. Davis and the Pollards (R. and J.), all of whom have produced very interesting work. As guides in their search—a sufficiently difficult one—collectors cannot do better than consult the *Animal Painters* of the late Sir Walter Gilbey, Captain Siltzer's *The Story of British Sporting Prints*, and Mr. W. Shaw Sparrow's *British Sporting Artists*, all of them invaluable works of reference.

H. A. BRYDEN.

BELZONI: 'STRONG MAN' AND EGYPTOLOGIST

IN Padua a century ago a medallion was raised, with speeches and rejoicings, to the memory of Giovanni Baptista Belzoni. Perhaps if tourists ask to-day who this man might be they will be told he was Padua's gift to London. Here even an expert of H.M. Office of Works, with an exhaustive knowledge of all monuments in Great Britain, would look bewildered. And yet, were his grave in London, a grateful hand might almost be entitled to copy over it Wren's epitaph:

Lector, si monumentum requiris, circumspice.

Recently we allowed the centenary of his death to pass unnoticed. There was no thought for a man so remarkable as to be the link between Grimaldi the clown and Seti the Pharaoh. Our sculptors, who study to recall the likeness of sedentary reformers in frock coats and trousers, have erected no statue to a bearded giant whose soul was as romantic as his Moorish robes. Many remember the Egyptian Hall yet do not know who gave it that name. Thousands gaze on his treasures in our museums without recalling who brought them there. Only on the translucent sarcophagus of Seti I. in Soane's Museum can his name be seen carved, in all the length and breadth of London which once was full of his fame. Perhaps he has no grave now. Where he was buried, in Benin, there was only a fenced tree to mark the spot. Gratitude has not kept his name alive. But an idle interest in his lively tale should achieve that end.

When Belzoni's strength was being exploited by a London showman the circulars declared that he was descended from a good family of Rome. Roman his family might have been, but there is no doubt that his father was a poor barber of Padua who brought up his sons in this trade. Giovanni Baptista the elder was born in 1778. At the age of thirteen he set out with his brother to walk to Rome, but the younger boy became alarmed as they approached the Apennines and both returned. At sixteen Giovanni chose another companion and reached his goal. To study was his desire; he entered a monastery and

began his novitiate. Before he was ready for the tonsure, however, the sudden entry into Rome of the French in 1798 altered the whole course of his education. One day a sergeant clapped him on the back as near the shoulder as an average man could reach, and exclaimed that here was the fellow he wanted for the fogleman of his company—for, that is to say, a soldier who should march in advance to encourage the others. Belzoni was mild-tempered and meek, but this attempt to take him by force from the learning he loved roused in him a new spirit. With a trifling exertion he flung the sergeant against his companions so that they tumbled into a heap, and strode away—out of Rome, out across the Campagna, heading for the Abruzzi and the pass through the Apennines to the Marches which would, after many a day's tramp, bring him home. There his troubles had only begun. What was now to be his means of livelihood? Chance apprenticed him to hydraulics, but after three or four years the turmoil of European politics affected even Padua. Once more he retreated from the threat of being pressed to serve the French arms. Northwards he journeyed, thinking that if he reached Holland there would be ample use for men of his calling. Before he arrived, according to the showman's circular, he had served a term as a subaltern in the Prussian service, but took an early opportunity of crossing the Dutch frontier. Here, finding his knowledge of hydraulics childlike compared with the skill of the engineers of the canals and dykes, he had no other way of earning a living than by lifting heavy loads before admiring crowds. In this way he paid for his passage to England, but reached London penniless. His fortunes changed the day he walked into Bartholomew Fair. In his own account of his career he passes by this period in silence, except for a brief mention of the facts that he married an English woman and stayed nine years, studying Herodotus and Diodorus and growing infatuated with the lore of ancient Egypt. But, of course, a venerated Egyptologist who had with much difficulty won the respect of scientific societies could not risk his reputation by confessing that he had performed in a fair. And, though he was recognised here and there, he kept his secret so well that Vincent's *Dictionary of Biography* explains the gap in his narrative in this fashion: 'came to London, and exhibited hydraulic experiments, 1803, *et seq.*' Never before or since, perhaps, has '*et seq.*' stood for so strange a story.

According to J. T. Smith's *Book for a Rainy Day*, Belzoni merely happened to stroll into the fairground at Smithfield. Seeing his head and shoulders above the hats of the crowd, a showman sent his Merry Andrew to ask whether the stranger wanted a job. Away scrambled Mr. Merryman down the

monkey's post and back he came with Belzoni to the booth. There he was inspected by Smith, who describes him as 'magnificent.' Some gave his height as 6 feet 2½ inches, others as 6 feet 7 inches; in either case, his proportions were those, not of a tall man, but of a giant. In the gorgeous splendour of an Oriental dress, crested with immense white feathers which nodded like the plumes of an undertaker's horse, he stood in the centre of the booth, holding great weights at arm's length while the bespangled proprietor shouted to the crowd that it cost only threepence to step inside. Would four or five of the company, asked the showman with the air of conferring a great favour, give the 'Young Hercules' sixpence apiece and be carried round the booth in the form of a pyramid? Says Smith:

With this proposition my companion and myself closed; and after two other persons had advanced, the fine fellow threw off his velvet cap surmounted by its princely crest, stripped himself of his other gewgaws, and walked most majestically, in a flesh-coloured elastic dress, to the centre of the amphitheatre, when four chairs were placed round him, by which my friend and I ascended, and, after throwing our legs across his lusty shoulders, were further requested to embrace each other, which we no sooner did, cheek-by-jowl, than a tall skeleton of a man, instead of standing upon a small wooden ledge fastened to Samson's girdle, in an instant leaped on his back, with the agility of a boy who pitches himself upon a post too high to clear, and threw a leg over each of our shoulders; as for the other chap (for we could only muster four), the Patagonian took him up in his arms. Then, after Mr. Merryman had removed the chairs, as he had not his full complement, Samson performed his task with an ease of step most stately, without either the beat of a drum, or the waving of a flag.

When the fair was over, Belzoni exhibited in a field behind the Bell Inn, Edmonton, for a little while. Before the end of the summer he was engaged at Sadler's Wells, where, on an iron apparatus weighing 127 lb., he carried as many as eleven persons. 'When thus encumbered,' the management announced, 'he moves as easy and graceful as if about to walk a minuet; and displays a flag in as flippant a manner as a dancer on the rope.' There can be no doubt he showed a fitness for showmanship. Instead of remaining a mere strong man he took his place in the company, and acted in their musical pieces and pantomimes in the same way that a juggler or tumbler of to-day gets mixed with a fairy tale at Christmas. When an operetta of *Jack the Giant Killer* was staged he was Comoran the Giant, towering above Grimaldi, the clown, his attendant dwarf, and he also played a loutish 'Pero' in the pantomime of *Goody Two Shoes*. After Sadler's Wells he exhibited in the provinces—successfully for several years. At length, however, the public tired. Once, in fact, he was hissed. It was at Edinburgh, where he was

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representing the bear-suckled hero of the ever-popular spectacle of *Valentine and Orson*. All went well till the scene of the bear's death. Then, because he did not handle her in an affectionate manner, the audience arose in wrath.

Fate, it is said, is decided by the trembling of a leaf. In Belzoni's case this angry, sibilant breath filled the sails of the dhow that bore him down the Nile to the Valley of the Kings. In 1812 he left England, with his wife, for Portugal. At Lisbon he appeared in a spectacle of *Samson and Delilah* at the San Carlos Theatre, but, lacking further opportunities of this kind, he purposed to return to the practice of hydraulics. Being advised that the agent of the Bashaw of Egypt was at Malta, he set sail, and in Valetta opposed his guileless will to the wiles of Asia. By persuasion or bribes he was presented in 1815 to the Bashaw, who invited him to construct a machine for watering the gardens of his villa on the Nile. There was a strong feeling of resentment against new methods, and, though Belzoni completed his work in the teeth of the natives' ill-will, he failed because of the Bashaw's interference. While the machine was being worked by the inventor's Irish servant fifteen men suddenly clambered on to it and wrecked it. Only the great strength of Belzoni saved his servant from worse injuries than a broken thigh, but all his efforts could not rescue his work. Superstition, he thought, was responsible for the Bashaw's refusal to allow the machine to be repaired. A more potent reason, however, was that it cost more to use than the bullocks who drew water for the gardens before.

While at a loss to know what next to turn his hand to, Belzoni attracted the attention of Mr. Salt, the Consul-General, who wanted the head of Memnon, the famous Colossus which gave forth the sound of a breaking lute-string when struck by the first beams of the sun, for the British Museum. The strong man of Sadler's Wells eagerly undertook the formidable task of transporting it down the Nile and showed extraordinary ability in organising labour. Dressed in Turkish garb, he ruled the fellaheen with the gravity of a cadi or aga, and, when necessary, administered personal correction with his own hands. His mild and unassuming manner, however, led the officials to mistake their man. For instance, while he was shifting the great head from the earth where it had lain embedded since the French wrenched it from the massive shoulders, the Bashaw's agent, an Albanian, gave orders to the fellaheen not to work for the Christian dogs a day longer. No reason was given, and Belzoni's courteous requests to know the reason received 'saucy answers.' The more tact the giant used the more insolence was shown. At length, roused by his victim's mildness, the Albanian laid hands

on Belzoni and, when gently pushed aside, drew his sword with Pistolian rage. Then, says Belzoni,

I instantly seized and disarmed him, placed my hands on his stomach, and made him sensible of my superiority, at least in point of strength, by keeping him firm in a corner of the room. The pistols and sword, which I had thrown on the ground, were taken up by my janizary; and after giving the fellow a good shaking, I took possession of them, and told him that I should send them to Cairo, to show the Bashaw in what manner his orders were respected.

By the time the head of Memnon had been safely embarked and brought to Alexandria Belzoni was afire with zeal for Egyptology. Despite the unscrupulous methods of French rivals, the greedy wiles of chieftains and the difficulty of controlling the fellaheen, he continued his labours either on the Consul's behalf or for his own satisfaction. Besides excavating various sites around Thebes he explored little-known districts, including the Red Sea coast and the Oases. At Philæ he removed a fallen obelisk to the waterside, where, owing to the collapse of the earthen embankment, it fell into the Nile; but he had it raised and safely brought to Alexandria. When he returned to the Valley of the Kings rivals had done their utmost to prevent his securing a favourable field for digging. Yet he made the most notable discovery of his time. Adopting a theory which has recently proved of great assistance to Mr. Howard Carter, he chose the most difficult spot he could find to commence digging. 'I caused the earth to be opened,' he says, 'at the foot of a steep hill, and under a torrent, which, when it rains, pours a great quantity of water over the very spot I have caused to be dug.' Some feet beneath the surface the spades struck fragments of aragonite carved on both sides and inlaid with blue enamel. As a wing could be traced on one of these, he argued that they were the broken lid of a sarcophagus. At a depth of 18 feet the entrance to a tomb was discovered. After traversing long passages and crossing a chasm he came to the chamber which contained a translucent sarcophagus richly engraved and enamelled inside and out with hieroglyphics. The news soon spread, and the nearest Egyptian official hastened to the spot in search of loot. Belzoni at last convinced him that he had no hidden store of gold and gems, and was allowed to remove his prize. With great patience and skill he measured the tomb, carted away portions, took casts of the ornaments, and made drawings of the mural decorations. When the work was completed he had a rich store for a museum of his own collecting.

Before leaving Egypt, however, he was attracted by the mystery of the pyramids of Ghizeh. Since a time long before Herodotus, the second and third had baffled all attempts to enter

them. Many Egyptologists, apart from a body of French *savants* who recommended charges of explosive to solve the problem, held that they were solid. Belzoni craved permission to prove the opposite. Though laughed at, his application was granted. Then he brought to bear on the mystery what no academic Egyptologist had tried—common sense. Noticing the great masses of despoilers' wreckage accumulated round the bases, he argued that the entrances must be underground. To clear away so much masonry on a large scale was, however, beyond his resources; having lain there ever since the pyramids had been robbed of their stone facing, it had hardened into a solid barrier. Some preliminary digging revealed the foundations of the temple, but this discovery did not distract him from his main enterprise. While engaged with comparisons, he observed on the north side of the second pyramid marks that were not on the first pyramid, which was open. Where these occurred he set the Arabs to work. After sixteen days a chink was exposed at the base of the pyramid, and a loose block was drawn aside from a crevice choked with rubbish which took three days to clear. But it came to an abrupt end, being obviously a forced passage cut with immense labour and then filled up in despair. Because of this setback the Arabs, who had been fired by the hope of winning a new sensation for tourists, were loth to continue, and Belzoni was at a loss how to rekindle their hopes. At length, however, he was prompted, by the fact that the entrance of the first pyramid was not in the centre of the side, to make calculations to show where an equivalent spot would occur on the second pyramid. On applying this theory, he detected a concavity above the place where he had reckoned the entrance to be. Once more, therefore, he urged the Arabs to ply their picks and crowbars until a lintel around an opening 4 feet high and 3 feet 6 inches wide was bared. Entrance was still barred by a solid block of stone, but as this proved to be a portcullis it was lifted inch by inch as wedges were driven underneath.

Pursuing similar methods, Belzoni opened the third pyramid. Then, having also unearthed the site of the temple, he returned to London in 1819 to venture into showmanship. In Piccadilly he found a building decorated outside with hieroglyphics, which suited his purpose admirably. 'Bullock's Museum' was forthwith transformed into the Egyptian Hall, where a facsimile of the 'Regal Tomb discovered near Thebes' was to attract Regency London's passion for informative raree-shows. A month before the opening he invited a small party of scientific men, including Dr. Baillie, author of *Morbid Anatomy of the Human Body*, to watch the unravelling of the mummies of a

young man and a monkey. And on April 28, 1821, the private view of the facsimile, 'lit by artificial light,' was the talk of the town. There was now little trace of the 'Patagonian Sampson' in this distinguished Egyptologist, traveller and author—for he had written an account of his labours (in a volume which also contained some lively descriptions of the East by his wife). Yet he was to exhibit his strength publicly once more. When George IV. was to be crowned, on July 19, 1821, he went with his publisher, John Murray, to Westminster Hall. Though they bore tickets, admittance was denied them. Owing to Queen Caroline's attempts to force her way in, all doors were closed and guarded by a special force of constables, who included Tom Crib and other prize-fighters. Belzoni was not to be stayed by such as these. Brushing them aside as easily as he had overcome the fell sergeant's arrest at Rome, he opened the door, and with his publisher took his place to behold the coronation.

In the autumn of 1821 Belzoni hoped to see his work brought out in a French translation. To this endeavour we owe a portrait of his appearance and character, from the pen of Georges Bernard Depping, the historian of Spain, Normandy, mediæval Jews, and commerce. When the giant entered the house

his head touched the top of the door as he came in. His shoulders were broad, and his hair thick and bushy; but his countenance was mild, and there was nothing fierce or alarming in his demeanour. He carried a book under his arm, and was followed by the publisher Galignani; from which circumstances I gathered that he was an author, though certainly I had never seen one of such dimensions. If the Patagonians wrote, probably his fellow might be discovered among them. This Hercules, however, explained to me, with great mildness and simplicity, the object of his visit which was to get a translation made of his Egyptian travels which had just appeared in English. At the time, I knew very little of the man even by report; but I appreciated his character as soon as I looked over his work; and I was still more astonished when I became acquainted with the details of his early life; and found the individual who had begun by walking upon stilts and playing the mountebank for bread, concluding by opening the pyramids of Egypt and digging out from under a mountain of sand the gigantic temple of Ipsamboul.

Now there seems to come a cloud over Belzoni's life, but what its nature was we cannot as much as guess. Though he is said to have had enemies, they were not as powerful as his friends. Since the British Museum would not buy the sarcophagus of aragonite, he received 2000*l.* for it from Sir John Soane, and therefore was not actually in want. Nor could we suppose a curse on the rifler of the 'Regal Tomb,' for Seti I., its occupant, had been removed to a safer place with other royal mummies many centuries earlier. By all accounts Belzoni was happy in his wife, who in her writings seems to be cheerful and witty and

in her acts as courageous a companion as he could have desired. Yet, after the facsimile in the Egyptian Hall had been sold on April 1, 1822, he wrote, from Half Moon Street, a letter—now in a scrap-book at the British Museum—which has a quiet mournfulness like that of despair. While asking to be allowed to arrange his 'little affairs' with somebody not named, he declares: 'I am going for good out of England, or at least for some time.' In the October of the following year a report from Sierra Leone appeared in the London Press stating that Belzoni had arrived at Cape Coast Castle 'to continue his travels in the interior of Africa.' Dressed in Moorish costume which suited his six months' beard and mustachios, he embarked for Benin River, intending to explore the Niger with only one companion, a native, in order to discover a new route to Timbuctoo. On reaching the country of the King of Benin he spent some days in visiting an inland town and went with a Mr. Houston in a canoe to Gato. Thence he journeyed to Benin; but here, on December 3, 1823, when he was forty-five years of age, he took dysentery and died—'in the fullest and most affectionate remembrance' of his wife, his family and friends. He was buried beneath an arasma tree. Under his name appeared this request:

The gentleman who placed this inscription over the grave of this celebrated and intrepid traveller, hopes that every European, visiting this spot, will cause the ground to be cleared and the fence around repaired, if necessary.

Out of what remained of the 'relics of Egyptian art which were first rescued from the silence of thirty centuries by her lost partner's sagacity, patience and courage,' his widow formed an exhibition. She announced her determination, if the profits were sufficient, to visit Benin and be buried in her husband's grave—an idea which one or two newspapers promptly ridiculed. In the October of 1825 'the caprice of fashion' deserted Egyptology and Mrs. Belzoni was left destitute. What became of her afterwards has yet to be traced.

M. WILLSON DISHER.

THE PASSING OF DEVONSHIRE HOUSE

It happens that one of the most important landmarks in the history of England has been made by a recent private building operation in the West End of London. The old sedate and retiring Devonshire House in Piccadilly, at the north-east corner of the Green Park, and almost facing the Ritz Hotel, was knocked down a few months ago; and on its foundations and its garden are being erected some vast blocks of modern flats and shops, to which no modest eighteenth century adjectives can be applied.

By this demolition of a seventeenth-century home of a ducal family, and the rebuilding, in its place, of the latest type of twentieth century residences and their trading appendages, the transition from one historical period to another has been summed up as precisely and clearly as a good judge sums up the involved evidence of a long law case. A house that was typical of the earlier period at its prime has been suddenly destroyed; and in its place, within a few months, has been built something that is equally typical of the twentieth century.

The old and the new Devonshire Houses are startling signs of the difference between, on the one hand, an England of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which was based, socially and constitutionally, on a ruling class of nobles and gentry with a solid structure of agriculture beneath; and, on the other hand, the later England, which began to flourish during the first years of the nineteenth century, wherein the trading classes of manufacturing industrialists and middlemen merchants grew more and more powerful, until they gradually almost wiped the landed gentry and their farmers and peasants off the board of history. And the symbol of the new men's triumph, so hidden in the many small events of history, has been summed up, for all the world to see, in this catastrophic tragedy of the destruction of old Devonshire House and this phoenix-like arising of the new Devonshire Flats from its ashes.

In short, a great section of history which has not been officially recorded in any formal documents drafted in Government offices

has thus been written on the surface of the earth itself by some energetic builders. The old and the new Devonshire Houses respectively mark the triumph of two very different periods ; and the builders have taken care that we should not overlook the change from the one to the other. They have knocked the one to pieces before our eyes, and built the other while we were passing on our daily walks. Never did the most expensive product of the film industry reproduce history so well as it has been accomplished by the moving picture in Piccadilly during the last few months.

The Cavendish family, that owned the old Devonshire House, in the person of its head the Duke of Devonshire, cannot be ignored by anyone who wants to know the history of England since the middle of the fourteenth century. During the whole of the period since it has represented the English ' noble ' family almost at its best. It might be hastily imagined that the Cavendishes were typical of the Whig aristocrats of the eighteenth century ; but they were a great deal too good to be merely type specimens of the political adventurers who clung, often so selfishly and cynically, to the English rudder of State during that period. The Cavendishes appear to have sought office, not for the sake of the spoils, but rather because they thought, rightly or wrongly, that it was for the good of the nation that they should be in power.

But it is not primarily as types of the Whig Party lords that we must consider the Cavendishes if we are to understand their chief significance in English history. They had a deeper rôle in national life than to save England from a self-willed Catholic Stuart King by calling over a Dutch or a Hanoverian monarch who would do exactly what Parliament (which meant the Whig landlords) told him. They certainly did this ; but their chief significance was not in this rôle, where they so triumphantly succeeded in their constitutional policy. They are far more interesting as representatives of a great class and a great social system which they utterly failed to maintain—where they were hopelessly beaten ; and it is this utter failure which is personified by the destruction of their old home in Piccadilly.

This house has been demolished and rebuilt by their conquerors, the new plutocrats who have made their money by trade instead of by the cultivation of land. The old Devonshire House represented the earlier country gentlemen's agricultural England ; the new blocks of flats are the very living symbol of the manufacturers' and traders' England, which has been growing daily more and more established since Watt and his fellows invented machines in so many varied forms, which tended, one and all,

to turn a land of green fields and corn into a place of factories and coalpits and industrial slums.

Now only a few of us can be Whig dukes or ' iron kings,' and it may seem a matter of indifference whether we are governed by landlords of many acres or by stock and share masters of many forges and factories. But the matter is not so remote from the common man as that, though it is not proposed to discuss the economic problem here. However, there is a more general and somewhat lighter side to this comparison of dukes and plutocrats ; and a glance at the family history of the Cavendishes will give us some basis for deciding whether they had not, at the least, many picturesque qualities which are lacking in their successors.

Now picturesqueness is a very agreeable quality, and tends towards the gaiety and happiness of the onlookers, if it be not gained too much at their expense ; and it would be hard to find a more romantic or brightly painted tale than the story of the family that lived in the old Devonshire House. Beside the pictorial side, there are many other traits of character which so continually reappeared in this family that they became part of a racial tradition which it is interesting to compare with the racial traditions (or want thereof) of their plutocratic successors. But first as to the tale itself, quite apart from any moral deductions.

Whether there was any root of the Cavendishes in *Domesday* is very doubtful. Two hundred and fifty years after that survey they seem to have been City aldermen and clothiers and other useful traders. But by 1372 a Cavendish had become a Chief Justice of the King's Bench, who became, still better, a Chancellor of Cambridge University ; and all the while he was investing his professional earnings in land, as the owners of money have done ever since. However, his career came to a sudden and sad end, for Wat Tyler's men caught him and cut off his head, mainly on the ground that he had been paying his peasants at the pre-Plague rate of wages. The economic position was then exactly the reverse of the state of trade to-day. Then there were not enough labourers to go round ; now there are far too many.

Then we find a George Cavendish who was the faithful secretary and friend of Cardinal Wolsey ; and another brother, William, who rose, as the agent of Henry VIII., to power and wealth. It was mainly the lands of the Church that he got, but there are not many English noble families which did not begin their career by this method of legal pilfering. However, he did something which showed even more worldly wisdom than the collecting of ecclesiastical manors : he married the wealthy widow, Bess of

Hardwick. It was she who really founded the Cavendish family in its greatness.

Elizabeth Hardwick had a more subtle method than purchase or robbery for acquiring estates. She married wealthy husbands; and by the time she had survived in succession four of these desirable possessions, and died as Countess of Shrewsbury, nearly ninety years old, she had amassed a vast number of manors which, as far as lay within her power, were left to one of Cavendish's sons, William, who was already a lord. As Mr. Francis Bickley writes in his charming *History of the Cavendish Family* (London: Constable), 'Beautiful and witty as she undoubtedly was, she must have lacked many graces; but she was a great financier and a great general, and the foundress of a great house.' Three of the most famous of the Cavendishes have been women—Bess of Hardwick; Margaret, the 'learned' Duchess of Newcastle (one of the Cavendish branches); and the Duchess Georgiana, who had all society at her feet at the end of the seventeenth-hundreds.

William Cavendish, Bess's son and heir, with vast estates, and Chatsworth and Hardwick Hall for two of his houses, did not have to wait long for high rank in the peerage; in 1618 James I., who was always hard up, made him Earl of Devonshire, in return, they say, for 10,000*l.* in that needy King's purse. For the days were already past when men won titles and estates on the field of battle at the head of their knights; and Stuart gentlemen, like later Georgian merchants, had to pay for their grand names. The only difference is that now it is not the royal purse that is filled. Even Royal Commissions seem unable to trace the money to its destination.

If the Cavendishes were wealthy they never became vulgar. That is one of the happy qualities which distinguish them from so many of the pushing persons who make money by successful advertising of their wares. The Cavendishes were a cultured race. The first Earl chose Thomas Hobbes to teach his heir the arts of life, and the famous philosopher became the family friend and tutor of three generations. The second Earl became a polished man of the world, and Hobbes declared that to live in his house was as good as a college career. In those days even the Cavendishes had not moved to the West End (which did not then exist), but lived with the merchants in the City. Devonshire Square, near Bishopsgate, still keeps its name from the second Earl's town house there. Hatton, writing in 1708, calls it 'A pretty though very small square, inhabited by gentry and other merchants. Here was formerly a seat of the Earls of Devonshire.'

The Cavendishes were usually lucky in their wives. This

second Earl married Christian Bruce, who lived long after her husband—to the great benefit of the family estates, which had suffered much havoc from her husband's too generous hospitality. Her house was a hive of wits and scholars, especially Royalists, for she never believed in the doctrines of the political adventurers and army desperadoes who called themselves Commonwealthmen and Republicans, as the best way of climbing to power and wealth. She was a discreet mixture of worldly wisdom and piety; for she won thirty law-suits, and yet it was said that 'she hath taught all ladies that the surest path to honour is by virtue.' Even still more to be desired, she was 'of that affability and sweet address, with so great wit and judgment, as captivates all who conversed with her.' One of her sons died in the field for King Charles; but the young Earl, after banishment, came to terms (in 1645) with the Puritans' Party after a very few years of the Civil Wars.

Thereby he revealed another characteristic of the Cavendishes: they have never been extreme men, being too wise to believe that anything of permanent value, in Church or State or private affairs, is ever to be won by violent measures. The Cavendishes have always been very stable, as a general rule of life. So when violent men flew at each other's throats in this Civil War between Cavaliers and Roundheads Devonshire retired to his estates and wrote to his friends: 'I can entertain you with nothing that is serious; I can only tell you that I am grown a perfect lover of sports.' Not heroic, perhaps; but then hysterical heroes have done so much harm in the world with their war cries and gallant charging about with swords and trumpets. Even when Charles II. returned the unworldly Earl could be persuaded to take nothing more valuable in State office than a commissioner-ship of trade.

Nevertheless, it must be remembered that when we follow the fortunes of another branch of the Cavendish family, the Dukes of Newcastle, we have to tell the tale of 'the loyal Duke' who risked life and fortune in the Royalist ranks; and his story would outdo the most moving of the 'movies' at every moment of his romantic career. The arts of war and love and every brilliant phase of social diversion this Cavendish touched with an eager hand. Of course he scared the quieter, more timid men. Thus the cautious Clarendon, in despair over some of Cavendish's technical errors in war, once angrily said that he was 'a very lamentable man, as fit to be a general as a bishop.' But even Clarendon had to admit that he was 'a very fine gentleman.' His tastes were wide; he was an authority on horses, on which he wrote standard treatises; he also wrote comedies 'composed of these three ingredients, viz., wit, humour, and

satire,' his wife tells us. And if he loved horses, he spent great sums on producing masques by Ben Jonson, whom he pensioned generously.

In short, the new wealthy tenants of the new Devonshire Flats will have a deal of trouble before they turn out any figure so brilliant as this early Cavendish. Neither will they easily reproduce the portrait of his brother Charles, who was as different as chalk from cheese. Instead of a brilliant courtier, here was a secluded scholar with misshapen body; but Clarendon wrote that 'in this unhandsome habitation, there was a mind and a soul lodged that was very lovely and beautiful. . . . No temptation could work upon him to consent to anything that swerved in the least degree from the precise rules of honour, or the most severe rules of conscience.' He also tells us that in battle Charles charged with a courage as strong as the boldest of his fellows, yet 'the gentleness of his disposition . . . and the vivacity of his wit, was admirable. He was so modest that he could hardly be prevailed with to enlarge himself on subjects he understood better than other men. . . .' While Aubrey wrote of this Cavendish that 'he was a little weak, crooked man, and nature having not adapted him for the court or campe, he betooke himself to the study of the mathematiques, wherein he became a great master'—indeed, altogether an attractive creature; and, as already said, the new Devonshire House tenants will have to take much trouble before they produce his equal.

The first Cavendish Duke of the Newcastle line had won his dukedom by his loyalty to the Stuarts. The first Duke of the Devonshire branch was to receive it for driving them out of England. The point of view was not so different as it seems at the first glance. The cousins were alike honest men, true to their principles. The one thought Charles I. a better monarch for England than the adventurers who called themselves Puritans and Republicans. The other was too straight a man to tolerate or work with the political rogues who called themselves statesmen in the reign of Charles II.; and when the foolish, pig-headed Catholic James II. succeeded his cleverer brother, the fourth Earl made up his mind that the Stuarts had become impossible kings for England. So he went over to the side of Dutch William, who never let religion interfere with politics and battles, as James had done. Mr. Bickley has summed up this fourth Earl admirably: 'In an age of chicanery he was remarkable for his political honesty. By nature he was absolutely incapable of compromise or sophistry, but unlike many honest men, he was open-eyed to the dishonesty of others.'

From this outline sketch of the earlier Cavendishes, on examination there have already emerged some of the mental

qualities which, by the law of heredity (or by environment, as some will have it), were to become traditional in this family. Some of these characteristics are very marked. The Cavendishes were lovers of the arts and graces of life, of delicate tastes; they were stubbornly honest; they had a distinct leaning towards scientific knowledge; and they preferred to marry brilliant wives.

We have seen how one seventeenth-century Cavendish had been a student of mathematics, while others had been peculiarly honest in public life; while there had been already two great women in the family. The eighteenth century repeated the story with a remarkable sense for imitation. The third Duke of Devonshire was so honest that when he was Viceroy of Ireland they drank his health and said 'thank God we have now a Lord Lieutenant that will keep his word and will do no jobs.' He was a friend of Walpole, and Robert Walpole (in spite of lying historians who have not studied the evidence) was an honest man; and when Walpole was dead Devonshire showed little interest in the inferior party politicians who succeeded to power. Dr. Samuel Johnson said of him, 'He was a man strictly faithful to his word,' and had 'dogged veracity.' In short, he was so honest a man that he did nothing very great in life; and they have, as a compliment, forgotten to put him in the great *Dictionary of National Biography* along with the many great men who rose to fame by methods less scrupulous.

Then there was the third son of the second Duke, Henry Cavendish, a millionaire, who gave up every minute of his life to original scientific research. He lived on almost nothing; scarcely spoke to anyone; merely devoured knowledge like a ravenous man. He was a repetition in an extreme form of the seventeenth-century Cavendish mentioned above.

Then this later century had, like the former, two altogether charming and brilliant Cavendish wives. Georgiana, the Duchess of the fifth Duke, when she died in 1806 had reached the position of an uncrowned queen. Her husband, another straightforward gentleman after the Cavendish tradition, had a passion for 'retirement,' while his wife had the whole of society at her feet. Her great friends were Charles James Fox and Sheridan, and she rose to the summit of her power when she talked and kissed Fox into Parliament at the famous Westminster election of 1784. It was believed that she could persuade anyone to do anything, and the French politicians, imagining her as corrupt as themselves, endeavoured to bribe her to tell the secrets she learnt from her Cabinet friends. King George IV. told Croker the whole ugly story as he heard it from the Duchess herself: 'She sent instantly for Mr. Fox to tell him of the circumstances, which indeed seemed

to overwhelm her with shame and vexation,' added the King. The soul-soiled scum of humanity that did the work of the French Revolution had no knowledge of a code of honour of a family like the Cavendishes.

When the Duchess Georgiana died and society had, like ourselves, nothing left to worship but the portraits of this queen-goddess by Reynolds and Gainsborough, a somewhat remarkable thing happened. Her dearest friend, Lady Elizabeth Foster, had long lived with the Devonshires, as a refuge from a cruel bishop father and an impossible husband. Edward Gibbon, the historian of the Roman Empire, had fallen in love with her; and wrote of her charms that 'if she chose to beckon the Lord Chancellor from his woosack in full sight of the world, he could not resist obedience.' She was attractive to learned people, for she was full of enthusiasm for knowledge and art; she gave much money to excavate the Forum in Rome; printed splendid editions of Horace and Virgil; and when she died she was about to reprint Dante. This pleasing lady became the second wife of the Duke three years after Georgiana's death; and perhaps she was really more suited to that shy creature than her more gorgeous predecessor. For the fifth Duke was of literary tastes rather than of the social habits of his first wife. His deep knowledge of Shakespeare became a proverb. Anyhow, he married Lady Elizabeth, who, after his death, finished her days as the mistress of the most brilliant and cultured salon in Rome.

The Cavendish traditions went on irresistibly in the nineteenth century as they had progressed during the eighteenth. The richer they grew the more learned and hardworking the dukes became. The seventh Duke (1808-91) was second wrangler and eighth classic and Smith's prizeman at Cambridge; and entered Parliament in time to support the Reform Bill of 1832. He acted as his sons' tutor; and became Chancellor of London University and Owens College, Manchester. He spent his life mainly in advocating scientific research and technical education in both industry and agriculture. Then he committed a dangerous error: he turned villages into great industrial centres. In short, the Cavendish of the nineteenth century was trying to adapt himself to the strange and somewhat disagreeable circumstances of his times. He was a great man, though it may be that he made the first serious blunder in the family and was doing unwisely, after all, in thus trying to temper the Cavendish tradition to the modern fire of industrialism.

Such is, in fragmentary outline, the story of the Cavendishes. Their house in Piccadilly was a great symbol of their part in the social and economic life of an older England. It represented the seventeenth and eighteenth century periods of

great county families, agricultural prosperity, market towns and the vigour of yeoman life, with all that grew out of it. Of all this, for good and evil, Devonshire House was a pictorial representation. It was a type specimen of the London of Georgian days (it was built by Kent in 1735), when there was still space to move and air to breathe in the capital city of the Empire. London was not then a mass of congested traffic and picture palaces, but a place not yet cut off from the sun and the fields. It was still a dignified city, and not a metropolis that has become a misshapen mass of architectural suburban horrors and monstrous human warrens of flats.

The new Devonshire House is the type of the new society that has taken the place of the one that the Cavendishes once ruled. The careful observer will note a somewhat hasty decision to call the new flats a sign of 'Progress' with a capital letter. There may be a good reason for the capital, for certainly the facts are not so obvious that they would be easily apparent without calling our attention to them.

What are these facts? A dignified though unassertive house, surrounded by a large garden with low walls that did not interfere with its neighbour's light and air, has been destroyed. In a London that is rapidly being packed tighter with houses every day, Devonshire House was making a stand against the deluge of iron girders and stone. The deluge has come at last, and these great blocks of flats and shops have been raised on the site of the more lowly, more modest old Devonshire House.

There are some enthusiasts, very enamoured of the term 'democracy,' who think that here is another of their triumphs. A very wealthy family of aristocrats has been turned out to make room for many wealthy families to live in its place. If this, indeed, be the progress of democracy, then it is scarcely so popular a creed as one had been given to understand it was. Was one family of cultured, well-behaved aristocrats really more dangerous to the populace than the great mass of stockbrokers, idlers, company promoters, night club dancers, and all the variegated throng of plutocrats who will take the Cavendish place? Will they turn out between them a producer of Ben Jonson's masques, a second wrangler or eighth classic, a Georgiana or a Bess of Hardwick, or a fraction of all the stately honest figures of public life that have come along the line of the Cavendish tradition?

If flats for stockbrokers be 'progress,' then may we travel forward as slowly as possible. If we must always have the rich with us as well as the poor, let them be of those few families that we can respect, not the many new thousands whom we cannot even envy. The new Devonshire House is the living symbol of

modern plutocracy. It is not altogether waste of time to meditate whether the older aristocracy may have made a far pleasanter picture, and been less dangerous to its neighbours.

G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER



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AMERICA: QUIXOTE OR SHYLOCK?

America will be rich, prosperous, and wealthy as the result of this war. We shall have made untold millions of this wealth out of the woe and swelter of Europe. The money which has come to us from these people is money in trust, and unless America recognises this trust she will pay dearly and bitterly for its possession.—Mr. HOOVER, February 1917.

LESS than ten years ago the President and people of the United States were lauded as a nation of idealists, generous crusaders who were speeding across the seas to the succour of distressed and devastated Europe. The same people is denounced in many quarters to-day as a race of vampires, bloodsuckers, and hypocrites, who saved Europe only to starve her, and engaged in her quarrels only to enslave her.

The contrast is too sudden and too violent to be entirely credible. Don Quixote does not turn into Shylock in real life,

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Letters as well as articles will be considered for publication, but letters should be confined to criticism or amplification of articles which have already appeared in the Review. No anonymous contribution is published.

or the Chevalier Bayard change overnight into the miser Grandet. The chivalrous knight may prove on closer acquaintance somewhat less like Galahad than we thought him. But it is improbable that he will turn out to be the traitor Mordred in disguise.

It is certain that no nation could live up to the inflated standard of virtue attributed to the Americans in 1918. It is unlikely that any nation could be quite so base as the Americans are alleged to be in 1926. The truth presumably lies somewhere between the two extremes. The hero may not be the low huckster he is at present painted by the caricaturists. But even in the golden days of chivalry valiant knights are said occasionally to have condescended to live on the countries they rescued from the tyranny of the local giant. And it is at least possible that the splendid crusader sometimes showed himself possessed of as keen an eye for a bargain in cheap castles as for dragon-slaying, and that there were dismal moments when distressed maidens thought the fee for delivery from thralldom a little high.

However that may be, it is impossible to deny that the reputation of the United States has fallen heavily in Europe since the Treaty of Versailles; and that not merely with the unthinking mob, but among men who are careful not to form their judgment without some evidence, and whose opinion is therefore generally worth attention. Where there is smoke, says the proverb, there is fire; and when the prestige of a nation diminishes there is usually some genuine cause for the decline.

In the present case the main reason for the fall of American reputation in Europe has obviously been the insistence of the United States, whether right or wrong, on the repayment of her war loans to her allies. But that is certainly not the whole truth of the matter. There are other precedent items of the account which, if only for the sake of clarity, must be set out before the main question is discussed.

It is convenient, until proof to the contrary is adduced, to regard foreign statesmen and peoples as men of like passions and limitations as ourselves. They may deceive us—or perhaps themselves—with phrases and professions; but in the long run States, like individuals, attend to the matter in hand, and the most important matter in hand, for States as for individuals, is the security and advantage of the unit concerned. No nation, said George Washington, can be trusted outside its own interests; he might have added that the average ethical standard of the State is necessarily lower than that of its individual members, since the State is the least common denominator of the individuals who compose it.

In the case of the United States this position seemed to be reversed at the moment of her entry into the war. National

States act upon considerations of national advantage, which can generally be expressed in terms of territory, tribute, or security. But in 1917 it was the dignity rather than the actual security of America that was affronted by Germany. For two years previously the balance of national advantage had on the whole operated to keep America neutral; from the end of 1916 onwards, however, the balance swung slowly, but in the end decisively, the other way, and it operated, on the whole, to make America a participant. But it must frankly be admitted that in a country so remote and isolated from European politics, and so imbued with the first President's warning against foreign entanglements, the arguments against intervention could have been stated almost as persuasively in 1917 as the arguments for intervention. No vital American interest was in fact immediately at stake.

The political factor was reinforced by a personal accident. It so happened that President Wilson was an idealist; and in the considered series of statements in which he defined the purpose of the United States in entering the war the national and material reasons for that action were practically ignored—possibly because they were not so conspicuous as to be obvious and overwhelming—while the idealist and knight-errant aspects of the decision were emphasised.

The result was that Europe (outside Germany) took America at her word, and regarded the United States as a nation of idealists. That is now seen to be an error. But it is equally an error to regard the United States as a nation of hypocrites. The truth is that the idealists talk while the realists act; the idealists mean what they say, but the realists mean what they do. The idealists generally have the last word. But the realists generally determine policy.

President Wilson prophesied that the war was one that would make the world safe for democracy. But the historian is seldom a good prophet, and his success in this direction may be gauged from the fact that in most parts of Europe autocracy now holds the reins of government. But the more realist spirits in the United States must from the first have been tempted to regard the war as one that would make the world safe for American supremacy. Europe seemed in process of committing suicide; and the financial and industrial power of the world was manifestly crossing the Atlantic. The United States had made vast sums out of neutrality, and could well afford to undertake the task of setting the world in order, if only to consolidate her own position.

It is reported that Lord Kitchener once remarked that the nation which put the last million men into the field would win the war. The story may be true or untrue. But, judged by that

test, the United States was entitled to claim that her late and perhaps reluctant entry had won the war ; and President Wilson certainly spoke and acted, at least during the earlier period of his European visit, as though he were the master of the Peace Conference and the arbiter of the continent that lay at his feet.

Unfortunately it immediately became evident that he did not understand Europe, and within a very few months it also became evident that he did not understand America. He gave Europe a League of Nations that she accepted only because of his insistence ; he gave America a League of Nations that she would not accept at any price. He gave France a guarantee of security that America promptly repudiated ; and he accepted from Versailles a mandate for Armenia that his countrymen instantly rejected.

President Wilson was undoubtedly sincere ; no statesman in the world outside Angora would have accepted a mandate for Armenia unless he had been sincere. His air of conscious rectitude, so natural and proper in the president of a university, was perhaps unconsciously a little ridiculous at a council of diplomats ; but his idealism was part of the man. Now, it is absurd to sneer at idealism in politics ; the men of vision have done more for the world than those who kept their ears close to the ground. But the idealism that succeeds is the idealism that knows the facts, and sees beyond them ; the idealism that fails is the idealism that ignores the facts, and builds the future on the shifting sands of fancy. The world is littered with forgotten Utopias. It is less fertile in remembered Pacts.

The rejection of the Wilson policy by America was a rude shock to Europe. She knew that he did not know the facts, and took advantage of his ignorance ; but she was also accustomed to deal with plenipotentiaries, and discovered, a little late in the day, that President Wilson was not a plenipotentiary. The idealist pledged his country ; the realists repudiated the bargain. Presently the idealist died, and the realists remained alive.

This series of events, which it has been necessary to recapitulate at some length, was the first great blow to European belief in America. It was discovered that one could not trust the United States to fulfil an engagement made by her President. Presently Europe received another and greater shock. It was discovered that while American political engagements with Europe could be repudiated months afterwards, European financial engagements with America could be insisted on years afterwards.

The contrast has purposely been stated bluntly, and indeed somewhat offensively. It is doubtful whether anything is gained by deliberate understatement, and to France at least the contrast between the American repudiation of the agreement to defend her against Germany and the American insistence on the repay-

ment of war loans was in fact offensive and, to that sensitive and suspicious nation, little less than a betrayal. It is possible that this was one of the causes which led to the French occupation of the Ruhr ; to the series of anti-German alliances in Eastern Europe which have been so strongly condemned in America ; to the military policy in Africa which has been as strongly condemned in England ; and finally to the tortuous financial policy whose immediate outcome has been the collapse of the franc, but whose ultimate aim has at least appeared to be the repudiation of the external debt. This line of reasoning may do both France and America injustice. But at least the sequence of dates and acts is suggestive.

England had less reason to complain, both positively and negatively, than France. Englishmen are more familiar with the intricacies of the American constitution than their neighbours, and therefore the repudiation of President Wilson's political engagements at Washington was a surprise rather than a shock. In any event, the disappearance of the German navy left us relatively indifferent to joint contracts against military attack ; from our point of view, as from the American, these things were liabilities rather than assets. British finance, too, was in a sounder position than that of France—partly owing to the fact that we taxed ourselves more drastically, but partly also because we had no occupied territories during the war—and therefore what seemed to France an act of incredible meanness appeared to us merely a disputable matter of policy in a complex situation on which opinions might legitimately differ.

Insistence on commercial book-keeping as between allies might be sentimentally objectionable. It might be unwise politically and short-sighted financially. But even the most vivid imagination could hardly consider it a betrayal, far less a crime, if America chose to hold her debtors to their engagements.

So far as Britain is concerned, indeed, the controversy is practically closed. We have made our bargain, and we shall stand by it. It may not have increased American prestige in the eyes of the world—that is none of our business ; but it has certainly strengthened British credit everywhere. It is true that it was not the settlement we proposed or desired. But at least it was a settlement. And there is some truth in the view that even a bad settlement may be better than no settlement at all.

But there is no disguising the fact that it was a very different settlement from those that we had been accustomed to make in the past. In previous wars, as in this, we lent money to our allies, and when the treaties of peace were made we did not insist on payment of interest or principal from our associates, nor did we demand large indemnities from the enemy. We have taken

our toll in land, not cash; and history does not suggest that this has been unsound policy.

But it was not followed by the Germans in 1871, when they insisted on the payment of an indemnity by France as well as the cession of two provinces. And it became evident early in the recent war that it would not be followed either by the Germans or the French when peace was declared. The German Chancellor Helfferich, speaking in 1915, looked forward to the defeated opponents of the Central Powers 'dragging through the centuries the chains of the indemnities' they were to pay to the future master of Europe; and when the day of reckoning came three years later, the astronomical figures proposed at Versailles showed that in this matter at least France was not unwilling to learn from the enemy.

The sequel of this policy—the period of German evasion, the inflation period, the Ruhr occupation, the eventual modification of the tribute demanded, and the acceptance of the Dawes proposals—is recent and familiar history. But again, the results of this method do not in themselves suggest that the British method of writing off war debts, and seeking compensation in territory rather than tribute, was wrong.

It is true that our attitude in 1919 was open to the charge of vacillation; there were moments when Mr. Lloyd George seemed to want to 'squeeze the German orange,' just as there were moments when he seemed to want to 'hang the Kaiser.' But these were little more than electioneering outbursts meaning nothing; and historians will notice that the British Government was firm where it was true to its own tradition on land and sea, and that it only vacillated when it was drawn into the new Continental theory of cash payment. It insisted, without hesitation or qualification, on the surrender of the German navy and the German colonies; it assented and demurred, assented and demurred again, over the indemnities and tributes; and finally it came down on the side, not indeed of complete cancellation—which would have been Utopian—but of writing down the totals of all war debts and indemnities from an astronomical to a terrestrially conceivable (and payable) figure.

To this, however, America would by no means assent. She was inclined to approve, it is true, of the reduction of the German indemnity to a tolerable figure; in any event that particular issue made little difference to her, since she was not an effective claimant to large sums like France and Belgium on the ground of war losses and devastation. But if she was easy with the enemy she was undeniably stiff with her allies. She was insistent on repayment of the loans she had advanced; and she would not consider any scheme of making those payments contingent on the

receipt by the Allies of instalments of the German indemnity. What the Allies could get out of Germany was their affair; what the United States could get out of Europe was her own business.

This remarkable change of front, this stark financial realism, struck Europe like an east wind after the soft southerly breezes of President Wilson's little lectures on self-determination. It was very bracing; it was also extremely unpleasant. Democracy had gone out with Don Quixote; dividends had come in with Dives.

France may have been wrong in insisting that Germany should pay for the war. America may have been right in the coldness with which she looked upon indemnities. She may have been right again in insisting that her late allies should pay their debts. She may have been equally right in insisting that the Allied settlement of debts should not be contingent on the German payment of reparations. This attitude may have been economically sound and politically justified. But unfortunately it could be represented, and was in fact represented, as a policy that dealt more harshly with an ally who had been abandoned than with an enemy who had been beaten; as a policy by which America stood to gain, whatever happened to her allies—a policy, in short, of 'Heads I win, tails you lose.' And the effect of these representations, or misrepresentations, of Washington was not lessened by the reminders broadcast from the United States that if Europe would only abandon her old game of Continental politics and alliances and attend to the business of making money to pay her creditors she would find the half-yearly visit to the American dentist practically painless, and indeed almost a pleasant performance. The homily may have been justified. But it can hardly be described as tactful.

On neither side was the controversy an elevating one. Creditors attempting to enforce payment and debtors attempting to avoid it are not necessarily ignoble; but we should hardly choose to present them to an audience of Martians as evidence of the supreme achievements of the human race. Partners in a common enterprise squabbling over their expense sheets are not the most inspiring evidence of co-operation, and the spectacle of allies who have sealed their union in the blood of their sons disputing over the cash value of the common sacrifice could give unqualified pleasure only to a misanthropist.

But the new popular theory of the United States as a nation of Shylocks was even more difficult to swallow than the theory which it had displaced, of the United States as a nation of Don Quixotes. American charity towards the distressed areas of Europe during and after the war was great and generous. It is true that charity is often the luxury of the rich, and that some-

times it is the solatium of a bad conscience. It was not for Europe to look a gift-horse in the mouth; but the contrast between the American Government's mean treatment of the Belgian debt and the American people's compassionate treatment of the Belgian debtors was somewhat too marked to escape comment.

Much of the comment, indeed, was futile and wide of the mark. It is convenient to assume the hypothesis, which is not in itself improbable, that human nature all over the world is a fairly constant factor, and that men in the mass will follow their interests most of the time. But even so, an individual is free to do what he likes with his own surplus wealth; a Government is not free to do what it likes with its assets. The private citizen is accountable to himself alone; the Government is accountable to its citizens and to posterity. That, I think, is at least part of the secret of the transformation of the Quixote that was not into the Shylock that is not. But it is not the whole truth of this matter.

War is not caused by armaments, as innocent peace societies and pacifist politicians sometimes suppose. War is caused by a conflict of ideas or interests, and it results directly from the attempt of one side to impose its will on the other. War is therefore an instrument of policy, but from its nature as a destructive weapon it is only an occasional instrument of a policy which is, or should be, continuous.

What is that continuous policy? Obviously the security of the State and its citizens; by peace if possible, by war if necessary. But when citizens multiply, the State may need to expand; and defence may then cross the invisible line which separates it from offence. The statesman still thinks in terms of security, but it is no longer the security of the existing unit in being, but of the prospective unit in becoming, that he has to safeguard.

These considerations, of course, are elementary. But it is sometimes forgotten that the causes which drive nations to make war become effects in treaties of peace. The victor imposes his will, the loser submits; and in the ideal war the loser pays the victor's costs. (I say 'the ideal' war advisedly, for in the real war the victor spends men as well as money, and the former cannot be repaid.) Compensation is paid by the loser in land or tribute, which reduces his standard of security and living, and adds to that of the victor.

Such was the old and simple doctrine of war, and up to a point the late war was true to type. Germany proposed in 1914 to take the French forts and colonies, and had Germany won after the short, sharp campaign she planned, those, no doubt, would have been among the terms imposed, and France at least would no longer have been a menace to German security.

The Allies had fundamentally the same outlook. But their different situation imposed very different angles of vision. France demanded security—territory, the destruction, or at least reduction, of the German army, and an indemnity. Britain also demanded security—territory overseas, and the destruction of the German navy. Her financial situation, however, differed from that of France, and therefore her financial attitude, as we shall see presently, was different.

The position of America differed, again, from that of France and Britain. She entered the war reluctantly and late, because her security was less directly threatened. The United States was therefore able to adopt—at least, to profess—a more disinterested attitude. She sought no territory, and took none. She sought no indemnity, and took none.

From these facts rose the legend of American Quixotism. The facts were true, but the legend was false. The acquisitive instinct is inherent in ambitious States, as in ambitious individuals; possession is not merely nine points of the law, but of human character. The United States has not been superior to the common human desire for land in the past; for a hundred years and more her Government has bought land, fought for land, and negotiated for land continuously. The Louisiana purchase, the conquest of New Mexico, the 'Fifty-four forty or fight' agitation: these do not suggest any real indifference to enlarging the territories of the Republic at home. Nor, in spite of the old tradition against overseas expansion, does the history of Panama, Cuba, the Philippines, and Hawaii indicate any fundamental objection to extra-territorial possessions of recent years.

The expansionist activities of the United States have been disguised by the fact that they began long before the Declaration of Independence, when the early colonists on the Atlantic seaboard began that long trek to the west which was to end only on the shores of the Pacific; and also by the fact that the colonisation of the country has been internal. The imperialism of the people has been concealed, even from themselves, by natural circumstance; but it has been at least as potent, and as successful, as the imperialism of Britain, France, and Germany.

The fact, then, that America annexed no territory in 1919 was probably due to accident rather than superior virtue. She annexed no territory because there was no territory in the market that she wanted to annex. Had Jamaica instead of the Cameroons been a German colony the United States might not have been proof against temptation. It was one thing to refuse a mandate for Armenia; the real test would have come had a mandate for Mexico been repudiated.

So much for territory; tribute was another matter altogether.

American statesmen may have realised—as those of Europe did not—that it was as impossible to get money out of Germany on the lines proposed in Paris as for Mr. Horatio Bottomley to hang the Kaiser. But the Allies were owing Washington large sums of money. And the easy altruism of the United States in regard to land was not to be repeated in regard to gold.

There were three different attitudes towards war debts as towards annexation, and in each case the attitude was determined by local circumstance. France, Italy, and Belgium were all owing large sums to both Britain and America; they were debtors without being creditors. Britain was owing a large sum to America, but her debt was more than offset by the amount owing to her from the Continent; she was a debtor in detail, but a creditor on balance. America alone was the creditor to whom everybody owed money, but who owed nothing in return.

It is obvious that between these five associates France, Italy, and Belgium would deprecate the payment of war debts. America would enlarge on the need for States, as for individuals, to meet their obligations. Britain alone, being both debtor and creditor, could take a more impartial view. It can be claimed, without pride or false modesty, that the British Government did so, and that it might have been a good thing for the world had the principles of the Balfour Note been accepted.

America, however, would not consider those proposals, and the opportunity passed. It is easy, of course, to denounce the United States, and to contrast the idealism with which Washington began the war with the hard bargains she drove at the end. Nor were the reproaches entirely without justification. There is a real, and not merely rhetorical, difference between the war debts of allies and ordinary commercial debts. There is something a little repellent about the calculation of sacrifice in terms of statistics. There is an awkward contrast between the service of humanity and the presentation of the bill.

But it must be remembered that the arguments on the other side were by no means negligible; and it should have been foreseen by the European Allies that in certain not improbable circumstances of home politics in the United States they were bound to become decisive.

The United States had raised the money to finance the war—that is to say, to finance her European Allies—from her own people, who subscribed freely to Liberty loans. It might conceivably be possible for Washington to cancel the whole Allied debt to America with a stroke of the pen. But she would still have to pay interest at home on that debt, and ultimately to repay the principal to her own citizens. If Washington had cancelled the whole Allied debt, she would indeed have made a noble

gesture to suffering Europe. But she would also have saddled her own people with a great part of the cost of a quarrel not of her making—a quarrel in which she was in fact so little interested that she came in last of the major combatants, quitted first, and then repudiated the settlement she had helped to impose.

These things, however noble, are not done by responsible statesmen. First things first; and it is the business of a Government to look after the interests of its own people first.

But it is less certainly the business of a great Government to look after the immediate financial interests of its own people first, last, and all the time, and to ignore—or at least reduce to the vanishing point represented by a diplomatic 'observer' who attends, but takes no direct part in, international conferences—what may be ultimately greater political interests. Those interests may be correlated with the interests of other States and peoples, considerations of high policy may sometimes override monetary considerations of local and temporary importance, and prestige in the outer world may eventually be more important than election slogans and personal or party reputations at home. The imponderables, after all, exist, and even though they are ignored in the current balance-sheet of a nation, they may affect future balance-sheets and the factors which make up those balance-sheets.

These ancillary but hardly negligible considerations appear to have escaped the authorities at Washington; or if they did pay attention to these matters, they decided to take the cash and let the credit go. Any foreign comment on that decision is, of course, suspect of being prejudiced, or inspired by ulterior motives; and the suspicion is no doubt often well founded. But the decision has been not quite unanimously received in the United States, where there have been weighty if not very vocal elements of public opinion which have doubted its wisdom. The demagogues are naturally all in favour of collecting the uttermost farthing. But some shrewd politicians question the possibility of binding engagements between States extending over sixty years or more. Many financiers question the wisdom of cornering gold. And more than one moralist has questioned the ethical soundness of the policy.

It must frankly be admitted that the problem, from the purely American angle, is very complex. It is certainly not a legitimate criticism that Washington failed to cancel the whole Allied debt; she could not fairly have done so as the responsible representative of American interests. Nor would it probably be quite fair to reproach the American Government with failing to adopt the Balfour Note policy as it stood; it could perhaps hardly, in justice to its own taxpayers, have gone quite so far. But the

Balfour Note policy might at least have served as a basis for discussion. And it is obvious—at least it seems obvious to us on this side of the Atlantic—that the United States could have gone a little farther than she did, and risked a little more in the way of generosity, if only to heighten her own prestige.

England is, when all is said and done, a proud and wealthy country, and we cannot afford to haggle over halfpence with our creditors; we would rather pay than be patronised. France is also a country of some considerable resources, and those who live in glass houses at Paris should not throw stones at American avarice. But Italy is assuredly not a land corrupted by excessive wealth; yet Italy has also had her elbow jogged and her attention called to the account rendered. And even if it is argued that Italy must pay for the dignity of becoming a Great Power, was it necessary to dun Belgium? It is reported that President Wilson was for cancelling the Belgian debt to the United States, on the universally recognised ground of her special position and the splendid gallantry of a little nation attacked in defiance of treaty obligations. That course of action, however, did not appeal to his successors at the White House, for the bargain has since been repudiated, and the cancellation has itself been cancelled.

This particular transaction, it must be admitted, sticks a little in the throat. There is good authority for the proposition that the first shall be last. But it is a novel application of the text to give the first to bear the brunt of an invasion the privilege of paying tribute for assistance to the last that steps into the breach.

The powers of Governments may be limited, but it is surely inconceivable that they are as limited as this; and I for one refuse to believe that the American people will look with pleasure, let alone pride, on this particular transaction in years to come. It is one thing to request a settlement of accounts with the British Empire, for we speak with the United States as equals. It is surely quite another thing to take toll from a country whose area is less than that of Maine, whose population is less than that of New York State, and whose revenue is less than that of the London County Council.

The official avarice of the United States has been sufficiently discussed in Europe. The private generosity of the United States citizens has received less adequate recognition on this side of the Atlantic. The contrast between the two is so remarkable that it obviously invites examination. But the explanation of the discrepancy is not, I think, very recondite. It will some day be recognised as a misfortune for America, and indeed for the whole world, that the United States had no concrete objective in the

war. She fought, it is true, for liberty, for democracy, for fourteen points, but not for her life. Her national existence was never directly menaced: Germany in her most Chauvinist moments did not contemplate the Kaiser sending one of his sons as dictator to dragoon the subject province of New York.

America fought well for an abstract idea, but she alone among the combatants had no material objective. And men, being by nature an acquisitive and predatory race, are so made that if they possess no material objective they have to find one. It was precisely because American citizens were not vitally interested in the war that they were persuaded into the idealist policy of President Wilson. But it was precisely because they found pure idealism so dissatisfying that they reverted to the other extreme and accepted the materialist policy of his successors. The diet of noble words was followed by collection of the debt and the formation of further fantastic claims against Britain for blockade damage; the cold fit succeeded the hot.

Everybody else had got something out of the war; why should America not at least pay her expenses? So ran the argument, and up to a point it was valid. Unfortunately, America was genuinely indifferent to territory because there was no territory at stake or available that would have added to her strength or importance; but for the very reason that it was impossible to think of victory in terms of land it became easy to think of it in terms of cash. For a political was substituted a financial imperialism.

It is in no spirit of monastic renunciation that I suggest that this irony of contemporary history has become a tragedy of circumstance. I have no particular patience with current denunciations of capital and capitalism; nor have England and France always shown themselves sufficiently indifferent to the golden calf to cast many stones across the Atlantic.

But it remains the fact that a territorial imperialism is on a more solid basis than a financial imperialism, and for a simple reason. Land implies responsibility on the part of the possessor towards the possessed; for his own sake, and his own profit, he will look after the material well-being of the subject province, and seek its prosperity, if only in order that his own interests may flourish. But in the payment of debts the responsibility is all on the debtor's side, and the only duty of the creditor is to receive the money. A territorial empire cannot be an absentee landlord; a financial empire can be an absentee stockholder. The former shoulders the maximum of responsibility with the minimum of profit; the latter accepts the minimum of responsibility with the maximum of profit. It may exist for a time, but it can strike no root of loyalty, of goodwill, of respect or mutual affection such

as is necessary if any human institution is to endure, and sooner or later the empire built on gold will collapse like the house built on the sands.

The unhappy results of this policy are indeed already beginning to manifest themselves. America is frankly disillusioned with Europe. Europe is frankly disillusioned with America. The time will surely come when America will be disillusioned with herself and will exchange her present vision of financial imperialism for the territorial expansion that inevitably again awaits her at some time in the future. In the Philippines she has shown a real sense of responsibility towards the people she governs. It is a strange commentary on the limitations of human statecraft that the Filipinos have been more fortunate than the Belgians.

In paradise, I understand, the floor is paved with gold; but on this present earth gold is the symbol, land the substance, on which human power and rule are based. And those who strive after the symbol therefore deceive themselves; for when the substance is absent, the symbol cannot breed.

A. WYATT TILBY.

MINING ROYALTIES AND THE COAL PROBLEM

THE Royal Commission on the Coal Industry, in Chapter VII. of their Report, have explained their recommendation that the mineral should be acquired by the State on payment of compensation to the present royalty owners. It is natural that landowners should oppose this recommendation; for if they are receiving mineral royalties they dislike compulsory acquisition, and fear that the compensation awarded them may be insufficient. If, on the other hand, no minerals have been discovered on their property, they dislike the idea of losing all chance of potential enrichment at some future date, if by any chance minerals should hereafter be discovered on their land. The fact that this opposition is natural is no ground for not acquiring the minerals if this course is otherwise desirable in the public interest, though it is a very strong ground for granting reasonably liberal compensation in the case of all in present enjoyment of these rights. To deprive people of existing rights which have been enjoyed, recognised by law, and made the subject of transfer for value over a period of three and a half centuries would be a wholly un-British proceeding. On the other hand, to claim compensation for the deprivation of unproved minerals would be equally unreasonable. A man who owned a patch of land on a prairie might just as well claim high present value for it on the ground that some day or other the construction of a railway, or the establishment of a new industry, might raise the value of his property a thousandfold. Public acquisition deals with the market value at the time of acquisition, and cannot recognise speculative considerations, though it is reasonable to allow a fixed additional percentage because the acquisition is compulsory.

There are three different points of view represented in the controversy. On one side it is contended that the minerals in any area of land, however deep down below the surface, belong to the owner of the land by law, by usage, and by natural right, and that the State has no greater right to appropriate minerals than it has to appropriate the land itself. On the other extreme

are those who maintain that minerals are the property of the community, represented by the State; that the surface owner has unjustly appropriated this property and should be made to surrender it to the community without any compensation at all. A more moderate variant on this opinion is to confine compensation to cases in which the land has been the subject of recent transfer for a consideration which specifically included its mineral value. A mean between these extremes is the opinion that minerals ought *ab initio* to have been reserved by the State, but that inasmuch as, in the absence of such reservation, law and long-established usage have sanctioned appropriation of minerals by surface owners, it would be most unjust for the State to take any minerals which are in process of exploitation except on payment of compensation. This middle opinion I hold, and I have spent many years of my life in India, a country in which (outside the permanently settled areas) mineral rights were expressly reserved to the Crown when proprietary rights in land were conferred or recognised.

On the question to whom minerals naturally belong it is possible to argue indefinitely. The soil itself is made up of mineral substances mixed with organic matter, and the natural equities of the case might be held to differ according as the mineral appeared as a surface outcrop or in seams or strata a thousand feet or more beneath the surface. The ownership of all land originated either by occupation—forcible or peaceful—or by favour of, or in return for service rendered to, the Crown, and the value of land may consist of its soil value, its site value, or its mineral value, or a combination of these; but, whereas the soil value and the site value depend upon the nature of the surface, or at most upon a subsoil of comparatively a few feet below the surface, the mineral value will most often depend upon geological formations or faults many hundreds of feet below. And whereas the soil value certainly was, and the site value may often have been, a factor in the original choice or grant of the land, the mineral value can only have been such a factor in very rare cases. I am speaking of old countries like the United Kingdom. Indeed, the judgment of the courts in Queen Elizabeth's time which confirmed the rights of the surface owner to the minerals on or below the surface, at whatever depth, was passed long before either the owner, the State, or the courts could have anticipated the issues involved or the importance of minerals when scientific mining was later on to be developed. Nor can the theory of surface ownership extending to any depth be reconciled with the declaration of the same courts that gold and silver belong to the Crown and not to the surface owner. If the Crown could have foreseen that the baser metals might one day

prove more valuable than any gold or silver likely to be found below the surface, it would have taken steps to re-establish by legislation the right of the Crown as representing the nation. As, however, the decision was never reversed, the question of natural rights in this country has become academic, but natural sentiment is against the absolute vesting of minerals in the surface owner. These minerals derive no sustenance from his soil, as do trees of spontaneous growth which stand upon it. Their presence there is due to no exertion or merit of his. They are valueless until they are exploited by the application of capital, science and labour, to none of which does he, *quâ* surface owner, contribute, and in the vast majority of cases the original first owner from whom his title can be traced back had no expectations that his land would ever possess more value than its surface, or site, might give it. The sentiment adverse to his ownership becomes stronger when a mineral industry paying a royalty finds difficulty in maintaining itself. Lastly, if the particular industry so impeded is one that is vital to the national prosperity, the sentiment against private ownership of the mineral may become intense.

It is for these reasons that it is obviously in the public interest that every State should reserve the ownership of minerals to itself. In most civilised States, except England and America (which followed the practice of the Mother Country), this reservation has been made; and the question now is whether the British Government should not repair the error, even though it will have to pay compensation. Before the question of expediency can be discussed, two points which give rise to confusion require to be cleared up. The acquisition by the State of property in minerals does not mean that the rights of the surface owner to the enjoyment of the surface apart from minerals are in any way diminished. If the exploitation of the mineral involves the occupation of the surface or the destruction of its amenities, the surface owner must be fully compensated for such occupation and disturbance. Secondly, State ownership does not impede the owner of the surface as a State concessionaire in exploiting singly or jointly with others the minerals on or beneath his land. If he has already developed mines under his own land by the application of capital, he will have the same return on that capital as it would have yielded to any other capitalist. The only difference will be that he will now be liable to pay to the State the royalty which he, in another capacity, was formerly receiving himself. For this loss he has *ex hypothesi* been compensated and his mining profits will not be affected. If these two points are made clear, and if the compensation offered by the State for its acquisition of mineral rights is reasonably liberal, the landowner is driven to

support his opposition to that measure on other grounds. These usually are :

That the nationalisation of minerals is merely a first step to the nationalisation of mines ;

That the State acquisition of minerals will prove an effective obstacle to private mining enterprise ;

That the administration of its mineral rights will prove so expensive and entail such an army of officials that the State will be a serious loser by its purchase.

It is easily demonstrated. It Bolshevik Russia is put aside (and even the Soviet Government has recently had to fall back upon private enterprise—*vide* the Harriman concession in respect of manganese in the Caucasus), in no important State has State ownership of minerals led to the nationalisation of mining enterprise. The two things are perfectly distinct, and no one is better able to appreciate this than a surface owner in England, who has not taken shares in the exploitation of minerals, but has been content to draw royalties as the price of the mineral extracted by the labour and capital of others. In the Central Provinces of India the Government did itself develop two or three coalfields, but this was merely pioneer work because no private enterprise was forthcoming at the time and it was desired to encourage it. After these State collieries had been worked for some years they were sold or leased to companies, and other coalfields in that province have subsequently been developed by private enterprise, a moderate royalty being paid to the State. The truth is that it is much easier for the State to draw its royalties than to risk public money on speculative enterprises and make itself responsible for so complicated and hazardous a business as the profitable management of mines. No one, except a Communist or an inmate of a lunatic asylum, seriously recommends Government to undertake mining as a part of its normal functions.

The second objection is that the ownership of minerals by the State is sure to be a deterrent to private enterprise. This objection is equally baseless, provided always that the enterprise has a reasonable Government to deal with which is anxious to develop the mineral resources of the country and is wise enough not to kill the enterprise by extortionate demands. I can claim to speak with some experience on this subject, for I had the honour of administering two Indian provinces, the Central Provinces and Burma, in both of which minerals are of great importance, and numerous mineral enterprises have been undertaken. My experience on the Government side extends to coal, manganese, limestone and iron in the former province, and to oil, silver lead, with copper and zinc attached, tin and wolfram, and rubies in the latter ; and since my retirement I have seen something of

the other side of the shield from a seat on the board of an Indian mining company. I would refer opponents to State ownership of minerals to any of the companies which deal with oil or tin in Burma, or with coal or manganese in the Central Provinces, to ask whether, if the mineral had been privately owned and they had had to make their own arrangements with hundreds of surface owners, they would have been better treated in respect to their mineral concessions or their royalties than they have been by the Government of India. Possibly some early pioneer might have got off cheaply in dealing with ignorant rustics ; but, once mining had been shown to be profitable, even the rustics, urged on by lawyers, contractors, touts and adventurers, each with a finger in the pie, would have opened their mouths and extracted from their concessionaires terms and conditions beside which the Government claims are a mere fleabite. The surface owners in England are sufficiently intelligent and well educated not to spoil good business by excessive demands ; but even in their case legislation has been found necessary to remove some, though it has not removed all, of the obstacles which multiple private ownership of minerals puts in the way of mineral enterprise. It is largely on these grounds, indeed, that the Royal Commission recommended the acquisition of royalties. So far from State ownership being a deterrent to private enterprise, it offers many advantages. For one thing, the rules governing the grant of prospecting licences and mining leases are open to all, the terms of such agreements are standardised and well known, the rates of dead rent and royalties are prescribed and are moderate.

In India the royalty on coal is 4 annas a ton. On all other minerals, except gold, silver and precious stones (which are always subject to special negotiations), the standard royalty is $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the value of the ore at pit's mouth ; but these rules and royalties are not entirely rigid, and specially favourable terms are often conceded on good cause shown. The advantages of dealing with a single royalty owner are immense, and the question of wayleaves under the surface never arise. It has also to be remembered that it is not merely Indian capitalists who have found this system tolerable. Some of the greatest mineral enterprises—like the Burma Oil Company, the Burma Corporation, tin companies in Tavoy, and manganese and coal companies in the Central Provinces—are purely European enterprises. The defender of the present British system will urge that if the surface owner is deprived of his rights to minerals, albeit with compensation, he will lose all incentive to embark on mineral enterprises himself. With due respect to those who hold this view, I venture to urge that this argument also has no substance. The surface owner is in the best position to apply to

the Government for a prospecting licence or a mining lease on his own land, and will find no difficulty in gaining access to it. Having always contended that the payment of royalty to himself has been no discouragement to others to risk their money in mineral enterprises, he cannot, with any conscience, assert that the payment of a royalty to the Government is going to be a deterrent to him. If the surface owner has the wit, the initiative, and the command of capital, his ownership of the surface will always be an advantage in his favour over other competitors.

The third, and last, objection is that the exercise of its newly acquired mineral rights will cost the State so much that the acquisition will not be worth the outlay. If that is the case, how is it that countries that are much poorer than the United Kingdom have managed to sustain these burdens? In respect of all enterprises now in being, once the compensation is settled the task of collecting royalties upon the number of tons extracted involves no special or expensive agency. The Department of Mines is already receiving information of this kind. The country already possesses a staff of inspectors of mines and can command the services of eminent geologists when it requires their advice at no vast expense.

As regards future prospecting, this is not a new and unexplored country in which applications for prospecting licences will come in by thousands. Such applications are dealt with in India under well-defined rules, and these rules have been drawn up after consideration of similar rules in other countries. Beyond a map of the surface area, sufficient to enable the ground to be identified on the map, the applicant does not require to submit any elaborate information. If the correctness of the map requires confirmation by public authority, the applicant will pay the fees necessary for the survey. Having given its permission for prospecting operations, the State is bound to assist its licensee to secure access to the land, but it will, in the first instance, allow the prospector to make his own arrangements with the surface owner for entry upon the land and for the necessary operations. Only if the surface owner refuses his consent, or imposes exorbitant terms, is the intervention of the State necessary, in which case it proceeds as it would do if it were acquiring land for a public purpose. In my own experience the compensation is in most cases settled by the parties without the intervention of the courts. The mineral concessionaire is willing to give reasonable compensation to the surface owner, and a reasonable surface owner, who may not be any too prosperous, is glad to secure good value either for the land itself or for the temporary user of it. I feel sure that in the case of new prospecting the Government would find no difficulty in working out a procedure most suitable to British conditions; but in the case of all existing mines all these

questions of difficulty have already been settled, and it seems unlikely that Government will be overwhelmed at an early date by a rush of prospectors.

Having now, as I hope, shown that the stock objections to State acquisition are not substantial, I need not repeat in detail the arguments set out by the Coal Commission in favour of this course. They consider the purchase of royalties as likely to smooth away many difficulties felt by mineral enterprise on account of multiple mineral ownership, and they attach great importance to the sentimental value at the present juncture of transferring to the State royalties which, in the hands of private owners, are, rightly or wrongly, regarded by many, including the miners, as an unfair burden on the industry, but which in the hands of the State justly belong to the community. Yet I cannot help feeling that the Commission have, in this instance, missed an opportunity of demonstrating the positive material advantages to be derived from the course which they recommend. Let it be granted at once that the principle of a direct subsidy to any industry is wrong, demoralising to those engaged in it, and dangerous to the State because it sets up a precedent, making it difficult for the State to refuse similar applications from other industries, a position which would soon lead to national bankruptcy. Let it also be granted that the taxpayers should not be asked to invest their money in acquiring at large expense a property which is going to be unprofitable to them. The Royal Commission did not pursue this matter or examine all its implications; they took it for granted that the royalties as a result of the acquisition would be paid to the State instead of to the landowners. Neither party to the coal controversy suggested that the royalties should be remitted to the industry—the colliery owners, who in many cases are also royalty receivers, because they were absolutely opposed to the acquisition at all, while the Socialists who gave evidence for the miners were advocates of the nationalisation, not merely of the royalties, but of the mines themselves, and could not with any consistency suggest that the State should not enjoy the royalties which ought to be an asset to the whole community. The Commission, therefore, without probing the question further, contented themselves with the suggestion that 5 per cent. of the royalties should be devoted to pithead baths, or, alternatively, if the royalties were not acquired, that the royalty owners should be taxed to this extent for the benefit of the industry. This is the alternative which the Government have favoured. It is not likely to please any party. It gives no satisfaction to those who want royalties nationalised, or to the royalty owners who see their lawful property singled out for special extra taxation. It is merely giving a sop to Cerberus

at their expense, for which, moreover, Cerberus, preferring food to hot water, will not even wag his tail.

The whole transaction requires to be put from a different standpoint. The 100,000,000*l.* which the Commission estimate as the cost of acquiring the royalties is not a subsidy to the mining industry. It is a national investment whereby the nation will become the owner of all the coal in the bowels of the kingdom. What is this property? On page 17 of the Report the Commission give the estimates; and, even if the latest and highest estimate be not adopted (that of Professor Jevons in 1915), it would appear to be safe to take 150,000,000,000 tons as a fair figure. The royalty owners and the Commission have alike emphasised that royalties are not rents, but are the price of the mineral in the ground. If the nation could buy the entire coal reserves of the country for 100,000,000*l.* it will be buying them at a cost of one-sixth of a penny per ton. The present royalties, averaging 6*d.* a ton, would be payable to the State after acquisition, and it might not be possible to raise this figure so long as the existing agreements are in force; but it is quite open to the State to make a bargain. It might, for example, by lowering the present royalty to a nominal figure, induce the colliery owner to agree to a higher royalty, say of 1*s.* a ton, if the coal industry recovers its prosperity, or if the price of the coal at pit's mouth exceeds a given sum per ton, or the net profits of the colliery exceed a stated percentage. It might be able to secure agreement to a sliding scale ranging from a minimum of 1*d.* a ton to a maximum of 1*s.*, according to the profits of the industry. Since a losing industry means a cessation of exploitation, and since coal lying unworked in the ground produces nothing, it is only good business on the part of the owner of the minerals to offer his wares at a low price so as to encourage capital to buy his coal and extract it. If to this advantage be added the enormous benefits to the nation and its industries arising from a prosperous coal industry, the sacrifice of selling at a low price while the industry is depressed will prove a very profitable bargain. Suppose, for example, that the State, having acquired the coal, were to offer it at 1*d.* a ton for two years, and at 3*d.* a ton for two years more, it might in the fifth year be able to return to the present 6*d.* which the royalty owners obtain, and some years later the royalty might, on the sliding scale, have risen to 9*d.* or 1*s.* The calculation would be:

Years.	Benefit to the State.	Saving to the industry.
	£	£
First two years	1,000,000	5,000,000
Next two years	3,000,000	3,000,000
Fifth year	6,000,000	Nil.
Total position at the end of five years	14,000,000	16,000,000

Now, the abatement of royalty (namely, the price of the raw mineral in the ground) when an industry is gravely depressed is a common incident in State management when minerals are State property. It is in no sense a subsidy to an industry; it creates no precedent for subsidising industries generally. It is merely an ordinary business proposition to be content with a low price in the present in order to secure a higher one in an early future. Most new undertakings have to be content with small returns in the beginning before large profits can be expected. It may be, if the old prosperity returns, that the industry will be able to pay 1*s.* a ton regularly, in which case the nation will be receiving 10 per cent. or 12 per cent. on its outlay, without counting the larger benefits due to the indirect advantages to other industries. Critics, of course, will say that this saving to the present controversy during the next four years is no solution to the present controversy, and will not enable the industry to prosper without other sacrifices on the part of both labour and capital. I do not assert that it will. Sacrifices will still be necessary pending the rehabilitation of the industry; but a Government which offers a single sum of 3,000,000*l.* (since withdrawn), or a contribution of 300,000*l.* a year, to the provision of hot baths can scarcely criticise an advantage to the industry of 16,000,000*l.* in the next four years as too trifling a help to be worth either the offer or the acceptance. Without being a subsidy it reduces the expenditure on production. It confers the same benefits as a loan, but repayment is conditional on profits. It benefits all parties to the transaction, and, unless the freely expressed anticipations of the recovery of the coal industry are mere foolish optimism, it promises to be an excellent investment for the nation. If it does not obviate the sacrifices necessary by the two parties to the dispute, it *pro tanto* reduces them, and should increase their willingness to bear them. When one considers that of the 23,000,000*l.* given in subsidy in the year 1925-26 at least 4,000,000*l.* to 5,000,000*l.* must have gone to pay the royalty owners, it is surely worth the nation's while to acquire the coal reserves of the country and negotiate terms for the price of its mineral which, after being helpful to a temporarily depressed industry, will in no long time bring to the nation, directly and indirectly, a good return on its outlay.

If by the time the coal measures of this country are exhausted the average price realised by the State over the whole period has been even 8*d.* a ton, the nation will have received 5,000,000,000*l.* from its investment to-day of 100,000,000*l.* It is at least quite certain that the principal and interest of a loan necessary to pay the compensation will have been completely wiped off in a comparatively short space of time

REGINALD CRADDOCK.

AUSTRALIA'S MODEL CITY

A MODEL city is being built in the Australian bush as the Federal capital of Australia and the seat of the Commonwealth Government. Next year the seat of government will be transferred from Melbourne, with its population of 800,000, to this model city, officially named Canberra, the population of which is less than 5000. And more than half of the present population of the new city consists of workmen who are engaged in building it. When members of the Commonwealth Parliament assemble at Canberra in May, 1927 to attend the first session in the Federal capital they will find very few streets formed in this new city. Parliament House, which has been built at a cost of 500,000*l.*, faces an open stretch of country, with fields of long waving grass in the foreground. There will be no trams to carry residents about the city. Although for many years it will be a small city in population, the plan on which it is being built provides for an area of twelve square miles, and already the suburbs, consisting of a few scattered houses, lie at a distance of several miles from the few shops in the commercial centre. Electricity, water, and sewerage have been laid on to the houses, but there is no supply of coal gas. In the big cities of Australia domestic cooking in gas stoves is the rule, but in the new city cooking will be done by electricity, or with wood and coal fires in kitchen ranges.

Some years will elapse before the Federal capital is connected with the main railway system of Australia. It has been temporarily connected with a branch line which runs from Sydney down the south coast of New South Wales to Bombala. But this connexion will not serve traffic from the States of Victoria, South Australia, Western Australia, and Tasmania. Members of Parliament from these States, and other passengers, will use the express train from Melbourne to Sydney and will disembark at Yass, forty miles north-east of Canberra. Motor cars and charabancs will convey them to the Federal capital. The express from Melbourne to Sydney reaches Yass at 5.30 in the morning, and members of Parliament will not like turning out of their sleeping berths at that time on winter mornings in order to undertake a forty miles drive to Canberra. They are agitating

for the construction of a railway line from Yass to Canberra, but it has been officially estimated that the cost of the line would exceed 750,000*l.*, and that the revenue would be small, as much of the passenger traffic, consisting of members of Parliament and civil servants travelling to and from Melbourne, would be free. The Public Works Committee, which examined the proposal to build such a line, reported against it because of the inadequate revenue it would earn; but there can be little doubt that eventually it will be built. It is probable that the transfer of the seat of government from Melbourne to Canberra will stimulate civil aviation in Australia, which on account of its equable climate and vast open spaces free from mountain ranges is regarded by aviators as an ideal country for flying. An aerial service subsidised by the Commonwealth Government has been operating for the past two years from Adelaide and Melbourne towards Sydney. This route is within 200 miles of Canberra, and a subsidiary aerial service to Canberra could be easily arranged.

It was not without long delay and much political manoeuvring that the site of the Federal capital was finally fixed at Canberra by the Commonwealth Parliament. The written Constitution of the Commonwealth of Australia, which came into operation in 1901, provided for the creation of a new city as the Federal capital. Sydney and Melbourne, the two largest cities in Australia, each wanted to be the Federal capital, and to avoid jealousy between them the Federal Convention which drafted the Constitution decided that neither should have this distinction. New South Wales, as the oldest and most populous of the six States of the Federation, claimed that the new capital should be within her borders. In order to induce the electors of New South Wales to vote for the establishment of the Federation at the referendum in 1899, the Convention decided to admit this claim; but in order to appease the jealousy of other States it was decided that the site should be not less than 100 miles from Sydney, the capital of New South Wales. Seven years elapsed after the first meeting of the Commonwealth Parliament before finality was reached in the selection of a site for the Federal capital. Nearly every representative of a New South Wales constituency wanted the capital to be in his electorate, and a great deal of political manoeuvring was employed to influence the votes of members from other States, who were able to approach the selection with disinterested views. Originally forty sites in New South Wales were put forward for consideration, but these were subsequently reduced to twenty-three. In 1902 the Government sent members of Parliament on a jaunt through New South Wales to inspect these sites. In the following year the Government appointed a Royal Commission to report on the six most suitable sites. The House

of Representatives passed a Bill in which, after an exhaustive ballot among members, Tumut was selected as the site. When this Bill came before the Senate Bombala was substituted for Tumut. As negotiations between the two Houses failed to bring about agreement, it was decided to obtain further information regarding the relative merits of these two sites. In the following year, a new Parliament having been elected in the meantime, a Bill passed both Houses declaring that the site must be within seventeen miles of Dalgety, which is about thirty miles north of Bombala. Four years later a Bill was introduced to fix more definitely the locality of the Dalgety site, with the result that Parliament—the third Parliament which had considered the site question—substituted for Dalgety a site in the Yass-Canberra district of New South Wales. After that there was no change in the site, but, owing to the war and other causes, building operations were not commenced until 1920.

The Federal territory in New South Wales consists of 900 square miles; the area is of irregular shape so as to take in the watershed of several small rivers, and the city site is in the north-east of the territory. The Crown lands within this large area were handed over by New South Wales free of charge to the Commonwealth Government, and the private lands were purchased by the Government at the unimproved value before the site was fixed upon. The highest price paid by the Commonwealth Government for this vacant land in the bush was 3*l.* per acre. The laying out of the city has naturally increased manyfold the value of land within the city area. The policy of the Commonwealth Government, which has the approval of Parliament and the people, is to retain the freehold of every foot of land within the 900 square miles of Federal territory. Business and residential sites within the city are sold on a ninety-nine years' lease. Up to the present two auction sales of leases of land within the site of the city have been held, and comparatively high prices have been realised. Business blocks in the civic centre averaged nearly 80*l.* per foot frontage, the prices of blocks ranging from 1300*l.* to 5600*l.*, the latter sum being for corner blocks. The purchaser does not pay the price at which a site is knocked down to him; he pays to the Commonwealth Government an annual rental of 5 per cent. of the price. After twenty years the value of the block will be reappraised for rental, and thereafter until the ninety-nine years' lease runs out reappraisal will be made every ten years. Provision has been made to prevent speculators obtaining blocks and holding on to them until the development of surrounding blocks increases the value. Purchasers of leases have to sign an undertaking to commence building within twelve months of the date of the purchase of a lease, and to complete building within

two years of that date. No lease is sold to any bidder who is not a British subject. In order to prevent congestion in the commercial centre of the city, and to provide for its even spread, no building is allowed to be more than two storeys high.

The building of the city has been entrusted since 1924 to a Federal Capital Commission, consisting of three members, appointed by the Commonwealth Government. The Commission have power to raise loans for the development of the city and the construction of public buildings. In the early stages considerable expense will be incurred, but later on the rentals from thousands of business and residential sites will provide the Commission with a big revenue. In fifty years' time this revenue will amount to some millions of pounds a year. The complete control exercised by the Commission over the development of the city means that the city will develop according to a regular plan instead of in a haphazard irregular manner. When Washington city was planned it was intended that the Capitol should be the centre of the city, with streets radiating from it in every direction. But Washington city was allowed to develop westwards, with the result that almost the whole of the business portion of the city and the chief residential areas are in the west, and the Capitol, instead of being in the centre, is at the eastern end of the city. This will not be the case with Canberra: Capitol Hill, on which the Commonwealth Parliament House will eventually be built (replacing the 'temporary' Parliament House which has been erected on an adjoining site at a cost of 500,000*l.* and is expected to last seventy years), will always be the centre of Canberra. The Commission dispose of only a few leases of land at a time, and by this means there will be gradual development of the city according to plan. It will be impossible for the city to spread except in the directions the Commission desire. When development has been carried out to a certain extent in one part, the Commission will suspend the sale of leases in that quarter, and will open up development in other quarters. There will be no such thing as a slum area, because the Commission exercise complete control over the building area, and all building plans must receive their approval.

A definite plan for the building of the city was decided upon at a very early stage—long before the Federal Capital Commission was appointed to take over the work. In 1911 the Commonwealth Government, with the intention of making the Federal capital a model city, instituted a competition for designs for the city among architects and experts in town-planning. Prizes of 1750*l.*, 750*l.*, and 500*l.* were offered for the three best designs. Competitors were supplied with descriptive matter and reports dealing with the site, and they were requested to give special considera-

tion to the allocation of appropriate areas suitably situated for public buildings and offices, and for commercial, residential, and industrial purposes. Experts from many countries sent in designs, and the first prize was awarded to an architect in Chicago, the second to one in Helsingfors, Finland, and the third to one in Paris.

The city lies in an amphitheatre of hills with an outlook towards the north and north-east, and in the immediate vicinity there are large areas of gently undulating country. The average altitude above sea level is 1800 feet. The streets will have easy gradients, and prominent hills of moderate altitude have been reserved for the erection of public buildings. According to the chairman of the Federal Capital Commission, Canberra will be the most beautiful garden city in the world. Not only does the plan of the city provide for numerous public gardens, parks, and open spaces, but there will be a garden around every public building. In the residential areas most of the houses will have their own gardens, but there will also be communal gardens for blocks of houses, such gardens being maintained by the Commission.

Canberra, like Washington city, will be mainly a city of civil servants. It will be many years before any important industries are established there. It is seventy miles inland, and therefore can never become a centre for seaborne trade. The transfer of the Government departments from Melbourne to Canberra will be gradual, as a wholesale transfer would dislocate the administrative machinery. It will probably be several years before the transfer is complete. The first small batch of civil servants, numbering about 600 and representing all the chief departments, will be transferred early in 1927, in time for the opening of Parliament in May. The majority of these civil servants are not looking forward with pleasurable feelings to their transfer, for they expect to find a great deal of difference between residence in Melbourne, equipped with the comforts and conveniences of a big city, and residence in Canberra. Although Canberra is 150 miles nearer the tropics than Melbourne, the climate is more severe, being colder than Melbourne in winter and hotter in summer. The severance of old friendships by the transfer, the absence in Canberra of higher educational facilities for children, the higher cost of living in a small inland town, the restricted choice for women when they go shopping, are factors that prejudice civil servants against their compulsory transfer. There is not a single theatre in Canberra, but a moving-picture house is being built; there is no newspaper published there, but doubtless one will make its appearance when Parliament assembles there.

The Federal Capital Commission are endeavouring to make

things comfortable for the influx of civil servants. Over 500 houses are now being built to accommodate them. Civil servants will be able to rent houses from the Commission, to buy them outright, or in instalments extending over twenty-five years. Those who decide to build their own houses, employing their own architects and builders, may do so, but they must submit the designs to the Commission for approval. The Commission are building standard houses of twenty-seven different types, and a tenant or purchaser may have his choice of any one of these types. In order to prevent monotonous similarity, each suburban street will contain a number of different types of houses. The prices of standard houses range from 900*l.* to 1940*l.*, according to type and size, but the price does not include the land, which will be leased to houseowners at 5 per cent. of its unimproved value. The rentals of houses will range from 22*s.* a week for a four-roomed cottage to 3*l.* a week for a stylish-looking house of seven rooms. All houses will be single storey, as is the general rule throughout Australia, and they will contain many labour-saving devices. There will be built-in wardrobes in the bedrooms, there will be fitted washbasins with water laid on, the bathrooms will be tiled, the kitchen will be fitted with cupboards, and the wash-house, reached from the kitchen by a covered way, will have the necessary equipment for laundry work on a small scale. In Australia, where the sun dries clothes in a few hours, most of the family washing is done at home instead of being sent to the laundry; and even in the poor residential quarters of the big cities every dwelling has its washhouse. Almost every family, including those of the working class, occupies a house. The system so common in England's large cities whereby several families live in the one house is almost unknown in Australia.

The Commonwealth Government are doing their best to placate the angry civil servants who are to be transferred to Canberra. Civil servants who own the houses in which they have been living in Melbourne complain that if several hundred houses are placed on the market simultaneously as the result of the transfer of the owners to Canberra values will sink and they will lose substantially. The Government have therefore offered to take over Melbourne houses at their present market value from transferred civil servants and to get rid of these properties as opportunity offers. The furniture owned by transferred civil servants will be conveyed to Canberra by the Government free of charge. It will be packed and unpacked without any cost to the owner. A week or two after the transferred civil servant selects a house at Canberra he can walk into it and find his furniture arranged in the rooms according to his taste, provided he has previously given the Commission written directions as to

how the furniture is to be arranged in the different rooms. He will find the carpets laid, the pictures hung on the walls, and everything in its place.

The Federal Capital Commission are erecting four residential hotels at Canberra and four boarding-houses. Later on, when Canberra begins to function as the seat of government, the Commission will probably rent these hotels and boarding-houses, but at present there is not sufficient business in the city to tempt private persons to take them over. So far Canberra is 'dry': it is the only place in Australia where Prohibition prevails. The main object of making it dry was to prevent disorderly scenes among the 3000 workmen who are employed in building it. Liquor is obtainable at Queanbeyan, nine miles away. But when Parliament meets at Canberra next year several of the hotels will receive licences to sell liquor. The hotel tariffs fixed by the Commission are intended to suit all pockets. The minimum rate at the principal hotel (where most of the members of Parliament will stay during the session) will be 1*l.* per day; two of the other hotels will charge 15*s.* per day, and the fourth will provide board and lodging for a single man at 2*l.* per week, for married couples at 3*l.* 5*s.* per week, and for single women at 28*s.* per week. The Commission recommend that civil servants, instead of selecting a house before they are transferred to Canberra, should stay at one of the hotels after their transfer until they are in a position to decide in what part of the city area they would like to live. They will be the guests of the Commission for a few weeks free of charge while making their choice of a house and awaiting the arrival of their furniture from Melbourne.

Recognising that Canberra will be a somewhat dull place to live in for those who have been accustomed to attend the sports, amusements, and entertainments provided in a large city, the Federal Capital Commission are making plans for 'the mitigation of social disabilities.' Recreation halls are being built in the suburbs, and concerts and amateur theatrical performances will be arranged. The Commission are establishing lending libraries and welfare centres; they are preparing playgrounds for children and sports grounds for adults. Football, cricket, tennis and golf will be played, and swimming baths will be established at several places along the rivers which flow through the Federal territory. The Commission have appointed an honorary committee in each suburb to arrange programmes of indoor and outdoor amusements, and have appealed to residents to cultivate the 'community spirit,' each doing a share to make life in the new city more varied and more interesting to all. Canberra promises to be an interesting experiment in social relations as well as in municipal Socialism. As the only State-owned city in the civilised world, its develop-

ment will be watched with interest by different political parties in many countries; and its gradual growth as a garden city, where from the first the fullest freedom for the development of town-planning ideas existed, will provide many an object-lesson for the use of those people in various countries who are engaged in advancing the cause of town-planning and garden cities.

J. R. WATSON.

FINNISH FARMING: ITS LESSONS FOR GREAT BRITAIN

A VISIT to Finland during the last harvest season, giving an opportunity to study the life of the farmer and the means which the intelligent Finnish nation takes to safeguard its agricultural whilst developing its manufacturing industries, brought home to me very keenly the failure in Great Britain to employ our land to the best advantage.

In the sudden rush of prosperity of the industrial era few in Great Britain remembered the wise teaching of that fable of the old farmer who, dying, told his sons that a pot of gold was hidden at the roots of the vines. The factory was allowed to kill the field. Much of the land passed out of cultivation. So to-day Great Britain has about 1,500,000 agricultural workers—a smaller number than in 1851. It imports nearly half of its consumption of meat, six-sevenths of its breadstuffs, nearly two-thirds of its dairy produce, spending abroad over 300,000,000*l.* annually in foodstuffs a great part of which could be provided at home.

Yet, if a greater proportion of the land of Great Britain cannot be brought back to cultivation, the population of our country can never be kept at its present level. The days will not return when the Home Country was practically the sole manufacturer for the Empire and had the lion's share of many foreign markets. The nations of the British Commonwealth are setting up their own factories to supply local demands and to compete in world markets. The Asiatic peoples as they learn Western civilisation are becoming manufacturers.

Some of the leading facts regarding farming in Finland will give to those who are interested in our British land—not as a pretext for a party political move, but as a wasted national asset—many suggestions for reform.

Finland is chiefly a land of small farmers: 65 per cent. of the population owe their existence to farming and forestry. The two occupations of husbandman and woodman are often carried on together, the small farmer having rights over a little section of woodland, the forester having a patch of arable land to grow part of the food for his family and for his stock. The most

important crops are oats, autumn rye, barley, potatoes, and hay. For the production of hay the soil and climate are especially favourable. But the husbandman has trials to face in snatching a crop during the brief summer. Sometimes a too sudden thaw will bring flood waters down on his homestead and wash away the sprouting grain; or a summer hailstorm will beat down his crop, or an early frost cut it off. His climatic conditions are not nearly so favourable as those which the British farmer enjoys. Nor is the soil of Finland (considering only the 10 per cent. of the country's area which is cultivated) as good as the British soil. Yet Finnish farming prospers on the basis of peasant proprietorship, cheap credit, close co-operation for buying and selling, and intensive agricultural education.

Since the achievement of her freedom Finland has pursued steadily a policy of peasant proprietorship, but has done this not by a method of abuse and class warfare, but by asking the patriotic co-operation of all the landed interests. In 1901 only 23 per cent. of the families in the rural districts owned land. A policy of the closer settlement of the farm lands on a basis of equitable compensation to owners of estates was then established. The Land Purchase Act of 1918 gave every tenant the opportunity of becoming the owner of his leasehold, the redemption or purchase price being paid to the landowner in 5 per cent. bonds guaranteed by the Government. Tenants pay the Government yearly instalments of the purchase price (6 per cent. in the case of farms and 8 per cent. in the case of dwelling sites, of which 5 per cent. is interest and the balance for amortisation). The yearly instalments liquidate the principal in thirty-seven and twenty-one years respectively. The landowners, appreciating the great social and economic importance of the scheme, are in general helpful.

Thanks to this measure, by the end of 1922 no less than 50,000 small holdings, crofts, and rural dwelling sites had been established as independent freehold properties. There followed later other measures concerning the redemption of tenant holdings belonging to Church glebe land and State properties under certain conditions, and dealing with the 'colonisation' of the State forests and the redemption of tenant holdings within their area. Further, by the purchase of large estates which were parcelled into small lots, the State created new small holdings. In 1922 new legislation created two forms of land settlement properties, those for purposes of cultivation and those for the purposes of housing accommodation, with the provision that in the last resort, but only in the last resort, large estates may be compulsorily purchased and divided into small holdings.

To-day about 92 per cent. of the total of the arable land of Finland is held in farms of less than 250 acres; and this result has been achieved with practically no use of compulsory powers, but by cheap credit for the small farmer and appeals to the national patriotism of holders of large estates to consent to divide their holdings.

Having got the farmer on the land as a proprietor, Finland takes care to give him a good chance. The farming and dairy interests of Finland owe their prosperity largely to the co-operative movement, which is chiefly a rural movement 'to promote the economic prosperity of the people by means of co-operation and to be a connecting link between the different co-operative enterprises.' District experts are employed to disseminate the idea of co-operation and to give practical guidance, and there are frequent special agricultural co-operative conferences. The co-operative movement has drawn up a special system of book-keeping for all co-operative societies and supplies the necessary books. A co-operative and agricultural journal called *Pellervo* is published. The Government gives practical help by granting loans at low interest, up to half the amount of the initial expenses, for starting co-operative dairies. The co-operative dairies in 1916 produced 94.6 per cent. of all the dairy butter made in the country, and they dominate both the home and the export markets for milk and milk products. They have eleven dairy unions, which work for the improvement of dairy technique and management and engage in enterprises connected with dairying, such as fuel and power supply and transport. The chief of the dairy co-operative societies controls the export of butter from Finland and the price of butter within the country. It includes cheese, milk and cream, condensed milk, and lactose in its scope, and has large modern cold storage warehouses for cheese at Helsingfors and Viborg. Foreign trade is conducted through an office in Hull, and it has agents in Stockholm, Oslo, Berlin, Antwerp, and Amsterdam. It has been of great value to the dairy industry by the control of sales, but its most important work is to improve the quality of dairy produce.

The work of the co-operative societies in cheesemaking should be noted. It was only after the Great War that the co-operative dairies began to undertake cheesemaking. They now make 69 per cent. of the total quantity of cheese produced. One co-operative association has established practice stations for the training of cheesemakers. There the pupils are given two years' practical instruction in the processes of cheesemaking under the guidance of experienced teachers. After finishing the practical course the pupils are given theoretical instruction by the Govern-

ment cheesemaking courses at Mustiala, which were started in 1917. If they then wish to pursue their studies further, they can, after leaving Mustiala, take a nine months' course at a dairy institute where the chief subjects of study are dairy chemistry and bacteriology.

There are two central agricultural supply co-operative societies. The chief one deals both in agricultural requisites (such as manures, fodder and machinery, and seeds) and in agricultural produce. Its seed department, dating from 1911, is of considerable importance: the resulting improvement in the native seeds has been of great benefit to the farmers of Finland. Its machinery department deals in agricultural machinery, machinery for dairies, flour-mills, saw-mills, etc. It has a number of flour-mills and a centre for dealing with raw hides. Other agricultural co-operative societies deal with live stock, with timber, with eggs, with peat fuel. There is even a co-operative society to deal with whortleberries!

In the result it amounts to this—that the Finnish agriculturist in every branch of production has at his back an organisation which strives to get for him at the lowest possible price all that he consumes; to sell for him at the highest possible price all that he produces; to keep rates down for transport and for power; and to give him all the advantages of modern research.

The system of agricultural education in Finland is thorough. It begins in the primary schools and is continued up to the Folk High Schools, which are a development of the Scandinavian institutions of the same type. When, after the short summer, winter comes with the end of October, it renders impossible all further outdoor work in the country, except the lumber work in the forests. A great number of rural workers have before them the prospect of a long winter with little or no employment. But in November the Folk High Schools open. Thither the young men and women of the rural districts turn to spend the six winter months from November to May.

The Folk Schools follow two main types, one in which the cultural aim is uppermost, and one in which there is a strongly vocational training—for men in agriculture, for women in domestic science. These, in cases, have developed into institutions, still organised on the lines of the Folk High Schools, specialising as agricultural schools, dairy schools, gardening schools and the like. Little is required of the applicant for admission. Here and there conditions are imposed, the severest of which is that the candidate must have spent one year in recognised agricultural labour. Usually it is but necessary to satisfy the director of good character. A sum of about 10s. pays the instruc-

tion fees. A further 1*l.* pays for board and keep during the whole term. The Folk High Schools have a State grant of about 15,000*l.* a year, with, in many cases, substantial assistance also from the rural administrations.

One further observation on Finnish agriculture. It is recognised that in the reclamation of lands which are at present swamps there is prospect of great future benefits. I should say at a rough guess that the arable land of the country could be almost doubled in time with good drainage, since so much territory now hesitates between being land and water. Not only Finland's politicians, but her poets, see this, and it is a favoured theme for verse and stories—the resolution of some stalwart son of the soil to add something to the fatherland by reclaiming. That is the underlying serious motive of Linnankoski's fine novel *The Song of the Blood-red Flower*. The hero is, in one aspect, a Byronic fellow, apt to love lightly and pass on. But there is the one real woman in his life, and there is the one real ambition—to reclaim a swamp; and at the end of the novel we see a converted Don Juan with the one woman by his side and the one work before him:

They had reached the window now. 'Look!' said Olof suddenly pointing out.

Down in the valley lay the marsh of Isosuo, spreading away almost immeasurably on every side. At the edge of the water two big channels were being cut. In front were a host of workmen clearing timber, while others behind them dug the channels in the soil. It was like the march of two great armies towards the land of the future. The setting sun cast its red glow over the powerful shoulders of the men as they worked; here and there a spade or an axe flashed for a moment: the water in the dykes glittered like silver; and the moist earth at the edge shone with a metallic gleam.

'Ah!' cried Kyllikki joyfully, 'the work has begun!'

Olof turned her gently from the window towards him, put his arms round her, and looked into her eyes, as if trying to sum up in a single glance all they had seen and suffered, lived through and hoped.

'Yes, the work has begun,' he said softly, and held her closer to his breast.

Very admirable is the practical, thorough way in which Finland enlists for the benefit of agriculture the organisers, the bankers, the schoolmasters—and the poets. Cannot Great Britain learn from the good example? There are many obstacles in the path of the British people back to the land. One is the growth of a tradition which tolerated, and even approved, the waste of the land, and the devotion of an undue proportion of it to pleasure. Others are the decline of education in agriculture; the muddle of transport and of market facilities; the cumbersome

system of land titles; the lack of cheap credit facilities; the popular ignorance regarding diet which makes many of the British people less sensible than other peoples in using food products that can be grown near their homes. All these must be removed. The nation must learn again the full meaning of 'The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof' and regard idle land as a breach of trust.

The English land, as I see it, has come to a grave state of debility. It has suffered for generations from wasting disease, bled of its markets, its capital, its labour. The task of restoring it to a natural vigour will call for patience, courage, assiduous care, and perhaps some slight sacrifice. But the task may always be encouraged by the hope founded on knowledge that Nature is on the side of the patient, and by the certainty that to restore the British land to its true position in the Imperial household will bring a harvest of benefits not calculable only by the addition to the national profits and the national ranks of happy workers, but extending much farther in giving fresh vigour to the British character and fresh security to the Imperial position.

FRANK FOX.

THE MUJIK, THE MIR AND THE LAND

Adventurous trade, by all accounts, seems to have been responsible for the early settlements on the Russian Plain. That this spirit was distinctively Slav is not so certain.¹ That the inspiration came from outside—incidentally we should not forget that the early Slav settlements were on sites of older civilisations—is more probable. To this day Russia remains a land of farmers, not of traders. (*Russia* (Makeev and O'Hara), 'Modern World' series.)

To this date, one may add, the inspirations of adventurous traders and ambitious politicians have brought about no settlement of the outstanding problem of this country of farmers—the land question. Roving princes, lawless resolute, enthusiastic idealists and fanatical 'ideologists' of every complexion, all by turns and in vain have tried out their experiments, good, bad or indifferent, on the patient back of the mujik—the tiller of the soil, the real master of the destinies of Russia. Their plans and schemes and combinations, like the baseless fabrics of their visions, have gone the way of all dreams. To-day, just as in the days of servitude, the last word remains with the Russian peasant: 'Our toil another's wealth provides, but still the land's our own.'

In the moving drama of Russian history few dates stand out more distinctly than 1861 and 1914: the first the year of the abolition of serfdom, when an enlightened Tsar, vindicating a long-abused authority, put an end to the evil system which had made of the peasant, the provider of his lord and master's means of existence, the veriest outcast on his native soil; the second the year of the outbreak of the Great War, in the course of which the imposing structure of Tsarist autocracy was levelled to the dust, and the grey mujik at length realised his significance as the decisive factor in any solution of Russian social and economic problems. During more than half a century of ruthless reaction—the *vis consili experts*, abhorred of the gods—which followed the temperate reforms of the Tsar-Liberator, the autocracy failed to reckon with this factor. It staked all on another—and lost.

Long before the abolition of serfdom in 1861 the Russian autocracy had been much concerned with the problem of the growing impoverishment of what it looked on as the mainstay of the constitution and of its social structure, namely, the privi-

leged landowning class of the nobles. This impoverishment was slowly undermining the health of the State and sapping its vitality. The Crimean War (1853-56) opened the eyes of the Tsar-Liberator, Alexander II., to the need of drastic remedies in order to save the empire from economic collapse and financial ruin. Capitalistic industry on the German model had already been making great progress in Russia, although severely handicapped by lack of free labour. The very considerable revenues it had shown itself to be capable of yielding to the State were not to be lightly thrown away. Even the pomieshchiks or landlords, whose prosperity was deemed to be absolutely necessary to the stability of the State, had begun to realise how unprofitable serf labour had become in their own interests. Their very existence was now at stake. The immediate considerations—perhaps more political and administrative than economic—which determined the decision of Alexander II. in signing the abolition decree need not concern us here. Suffice it to say that that prudent autocrat had the best of reasons for acting promptly and vigorously in the face of strong opposition. It was better, he said, that the emancipation of the serf should start from above rather than from below.

In its time serfdom—an institution in Russian life of comparatively modern formation, its first legal sanction dating from 1609—had become almost a necessity of State for the autocracy. Even as far back as the end of the sixteenth century the impoverishment of the landlords (for the most part soldiers of fortune, Court favourites and their descendants, endowed by the State with conditional grants of land which were in fact expropriations from a sturdy and relatively independent¹ peasantry) had been chiefly caused by the difficulties which the new proprietors encountered, not only in obtaining a regular and permanent supply of agricultural labour for their own properties, but in satisfying the steadily increasing military as well as fiscal requirements of the State. The peasants, meanwhile, were continually seeking new settlements and migrating from one district to another, and from estate to estate, in order to escape from the heavy toll of taxes and levies to which they were being mercilessly subjected, and find better means of livelihood. Only the very wealthy landlords could rely on a constant supply of labour, and they greatly misused their advantage. In the interests of the less fortunate pomieshchiks, forming the vast majority, it was

¹ We know that at the beginning of the seventeenth century the peasantry were represented on the *Zemski Sobors*. These *sobors* were national assemblies whose decisions at critical periods carried great weight. Among such decisions may be mentioned the elections to the throne of Boris Godunov in 1598 and Michael Romanov, the first of the dynasty, in 1613.

eventually proposed to prohibit this migration and to prevent the mujik from changing his domicile without the local landlord's permission—in a word, to make the mujik part of the live stock inventory of an estate. The measure was carried through, and for two centuries and a half up to 1861 the mujik was definitely attached to the land he tilled, as much at the mercy of the pomieshchik as the beast of the field. 'The landlords,' observed Peter the Great in a rescript of 1721, 'sell their peasants and domestic servants like cattle, not in families, but one by one'; and in droves, he might have added. The 'reform' which gave legal sanction to the iniquitous institution of serfdom and the ruthless exploitation of serf labour had a two-fold object: it aimed not merely at stabilising the very precarious position of the landlord, but at securing through his agency a more regular source of revenue for the State as well as a more steady reserve of manpower for the army. Henceforward the peasants were held collectively responsible to their immediate landlord for the prompt and exact fulfilment of the latter's obligations in these respects. On the other hand, the landlord's rôle, far from being onerous, was cast in the pleasantest of lines. He was at once the well-born and well-to-do recruiting agent and tax collector, and in these lucrative offices he gave no less abundant proofs of zeal and loyalty than did those native princes under the Tartar yoke (1230-1480) who found the surest way to advance their own interests was to distinguish themselves 'in the service of the Khan.' The Tartar yoke had turned Russia into a land of slaves and slave-drivers. The slave-drivers were back again, and they were bettering the instructions of their old masters.

Such, in briefest outline, is the picture we get of the relations between the despoiled peasant and the landed proprietor in Russia on the eve of the abolition of serfdom. At the expense of the mujik the autocracy had now succeeded in solving, at least to its own satisfaction, the two most difficult problems with which it had been confronted. But in trying out a by no means novel experiment in political economy, not only did the autocracy naturally fail to reckon with economic facts and with the inevitable political consequences of its own acts, but it seemed quite incapable of realising how artificial and deceptive was the prosperity of the very class on the support of which its whole policy was based, and what a formidable instrument, what a double-edged weapon, it was leaving in the hands of the mujik. For in liberately binding the peasants to an estate and making them collectively responsible to the landlord for the exact fulfilment of the latter's obligations to the State in respect of taxes and levies the autocracy in effect brought home very forcibly to the mind of the simple mujik the old saying, 'We toil for the master, but

the land's our own,' and at the same time gave him back an ancient inheritance in danger of lapsing, the use and enjoyment of what the *intelligentsia* of the abolition period called the priceless heritage of the Mir, the blessing without which there could be no hope for the success of the Social Revolution in Russia. From this time the mujik may be said to have developed a new conscience, a strange compound of conservatism and lawlessness, of vehement affirmation and stubborn negation, a second nature which found its fullest expression after the emancipation. In the early sixties of 1800 its profession of faith was racily and shrewdly summed up for us by the Russian critic Pisarev in a formula to this effect: What can be broken must be broken. Whatever withstands the blow is good. But that which flies into pieces is only fit for the dunghill. In any case, keep on striking right and left. No harm can result.

The Mir conscience, so characteristic of the Russian mentality, offers excellent material for the study of reflex action in political and social life.

The derivation of the Russian word Mir—meaning (1) the world, and (2) the land held by a peasant community—is an interesting problem for philologists. Etymology apart, however, the peasants' Mir is a world of its own—the mujik's cosmos, his parliament, his deliberative assembly, his medium of communication with the outer world. The Mir institution, with its remarkable 'customs' for defining and apportioning responsibilities and obligations and dispensing justice, with its peculiar system of periodical division and equitable redistribution of arable land among the members of a village community, is said to be of immemorial antiquity. It was of inestimable value in helping on the expansion of the Russian State by organising new land settlements, especially after the Tartar yoke came to an end. It was not, however, till serfdom began to spread in Russia—that is, from the start of the seventeenth century, when the responsibility for the collection of a general poll-tax on the peasantry was imposed by the State on village communities and associations—that the modest Mir, from being a convenient instrument of Government policy, became an absolute necessity. The serfs' burdens steadily increased.

It was considerably owing to these heavy burdens that the peasantry developed and perfected their communal organisation with the object of adjusting and apportioning them fairly among their members. The landowners responsible for the payment of taxes and fulfilment of services by their serfs did not in their own interests take it on themselves to destroy the communal organisation or interfere overmuch in its working. And in regard to its own peasantry (the State peasantry), the State, owing to its lack of organisation and to its ever-growing exigencies demanding imme-

diate satisfaction, could not, and indeed found it better not to, deprive these of their freedom of action within their own organisation.²

The Mir landownership, the extent of which may be gauged from the fact that even as recently as 1905 83 per cent. of peasants' land in Russia was held in this way, must be carefully distinguished from the communal system, so widespread in Western Europe during the Middle Ages, where there was communal property in uncultivated land and private ownership of cultivated land. That system held in the west and south of Russia, especially in the Ukraine, where it was known as the *podvorny*, or home-*stead*, system. In the Mir system, on the other hand, cultivated land was considered to be communal property, a holding where the labour of the whole community was invested. It was to ensure that individuals should not have an undue advantage over the rest in the use of the shares allotted to them in that land that the Mir assembly used to make periodical re-allotments among all the members of the commune, each being entitled to an equal share of the common property. The home and inclosure naturally remained private property. For two and a half centuries, as we know, the activities of the Mir suffered partial eclipse. But neither the State nor the landlords, much as they distrusted the Mir's 'Socialistic' tendencies, could afford to dispense with the invaluable services it was yet capable of rendering for administrative purposes. Such was the situation until 1861, when at last the shadow of serfdom lifted and the dazed mujik opened his eyes as a freeman once more in his little world. By the emancipation decree the independence of the Mir jurisdiction in matters concerning the peasant interests was formally recognised. Once more its old rough-and-ready justice was exercised without arbitrary interference from the landlords' side. The peasant communities and associations were made corporately responsible for the payment of compensation to the landlords for the allotments of land they were bound to transfer to the freed serfs on their estates. From this time the activities of the Mir, now endowed with a large measure of self-government, began to attract serious attention at home and abroad among competent critics.

As regards the land settlement, the landlords more usually preferred to come to an immediate arrangement with the State, whereby the latter undertook to pay them in bonds for the allotments (comprising about one third to one half of a property), the peasants meanwhile paying the State 6 per cent. on a capitalised rent reckoned over a period of forty-nine years. The mujik could thus free himself from direct obligations to the

pomieshchik. In two respects the settlement was most unsatisfactory: the allotments were in general quite inadequate; and in most cases the redemption payments were out of all proportion to the economic value of the land, the landlord's calculation being primarily based on the loss of gratuitous serf labour. Indeed, the peasants, in order to make up for the insufficiency of the allotments, which were usually taken from the least valuable part of an estate or were made up of smaller portions cut off from different parts, were mostly compelled to buy or rent more land, and this they could only get at exorbitant prices. There would seem to be no doubt that many landlords deliberately broke up allotments in this way and held up for purposes of speculation valuable plots or strips which from their position were absolutely indispensable for the peasants' farming operations.

In addition to all this, taxes and burdens increased enormously after the abolition, falling almost exclusively on the shoulders of the mujik, so much so that an assembly of the nobles of Tver in 1862 registered a solemn protest to the Tsar declaring that they felt it was a 'mortal sin' for one class to enjoy the fullest advantages of social organisation and institutions at the expense of other classes. In 1872 peasants' land was being taxed seven times higher than landowners'. In 1880 a salt tax and in 1882 a poll-tax of about 10s. yearly on the peasantry had to be dropped. When we remember that forty years after the emancipation the rural population of Russia had augmented by almost 80 per cent., we can form a fair idea of what such taxes were capable of yielding to the State—on paper. The only way in which the majority of the peasants could succeed in wiping off to some extent the growing arrears of taxes and redemption payments, and the immense liabilities they were but too ready to incur through renting and purchasing more land, was to supplement their scanty earnings from the land by developing various home industries (*kustarny*), or by obtaining work on landlords' estates or in towns and factories during certain parts of the year. Vodka and beetroot sugar factories, it may be pointed out here, were wholly in the hands of the landlords and were of little economic value, the mass consumer at home having to pay heavily for their artificially stimulated production, the profits of which went mostly abroad or into the pockets of a spendthrift few. The landlords thrived on the land hunger. They found it much more profitable to extract rack rents from the mujik or sell outright to him through the land banks than to sink capital in farming operations of their own, in agricultural developments and improvements, or in cattle breeding. For many years before the war speculation in the buying and reselling of estates had become widespread. It was one of the favourite forms of investment of capital. The peasants

purchased or rented at the highest prices. According to Professor V. Kosinski,³ of 632,000,000 acres of land suitable for farming in European Russia (leaving out Poland and Finland) in 1916, 20 per cent. was 'capitalistic' and 80 per cent. 'labour' property. For the same year Professor Oganovski calculated the percentages for land farmed by capital and labour at about 11 per cent. and 89 per cent. respectively. The latter figure of course covers rented land. By 1917 the peasants had succeeded in purchasing about one-half of the land remaining in possession of the landlords when the emancipation allotment scheme was carried through.

This transformation of landed property in Russia was marvellously helped on by the Mir, which rapidly surmounted every difficulty put in its way by jealous authority. But the Mir, dispose as it might, could not effect miracles. At the start of the twentieth century it certainly could not solve a social problem for which it would be hard to find a parallel in the history of any of the great nations of the world. This was the problem of the vast and steadily increasing surplus population in the agricultural centres. There was not enough land to go round. The mujik's world seemed to be coming to an end.

The inherent weakness of the Mir was now clearly revealed for the first time. In 1906 Stolypin, the strong man of the autocracy, determined to deal a smashing blow at the 'Socialistic' Mir and emancipate the mujik from its 'serfdom.' His well-meant but ill-considered attempt to break up the Mir jurisdiction and the land communes, substituting for the latter a vast network of small homestead properties, was a purely political scheme where very little thought was given to the complex economic difficulties involved. On grounds of personal interest the ultra-Rights were as strongly opposed to Stolypin's land policy as were the ultra-Lefts, with the exception of the followers of Lenin, on political, or rather revolutionary, grounds. The battle of the Mir was still raging in 1911 when Stolypin met his death at the hands of one of his own police agents, an *agent provocateur*, a young man of excellent education belonging to a highly respected family of Jewish extraction, who while still a boy at school had been induced by the secret police to join their profession. But even then a steady decline was to be noted in the figures showing the conversion from communal to homestead ownership. There were no doubt many great disadvantages in the old system. It was very slow, but it was at least sure. The children of the Mir were not slow, however, in recognising that under the one-man ownership of the homestead the rest of the family enjoyed no rights of property, and that no personal gains would ever compensate them for the loss of a tried and trusted organisation,

³ *Mobilisation of Land Property*, Prague, 1925.

their sole protection against the rampant speculation now so much in evidence. Moreover, the new scheme, for which they were quite unprepared, would require many years and extensive credit before it could be put on a proper working basis. Hardly any credit was forthcoming, and consequently no organisation could take root.

The uprooting of the Mir was the only solution of the land problem that presented itself to the political mind of Stolypin. A more real solution at this time lay in the immediate liquidation of that part at least of the landlords' property which was being exploited for merely usurious profit. But even then the problem would remain unsolved. Stolypin, however, was stolidly opposed to any curtailment of landowners' rights in their own property. On the other hand, the more enlightened landlords who had been reading the signs of the times during the formidable peasant risings of more recent years were out for compromise. Two distinguished representatives of this class, the brothers Prince Serge and Prince Eugene Trubetskoy, both well known as professors of Moscow University, put the issue clearly before the Emperor Nicholas II., the one in a memorable speech in 1905, the other in a still more memorable letter in 1906.

So irresistible [ran the letter] is the force behind the peasants' demand for more land that anyone opposing it will be swept off the face of the earth. As long as the Duma was sitting [the newly created parliament had already been dissolved by the Emperor] we still had hopes of preserving a part of our lands and of receiving a just compensation for the rest. Now the Revolution is forging ahead. We are menaced with confiscation. Our very lives are in danger.

Civil war, the Prince added, was only a question of time. By stern measures the Government might succeed for the nonce in crushing the revolutionary movement. But all the more terrible would be the next, the last, explosion. It would bring down the existing structure with a crash and level Russian culture to the dust. He ended: 'And you yourself will be buried under the ruins.' As was to be expected, the prophetic warning of this cry of despair fell on deaf ears. The last—and the least—of the Russian autocrats could only heed the counsels of the venal gang of soothsayers who preyed on his simple credulity.

It was not, however, by the mere compulsory liquidation of part, or even by the outright confiscation of the whole, of the landlords' property that the land problem was to be solved.⁴

⁴ According to Kosinski's figures for 1916, when the peasants already owned 526,000,000 acres of land suitable for farming in European Russia, the total confiscation of landlords' property at that time would not have yielded much more for distribution among the peasantry than 106,000,000 acres, a large part of which, we should remember, would be forest land. What appreciable advantage would that contribution give to the individual mujik?

It was in the greater problem of the huge surplus population in the agricultural centres, with an increasing birth-rate of about 1·7 per cent. yearly, that the real obstacle to the solution of the land problem lay. It does seem absurd, as Mr. Rudnev pointedly observes in an article, 'The End of Landlordism in Russia,'⁵ to speak in terms of over-population and lack of land in such a vast country as Russia, whose average density of population is so small by comparison with that of other European countries. To us the problem of an agrarian surplus population is unknown, for, owing to what Mr. Rudnev calls the 'harmonious development of national economy,' the normal increase of population is absorbed by growing industry ever seeking new markets, not the least important of which are the centres whence it gets its food. Indeed, in Western Europe the country is extremely handicapped in its farming operations by lack of labour, which is far from being the predicament of the industrial centres. Incidentally this has made for a system of more intensive agriculture. In Russia, on the other hand, lack of industrial enterprise has made for a too great and unhealthy concentration of labour in the villages, the agricultural centres. There is no harmonious development of the national economy in Russia. If there were, it would not only absorb the surplus labour of the village, but create excellent markets in the village as much as in the town, abroad as well as at home, for the exchange of industrial and agricultural products. And—let us not forget—incidentally it would also lead to a more scientific system of agriculture (the many-fields system, with rotation of crops), which would be from four to five times more productive in its results than the old three-fields system (fallow land and two crops), which still prevails in Russia and which will prevail as long as industry and agriculture remain isolated factors in the development of the national economy.

In the remarkable co-ordination of activities displayed by the Zemstvos and the co-operative societies under the old *régime*, and right up to the Bolshevik *coup d'état* of October (November) 1917, the mujik had had an excellent object-lesson in what could be achieved by combination of forces. But the war practically put an end to industry in Russia, and agriculture had to turn back to the old ways. And it was to the old ways that the mujik himself returned when, under the Soviet *régime*, he came into his own, at least as far as the land was concerned. When the great distribution had to be made the Mir did not fail him. 'Left entirely to their resources,' says a former landlord, 'the peasants carried out the repartition of the land quite after their own manner and as peacefully and justly as could be hoped. Thus was effected by the people themselves, without the help of

⁵ *Contemporary Chronicles*, No. 27—a Russian review published in Paris.

surveyors, a land redistribution on a scale unheard of before. At his back the mujik felt the full strength of a long experience gained in the Mir.'

And what of the Mir under the new *régime*? the reader will ask. Can it hold its own? Or is it doomed to extinction? Is the abolition of the Mir—if abolished it must be—to proceed from above or from below? And what of the mujik? How will he react to the new conditions? Are we to witness a transformation of his stubborn, intractable spirit of opposition to every consideration save that of his own immediate interest? And what of the land and of the complex problems with which it is associated? Is agriculture to remain much longer sulking in the village while industry starves in the town? Can we hope to see under the present system the removal of those obstacles which continue to hinder the harmonious development of the national economy of Russia?

These are questions which must await an answer.

VALENTINE O'HARA.

MAHATMA GANDHI

THAT 'Mahatma' Gandhi has attracted the attention of the civilised world will always be something of which his Indian admirers can boast. 'He compelled people to look at India,' they will say, 'whether in approval or otherwise. For many foreigners India is to-day the land which produced Mahatma Gandhi.' That is true, as it would be true of Rabindranath Tagore, and, in the scientific world, of Sir J. C. Bose. But how much more, sentiment aside, has Gandhi meant to us in India? That is a question which it behoves us to answer. If the inquiry is not impertinent, what is the measure of the man called 'saint' and 'regenerator' and of his work in India?

Gandhi was a barrister long before he conceived the idea of becoming a mahatma. He belongs to the Bombay Presidency, and is said to be of the money-lenders' community of Guzerat. After being called to the Bar, he returned to Bombay, but soon emigrated to South Africa, where he had a brilliant career at the Bar, and is reported to have amassed great wealth. It was thought that he was on the eve of retirement to India when he was invited to look into the conditions of Indians living in South Africa. He was touched by the tale they told him, and threw himself whole-heartedly into their cause. That was when the world first heard of Gandhi; and the work that he did in South Africa cannot, it is said by those qualified to speak, be too highly praised.

It was during the war that he returned to India. Now, political affairs were then quiescent. We had had our partition of Bengal and Swadeshi troubles, and had got past the worst of them in 1907 and thereabouts. Lord Minto's Administration had been a soothing time. Apparently, all that India wanted at the moment for readjustment, after violent emotion, was that there should be a perfect English gentleman at the head of the Administration. And we could not have had a better sample of that perfect gentleman than our then Viceroy. This was the period of our first Indian Law member, of additional Indian members of Council, and of other solid advances. But though overt revolution abated, resentment seethed, of course, here and there

below the surface. Both sides said things; and one accusation made by the anti-Swadeshi folk seems, judging from internal evidence, to have gone home. It was this: 'Your discontent is the discontent of the English-educated, of the emancipated and unorthodox. Such people may, indeed, desire a change; but what do the orthodox, the villagers and inarticulate millions—what do these want?'

Well, before this question was answered the war had come upon us, and Indians proved that loyalty was still, thank God, a word in our vocabulary in India, and that there were those in this country also who were of the stature of a man. The war was a great distraction from local politics, and Gandhi, arriving here during the war, found no problem to champion of the magnitude of his latest victories. We soon, however, began hearing about him.

The planters of Behar, mostly English, had abandoned indigo when German synthetical indigo had cheapened that commodity. Their vats had long been useless, but buildings, machinery, etc., were still standing; have I not seen them myself, derelict these many years—? derelict, but not in decay. When the war made indigo a possible proposition once more, these planters arranged to reopen their factories. Indigo could again be planted, and would bring a better return to both planter-zemindar and raiyot than rice and rabi. This fact was represented to the raiyots, who began planting indigo forthwith. Gandhi's disciples considered this a useful moment for his *début*. They went to and fro among the raiyots. 'Can you eat indigo?' said they. 'See how you are being exploited by the British—made slaves of, forced to grow indigo, that the foreigner may profit. No longer do your fields wave with wheat and rice—your own food, the food of the country. No, you must grow indigo to be turned into food for the foreigner!'

Raiyots are an illiterate, simple people, a stupid people. Some few attempted the reply that the money paid for their indigo or tobacco (the same accusation was levelled at American-grown tobacco) was more than rice or grain could produce in one season. 'We can grow indigo and buy rice and wheat in the market, and have money to spare,' they said. But others, the majority, were puzzled by the argument of indigo as diet against rice as diet; and so work was begun upon the soil of their hearts and minds—the ground was being ploughed for the sowing of discontent. I will not go further into this story. It was eventually written in official reports, and in interviews with Governors and Commissioners. Trouble there was, but not such as was past mending, and this partly because the planters helped the Government in making the best of the situation. The real value

of the happening, however, was apprehended and turned to account by the disciples themselves. It had taught them that, despite the moderate success of leaving a stupid people bewildered, there was not much to be said for direct political propaganda in districts and villages.

So, for the next stage, tactics were changed. Announcements now ran thus: 'A great Mahatma' (unnamed) 'has arrived. Always we have known that it was a Mahatma who would save India. Such a one is here amongst us.' That was 'a true word' to set afloat. It caught the attention of the orthodox and of vernacular-living people high and low, people who had not been lured by politics pure and simple, and by the earlier movement among the English-educated *bhadra log*. Moreover, the Mahatma was kept hidden—another clever ruse. He did not accompany his advertisers. There was mystery about him. Talk of him went from mouth to mouth. 'The Mahatma' and his religious revelation! 'Pilgrims came far distances to worship at well known shrines. Let us not be wanting in the duties of the faithful when the Mahatma comes.' Rumour was well staged. Never has any prophet, surely, had such devoted and indefatigable disciples. Wandering in districts remote from the railway, one heard tales of miracles. 'The Mahatma can change men into animals.' 'The Mahatma can heal diseases'; 'he can drive out devils'; 'he can give wealth for poverty'; 'he can kill, or he can make alive'; 'he can curse or bless.' It was to this last rumour that all else was working up. Passing lightly over months and years, we come now to the time after the war, when the economic pressure which we shared with all the world was being felt in India. New rumours were distinguishable. 'Wear khaddar. Spin, weave, so shall the country be saved. These foreigners are making things dear. Manchester-woven goods are dumped down on us so as to enrich the foreigner. Why should you buy Manchester cotton saris and dhoties instead of goods of your own weaving? Why should money go out of the country?' 'Wheat and rice are dear.' 'Why?' 'Because, having impoverished us in men and money in order to fight the war, to kill the enemy, the foreigners are now impoverishing us in order to feed the enemy. Your wheat and rice are shipped out of the country to feed the Germans. Turn out the foreigner. Rule yourselves. *Swaraj*. When the time of own rule (*Swaraj*) comes, all these evils will cease. Rice will be cheap. Wealth will increase. . . . As a beginning, spin, spin, leave other work and spin. Burn foreign goods; get *Swaraj* and cheap food and prosperity.'

These rumours were supported by action. Gandhi's disciples, ardent young men and boys from schools and colleges, patrolled

the streets, waylaying passers-by, dragging off their backs foreign or machine-woven clothes (for all mills were in the general taboo) to feed the bonfires which they lighted to blaze their path. That homespun was more than double the price per yard of Manchester cotton goods, that even so there was not enough homespun to go round even one town, mattered nothing. Japanese homespun was in course of time imported by a syndicate of the disciples, the faithful holding all the shares; and most valuable they were too. But even this could not compete with Manchester prices, so the propaganda of hate had to continue and was pressed with vigour.

I will tell only one of the stories which reached me at this time from the districts. The story came from a district in Eastern Bengal, and was written to me by one of the Hindu *purdah-nashins* of my acquaintance as having happened at the gates of her bari. The story was this: A poor woman, not of Eastern Bengal, lived in a one-roomed basti in the street just outside the gates. She was a widow and a caste woman, though not of high caste. The simple habit of her life was on this wise. She bathed and did her *pooja* fasting; about noon she set forth for the bazaar to do her marketing and see her daughter, who was married and lived near the market. She came home, cooked and ate her food, slept, rose, sat in her doorway till sunset-time, drank a little milk, and went to bed. One day as she was about to start for the bazaar the boys who were in the street collecting clothes for their bonfire fell upon her. 'You wear a Manchester saree.' 'What is Manchester?' said she. 'That's a cheap saree.' 'That, surely,' was her answer; 'we have always been poor.' 'You must give it us to be burnt.' 'Oh! Why? I have nothing else. Why do you want to burn it?' 'It's Mahatma Gandhi's order.' 'Who is Mahatma Gandhi?' 'He who can curse!' Curses, alas, she did understand; and she became alarmed. 'Ah! don't curse me. Truly this is my only garment. That is my room. There's a *kummul* (blanket) in it, in which I wrap myself at night. Nothing else is there. See for yourselves.' 'Mahatma curses you,' said the boys, not heeding her, and pointing at her, the leader of the boys continued: 'He curses you with leprosy. The leprosy has begun on your forehead and is creeping down to your cheeks.' How the blood of her who believed in curses must have frozen we can well imagine. She rushed indoors, tore off her saree and thrust it to the boys through the door. They scampered off with it to the bonfire. And then she remembered, too late, that she had forgotten to ask them to take off the curse. This the women next door interpreted from her agonised cry, after which—silence. The door was shut, but we can imagine what was going on. There was no looking-glass in that little room.

The poor creature who believed in curses sat at the back of the room—sat in her skin. She, truly, had no other clothes. She sat foodless. She had no servant, and there was no food stored in that poor house. She sat thus looking at her hands, watching them, distraught. 'When will the leprosy reach my hands?' Thus, at any rate, it was that her son-in-law found her on the next day but one—after the bonfire. He came to the door and beat upon it. 'Mother-in-law, are you ill?' No answer. 'Mother-in-law, your daughter sends me to ask after your health. Three days you have not been to see us. Are you ill?' No answer. 'Mother-in-law, surely you are ill. I come in to see.' And he pushed the door wide, to find her sitting in her skin in a corner of the room as I have described. He guessed what had happened, and, taking off the chudder worn round his neck, he threw it to her. 'Clothe yourself. I go to call your daughter.' When they returned together the poor creature was dead. She had reached out for the chudder and strangled herself with it; whether because her son-in-law had seen her in her skin, or because she believed herself a leper, or both, who shall tell? She went wordless.

The tale of the Assam tea garden coolies lured away thousands of them, to trek across the country in the time of heat, lured with untrue tales of better wages and more plentiful food, from comfort and prosperity and good treatment, their milch cows bought by their tempters for a couple of shillings, their other possessions looted on a like basis—lured to the river's bank for repatriation in distant parts of the country where worse conditions prevailed, lured to camp on the banks of the river without provision, sanitary or other, of any kind, waiting for steamers which the same agency had arranged should go on strike—all this tale, with its gruesome details of deaths from the cholera which broke out instantly, may be read in official records and the reports of eye-witnesses. Finally, Government arranged for repatriation; but the troubles of the poor remnant which eventually got home were not over even so. The coolies discovered that they had been deceived. Conditions were bad in their villages—their people did not want them; sick and penniless, wife, husband, or child dead, here they were out of employment, while the tea gardens they had deserted were able to recruit labour immediately from the area of occupation of these very same deserters.

There is an earlier tale of the trek of the Mahajarins, incited by the same political agency. In like manner all their possessions were sold for a song, and they made the long journey to Kabul, only to be turned back on to that most difficult of trails, back to India. The Amir did not want them. The few who had not died

by the way were rescued by the British Government and fed and clothed and housed at Peshawar.

And there is a tale of the Moplahs of Malabar to complete the saga—begun with the same propaganda and ending with loss of life. But our canvas is sufficiently gruesome without further details.

What was Gandhi the Mahatma, in whose name so much was wrought—what was he doing all this time? During the Assam tea garden troubles, and the incident of 'the leper,' to my knowledge he was in Bombay lecturing about his ideals. He was lecturing with great success; he was collecting funds for Swaraj and the emancipation of India. Money flowed in, women pouring their jewels at his feet when they had nought else to give.

It is said that the story of 'the leper' was reported to him and that he answered that 'the few must suffer in order that the many might attain.' But for this I cannot vouch. I can only say that it is an answer often attributed to him by his own followers. Maybe he fasted and beat his own emaciated body with many stripes for that disaster; but he did not come, and he did not issue any manifesto of horror or repudiation. That he was asked to come and relieve the situation of the Assam coolies in that death-trap on the river's bank I do know. The papers of the time published statements to the effect that Gandhi was busy over his work of collection in Bombay and could not come just then. That he did not go we know for a fact, though he did, I believe, make a tour in Assam some time later when the trouble was over. He had wanted for Indians the chance of responsibility, of association with their rulers—he had wanted the practice of ruling with a view to eventual own rule or Swaraj. In the Reforms scheme the chance came full-blown, in measure—we all knew that—which exceeded expectation. What was the message of the Mahatma to the people on this subject? Non-co-operation. 'Have nothing to do with the satanic Government. Refuse office. Refuse to work the Reforms.' His spinning propaganda continued. Men were urged to forsake their professions, their work, their training, in order that they might spin without any training. Doctors, lawyers, schoolboys, obeyed him and forsook the work of their hands. The schoolboys were wonderful in organising street raids, in spreading the cult of Gandhi from village to village; wonderful in loyalty to Gandhi; pathetic in the eagerness with which they followed any leader, particularly so in the eagerness with which they followed a leader who preached this new gospel of service. I had known the type of boy—drawn from a pampered home, where he had lorded it over the zenana—and my heart was netted in the pathos of the whole thing, so that I could not be as angry as my judgment

demand. One of the boys said to me, 'Why did I never hear before about serving others? These people, whose methods often end in loss of life—these alone have told me.' It is said that Gandhi collected a poll-tax for Swaraj; and it is also said that this, with the other moneys collected in the name of Swaraj, had to support the disciples and workers and the loyalists who forsook their professions for spinning but who could not make a living out of spinning and weaving. But the propaganda done in Gandhi's name was social as well as political. How did the social programme fare?

Gandhi was born a caste Hindu, and as such, and in the name of caste and orthodox Hinduism, his disciples appealed to the orthodox masses in Northern and North-Eastern India. But Gandhi disapproves of caste. He had long ceased to observe caste discipline himself; he was a finished Englishman at one time—in his habits and customs. In South India he took the untouchables under his protection and preached the brotherhood of man. It is not generally known that many of the illiterate orthodox folk who hailed him, on repute, as their Mahatma have never yet realised that this Hindu Mahatma is one with the emancipated preacher of 'no caste.' His preachments on temperance and abolition of caste have, however, gained him thousands of adherents among the progressive unorthodox Indians, and among thinking peoples of all countries. So does he represent both sides in this cause and perform one of his miracles! Again he preached a gospel of love and self-sacrifice, based on the sayings of Jesus Christ and of Tolstoi. Christian missionaries were touched to the heart, and among his admirers he reckoned some of the most intellectual and devoted followers of another faith. They said of him, as had been said of Rabindranath Tagore, 'Since the days of Jesus of Nazareth no one has spoken thus.' And some of them expressed a belief that he was 'a better Christian than many Christians' and would soon seek baptism. But Gandhi has lately been reported to state that he had resisted such an impulse as long ago as his youth. He takes from Christianity what appeals to him, as he takes from all the literature or inspirations of the world what appeals to him; but he remains nominally a Hindu bound in the misery and iron of orthodox Hinduism—actually a progressive and social reformer and a law unto himself. He preaches love, and when, inspired by his ideals and personality, his disciples fight, he fasts for three days to beat of drum, and threatens to fast longer, but is restrained by his disciples, and even, on one occasion at least, by the Metropolitan of the Church of England in India—for Gandhi's is a frail body and the world does not want to lose him. His ideals, according to him, were taken mainly from Tolstoi—him of the

West; he uses them to preach 'Down with the West, and all its inspirations.' He preaches the avoidance of machinery and of Western importations generally. The West, he says, is ruining the country. So the poorest must buy the hand-woven garment or must go naked—must use home-grown, home-ground flour or must starve. Yet Gandhi himself rides in motor cars and trains; he uses the telegraph and the telephone. Western medicine and Western science is to be abjured. Yet he submitted to an operation by an English doctor when in prison. It was successful, saving his life; and you would have thought that Gandhi would devote the salvaged days to wandering from village to village saying 'I was wrong about this, as about so-and-so and so-and-so'—other facts about which his mind must needs have been 'made over' during his prison meditations. But no; he has now only one word for the multitudes who believed that a great prophet had come into the world. 'Spin, spin,' says he—the thin little voice of an emaciated man crying in the wilderness, unheeded by even his disciples. That strikes me as very sad—that Gandhi should be a spent force so soon, and before his own eyes, so to speak.

Left neglected like a wrap slipped off and for which you no more have any use, on many a public platform Gandhi announced a while ago that he had retired from politics. Yet only this week Mr. J. A. Spender has roused him to something like his old declarations of faith. 'If Gandhi were Emperor,' says Mr. J. A. Spender; and Gandhi is drawn. 'If I were Emperor,' says he, 'I would extend the hand of fellowship to the whole world.'

Is all-lovingness, then, the privilege of emperors alone? And is it because he is not yet emperor that he does not extend the hand of fellowship to cotton-spinners in Manchester, for instance, and a good few others? 'He would do this irrespective of caste.' Yes, he has preached 'no caste.' We are witness; and two or three years ago his disciples expressed the faith that was in him and in themselves by getting non-caste men to foul the wells of caste people in Mysore and Southern India—in the heat, too, when the poor caste man must choose between paying the utmost penalty for adherence to the faith that is in *him* or be defiled. Yet not long after this 'no-caste' crusade in Madras, the home of caste, a little incident happened in Bombay, a presidency where caste is kept very lightly. In one of the schools which owed allegiance to Gandhi a high-caste parent refused co-education for his son with the out-of-caste, and a high-caste teacher refused to teach a low-caste boy. The question was referred to Gandhi, who upheld the high-caste men. That he said that he would have upheld the untouchables if he could does not excuse him.

In imitation of the method of Jowett of Balliol with that one

refractory student who affected atheism Gandhi would lock up the leaders of the warring Hindu and Moslem communities—lock them up foodless together till unity was found.

Now this is our 'present discontent' in India at the moment—this inter-relationship of two great communities. It is a problem which stirs all hearts. The discord is, alas, no myth or affectation, and the serious-minded cannot believe that it has been engineered either by the leaders of these communities or of one community or by the British Government, for selfish ends. History tells us of the struggles of the fifteenth century and earlier. In the older Moslem towns the communities even occupied different sections of the town, separated by great gates each from each, which gates were closed when trouble was imminent. Remains of these gates may be seen to this day—in such a city, for instance, as Delhi. In British-made Calcutta, almost alone of the chief towns of India, there has never been this segregation—all communities seemed in the beginning to have drawn the closer under alien control, confident of justice. Ruffled feelings are therefore more inflammable in Calcutta. Opportunity makes the rioter; and there was not only the opportunity of widely dispersed mosques and temples, but of the *goonda* men, the *braves*, idling at street corners to join in anyone's quarrel, and loot and kill and run away.

It is no use, either, denying the fact that there is a natural antipathy between these great communities: religion—the things taboo to one, a necessity to the other, that alone would start animosity. Also, surely something must be set down to the fact—since politicians have devoted so much attention to this of late—that the one people invaded the country and conquered the other. True, they settled down together in course of time; but if you will stir up hatred against 'conquerors' generally, there you are. Memory moves inside you; and the nearer we get to the time when, maybe, the Englishman will only be the 'on-guard-man,' allowing Hindu and Moslem to share the chief business of ruling, the tension grows the situation. 'Don't you think that I shall submit to the rule of Islam,' says the Hindu in the secret thoughts of his heart; and 'If you Hindus imagine that Moslems who are born statesmen will submit to Hindu control, you are mistaken,' says the Moslem in his beard. Of course the best Hindus and Moslems do not say so, but then ill-feeling has not come from the best. As long as one community was not in the arena with the other disagreement could not show its head; but the competition naturally involved in 'the great boon' itself, the Reforms scheme, accentuates differences, as has done all this post-war talk of nationality.

The trouble about Gandhi is that he expects us, and his disciples expect us, to write him down in all his political experi-

ments at the tape-measure value of a saint. But we must remember that he came to the saint *rôle* late in life. He made his big success as a lawyer, and therefore knew very creditably the human and business equations of most acts and dispositions. I will grant that the impulse to help his fellow-men which had fulfilled itself so nobly in Africa actuated him when he returned to India. But the need and the situation being very different from his late experiences, his legal awareness conceived (shall we say sub-consciously?) this new plan of action, or helped him to fall in with the Mahatma plan when conceived by his admirers. Many a man has been the tool of his admirers when he thought himself leader. A mahatma was the right appeal for India at the moment, and a mahatma forthwith he became. But no true mahatma ever used spiritual means to attain a temporal kingdom. No true mahatma ever sought the riches of this world for his *chelas*. The mahatmas of India have ever renounced all power temporal, and all temporal possessions, not only for themselves, but for others. 'He thought his fellow-countrymen slaves, and wanted to free them,' said an Englishman to me. Did he? But the true mahatma would say, 'No man can enslave you. Yours is the freedom of the spirit. By meditation can you break even chains of iron.'

Again, if you have been a lawyer and man of the world, you cannot claim the ignorance and innocence of mahatmas. Gandhi knows perfectly that he is responsible for what is done in his name and in consequence of his teachings. Yet what is his attitude? He piles up inflammable material in a public place, leaving matches handy, and knowing full well the temptation this will be to the thoughtless passer-by. When the small boys in the street set his pile alight Gandhi rubs the meditation out of his eyes and says, 'They went further than I would have sanctioned. Is dry wood really inflammable? In the mahatma's kingdom of love it is not so.'

As to his spinning—again, how can he shut off his old business consciousness from his new sainthood? Even in the Hindu conception of rebirth, in order to forget one set of experiences, you must 'fall on sleep' between birth and birth. Gandhi knows perfectly well that we have never been a nation of spinners in India, and that the handloom is a slow worker against a machine. From out the knowledge gleaned in his own native Kathiawar I do not doubt but that he could give us the exact proportion of hand loom to machine—4 yards to 400 yards per day; and he knows the economic interpretation of *that*. How can he be genuine in suggesting that the hand loom *alone* is to save India from poverty, or about the agriculturist, that the only occupation for his vacant hours is and must be spinning?

The apostle of freedom, the hater of force, seeks to enforce on a nation his conception of the spinning-wheel, the only franchise, his conception of the right Government for India, his conception of what you may use or not use, wear or not wear, what carriages you may ride in, what doctors you may employ, with whom you may trade. Is he who speaks saint or apostle of freedom or dictator? . . . And the conclusion of the whole matter?

Puzzlement. Certainly Gandhi has said beautiful things. He has put into words the thoughts and impulses which abide in many a humble heart but which are usually associated with Christianity, the religion of sacrifice and service, and which, therefore, are arresting when enunciated by a so-called Hindu mahatma. And we must not forget the sacrifices made and the services rendered in South Africa by Mahatma Gandhi. His picturesque personality (or is it the Gandhi tradition?) makes a very wide appeal. That emaciated frame clad in a loin cloth, that tired little voice saying things of such big import, that childlikeness insisting on the practicability of the hopelessly impracticable, that sudden contrition which, truly like a mediæval saint, resorts to self-flagellation when things go wrong, all this is curiously appealing, and accounts for a Romain Roland founding a cult of Gandhi in far-away Paris, which sends an Englishwoman disciple out to India to serve 'the master.' But, if we examine all that admirers claim for Gandhi and his influence, what really does it come to? 'He united all India in a common demand.' Did he? He united a great many people, but they had not the same objective. The allegiance of the orthodox of the villages, such as it was, was won, not for the common demand (if by that is meant political emancipation), the import of which they have yet not grasped, nor for a political leader, but for a spiritual regenerator who could curse and who could bless; and it was born largely of that power to curse. I will not say that Gandhi was a party to this method. But the fact remains that it was the method used. Maybe it is only a question of *moral* as to whether the means used should or should not be weighed in the balance. Certainly it was Gandhi's name which created the impression in England that the people were at last behind the political demand long made by the emancipated few. And for this Gandhi should get whatever credit he cares to claim. Moreover, it was his personality which won for the extreme view the tolerance of many Englishmen whom earlier Indian politicians had alienated.

Gokhale and Gandhi both recruited Englishmen of sanity and outstanding ability—Gokhale by his own sanity and reasonableness and real political genius, Gandhi by his picturesqueness and his catchwords 'He put high ideals before the world.' Yes,

they were not his own—they were borrowed; but that mattered less than the fact that in practice they were perverted to pernicious uses.

'Non-co-operation,' 'passive resistance.' 'Let us qualify for prison by resisting authority.' These things he has preached in so many words while preaching also 'Love all men'; 'Offer your other cheek to the smiter.' The great historical teacher whose words he quoted, and to whom his admirers dare to liken Gandhi, spoke not, as does Gandhi, about temporal authority. He said, 'Render unto Cæsar.' And here, again, the head and front of the charge against Gandhi is that he cannot pretend not to know the exact value of his injunction—'Qualify for prison by resisting authority.' We cannot, and should not, admire him as we may, forget the long years when he was an interpreter of the law. He is not a mahatma walking down from his cave of meditation in the Himalayas, pilgrim staff in hand, among the children of men for the first time. He is Gandhi the successful barrister of Bombay and South Africa, turned mahatma to preach politics and Swaraj.

I have spoken of Gandhi as a spent force, and I believe this to be true. How will the future judge him, I wonder. There is no denying that he has been responsible for a great deal of harm, and yet direct contact with his personality seems in individual instances to have led to beautiful results. I recall an Indian widow lady with the face of an abbess who spent her life and her considerable income in social service and welfare work in one of our larger cities. She told me that Mahatma Gandhi and none other was her inspiration. She was not of his faith nor of his race. I know several ladies of every community in the Bombay Presidency who would probably say the like of the good works they do with such enthusiasm. By such souls here and there I would fain have him judged, by these and by the boys, who truant though they were from the whole duty of schoolboyhood, got first from Gandhi that urge to serve something outside themselves which in the end may be the uniting force which saves India; by the pilgrims who, though they never saw him, turned back on to the pilgrim's way of the only holiness they knew because of the reputation for holiness of one Mahatma Gandhi, saint and miracle-worker—by all these things, I say, I would have him judged, despite the much else which could not be withheld from this record. While as for himself, curiously enough, I am haunted by an oft-recurring dream that some day, before the lease of his earthly house has run, he will find his soul and make the great surrender of the true mahatma.

CORNELIA SORABJI

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF CRICKET REFORM

THERE is much more in this matter than meets the eye. The public are awake to the need of doing something to save our greatest game from deterioration; but it is still popularly supposed that the whole question is summed up in the difficulty of finishing the Test Matches, whereas we are really engaged in turning a beautiful recreation into wearisome and meaningless drudgery. This remark, which many will think to be an exaggeration, is based upon certain considerations which I will proceed to state.

It is necessary, however, to make it clear that in speaking of deterioration of cricket we must not forget that the alarm is concerned only with the minority of matches which we designate as first class. For many years these matches have tended to be unfinished and the play dull and slow; and in these respects they are unlike the first-class cricket previous to the year 1875. But meantime in numberless villages and public parks and in public school playgrounds the change has been either less noticeable or has not occurred at all. Hence the utmost care must be taken that any legislation that may be contemplated by the Committee of the M.C.C. should not interfere with the wholesome vitality of the game played in the old natural way; and it is very doubtful if any change whatever is wanted for more than Test Matches, county matches and some of the public school matches. Let us then scrutinise carefully the nature of the unquestionable deterioration of the first-class matches; then discuss the cause; and then propose the remedy.

The symptoms of the ailment are manifest enough—huge scoring whenever the weather is fine, unfinished matches, and, worse than these, increasing dullness in the play. These need not be described, as everybody knows exactly what is meant. But less obvious is the monotony of bowling and fielding. The attack is not ordinarily on the wicket, but has become a sort of defence, the bowler's aim being to keep down the runs. Hence nearly all the balls are on one side of the wicket, which dismal fact has caused the disappearance of leg hitting; along with this, long-leg fielding has of course died out: the kind of fielding which

was the most attractive of all, also long-on hitting, and much of the old forward driving. With these terrible losses there is much less demand than formerly for powerful and accurate throwing. The younger generation of players and spectators cannot estimate the gravity of this state of things because they have neither seen nor taken part in the game at its best. Nobody in their senses before 1875 accused cricket of being dull. Nowadays the charge is never denied.

The causes. Far too little attention has been given to this question; yet till the cause of an evil is quite clear and indisputably discerned, most of the suggestions for remedy are mischievous and beside the mark. I have no sort of doubt that billiard-table wickets are at the bottom of the whole mischief. If this is so, the question is immensely simplified and the remedy quite easy; and I think that the contention can be amply justified.

Let me recall what happened at Lord's in 1875—a fact of importance in cricket history. Shooters disappeared from first-class matches. In 1875 they were common, especially when Morley of Nottingham was the bowler. Why did the shooter disappear? I was told that the ground was sown that autumn with a new kind of seed which yielded a finer grass; and that the mowing-machine cut closer than before; and the general effect was a surface on which the bowler could not make the ball bite. The groundman, of course, had no notion that he was doing grave damage to the game, his only idea of a good wicket being an ideally smooth one; and for the next fifty years one often heard grumbles about the pitches being too good. But the groundmen in many places could not conceive of a good thing being too good, since it requires some education to realise that anything which is too good is on the decline. So a long-drawn-out tragedy started.

Now let us look at what happened. The scores began to mount and the bowlers found themselves burdened with a weight grievous to be borne. In order to keep down the runs they were obliged to resort to overhand deliveries, which, of course, made the ball rise and less easy to deal with safely. Ranjitsinhji made matters worse by inventing the hook to leg, which forced the bowler to keep the balls outside the off stump. The gully, as it is now called, came into existence—three short slips and hardly any fieldsmen on the on side. But the batsmen, especially the professionals, countered this move by leaving a multitude of balls alone; so the scores remained gigantic and an insufferable tedium settled like a pall upon all first-class cricket.

I must admit that when this state of things was matured I gave up going to watch first-class matches any more; but,

feeling under an obligation to see Hobbs and Sutcliffe, I took the opportunity of seeing the second Test Match a few weeks ago. Their play struck me as incredibly skilful and safe, especially when we were told that the Australian bowlers made the ball swerve in the air. Of course I had heard of this and recognised that it was the last card which the bowlers produced, and that even this device was met with consummate ease and success by these two remarkable artists. None the less a grievous thing had happened. The run-getting was not only very slow, but was devoid of all brilliancy and all freedom of style. To my amazement I saw through an opera-glass that both men held their hands as far apart as possible on the bat handles. A younger cricketer on the ground explained to me the meaning of this: that it was the most effective device for countering the swerving ball. A week or two before the match I had taken upon myself to warn a young aspirant in the Green Park, aged about eleven, who was holding his bat *à la* Hobbs, that he never would make a decent player till he altered his tactics; and yet he was faithfully imitating the greatest batsman in the land.

I hope I shall not be supposed to be criticising Hobbs or anybody else who can play balls which were too much for the best of us in 1880; but it must be pointed out that the inevitable sequence of cause and effect from the beginning of this epoch has undeniably operated for the destruction, not only of the interest of the game, but its beauty. The peculiar leverage of the right hand at the bottom of the handle and the left hand at the top is of capital importance for the rapid blocking of a late swerving ball at the very last moment. The reason why we were taught by all the great hitters of half a century ago to hold our hands in the orthodox fashion was that only so could we open our shoulders and hit freely. Now we thought, and it can hardly be denied, that the greatest enjoyment of the game comes from free and successful hitting. The very antithesis to Hobbs was C. I. Thornton, who was once heard to remark, 'I am sure no one would ever get me out if they knew how much I enjoyed being in.' I can hardly believe any similar sentiment would have been uttered by the great professional exponents of the safe game, by which I mean a game deprived of the recreative element, and batting being mainly reduced to a tame blocking of the ball or leaving it alone. Hence we came away from Lord's on Monday evening, June 28, weary and dispirited, murmuring sadly to one another the old word 'Ichabod,' or its modern equivalent. (I missed Woolley and Hendren.) But only those of us who were well over fifty years of age had any clear perception of what has happened to cricket. The game has suffered an immeasurable loss.

Now if this diagnosis is approximately correct, a fact of great importance emerges: namely, that *all* the mischief which is perceived in manifold forms is due to the pitches being too smooth—in other words, too good, which in this matter means bad. All depends on the diagnosis being correct, and it is plainly incumbent on the M.C.C. Committee to agree on this question before they are in a position to discern what kind of remedy is required. It is an interesting illustration of the value of history and the purpose for which history is written—not that the facts may be simply lodged in the mind, but that they be truly interpreted; and as soon as that is done a great many lessons begin to be learnt. I am sanguine enough to hope that our cricket authorities may come to this particular agreement. If they do, the path of reform lies clear before our eyes. Moreover, we have only to ransack our memories to realise that we are yearning after a state of things which was in vogue fifty years ago, and in a minority of matches has been altered for the worse. I mean, of course, a condition of cricket grounds which gave a good bowler in a dry summer the chance of sending down a really difficult ball at least once an over, which nowadays he can only expect to do for a few hours at the right interval since the last thunder-storm, provided that the rainfall was of the right amount—not too much nor too little. We have reduced first-class matches to such a pitch by our over-artificial treatment of the grounds that the grand old game of moderate scores, eagerness on all sides, closely-contested matches, and something happening every five minutes is only recovered now and again when Jupiter Pluvius is in one of his very rare beneficent moods. Is it not a tragedy that when everybody is revelling in glorious sunshine all cricketers should become aware of monotony descending upon them like a dark pall from the bright heaven? It is a similar affliction to that suffered by unfortunate victims of hay fever; just when their fellow-men are revelling in the delights of sunshine these poor victims of nasal catarrh begin wheezingly to bemoan to themselves the capriciousness of man's lot.

There is, however, to be noted a very important distinction between the minority of important matches and the majority of games and matches played under very similar conditions to those of half a century ago. In other words, though the Test Matches have brought the evil fully before the public view, the mass of cricket played in England is free from the mischief of long innings and dismal feats of skill and a sinking feeling in the bowlers' hearts. In truth, the necessary changes are necessary only for the first-class matches and a few others played on pitches as 'perfect' as artificial treatment can make them. Of what remedy are we thinking? Let us go back to the starting point

and think if we can recover wickets which would favour the bowler as he is now favoured in second-class cricket and in village matches to-day. It must be noted, too, that some of the public school cricket has been poisoned by the familiar mischief, and the effect is even more disastrous than among adult players. Our youngsters hear their elders talk of the grand English game, and they confidently work at it believing that they are entering upon a glorious heritage. They do not know—how should they?—that the encomiums they hear are pronounced about a pastime which they are told to love, only to their great disappointment. Let it be remembered that great liberty is allowed to public school boys in their games; and, though traditions forbid them from grumbling openly, I cannot believe that there will continue to be an adequate supply of bowlers. What they now need is recreation, and bowling on a billiard-table pitch is not recreation, but a treadmill. Who can contemplate without dismay the prospect of the public schools, the nurseries of all that is greatest in the game, becoming nurseries of boredom?

But when we think of public schools we are thinking of grounds of various quality. Some of them are old-fashioned—that is, they help the bowlers to the right extent without being dangerous to the batsmen; but unless we all come to our senses there is danger of monotonous deterioration fostered by fashion, publicity, inter-school matches, records, and all other baleful and insidious influences which are preying upon the vitals of our great English game.

SUMMARY

I maintain that all the indications point to the undoubted evils having been caused first and foremost by the over-artificial treatment of pitches. For it has produced monotony of bowling, including the disappearance of difficult balls; laborious cult of the swerve; which, in its turn, is countered by monotony of batting and almost complete loss of beauty. The prevalence of drawn matches has brought the matter to a head. Several Test Matches are left undecided; but in itself that is the least of all the troubles from which we suffer.

The remedy, then, is plain. First, negatively, beware of any legislation which will affect any cricket played on natural, old-fashioned pitches. That means the treatment of the billiard-table pitches should be left to the local authorities, the M.C.C. Committee only insisting that a sufficiency of coarser grass should be provided from henceforth. I daresay 80 per cent. of our grounds may be safely left as they are. Meantime a new l.b.w. rule may be easily added as a supplement. I should hesitate, however, to recommend any drastic change in the ball, because if it

increased the prevalence of swerving there will only be about a dozen batsmen who will be able to make a decent score. A country parson friend of mine tells me that in village cricket the bowling is, and always has been, superior to the batting; and, though this means far better sport than any first-class match can show, it would be a great mistake to emphasise the difference any further and deprive the batsman of his reward. In short, let the common-sense treatment of the pitches be left to local committees under the direction of the M.C.C. and the l.b.w. rule be passed for general application. The improvement that would result would be visible immediately, and after a year or two we should have banished all monotony and drawn matches, as far as can be secured by the somewhat clouded intelligence of human beings.

E. LYTTIELTON.

ROME

OF all the capitals of Europe Rome is the most worthy to be called a capital and the least worthy to be one. She is the ancestress of them all. She has a written record of human habitation extending, with one interval of forty days, over a period of 2700 years. For 1600 years she was the centre of civilisation, and her title was '*caput mundi*'—'the head of the world.' But to-day she is old, stiff, retired into a corner of the kitchen, and it would take more than the infusion of a thyroid gland or two to rejuvenate her and bring her back to triumph in the drawing-room.

Nevertheless, although the legions have thundered past, and only a few mouldering fragments of their city's body remain, she retains a mental attraction, a spiritual dignity. Her very name echoes the tramp of feet, the roll of legal precepts pronounced by an impartial authority. '*Forma mentis æterna*,'—the 'fashion of her mind' is eternal; and my task is to disentangle the living from the dead, to trace what connecting links there may be between a majestic past and a banal present, to discuss whether any breath of life can be breathed into this valley of bones.

The one persistent tradition in all Latin peoples is the idea of authority. Democracy, in the British sense, is a political theory which they cannot understand and from which they instinctively revolt. It has always attracted them by the theoretical impeccability of its logic and repulsed them by the practical difficulties of its realisation. They have a real respect, not for theory, but for efficiency. They search diligently after any system which will work; they are, in short, to use the philosophical jargon, pure pragmatists. In so far as democracy traces itself to classical prototypes, it is basing itself upon illusion and misinterpretation of the social systems of antiquity. It entirely forgets the institution of slavery, which embraced, roughly speaking, all but 25,000 of the population of Athens and all but 300,000 of the population of Rome.

This explains why to-day the Fascist movement can claim, with far more truth than the *régime* which it has displaced, to

be the heir of the Roman political system. The idea of a dictatorship is more familiar and its practice more endurable to the Roman people than to any other in Europe. So long as their domestic lives are not troubled, they have an infinite capacity for submitting to political despotism. The truth is that they, and the Italians as a whole, are less politically minded or educated than any other people and can be twisted into any fashionable shape with a minimum of resistance. The result is that the civic heritage of Rome is a reality everywhere except in Rome itself, and that the inventors of municipal government equably endure a system which would offend the citizen of Salpensa and Malaga not less than the modern British democrat. Rome to-day is the scene of the adventure of Rienzi on a larger scale. Like the government of the Tribune, the Fascist system starts from a jumble of classical quotations and memories, but works itself out as it goes along on purely pragmatism, empirical, or, if you prefer it, selfish lines. The idea of authority, organised and organising, works as well in the molecule as in the mass, provided that the human raw material is malleable or defenceless. Therefore the Fascist State can be erected in Italy; but it is not Roman, because it cannot possess any of the catholicity of Rome. It does not need a genius to perceive that autocracy is the easiest alternative to a corrupt democracy.

Nor is the Fascist State founded on Rome. Its strength is in the North, whence Italy reversed the story of classical times by conquering Rome in 1870 instead of being conquered by her. Therefore I need say no more about it, except to point out that it will certainly endure far longer than people expect, and continue to be more popular among tourists who like such things as no strikes, punctual trains, and good posts than among such Italians as have some conception of political liberty. For the dictatorship is Sullan rather than Augustan.

There is thus no valid reason why the Government should stay in Rome, and every reason, except the sentimental one, why it should leave. Before, however, explaining why Rome is peculiarly unfitted to be the capital of a modern State, in the economic as in the political sense, I must deal with the last and strongest link between her past and her present.

The Catholic Church caught up from the failing hands of the emperors the central idea of Imperial Rome, and translated the conception of authority from the political into the spiritual sphere. All within its ambit are civilised; all without it are uncivilised barbarians. I cannot undertake here to examine these pretensions, which have been expanded through the centuries into many dogmas, all strictly logical, granted the original premises, even if sometimes practically ludicrous. As regards

the city of Rome, however, it is the Catholic Church alone which preserves for her some element of internationality, and which maintains her as the centre of a real, if restricted, world. It gives a character to her unlike that of any other city, the outward and visible signs of which are the enormous numbers of ecclesiastics, hatched or hatching, which throng her streets, belonging to every nation under the sun. They make her, not a national capital, but an international cathedral city.

The Romans themselves are not so much a religious as a superstitious people. It is not worth while going repeatedly to any of the great ceremonies in St. Peter's, but it is essential to go once. The enormous crowds are as lively and vivacious as at a theatre. They surge from end to end of the vast building with the sound, the restlessness, and far more than the smell of a Bank Holiday crowd at a London terminus. Over the tide of humanity in the distance wink the myriads of little lights from the chancel and the tomb of the Apostle. Through the chatter and hubbub of a vast multitude drones ceaselessly the rhythmic music of a solemn chant. Suddenly from the side entrance comes a sound of clapping and cheering. The black sea of people divides before a high chair in which a stout spectacled figure in gorgeous robes of white is borne along amid the glare of torches and the waving of fans. Behind, two by two, walk the cardinals like a snake of vivid crimson. The whole symbolism of Christianity is there, the white innocence of the faith followed by a trail of blood. 'Viva il Papa,' cry the people, 'viva il Papa Re.' It is incredible to anyone who expects quiet dignity and reverence, but it is typical of the Roman attitude towards the Pontiff. They divine that he is their Pope, and they are intensely proud of having him, just as they are proud of the Coliseum or the Forum; but he is to them a part of their city, not a great international institution. They attach no significance to him whatever, save as the chief actor in a play which the whole world comes to see. When Pius IX. left Rome, for example, thinking that the people would be lost without him, it took a French army to bring him back. And to-day so little political significance attaches to the Papacy that the Roman question is the deadest of dead issues, giving off only such ludicrous exhalations as the restatement of the claim to the temporal power in successive encyclicals, and the refusal of Vatican ecclesiastics to accept formal hospitality from a Black.

Rome is indeed still a mediæval city both morally and materially. She lies 500 miles down the boot of Italy on a road that leads nowhere. She is on no trade route, and a city of 600,000 souls is not sufficient in these days to be a market by itself. She has no port worthy the name, and even Ostia is

twenty miles away down a rapid and turbulent river up which it is difficult to drag even barges. Until last year there was not even a respectable railway service between Rome and Ostia, and it is still needed more for tourists than for merchandise. Her hinterland is only the morbid and miserable Campagna, and therefore she is the outlet for nothing. Even the road approaches, judged by modern standards, are very poor. Nobody, in short, would ever go to Rome on business, and it is hard to imagine why anybody should continue to live there, except archæologists. For the attraction of sentiment has its limits. When the Italians conquered the city they fully expected that as the capital of the new State she would draw all men unto her. The record of their disillusion is written in the acres of mouldering masonry and stucco which are the Roman suburbs. These are houses built for a population which never came, and is never likely to come. There is no indigenous industry at all except the keeping of hotels and the weaving of silk for their clients.

If anyone expects to find ancient Romans living in Rome he will be sadly disappointed. There is no more mixed race even in Paris; and the only section of the people who claim any purity of descent are the Trasteverines who live in the suburb across the river. It may be merely imagination, but they do seem of a different stamp—bigger men with finer features; but for the rest, those who have been longest in Rome are the Jews. The Ghetto is no more, but its inhabitants are still in evidence as they have been from the time of Titus onwards. Many of the great families are not Roman at all. The Dorias, for example, are Genoese, the Medici and the Torlonias Florentines. The Colonnas, the Orsini, the Mattei, the Borghese, the Giustiniani, the Ruspoli and others are Roman only in the sense that they have been settled there since the Middle Ages.

The Roman people as a whole have a bad reputation, but it is undeserved. They are still a mediæval people, and their faults are those of the temper, not of the heart. There are only two divisions of society, the aristocracy and the people, for the middle class does not exist, at least on anything like the same scale or with the same status as in other European countries. There is no more charming creature in the world than the Roman gentleman. He is quick, lively, intelligent, highly cultured, and of an immeasurable generosity to the stranger within the gates. He is gallant to a fault in every sense of the word, and, with certain exceptions, incurably lazy, or so it seems to those who judge of work by the standards of countries where middle class activities alone are reckoned as such. In addition to the native upper class, there is a curious floating foreign population in

Rome, a city which produces a fine crop of '*flaneurs*.' These are foreign residents who spend their time visiting each other and inviting such of the Romans as will come. They are the semi-tourists, who like Rome because the whole atmosphere is against work, and because the climate at such times as they are there is perfect. Recently a fairly large Russian colony has established itself in the city, with a club of its own. These Russians have adapted themselves to exile with unusual courage, or rather indifference to fate, and many of them work extremely hard for their living.

The middle class, such as it is, is not at all attractive, and constitutes one of the drawbacks of Rome. At certain hours of the day the main thoroughfare of the Corso is thronged with ill-mannered young cubs of the worst stamp, who mistake insolence for pride, and conceit for ability. It is not fair to judge the Romans by these excrescences on a people who have many of the faults of children, but also most of their virtues.

The Roman workman, once you have made allowances for his little foibles, will be found to be an excellent fellow. He is hard-working and a good craftsman, who puts great thought and energy into his job. It takes a good man to work through the months when Rome is a fiery furnace, from mid-June to the end of September, and yet I have frequently seen the Romans labouring hard right through the heat of the day. Their most attractive quality, however, is their love of children. Like all Italian cities, Rome is covered with a thick sprinkling of bambini. It erupts children from every pavement. Many of them are frail and dirty, but none of them is ever ill-used. This is the more remarkable because their parents live in the most devastating poverty. The undoubted fact of a lower standard of living cannot make the average wage earned other than a miserable pittance; and the housing conditions throughout the working class quarter in the Campo Marzo must be seen to be believed. Upon each side of narrow streets, little better than gutters, rise houses black with age, sometimes tacked on to the remnants of classical buildings, and emitting odours as if all their previous owners were lying unburied in the basement. The place pullulates with cats and every kind of smaller animal, and the sanitary arrangements are quite wonderfully primitive. Not a stone has been shifted or a floor cleaned for generations, and where the social reformer shudders the archæologist delights. Many of the streets still bear the names of the guilds who originally inhabited them.

The Roman triumphs nobly over these material difficulties. His sobriety is phenomenal, in spite of the fact that his drink is strong and heady and that he eats very little. A drunkard is the

greatest rarity in this city of wine-drinkers. Most of the wine comes from the Alban hills, whose green slopes, studded with white villages, may be seen from any vantage point in the city. Immorality also is discreetly tucked away, and, though it is the capital of a hot country wherein there is no divorce, Rome is far more decorous than London.

Her citizens have, however, other qualities which are irritating to a degree. The worst is their admiration for what they call '*furbita*,' or low cunning, and which is often indistinguishable from downright dishonesty. It is a kind of distorted sense of humour which makes them congratulate the author of sharp practice rather than pity the victim of it, and which makes the giving of any order the excuse for wearisome hours of haggling. This appears to me another legacy from the Middle Ages, when there were no quick returns and therefore no advantages in small profits. It is only fair to add that most of the workmen are artisans semi-independent of the firms for which they work, and that therefore anything which they can make over a certain sum is their own profit. Lastly, these unhappy business proclivities are perpetuated by the low standard of education. The Roman has enormous natural intelligence, but is more often than not illiterate. It is quite rare to find a servant who can write her own name, and almost unknown to find a cook who can add or subtract. The equipment of the schools is not so bad, but the teachers are most miserably paid. Nor are their efforts supplemented by the Press. The Roman papers are the most ignorant and inferior productions, with no pretence of judgment or impartiality. Latterly, of course, they have all been so many Fascist leaflets, and fewer people than ever read any newspaper at all.

Another very striking difference between the habits of Rome and London is that in Rome the cult of physical fitness has not replaced the cult of work. There are no national games, and no public playing-fields. The reason for this is more natural than psychological, because grass will not flourish, and the only alternatives in the matter of playing-fields are mud and dust. The one public garden is the Villa Borghese, and the only forms of sport indulged therein are riding and the letting off of fireworks. For the rest the average Roman has to take his exercise in the shape of conversational acrobatics, and certainly does his best therein to bring every muscle into play. The more usual games are making some strides in popular favour, but their practice is confined almost entirely to the upper classes. Out along the Via Flaminia there are two first-class lawn tennis clubs, and a third-rate racecourse. I have once seen a regular game of football, and on a small patch of ground in the Viale Julia I

have been frequently entertained by a party of ecclesiastical students struggling to kick a ball through their long skirts. Nor must the golf course at Aqua Santa be forgotten, though it is not extensively patronised by Romans.

Man cannot live by work and talk alone, however, and the Romans have several distinctive amusements. The first is the *Lotto*, a weekly national gamble run by the State, which makes a cool million out of the business. The gambler bets on any number or combination of numbers from zero to 99, and if they turn up in the weekly draw, he is paid according to a fixed schedule of odds at one of the special lottery banks. The system of betting has been worked up into a perfect science of superstition, and every number has its connotation in the events of life. Once, when there was a great storm in the Tuscan Sea, attended by severe loss of life, most of the population of Genoa backed the accident numbers, which actually turned up, at a cost to the State of over 7,000,000 lire. All classes indulge in this betting, because of such encouraging accidents, and because the odds are naturally very heavy; and I know one nobleman who missed a fortune on a '*quaterno secco*,' i.e., four numbers in sequence, by one point.

Another favourite and simple game is *Morra*, which is played on the fingers. The players stand opposite each other with clenched fists, which they shake in the air three times before throwing out any number of fingers they fancy, simultaneously shrieking the number of fingers which they think will be displayed by the two hands together. A correct guess scores one point, which is marked on the left hand, and the set is five. The opportunities for cheating are so enormous, and such fatal quarrels consequently ensue, that the game is now forbidden by law.

The Romans are therefore reduced to the still simpler amusement of making a noise by any means possible. The most popular is to drive motor cycles and motor cars through the streets with open cut-outs and the most ragingly piercing klaxons in Christendom. Traffic in Rome is a terrible problem. I solemnly assure the reader that on my return to London after three years in Rome my two first impressions were that there was hardly any traffic, and that what there was made no noise at all. A city built on and among an archaeological treasure-house cannot afford to have modern town planning; and the result is that the streets of Rome are terribly narrow. In addition, the Romans fill them from side to side with the biggest electric omnibuses in the world, and follow them up with hosts of *fiacres* whose horses have never been known to move faster than a walk. At any time when the streets are free from both they are filled with clanging, screaming trams, from whose

every nut hang phlegmatic passengers, who travel on them, not for their speed, but because unless you are attached to something big and noisy it is impossible to advance at all. Nearly all the streets are paved with small stone wedges, which cant up under pressure, and make a surface like a quarry. From this comes the habit of the Roman taxi-driver of running his car consistently upon the tram lines, from which it descends with a sickening jolt every few yards. In short, the municipality are facing with the same impotence the problem which confronted Imperial Rome, namely, that of easy communications within a city built upon seven hills and intersected by narrow valleys. Trajan did his best by digging away half the Quirinal and part of the Capitol, and the modern Romans have dug a tunnel under the former, but the centre of Rome has shifted since then, and its two busiest quarters have still only one main street, the Via del Tritone, to link them. This is really the main reason why Rome can never be a modern city until she is transported *en bloc* outside the Porta Pia. Until that time she can never properly be compared to any other city.

It must be confessed, however, that she is just as devoid of any modern art or literature as the most Philistine of them. She is a city of models (material, not human, for the tales of the picturesque Roman models are pure myths), not of artistic achievements. I am casting no reflection upon the admirable training provided by the Academies of the various nations in general and our own British school in particular; but I only mean that there is no native school of painting, music, drama, literature, or architecture. The nearest approach to a school of music is the bagpipe-players who come into the city at certain times of the year, and the choral music, now pirated, of which the Papal choirs were once the sole repository. The theatres are incredibly second-rate, with the possible exception of the Costanze during the opera season. There are really not enough people in what is, after all, a tiny city, to pay for a decent theatre in a semi-tropical climate; and, of course, the whole of Italy is overshadowed by the Scala of Milan. The cinemas in Rome, however, are good and cheap, with removable roofs for the hot weather. The best legitimate acting I have seen is that during the occasional open-air plays on the Palatine, but the impressiveness of that, I think, was due to the exquisite setting in the little sunken grass-grown theatre.

If Rome fails in amusements physical and mental she fails still more in shops. There is just one microcosm of a 'Grand Magasin' and a few plate-glass windows in the Corso; but the average Roman prefers cheap and showy trash to dear, good stuff, and a nation gets the shops it deserves. The one exception

is the glazed majolica ware, which is most attractive and original. I do not except the so-called Roman silk, because when you get it away from Rome and a Roman woman it loses all its charm, and is only fit to cover cushions. Nor should the visitor be enticed into buying German leather goods, Venetian glass, or cosmopolitan antiques.

I fear that if I have so far left any general impression of Rome on the mind of the reader it will be that of a very high cheese, in which the cheesemites rush noisily about in crumbling and odorous passages. My last word, therefore, must be to correct this picture. All Rome is not hovels and hotels. There are quarters up on the Pincio, and down near the Porta del Popolo towards and including the Castelli dei Prati, which are like the residential portion of St. John's Wood. The city proper, however, is as mediæval in its architecture as in its population.

Any house in Rome of over two storeys is apt to be called a palazzo, in the same spirit of misplaced grandiloquence as stamps 'S.P.Q.R.' on the municipal garbage carts. Nevertheless, the distinctive feature of Roman architecture is the number of real palaces of vast size. It is usual to attribute these tremendous edifices to an age-long tendency to megalomania, on the strength of the fact that between 1870 and 1914 the Romans built without any relevance to their needs. The stock example is the Ministry of Finance, which is quite the biggest in Europe, and which cost more to build than its officials have ever saved the Exchequer. Originally, however, there was a real need for these big palaces. They were built during the days when the feudal fortress had become unnecessary, but the feudal system survived. They thus had to house the whole of the members of the great families with their retainers, for under the patriarchal Roman system the sons of the house and their families all lived under the same roof as the head of the clan. Each palace was therefore a little republic, the Palazzo Doria, for example, sheltering 1000 persons. It should also be remembered that the great house in the suburbs, which was a feature of Georgian London, could not develop in Rome, because she was surrounded by the fever-stricken waste of the Campagna.

To-day there is not one of these Roman palaces which remains a single private dwelling-house. The Palazzo Sciarra is a newspaper office; the Farnese houses the French Embassy; the Chigi is the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Many more are cut up into flats. Outwardly they are the same strong, solid bastions of masonry, with the lower windows barred against the assaults and curiosity of the vulgar.

They are far more beautiful than the churches, and that is why, although comparatively insignificant in numbers, they

leave a far greater impression on the mind. It is true that there is a church, and a very big and pretentious one, every hundred yards or so, and that when one looks over the city from the Janiculum there appears to be little else but cupolas and towers. Nevertheless Rome does not remain in the memory, I think, as a city of churches, and the fact is the final proof of the essential insignificance of the Baroque.

Nor must the reader imagine that she appears as a city of ruins. Thanks to the persistent habit in Rome of superimposing the new building on the old, and thanks also to the rise in the ground level of all the valleys, there are few striking classical remains, and such as exist are singularly invisible. The Italians are, however, extremely able excavators, and since excavation became the fashion much has been done to change this state of affairs. A serious beginning has been made in the clearance of the so-called 'monumental area,' and soon the whole of the Imperial *fora* will be as free from modern excrescences as the Forum Romanum and the Palatine are to-day. When that time comes the Roman will be able literally to walk back through the centuries, down from his modern villa on the Pincio, past the Palazzo Barberini to the great Piazza Venezia, then left through the Forum of Trajan to the Fora of Nerva and Augustus, and so finally to the Forum Romanum, on whose horizon hangs the dirty grey mass of the Coliseum. He will walk down the Via Sacra, over the rise through the Arch of Titus, and so to the right under the Arch of Constantine out on to the Via Appia, where the painted wine carts rattle lumberingly citywards, with their cargo of yapping dogs and sleeping drivers. They are the parable of modern Rome, a little sombre echo out of the past, a little shrill noise of the present sounding amid the scenery of a play that has been taken off. For if the Roman would find a pointer to the future he must climb the slopes of the Janiculum to where Garibaldi rides above the charging Bersaglieri, and thence look not towards the sleeping city, but west and north towards the new Italy, peopled from end to end not by Romans, but by Italians.

C. R. COOTE

BYRONIANA: THE ARCHIVES OF THE LONDON GREEK COMMITTEE

In April 1925 *The Times* published two articles drawing attention to the Archives of the London Greek Committee and containing certain unpublished letters of Byron and an article from the Greek *Telegrafo*. For the latter a claim was made that it may well be the work of Byron himself, and if so, his last literary work. As a result of the publication of these articles the Greek Government, acting upon the advice of His Excellency M. Caclamanos, the Greek Minister at the Court of St. James's, decided to defer the removal of the Archives to Athens and requested one of the authors of the present article to undertake the work of examining and reporting upon the Archives. M. Caclamanos most courteously entrusted the Archives to the Library of University College, London, thus greatly facilitating their examination; and he also permitted the transcription of the original letters from Byron to Bowring, which were included in the gift made by Mr. Victor H. Bowring Hanbury.

Of all pursuits the examination of archives is one of the most attractive. There is the vulgar thrill of the treasure-seeker; the flashy delight of playing the amateur detective; and the finer pleasure of reconstructing the atmosphere of ideas and emotions which surrounded our predecessors. The turning of a phrase, the handwriting itself, contribute; the intervening centuries slip away, and for a moment we are able to stand face to face with men and women whose very names have fallen into oblivion.

The presentation of the fruits of our examination is another matter. We must bear in mind what is of value for history—or for that antiquarianism which too often masquerades as history; we must not be led astray by what is superficially interesting, or repelled by what is essentially sordid. Above all we must remember that there is a need for discrimination; we must avoid reproducing what is already known as though it were new, while guarding against creating a false impression by presenting only matter such as will give a distorted picture of the whole.

With such a collection as the Archives of the London Greek Committee there arises a further problem. The papers as a whole confirm the long accepted opinion that the Committee wrecked itself through folly rather than through knavery; but they contain a number of documents which will, we believe, be of value for historians of the Greek War of Independence, with others of some importance for English readers. In the following pages we have attempted to give an adequate account of the latter group, while leaving to Greek students those papers which more particularly concern the history of their own country. We trust that Greek students will come forward to examine these documents, and to publish them as adequately as they deserve.

As to the history of the Archives during the past century, there is not much to record. They passed from the possession of Sir John Bowring, Secretary of the London Greek Committee, to his grandson, Mr. Victor Henry Bowring Hanbury, by whom they were handed over on September 18, 1924, to the Greek Legation in London, through the good offices of Major G. Mélas, as a gift to the Greek nation. Shortly afterwards the same donor added to his gift five original letters from Lord Byron to Sir John Bowring, which were originally included in the Archives.

The papers of the Committee are bound up in ten volumes (an eleventh, also labelled 'Greek Committee,' contains papers relating to Sir John Bowring's later career). There are in all perhaps a thousand documents. The papers in each volume are generally arranged in chronological order, but a few are out of place, and the periods covered by the volumes overlap. The papers are on the whole well preserved, but much folded, and sometimes torn and dust-stained. Byron's signature has occasionally been cut away from documents. The papers have recently been numbered.

In general the handwriting is easily legible. Most of the papers are in English or French, with a certain number in Greek or Italian, and a few in German. It has been impossible to examine those in Greek in any detail, but there is no reason to think that they contain much matter of importance for English readers. A few of the papers are transcripts from originals either lost or existing elsewhere.

The most interesting of the documents have been printed already. Moore included most of Byron's letters to Bowring in his *Life of Lord Byron*. Leicester Stanhope printed most, if not all, of his letters to Bowring, with some other documents, as *Greece in 1823 and 1824*. Some quotations from a letter from Byron to Hobhouse, printed from the original, are to be found

in Mr. Murray's recent volumes of additional Byron correspondence. Some copies of the newspapers, to the Greeks of to-day probably the most valuable portion of the collection, are perhaps available elsewhere.

The history of the Greek Committee¹ is easily ascertainable. The best account is given by Colonel Thomas Gordon of Cairness, himself a member, in his *History of the Greek Revolution*; another is to be found in Finlay's *History of Greece*. Comments, generally bitter, are supplied by Napier and Parry, while a violent attack is contributed by No. 35 of the *Quarterly Review*. Further information might be obtained from contemporary newspapers. In its early career the Committee squandered its energy in petty incompetence; later it lost its reputation through erratic finance, if not actual malversation.

The papers preserved in the present collection relate only to the earlier period. They afford no excuse for the Committee's inability to cope with the problems which lay before it. They exemplify everything implied in the word 'doctrinaire'—the members were steeped in Benthamite idealism and completely ignorant of human nature. From the very beginning the Committee took the wrong path; the members, full of ideas of liberty and progress, almost lost sight of Greece except as a field for practising their views; naturally enough the Tories, to whom the Committee's ideas were anathema, refused to support a cause which, owing to the European situation, they could scarcely

¹ It appears desirable to give here a complete list of the members of the Committee, extracted from the Archives. It is as follows:—E. H. Barker, S. M. Barratt, M.P., Barber Beaumont, Hon. H. G. Bennett, M.P., Jeremy Bentham, Samuel Boddington, Henry Brougham, M.P., Sir Francis Burdett, Bart., M.P., Right Hon. Lord Byron, Robert Campbell, Thomas Campbell, Robert Chaloner, M.P., Dr. Chatfield, John Christie, Rev. Dr. Adam Clark, T. W. Coke, M.P., S. Crompton, M.P., Right Hon. Lord Dacre, Col. Davies, M.P., Hon. Capt. George Dundas, Lord Ebrington, M.P., Edward Ellice, M.P., Col. Sir Howard Elphinstone, C. A. Elton, of Clifton, Lord Erskine, William Evans, M.P., Right Hon. Lord Fitzwilliam, J. B. Gilchrist, Thomas Gordon of Cairness, Lord A. Hamilton, M.P., J. Henry, Sir Robert Heron, J. C. Hobhouse, M.P., Joseph Hume, M.P., Hon. H. C. Hutchinson, M.P., Col. Jones, Hon. Douglas Kinnaid, H. G. Knight, Hon. Sir Robert Lawrence, J. G. Lambton, M.P., Dr. Lempriere of Shaldon, J. B. Lennard, M.P., Gen. Long, Zachary Macaulay, Sir James Mackintosh, M.P., Dr. Maclean, Rev. Dr. McCrie, J. Mavrocordatos, J. Maxwell, M.P., Lord Milton, M.P., J. B. Monck, M.P., Thomas Moore, Lord Nugent, M.P., William Ord, M.P., Samuel Parkes, Rev. Dr. Parr of Hatton, Sir T. D. Paul, Bart., Sir W. Paxton, George Philips, M.P., H. Pierce, N. Ralli, D. Ricardo, M.P., T. S. Rice, M.P., Samuel Rogers, Charles Rumbold, M.P., Lord J. Russell, M.P., James Scarlett, M.P., D. Schinas, John Smith, M.P., William Smith, M.P., Right Hon. Lord Sondes, Hon. Col. Stanhope, D. Sykes, M.P., Richard Taylor, Marquis of Titchfield, Henry Tulk, William Turnbull, Gen. Weatherstone, W. W. Whitmore, M.P., John Wilks, J. Williams, M.P., W. Williams, M.P., Sir Robert Wilson, M.P., Matthew Wood, M.P.

have regarded with enthusiasm. The Committee steadily pursued its downward course; for only one of its accomplishments have the Greeks any cause to be grateful.

There is good reason for believing that the Committee made possible Byron's second journey to Greece. Byron could no doubt have gone out as a private volunteer, and might have done some good. But he might well have been deterred by the thought that this would be regarded merely as a new eccentricity, and by the knowledge that his personal prestige alone would not long outlive his funds.² The Greek Committee provided him with a more or less official character, freeing him from fear of censure at home and giving him a satisfactory status in Greece. Mr. Nicolson has summed up his achievements on his last journey: 'Lord Byron accomplished nothing at Missolonghi except his own suicide; but by that single act of heroism he secured the liberation of Greece.' The Committee's relations with Byron form the one satisfactory portion of its activities.

Probably the most valuable portion of the Archives are the copies of the three newspapers established in Greece in 1824. *Ο φίλος του Νομου* was published twice a week at Hydra; it is a folded quarto sheet, giving four pages of print; occasionally it is extended to six sides. The following numbers are preserved:—Nos. 1–25, 34–41, and 47, dated March 10 to August 25, 1824. The later numbers are very well printed; the contents are apparently mainly news of Greek affairs.

The earliest of the three papers was the *Ελληνικά Χρονικά*, founded by Leicester Stanhope and edited by Dr. J. J. Meyer. It was published twice weekly at Missolonghi; and was a frequent source of trouble to Byron. The following numbers are extant:—Nos. 1, 3–11, 15–17, 34, 41–43, 58–61, and 67, dated from January 2 to August 16. It is of the same form as the *Φίλος του Νομου*, but poorly printed; its matter is partially controversial, and Byron was compelled to suppress the whole twentieth number. There is also a prospectus.

The third paper was the weekly *Telegrafo Greco*, designed for international consumption. The principal language is Italian, but items in other languages are frequent; the typography is wretched, and everything is garbled by misprints. The founder was again Stanhope, the editors Meyer and Count Pietro Gamba, Byron having insisted on the participation of the latter. The contents are remarkable for their variety, but valuable only when concerned with Byron. The following numbers are preserved:—Nos. 1–3, 5–11, 12–15, 20, and 21,

² This is not written with any intention of censuring the Greeks of the War of Independence; their financial situation obliged them to hold to anyone who could help them to establish a settled Government.

dated from March 20 to August 7. There is in addition a prospectus of March 6.

Reference has already been made to an article in the *Telegrafo Greco*, which may be from the pen of Byron. It appeared in No. 5 on April 17, 1824, two days before Byron's death, so that it is improbable that he ever saw it in print. There is no absolute proof that the article was written by Byron, but the article itself would suggest that he was ultimately responsible for it, and it is certain that in Corfu Byron was believed to be the author of it. The identification of the article resulted from a note made by Mr. Francis Bickley in his Introduction to the *Report on the Manuscripts of Earl Bathurst*,³ published in 1923 by the Historical Manuscripts Commission and from certain letters included in the Bathurst papers. Mr. Bickley called special attention to the following letter from the Earl of Guilford to Earl Bathurst dated from Corfu on April 26, 1824:

You have no idea of the grief which Lord Byron's death has occasioned here. His conduct in Greece had been admirable, and his loss is irreparable, as he was the most strenuous supporter of moderate and rational principles. Had he lived longer, all his eccentricities would have been entirely forgotten. I hope you will see the new Messolonghi newspaper written in Italian called the *Telegrafo*, in which is an excellent article supposed to be written by him, repelling in a most manly and generous manner an assertion in a German paper that he had written a *pæan* and that the Messalongoites had illuminated on the death of Sir Thomas Maitland, and speaking very fairly and handsomely of his person and government. . . .⁴

It was not difficult to identify the article in the *Telegrafo*, which is dated 'Li 17 Aprile 1824':

NOTIZIE ESTERE.

Ci sono pervenute le Gazette di Francfort dal 20 Febraro al 6 Marzo. Se noi volessimo occuparci a confutare tutte le notizie alterate o inessate, e le menzogne che si leggono nella maggior parte delle Gazette Europee; le intere colonne del nostro *Telegrafo* non sariano sufficienti. Non è perciò che non vi si trovino molte osservazioni giudiziose e prossime al vero sullo stato interno dell' impero ottomano, della Grecia libera, e principalmente del Peloponeso.

Ci crediamo in debito di rispondere al seguente Articolo che si legge in quella Gazzetta sotto la data del 5 Marzo.

'Si distribuisce nelle Isole Ionice la traduzione Greca di una delle ultime Poesie di Lord Byron, intitolata Il Trionfo di Hellas a Messolonghi. Quando si ricevè a Messolonghi la notizia della morte di Sir Thomas Maitland L.A.Co., etc., etc., tutta la Città fu illuminata per due notti. Si

³ Page xvii.

⁴ Report on MSS. of Earl Bathurst, p. 567. A similar reference is found in a letter dated May 20, 1824, from the Earl of Lauderdale to Earl Bathurst (*ibid.*, p. 570).

reputa la sua morte come una gran vittoria: e la sua memoria fra i Greci resterà sempre un' oggetto d' esecrazione.'

Noi non sappiamo se nelle Isole Ionie sia letta alcuna Poesia Greca sotto il titolo di una traduzione di Lord Byron. Solamente siamo autorizzati ad assicurare, che Lord B. non scrisse mai di tali poesie—e di più che da 9 mesi cioè dalla sua partenza da Genova per Grecia il nobile Lord non scrisse alcuna specie di componimento Poetico. Tutti quelli che si sono pubblicati in questo frattempo o si pubblicano tuttora in Londra furono scritti prima di quell' Epoca.

Non tanto è falso che in Messolonghi si facessero pubbliche alegrezze per la morte di Sir Thomas Maitland L., etc. etc. ma un sentimento sì vile non cadde mai nella mente dei Greci. Se i Greci hanno sofferto dalla condotta del Lord Alto Com. nei primi anni della loro gloriosa guerra di Risurrezione, essi sanno riconoscere la difficile e delicata situazione in cui era posto quel supremo Governatore, e i doveri che l'obbligavano a regolarsi secondo la politica e le istruzioni del suo Governo. Debbono inoltre confessare, che nell' ultimo anno essendosi modificati i sentimenti del Gabinetto Britannico la sua condotta era considerevolmente alterata in favore della causa Ellenica. Ma per quanti motivi potessero aver avuti per lagnarsi di lui; dopo la sua morte i Greci avrebbero guardato un sacro silenzio—ne mai si sarabbero lasciati strascinare al sentimento di una sì vile e infame vendetta. Se quelli che prestano ai Greci di simili sentimenti si vantassero loro Amici—i Greci saranno posti nella trista situazione di doversi vergognare di tali Amicizie.

Poichè alcuni si compiaciono, non sappiamo se per ignoranza o se per altro peggior motivo, a declamare contro al Governo del defunto Sir Thomas—noi siamo autorizzati da un Personaggio distinto che venne alle Isole Ionie con forti prevenzioni contro al medesimo, a testimoniare che quelle accuse erano mal fondate; che sotto i suoi auspici le Isole erano fiorenti più che molte altre contrade nominate per la loro prosperità, e che forse quella maniera di Governo era una migliore che potesse convenirsi a quegli Isolani.

It is unnecessary to re-examine here the evidence as to Byron's relations with the *Telegrafo*. The references to the subject in Parry's *Last Days* and in Prothero's edition of Byron's Letters are well known. Byron had been led, against his will, to subscribe to the publication of the *Telegrafo* and had permitted his letters to be printed in it; ultimately he made use of it for his own purposes, supplying the material for this article, as he felt bound to issue a *démenti* in his own interest and in that of the cause which he was championing.

The Archives include a few hitherto unpublished letters written by Byron. There are two from Genoa, written prior to his departure from Italy, and one from Leghorn. Of the Colonel Stietz whom Byron sent to the Greek Committee nothing further is known. Such adventurers were fairly common, and have left a few traces among the Committee's papers, but never enough to make them at all interesting. Byron's signature has been cut away from this letter, but a translation presented

to the Committee by Stietz gives the conclusion. The letter from Leghorn is apparently to Bowring.⁵

DEAR DOUGLAS,

July 10th, 1823.

We expected to sail on the 12th, but it may be a day or two longer before we can put to sea—as the wind is at present contrary and the places for the reception * of the horses have some need of alteration. But by the 13th or 14th and even before if possible we expect to get under way.

I have to enclose you at the request of Colonel Stietz †—a plan of his for a foreign brigade in the Greek Service. Of its practicability I can say nothing—but it is my duty to lay it before you as requested for your perusal being addressed to the various foreign Committees English as well as foreign. ‡ *The funds which he requires are too considerable I doubt. He himself is well recommended but his papers seem to show it.*

I wrote to you last week enclosing a letter for Mr. Bowring. Blaquiére writes that even ten thousand pounds would be of incalculable service to their cause at present—I have other letters from Greece urging the attempt at a loan. I leave you to and to support these facts (i.e. the loan and the money for them from the Committee) as much as you can.

Ever yrs

N. B.

P.S.—Address to Genoa, letters will be forwarded.

* *Embarkation* deleted.

† *Stiel stet* both deleted.

‡ The passages in italics are added in a minute hand, probably not Byron's, and apparently to replace parts of the letter which had been cut off.

SIR,

GENOA, July 12th, 1823.

Colonel Stietz of the State (?) of Hesse Cassel—but at present or recently in the Greek Service has requested a letter of introduction to the Greek Committee.—I have accordingly furnished him with these few lines—in the hope that you will have the goodness to permit him to submit his plan for consideration to the acting members.—As I cannot pretend to decide upon its [prac]ticability—I must leave him to give his [—? own] explanation.—I sent a sketch of it to Mr. D. Kinnaird a few days ago—in French—but in very *German* French—as you will perceive by a perusal.—I have the honour to be your

[The signature, etc., cut away].

[The translation concludes: 'J'ai l'honneur &c.

NOEL BYRON.

P.S.—Nous devons mettre à la voile aujourd'hui, mais les vents sont très faibles.]

Addressed 'Al'Colonello Stietz Albergo del'Se Geb [name illegible] Genoa.'

⁵ The following corrections in two letters printed by Prothero may be noted: *Letter of May 12, 1823, Prothero, VI, pages 205-211, postscript, second paragraph, MS., adds: 'but as he is an old friend of mine I should hope not an unkind one.'* After the word 'Emancipation' on page 210 the following is deleted: 'more fruitful and important fruits of the tree of liberty whose ? branches.' *Letter of July 7, 1823, Prothero VI, page 228, line 8; 'Attempt,' not 'attempts.'* 'At,' not 'of.' Line 15, 'Which I have,' not 'I have.' Line 16, 'Credits from' not 'in.'

and 'J. Bowring Esqre. Honorary Secretary, &c &c. &c. of the Greek Committee, London.

N. B. honoured by Col. Stietz.'

Seal with 'N. B.' and a coronet.

Endorsed by Bowring, 'Genoa—July 12 1823

Col. Stietz.

recd 20 Apl [?]

SHIP HERCULES,

LEGHORN ROADS,

July 24th, 1823.

SIR,

I received yrs of the 20th June on anchoring here Saturday. We are driven back to Genoa by a Gale of wind, but put to sea the next day again and arrived here about 24 hours ago.

I find the Greeks here somewhat divided amongst themselves. I have spoken to them about the delay of intelligence for the Committee's regulation, and they have promised to be more punctual. The Archbishop is at Pisa, but has sent me several letters etc. for Greece. What they most seem to want or desire is Money, Money Money. I have carried with me some specie and considerable credits (for an individual that is to say) to dispose of according to circumstances wherein the cause may appear to require them. As the Committee has not favoured me with any specific instructions as to any line of conduct they might think it well for me to pursue, I of course have to suppose that I am left to my own discretion. If at any future period I can be useful, I am as willing to be so as heretofore. From Mr. Blaquiére I have heard—and so will the Committee ere this—the substance of his information is much the same as the details before received.

We expect to sail again to-day. I called here for letters and two gentlemen who requested a passage. I have the honour to remain

Your very obed^t

faithf^l S^{vt}

N. B.

The next three letters are printed from copies. The first is from Byron to the General Government of Greece. A portion was printed in the *Telegrafo Greco*, No. 3, and has been reprinted by Moore and Prothero; in the Committee's copy of the newspaper a line is drawn down the margin, apparently to mark it for transcription.

From a copy in Millingen's handwriting, initialled by Byron (Vy); variants from another copy (VIc); cf. Prothero, VI. 277.

[The top of the page cut away—it appears to have been headed 'Copia'—VIc runs: 'Cefalonia 30 Novembre 1823. Eccellentissimi Signori.']

Il Colonello Stanhope &c. &c. venuto da Londra con commissioni dal Comitato Greco per agire in mia compagnia a favore della liberazione di Grecia si reca presso la sede del Governo per offrirvi i suoi servizi che potrebbero esservi di gran giovamento,—e per farvi gradire alcuni suoi progetti a vostro beneficio. Egli è membro di una delle più antiche e nobili famiglie dell' Impero Britannico, ed uno dei più esperti uffiziali

della nostra armata. Confido che sarà accolto con quella cortesia con la quale furono tutti gli altri stranieri da me raccomandati—di che vi referisco molte e sincere grazie.

Il Sig^{re}. Anarghiro vostro inviato, tornando dee ['deve' in copy] aver presentato la mia lettera al Governo—dalla quale comprenderete che io ho fatto ogni mio potere per sodisfare alla dimanda che il Governo mi ha fatta per mezzo de' suoi Inviati, Sig^{ri} Orlando e Luriotti. Un negoziante Inglese di Zante si è incaricato di realizzare le mie cambiali in favore del Governo Greco a giusto cambio. Alcuni negozianti Ionici ossia Greci sia per odio del Governo Greco o per intrighi privati, o per viltà politica ricusarono di realizzarle senza un 'usura vergognosa, non ostante varie lettere di credito dalle prime case d'Italia o di Londra. Il Sig^{re}. Corialeagno [*sic*; in copy 'Corgialeno'] si è tenuto offeso perchè il prelodato Governo non ha voluto eleggere il suo fratello a deputato per l'imprestito a Londra. Io raccomando al Governo di non nominare alcuno di quella famiglia ne' de' suoi amici a tale incarico poichè abbiain [copy reads 'perche abbiamo'] ragioni persuadenti che essi hanno delle viste particolari, ed in caso di una tal nomina io mi stimerei [copy reads 'stimero'] in obbligo di far avvertire gl'Imprestanti Inglesi di tenersi in guardia con quelli co' quali trattano. Non dico ciò per alcun mio dispiacere che da lui mi fosse fatto, giacchè il Sig^{re} Corialeagno [*sic*; copy 'Corgielegno'] si è mostrato cortese a mio riguardo, dicendo che 'come Banchieri daranno a me tutto che voglio, ma al Governo Greco, nulla.' Ecco le precise loro parole.

L'affare dell' Imprestito, l'aspettation [copy, 'l'aspettativa'] si lungamente sospirata della flotta, ed il non cessato pericolo di Missolonghi mi hanno ritenuto qui finora, e mi riterranno finchè alcune di queste cause siano tolte via. Quando il denaro destinato alla flotta sarà sborsato, io partirò, quantunque non vegga a che possa giovare la mia presenza in Morea nel presente stato delle cose. Qui sono arrivati contrari rumor, di nuove dissensioni nel governo Greco, anzi del principio d'una guerra civile. Desidero con tutto il mio cuore che siano falsi o almeno esagerati; giacchè non saprei immaginare [copy 'immaginare'] alcuna calamità che fosse più da temere per voi che quella. Devvo [copy 'Debbo'] confessarvi francamente che se un qualunque ordine ed unione non si conferma, tutte le speranze di un prestito torneranno vuote,—ogni soccorso che potesse la Grecia aspettare dagli Esteri, che certo non sarebbero ne pochi ne spreggevoli [copy 'spergevoli'] veranno [copy 'verranno'] sospesii e forse affatto impediti [copy repeats 'sospesi' by mistake].—e quel che è peggio le grandi Potenze d'Europa delle quali nessuna era nemica alla Grecia, e che parevano inclinare favorevoli d' accordo allo stabilimento di uno stato indipendente in Grecia si persuaderanno che i Greci non sono atti a governarsi per se stessi, e concerteranno qualche mezzo per far fine a' vostri disordini, che troncherà tutte le vostre più velle speranze, e tutte quelle de' vostri amici.

Permettete che vi aggiunga una volta per sempre:—Io desidero il bene della Grecia, e non altro: farò ogni mio potere per assicurarla; ma non consento nè consentirò mai che il Pubblico ne' i privati Inglesi siano delusi sopra il vero caso delle cose Greche. Il resto dipende davoì, Signori, voi avete combattuto gloriosamente, conducetevi [copy 'condecutevi'] anche onoratamente coi vostri compatrioti e col mondo, ed allora non si potrà più dire come si è ripetuto per due milla anni [copy

'mill' anni'] collo storico Romano, che Filopemene fù l'ultimo dei Greci.—Non vogliate permettere che nemeno la Calunnia (e chi può evitarla specialmente in una lotta sì difficile!) possa paragonare il Pachà Turco al Patriotta Greco in pace, dopo che l'anno [copy 'l'ha'] sterminato in guerra.

Vi prego di accettare quest &c. &c. [copy reads 'questa mia sincera opinione come una prova del mio attaccamento al vostro vero interesse e di credermi quel che sarò sempre Umo servo, etc.']

N. B. Pari d'Inghilterra

[Copy ' (signé) ' NOEL BYRON Pari d'Inghilterra']

[Byron's hand]

Endorsed by Bowring, 'Cefalonia 29 Nov. 1823 Lord Byron recd 10 Mⁿ [?].'

The second letter is to Prince Mavrocordatos. Letters from Mavrocordatos are fairly frequent in the Committee's papers, but are written in terms so general as to be of little interest.

MINUTE D'UNE LETTRE DU LORD BYRON AU PRINCE MAVROCORDATO,
7 OCTOBRE 1823.

PRINCE

Vos lettres obligeantes me sont parvenues; elles me sont chères et parce qu'elles me sont adressées par un Personnage qui jouit une haute estime par toute l'Europe et parce qu'elles me donnent l'espoir que ma part pourrait réussir de quelque vraie utilité à votre malheureuse et glorieuse Patrie. Mais la charge que m'a imposée le Comité Anglais, dont je suis membre, m'oblige de m'adresser au Gouvernement Grec, n'importe comment il est composé et où se trouve. Rien ne peut me chagriner plus fortement que de voir V.E. séparée de la conduite des affaires publiques et dans une situation qui lui permet à peine d'employer ses talens et son activité en faveur de sa patrie; mais il semble qu'il convienne à un étranger de se garder de tout act qui pût avoir quelque tendance à susciter des partis et nourrir la discorde. Tel est mon ferme avis et je suis persuadé que votre loyauté me fera raison. Il ne me fait certainement aucune surprise que des discordes s'élèvent dans un pays révolutionnaire, et à peine échappée à une tyrannie si longue et si barbare; mais je ne peux pas dissimuler que cela ne me fasse beaucoup de peine; et que les exemples honorables des années passées, qu'une guerre, dans laquelle les Grecs se battent, non pour la triomphe des théories, non pour l'indépendance seule, mais pour l'existence même auraient dû les tenir loin de ces maux très graves qui ont toujours tourmentés les autres nations revolutionnées. Quand je pense aux effets que cette discorde peut mener, j'en frémis; puisqu'elle donnera temps et occasion à vos barbares oppresseurs, refroidira l'enthousiasme et arrêtera les efforts des Européens et mes compatriotes, parmi les quels sont sûrement contés tous amis généreux des lumières et de l'humanité; et elle peut même fournir quelque pretexte [or ? pretense] aux ennemis naturels de toute liberté de se vouloir [?] mêler dans vos affaires, avec ruine de toutes les belles espérances des hommes de bien.

Malgré toute déplorable circonstance mon cœur pour la cause ne se refroidira certainement pas, et quand l'occasion s'offre de pouvoir devenir réellement utile à votre patrie, aucune consideration ne me retiendra de le

faire. J'ai écrit aux Primats Hydriotes pour les remercier de leurs offres et pour ne pas répondre à des lettres inutilement, je prie V.E. de vouloir présenter mes sentimens de reconnaissance et de respect à Messrs Lourioti et Tricoupi. qui ont eu la complaisance de m'écrire par M. Praid. Dans l'espérance que les circonstances deviendront [*sic*] plus favorables et que les généraux efforts de vos compatriotes, dans les quels vous avez pris une part si glorieuse, ne seraient pas perdus, je me déclare, avec tous les sentimens d'estime et de respect

de V.E. &c. &c.

DEAR SIR,

MESSALONGHI JAN 28. 1824.

As Colonel Stanhope will probably have written frequently to inform the Committee of the state of public affairs here and throughout Greece I have little to say on that subject, and as to my private concerns they can have no attraction for anybody further than as connected with the emancipation of this country.

I hope that the Hon^{ble} Douglas Kinnaird has received my various letters written in Cephalonia—because as far my [*sic*] own resources go they bear a reference to public matters here, and to say the truth, till either the public or the Capitalists come forward (and that speedily) I shall probably have more demands upon me than an individual however well disposed or even provided, can or could easily supply.

If the Committee in lieu of stores could furnish pecuniary succours to the Greeks I am inclined to think that the service rendered would be more considerable.

We are blockaded here by the Turkish squadron 16 sail in all—frigates, corvettes, &c. craft included.

An English brig-of-war has been here to reclaim some boats taken—the affair of Ithaca has spoilt or retrograded all our relations with the Islands for the present—and I cannot but condemn the want of discipline and authority which has led to the acts of piracy in question (for they are no better) and to the measures in consequence of the English Govt. I must speak freely here as well as elsewhere and as I never flattered power neither will I sanction license. The Greeks are acting in my opinion neither wisely nor well—in permitting for a moment the predatory detention of the Ionian vessels—if they choose to commence buccaneering—be it so—but let it be without pretensions to any better excuse than that of necessity.

On my way here my boats had some narrow escapes. One vessel (a Bombard) was taken by the Turks into Patras and afterwards released—the other (on board of which I was)—was pursued but got away and afterwards ran twice on the rocks between this and Dragomestri but after 8 days we got back again and in to Messalonghi where we were very well received, and by most accounts arrived at a proper time to be of some—at least *temporary* utility. An expedition of about 2000 men is planned for an attack on Lepanto and for reasons of policy with regard to the native Capitani who would rather be (nominally at least) under the command of a foreigner than of one of their own body the direction it is said is to be assigned to me—there is also another reason—which is that if a capitulation should take place the Musselmans [*sic*] might perhaps rather have Christian faith with a Frank than with a Greek, and so be inclined to concede a point or two—these appear to be the most obvious

motives for such an appointment as far as I or anybody else can conjecture—unless there be one reason more—viz.—that under present circumstances no one else (not even Mavrogordato himself) seems disposed to accept such a nomination—and though my desires are as far as my deserts upon this occasion I do not decline it being willing to do as I am bidden—and as I pay a considerable portion of the clans I may as well see what they are likely to do for their money—besides I am tired of hearing nothing but talk, and constitutions, or Sunday Schools and what not &c. &c. all excellent things in their time and place—and here also whenever they mean money, leisure and freedom to try the experiments.

If anything particular occurs I will state it—or if I cannot Colonel S. will keep the Committee duly apprised.

I am ever & truly yours

N. B.

P.S.—Parry is not arrived yet. I presume from the retardment that he is the same Parry who attempted the North Pole and is (it may be supposed) now crossing the South.

End.—On last sheet, 'John Bowring, Esq.'

Another letter from Byron to Bowring is purely formal, and is written by a clerk, the postscript alone being in Byron's hand.

MESSALONGHI, 8th March, 1824.

John Bowring, Esq.

SIR,

Herewith enclosed you'll receive Bills drawn by Prince A. Mavrocordato for the sum of Five hundred and fifty pounds, which sum I have paid into the Hands of the Prince, and have accepted Bills to that amount, made payable at your House. The Hon^{ble}. Douglas Kinnaird will present the Bills and I trust that funds are placed in your hands sufficient to Honour them.

I am, Sir,

Yours truly,

(Sgd.) NOEL BYRON.

P.S.—The Prince informs me that Mr. Luriottis has funds in his hands to answer the amount and which will be at your disposal.

P.S.—Excuse my writing by proxy but we are full of business.

Yours, etc.,

NOEL BYRON.

Two other Byron papers are of some interest. When Hamilton Browne and Trelawny went to the Morea in September 1823 Byron determined to try to obtain some precise information about the real state of affairs.⁶ He apparently gave Hamilton Browne a set of questions to be put to Kolokotronis and to the followers of Mavrocordatos at Tripolitza. Sets of answers from both parties exist. The following document is apparently Byron's set of queries, roughly scribbled in pencil:

⁶ Prothero, VI. 247, 8.

QUERIES.

1. If they have anything they wish to be *immediately* communicated to the C. in England?
2. Their force—their mode of payment and it's amount per man—also it's average per thousand men—*i.e.* the whole expence of their maintenance?
3. Their fleet and it's object in not coming out?
4. The prices of provision forage and living &c. also the exchange &c?
5. Their prisoners and their mode of treating them.
6. The *actual* and effective power of the executive Government—*so-called at least*—and how far it is respected & obeyed by the people. . . .
7. Their Chiefs—*who—which—and what*—I mean as 'good men and true.'
8. The state of the Islands as in connection with the peninsula & how far they are likely or liable to unite under the same Institutions.

Hamilton Browne sent Byron a long report from Tripolitza, while Trelawny wrote a brief commentary on it. Both urged Byron to support Kolokotronis; but apparently another paper had more weight with him. It is a memorandum sent by J. B. Theotoky to Count Delladecima from Tripolitza and dated September 27, 1823; it appears in the Archives in the form of a French translation by D. Schinas.⁷ In view of its length, a summary in English of the principal points is given, instead of printing it in full.

Knowing the esteem in which you are held by Lord Byron I send this etter to you, in order that some things may be known to you, which Milord also should know. Greece has never been in greater danger since the Revolution. How can the few inhabitants maintain so unequal a struggle? The Peloponnese has been deaf to appeals for help, not realising that if the mainland is lost, it also will fall, and the name of Greece will be for ever extinguished. The Peloponnese is the theatre of two rival factions, each of which aims at self-aggrandisement and at seizing and misapplying the public revenues. The establishment of a General Assembly, from which much was hoped, has proved a failure, the public revenues have been squandered. The leaders have so completely betrayed the nation that this year's revenues have amounted to under 2½ million piastres, when they should have been 12 millions, and even these revenues have been forcibly misapplied by this monstrous Government. As a result a heavier burden has fallen on the people than under the Ottoman rule. Much discontent has resulted, especially discord between Continental Greece and the Isles against the Peloponnese. This lack of public funds has caused the inertia of our fleet, and the failure of our troops to land

⁷ We are inclined to identify this letter with the 'further report from the Morea' sent by Byron to Hobhouse with his letter of October 16, 1823 (Murray, *Lord Byron's Correspondence*, 1922, ii., 282). Hobhouse forwarded it to Bowring, December 25, 1823, and asked to have it returned.

Theotoky was a Corfiote, and probably one of the personal followers left at Tripolitza by Mavrocordatos. The papers include another letter written by him, in conjunction with D. Guselli, to Byron, dated September 13, 1823; but it is of little interest.

on the Continent. It would have been an easy matter to gain the upper hand, if a minority had not paralysed our energy. The arrival of Lord Byron at Cephalonia with a sufficient sum of money caused both factions to try to secure his person and his funds, to be used for their evil ends. They should have advised Lord Byron to make his way to Western Greece, where his arrival would have secured the relief and provisioning of Missolonghi and would have inspired with fresh courage the population of that part. His funds would provide for the payment of 8 or 10 armed ships to raise the blockade of Missolonghi and free the communication by sea. Three thousand armed troops in the Morea would soon rally, if they were certain of food and pay. The inhabitants of the Islands, scattered throughout Greece, would also rally around him, if they were sure that they would not find themselves abandoned to the misery in which they have been left by the Peloponnesians. Such should be the action of the Government itself, for such a reinforcement would assuredly suffice to put the enemy to flight, but this can only occur if the factions are controlled by a man of good reputation and possessed of resources sufficient to hold in check the present leaders. Without means he would be forced to surrender himself to one of these factions, and every sort of evil will be attributed to him. The parties are at any rate unanimous in their desire to free themselves from the Turkish yoke, but through their ignorance and lack of morale they do not know how to secure their freedom.

If Milord lands in the Morea, as he has been pressed to do, he will accomplish little for Greece. He cannot work for the reconstruction of Greece without public opinion. Patriotic and liberal sentiments are unknown there. I am not so illiberal as to desire that one should act as a despot. I long with all my heart that Greece should be saved by the good counsels and benefits of a Patriot. Greece possesses all the materials necessary to constitute a State, brave soldiers, fearless sailors, talents, territorial wealth, sufficient funds, a quiet and moderate people. She only needs a motive force behind these material resources.

Inspired by these liberal and patriotic feelings I have determined to place before you these ideas which affect so greatly the national safety and well-being, in the hope that through your good offices they may be presented to Milord himself, in order that he may avoid seeing his sacrifices becoming vain through lack of an intimate knowledge of Greece, that he may resist the seductions and polite expressions on the part of these gentlemen, and not allow himself to be fooled by a desire to serve Greece and be able to do so; for if he does, he will then repent as so many others have done.

Believe me, etc.

THE PATRIOT JEAN BAPTISTE THEOTOKY.

Among the papers of the Committee is a long report made by Captain Frank Hastings on the military and naval prospects of the Greeks. It is dated Hydra, October 20-8, 1823. Hastings was evidently disappointed by the Greeks' treatment of him, and wrote very bitterly. Byron indorsed the report as follows:

I recommend this report strongly to the Consideration of the Committee—as I believe that it is signed by Col. Napier and other men of experience—that it is on the whole faithful—intelligent and scientific.

Mr. Hastings to the above qualities unites those of great courage and coolness as well as enterprize.

Obre 15th, 1823.

NOEL BYRON.

This report eventually came to London, and was borrowed by Colonel Charles Napier, the Resident at Cephalonia, at this time on leave.⁸ Napier's opinion of the report may be gathered from the following letter to Bowring, written in a hand so loose as to be almost indecipherable, and with spelling almost as bad as Trelawny's. No attempt has been made to reproduce this.

PRIVATE.

1st May, 1824.

DEAR SIR,

Mr. Hastings' letter about the Greeks has many good points but, as Lord Byron says on the back, one can only say that on the whole it is a faithful account and (*comparatively*) scientific, but I am not a judge of the naval details. As to the military ones his ideas are quite erroneous and his feelings being sore he has not been aware that whatever the unfortunate state of the Greeks may be *there is* not only material but also material of the *finest kind* for forming *regular troops*. I never saw men better formed for soldiers. They have not a *thought* that is not military—how could a man of good sense like Mr. H. think that discipline could be expected from *unpaid* wild people just broke loose from slavery? Stop the *pay* of an English or French army, and see where their discipline will be! He says in forming a regular force Lord B. would get none 'but those who have no other means of subsistence.' Now (?) after thirty years experience of soldiers these sort of men are exactly those which I would *prefer to all others*—he says (?) *force or patience* are the only two means of introducing discipline. He is quite right—without both no discipline exists in *any* army and *money* gives you the *force* at once! *The loan*; The old Story, Money, Money, Money, and I have no hesitation in saying that were I in Greece with the full command of the 40,000*l.* which Blaquière has taken I would form an army and be in possession of Salonica within four months from the day I landed, the Sack of which town would treble the army and give the Greeks Constantinople in less than two months after; but this cannot be now. The Greeks are ruled by a *council* in their warlike operations, and *years* will be needed to accomplish the results of *months* under a single military commander. This is a great evil for which I see no remedy. Hastings thinks (?) cannon of no use, except large guns in the passes, is also quite wrong—field artillery is *everything*. Not as the Greeks *are* but the ill treatment he seems to have received makes (?) forget that every day *they improve*. They are better *to-day* than they were yesterday and what you will perceive is, that his own good sense breaks out thro his anger, and in the page 26 the first three lines gives the remedy and contradicts all his former statements—if any arms are sent to Greece I strongly recommend their being English *muskets with our own bores*. The large bore is a powerful weapon the weight of lead crushes the bones and has a

⁸ Napier's letter asking for the report (April 8, 1824) is uninteresting, except for one passage: 'I hope Stanhope will stick fast with the Greeks. He is a fine fellow, and will greatly aid Lord Byron in his noble career [*sic*].'

far superior effect to the French small bore—but then our *stocks* are much too heavy and the Greeks will never use them—as they are very careful of their arms the whole stock might be be [*sic*] made as light and *lighter* even, than a [undecipherable] Muskets *so* manufactured would sell well and be good speculation if any commercial man tried it. Hastings talks of field pieces not carrying grape *far enough*—had he seen much of war he would know first that sharpshooters are *met by sharpshooters* and not engaged by cannon alone, and that if they will keep out of reach of grape they will do very little harm by their fire. Which is not much cared for at any time by old soldiers and can *never decide* the fate of Greece. Besides he seems to forget that the Greeks are *much better* tirailleurs than the Turks! but the whole matter is in money; lots of '*tallars*' as they call dollars and them (apparently) *well applied* all the rest follows you and your loan. 'There is the rub' that sooner or later rubs the turks into Asia.

Yours truly,

C. S. NAPIER.

(Addressed to J. Bowring, Esq^{re}
Jeffreys Square
Mary Ax.)

A lengthy funeral oration was pronounced over Byron's corpse at Missolonghi by Spiridion Tricoupi; an Italian translation appeared in the *Telegrafo*, No. 10, while the original version was published separately in Greek. An English translation is given by Edgumbe. Philhellene sentiments are represented by two notices preserved in the Greek Committee papers. One is to be found in a letter from Dr. J. J. Meyer to Leicester Stanhope, who was then at Salona; it is dated, rather prematurely, April 17. It runs:

Lord Noel Byron est mourru dans mes bras, étrange affaire que l'homme qui toujours parlait contre le sens de ma gazette devait mourrir dans mes bras, à présent je connais tous les machinations qu'on a joué contre moi et contre mon chronikle, mais grace à Dieu, j'ai vaincu. . . . Byron est mort! Sa mort est-elle nuisible à la Grèce? Non . . .

The other occurs in a letter from Blaquière to Stanhope, written from Zante on April 26. It runs:

So far as I can judge the death of Lord B. could not have happened at a more critical moment. He was doing wonders and acting a most noble part.

Blaquière was thinking of the first instalment of the first Greek loan, which could not be paid over to the Greeks without the sanction of the three Commissioners, Byron, Stanhope and Konduriottes; it was now necessary to wait until fresh instructions should arrive from England.

* It is interesting to recall that Meyer alone of the men at Missolonghi died in action, in April 1826, and that while all the others deserted Greece, he stayed on.

Here it seems best to leave the Archives of the London Greek Committee. It will be clear from what has been written in this article that the Archives have been used by the present writers primarily from the point of view of gleaning material likely to be of interest to British readers, specially with reference to the part played by Byron in the Greek War of Independence. It is obvious that there remains much in the Archives which will be of interest chiefly to the Greek nation, and it may well be hoped that when the Archives reach their final destination in Athens they will be the subject of a further examination from the Greek point of view by Greek scholars.

E. S. DE BEER.

WALTER SETON.

MOLIÈRE AND BERNARD SHAW

THE prominent part played by the works of Bernard Shaw in contemporary literature is no longer in question, and we need not apologise for coupling his name with that of the great French classic. It is within the range of possibilities, even of probabilities, that the *Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant* will be acknowledged in the future as the most important contribution to comedy writing in Europe since *Tartuffe* and *Le Misanthrope* were produced in Paris. The best plays of Shaw and Molière are essentially character studies stripped of all poetical incidents, and must therefore be distinguished from the so-called 'comedies' of Shakespeare, in which imagination and psychological observation are closely associated; they are still more remote from the realistic play of the modern type, whether or no it attempts to solve some social or philosophical problem.

To the superficial reader the analogy between the two writers cannot be carried any further. The familiar and sometimes racy language of Shaw is very different from Molière's polished style; the age of wigs and panniers stands far from that of bobbed hair and jumpers, the ways of thinking, the modes of expression, of the seventeenth century seem remote from our customs and utterances, so that we are apt to forget certain constant features which belong to civilised mankind, quite apart from time and country, and to the art of writing character comedies, whatever language or style is used.

One of the most obvious analogies which strike those who have a certain knowledge of the two writers is their blatant hostility to the medical profession. Molière attacked the doctors of his time in a remarkable comedy, *Le Malade Imaginaire*, and in three of his most successful farcical plays, *L'Amour Médecin*, *Le Médecin malgré Lui*, and *Monsieur de Pourceaugnac*. He referred to the subject in several other plays, heaping up sarcasms on Monsieur Purgon and his colleagues, who, if we are to believe him, were nothing but unscrupulous charlatans exploiting the credulous selfishness of mankind and hiding their ignorance behind a constant flow of Latin jargon. In endeavouring to explain Molière's attitude towards doctors and apothecaries some

modern commentators argue that in the seventeenth century the medical profession included a great number of quacks, that medicine was still in its infancy, and that the writer, who suffered a great deal from ill-health, took this opportunity to vent his feelings against those who were powerless to relieve his sufferings.

These reasons, however plausible in the case of Molière, scarcely apply to Bernard Shaw. *The Doctor's Dilemma* and the *Preface on Doctors* were published in 1906, at a time when the prestige of medical science and of the medical profession had reached its climax. Our modern millionaires encourage research as the aristocrats of the Renaissance encouraged art and letters. There is a world of difference between the mediæval barber and the seventeenth century empirics and the Harley Street specialist of to-day. Public sympathy is now on the side of the doctors, and Shaw was not tempted to exploit a popular joke, as Molière, no doubt, must have been. Neither can his hostility be due to the same personal reasons, for his work does not seem to have been seriously hampered by ill-health, and his wonderful vitality appears to increase with his years. All the same, due allowance being made for altered circumstances, his attacks against the medical profession are conducted in the same way and founded on the same reasons—ignorance and charlatanism. To use his own words: 'Diafoirus is always with us.'

When the servant Toinette, in *Le Malade Imaginaire*, dons doctor's robes in order to pacify Argan and ruin Purgon's reputation, she delivers her diagnosis with the same energy as Cutler Walpole. According to her, all Argan's troubles are due to his lung. His headaches, sickness, stomach cramps, have no other cause. If he enjoys his meals, likes a glass of wine and feels sleepy at night, all this is due to 'le poumon,' always 'le poumon.' The lung is an obsession with her as the liver was with Mr. Purgon, the nuciform sac with Walpole, and anti-toxin with Sir Ralph Bloomfield Bonington. Walpole's 'blood-poisoning' echoes Toinette's 'le poumon' across the centuries. It would be equally easy to compare the scene in *L'Amour Médecin*, in which doctors, in consultation, discuss the qualities of their mounts, with Bloomfield Bonington's cynical remarks referring to the weather and the quality of the dinner rather than to Dubedat's tuberculosis, and Sganarelle's eagerness to bleed the nurse in *Le Médecin malgré Lui* with Walpole's manifest delight in operating on perfectly healthy people.

Molière's acerb criticism of the blue stockings of his time has provoked, in the same way, the ingenuity of his commentators. According to some of them, *Les Précieuses Ridicules* and *Les Femmes Savantes* were inspired by the prejudices of a period in

which the intellectual or highly educated woman could only be a monstrous exception out of keeping with the spirit of the time. Cathos, Magdelon, Philaminte, Armande and Bélise are grossly exaggerated caricatures drawn by a writer who could not conceive that a woman could ever emerge from the drawing-room or from the kitchen to take her share of the duties and responsibilities of citizenship. Both the Church and the State—that is to say, the Court—were hostile to the idea of female emancipation, and, even if Molière had been willing to defend it, he would have been unable to do so. Such critics are apt to forget that in *L'Ecole des Femmes* Molière did not hesitate to denounce the very prejudices which he is supposed to defend in *Les Femmes Savantes*. They do not take into account the fact that the great ladies of the time, such as Mme. de Maintenon and Mme. de Rambouillet, whose 'hôtel' was the rendezvous of the wits of Paris, exerted a prominent influence on the intellectual movement of the period. They do not see that Molière ridicules his 'précieuses' and his 'savantes' for the very same reason for which Shaw ridicules the members of the Ibsen Club or Mrs. Clandon, the author of *Twentieth Century Motherhood*. *The Philanderer* and *You Never Can Tell* were produced when the suffrage controversy was raging through the land. Shaw was a steadfast champion of the cause which he supported from every platform, but, in spite of his feminism and Socialism, or perhaps thanks to them, he preserved a sound knowledge of man's and of woman's nature. He realised, just as Molière did, that the instincts of love and motherhood cannot be eradicated and that any attempt at suppressing them must be artificial, unnatural, and therefore an excellent subject for character comedy. Molière does not jeer at his *Précieuses* because they love literature, but because they love bad literature; he does not reproach Philaminte for her worship of science and philosophy, but for sacrificing to her ruling passion the comfort of her husband and the happiness of her daughter. There is a great deal to say for Chrysale and for Mr. Crampton. Both Molière and Shaw do not hesitate saying it.

It will be remembered that the public performance of *Tartuffe* was forbidden in 1667, just as the public performance of *Mrs. Warren's Profession* was forbidden in 1893. Both plays were the first masterpieces achieved by their authors and were written at a time when their genius reached its full development. Molière was forty-five years old when he ran across the censorship; Shaw was thirty-seven. They met this obstacle in the same spirit of sarcasm and defiance.

If the task of comedy [wrote Molière in his preface] is to correct human vices, I do not see why some of these vices should enjoy a privileged position.

This one [meaning, of course, religious hypocrisy] is in the State and exerts a far worse influence than any other, and we know that the theatre is a powerful instrument of correction. . . . We can stand reproaches easily, but we chafe under the attacks of laughter. We do not mind being wicked, but we cannot abide ridicule.

Two hundred and thirty years later Shaw uses the same argument. Why did he call his first volume of plays 'unpleasant'?

The reason is pretty obvious: their dramatic power is used to force the spectator to face unpleasant facts. No doubt all plays which deal sincerely with humanity must wound the monstrous conceit which it is the business of romance to flatter. . . . I must warn my readers that my attacks are directed against themselves, not against any stage figures. . . .

The obvious answer to this warning is that people do not care to be attacked and to 'face unpleasant facts,' and that the censor, in taking action against *Tartuffe* and *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, was merely following the lead given by public opinion. Both the Lord Chamberlain and Président de Lamoignon were convinced that the criticism of private and public life stands outside the province of the stage. The President said so in so many words. People do not go to the play in order to be educated or corrected. A comedy is neither a lecture nor a sermon; it is, and must remain, an entertainment. But Molière and Shaw have little use for a theatre which does not deal with reality and which loses touch with the foundations of individual and social life. They contend that the majority of the public support them and that the hostility of those who try to silence them is merely prompted by their resentment at seeing the mask torn from their faces. 'It is only too evident,' wrote Molière to the king in his second "placet," 'that I must not think of writing other plays if the 'tartuffes' [meaning the hypocrites] are allowed to succeed, for their persecutions will be bolder than ever and they will find objections to the most innocent of my writings.'

The arguments for the prosecution and for the defence are the same whether we consider the case of *Mrs. Warren's Profession* or that of *Tartuffe*, and, what is more illuminating, the subject of both plays is practically the same. Both Shaw and Molière are obsessed by the idea of preserving sincerity in individual and social relations. The fundamental difference between the two comedies is due to historical conditions. In a society restricted to the Court, the clergy, and the rich bourgeoisie of the seventeenth century, the worst form of hypocrisy was religious. (We are told that, in the first private performance, at Versailles, Tartuffe wore a priest's frock.) In modern Europe money exerts a far greater power than moral or religious principles, so that the most typical

hypocrisy assumes a social aspect—the aspect of tainted money. Sartorius' money is tainted, Mrs. Warren's money is tainted, Major Barbara's father's money is tainted. These fortunes are derived from the rents of widowers' houses, the management of prostitution, and the manufacture of armaments. Virtuous or merely decent people, like Trench, Vivie and Barbara, have no right to vent their indignation. Everything they have, their education, the very principles which prompt them to denounce the abuse, are derived from the same polluted spring. Any playwright attempting to correct human vices or to 'force the spectators to face unpleasant facts'—which amounts to the same thing—must sooner or later denounce the most glaring hypocrisy of his time, and, by doing so, come into conflict with some authority which deems such denunciations unjustified or inopportune. The moral principle which inspires his works gives the key to his attitude and to the reaction it is bound to cause.

There are two kinds of hypocrisies—hypocrisy of manners, hypocrisy of action. The first is superficial and provokes our laughter; the latter is deep-rooted and stirs our indignation. Mannerisms and pomposity, however, soon lead us into self-delusion and insincerity. The 'précieuses' are merely figures of fun, but Célimène, in *Le Misanthrope*, is the type of the sharp-tongued coquette, false to her friends and false to her lover. The comic 'Marquis' runs very close to Oronte, who slanders a friend merely because he does not care for his verses and has the decency to tell him so. In the same way, the prudish Arsinoé, who has lost her charms and makes a virtue of necessity, is the twin soul of the sinister Tartuffe, who ruins his host and protector as soon as he realises that he has failed to delude him. The lighter and more serious comedies of Molière are thus closely connected and revolve around the same centre—sincerity.

It is not quite so easy to establish a connexion between Shaw's 'pleasant' and 'unpleasant' plays, for affectation and untruth are not so intimately bound in the modern world as they were in the seventeenth century. According to Shaw, hypocrisies of manners, as they appear at present, are derived from a sentimental and romantic outlook, mistaking false heroics for real courage and erotic sentimentality for real love; 'The tragedy and comedy of life lie in the consequences of our persistent attempts to found our institutions on the ideals suggested to our imagination by our half-satisfied passions, instead of on a genuinely scientific natural history.' Hence the contrasts of outlook between Raina and her 'chocolate soldier' in *Arms and the Man*, and the conflict between the prig Gloria and her 'ivory-snatcher' Valentine in *You Never Can Tell*, in which the tables are strangely

turned against the 'sensible and rational' attitude of Mrs. Clandon's disciple. Before people can obtain a true sense of reality 'the monstrous conceit which it is the business of romance to flatter' must be shattered. Molière might have written, in the same vein: 'Before the vices of courtly society can be corrected the insufferable vanity of the Marquis and of the prude must be exposed. Acaste is the true ancestor of Sergius, and Arsinoé the spiritual mother of Julia Craven.'

Those who attack false ideals are usually accused of having no ideal. The reproach of cynicism levelled at Shaw was still widely spread when he produced *St. Joan*. Molière was still considered by a good many of his contemporaries as a devil incarnate, '*un démon vêtu de chair*,' according to the curé de Saint Barthélémy, when he wrote his *Don Juan*. In both plays virtue is glorified and the supreme power of good against evil handsomely acknowledged. Both plays are tragi-comedies, or rather tragic comedies, the tragic element coming to the fore. They were not written to expose any sham virtue, to tear the veil of conceit or pretence, but to show the influence exerted on their surroundings by a very good woman and by a very bad man. The sincerity of Joan is never in question; apart from the short episode of his conversion, Don Juan behaves throughout as a brazen and unrepentant sinner, and Sganarelle, as the representative of the plain, honest people, does not mince his words and shows plainly what he thinks of him.

Sganarelle's defence of religion is at once humorous and sincere. When his master declares that he believes neither in God nor in the devil, and that his belief is limited to the knowledge that two plus two make four, Sganarelle exclaims:

A fine belief indeed! Your religion, I see, is just arithmetic. We must admit that men get some crazy notions in their heads and that education does not make us wiser. As for me, sir, I have not studied as you have, thank God, and nobody can ever boast of having taught me anything, but, thanks to my common sense, to my small judgment, I see things as plain as the books can show them, and I understand quite well that the world which we see is not a mushroom grown in a night. I should like to ask you who has made these trees, these rocks, this earth and that sky over there, and whether all that has been built without help. . . . Is it not wonderful that I should be here, that I should have something in my head which has a hundred different thoughts in one moment, and makes of my body what it wants to make of it? I want to clap my hands, swing my arm, lift my eyes to the sky, move my feet, go right, left, forward, backward, twirl round. . . .

Here Sganarelle falls down and Don Juan exclaims: '*Voilà ton raisonnement, qui a le nez par terre.*' The reasoning of Sganarelle may collapse, but his faith is Molière's faith, the deep and sincere faith which the critics of *Tartuffe* denied him.

Who would have thought ten years ago that, placed before Andrew Lang's romantic interpretation of Joan of Arc and Anatole France's sceptical conception of the saint, Shaw would have deliberately thrown in his lot with the first? He makes, no doubt, certain reservations, and Andrew Lang's historic conceptions come in for a large share of criticism, but on the vital question 'Was Joan a truly great figure moved by divine inspiration to heroic deeds?' the much-abused author of *Mrs. Warren* and of *Man and Superman* does not even hesitate. He will have none of Anatole France's elaborate explanations. Joan could only appear as a useful 'mascot' to a mind blinded to religious feeling: 'One feels antipathies at work in his book. Anatole France is not anti-Joan, but he is anti-clerical, anti-mystic, and fundamentally unable to believe that there ever was any such person as the real Joan.' Joan's daring when she attempts to relieve Compiègne is just as wrong, from the point of view of common sense, as Sergius' daring when he leads his men against an enemy battery, but Joan's heroism is admirable, while Sergius' is laughable. Both Molière and Shaw denounced false virtue, not because they did not believe in true virtue, but, on the contrary, because they believed in it. Like all great authors of comedies, they kept their eyes open and recognised tragic beauty when they met it on the way. 'It is better to be alone with God: His friendship will not fail me, nor His counsel, nor His love. In His strength I will dare and dare and dare, until I die.' So speaks the great heroine of a great drama. It is called *St. Joan*. It might have been called *Alceste*. No sceptic will ever enjoy it.

It would be absurd to pretend that Shaw's outlook on life is similar to that of Molière. The most superficial comparison between the latter's *Don Juan* and the strange episode which interrupts *Man and Superman* would show the gulf which separates the master of paradox from the master of common sense. Too much, however, ought not to be made of this difference, which is one of method rather than of principle. Molière uses the weapon of reason, which is to oppose current ideas and fashions to older and firmer traditions based on experience—what we are accustomed to call common sense or popular wisdom. Shaw uses the weapon of paradox, which is to contend that if such and such an idea is sound, another idea, which ought to horrify the defenders of the first one, is just as sound in the light of their arguments. The first weapon may be likened to a shield and is most effective in the defence, the second may be likened to a sword and is most effective in the attack. Confronted with the social prejudice of modern progress, for instance, Molière would no doubt have opposed the vices of modern times,

the waste and ugliness of modern industry, to the material advantages derived from it. Shaw prefers to oppose what he calls the clumsiness of constructive industry to the skill and perfection of destructive industry, and to show that the arts of peace are not nearly so beneficent as the arts of war are harmful. They would both tend, by different methods, to achieve the same aim and shake the dangerous and somewhat ridiculous conceit which blinds so many people to the errors of their time.

It would be no doubt interesting to know to what extent Shaw may have been influenced by Molière, and whether, for instance, the idea of having his *Fanny's First Play* criticised on the stage by the critics of the day was derived from *La Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes*. The relationship between the two writers, however, is much deeper than such analogies of detail may reveal. It springs from the nature of their art, from the very essence of character comedy whether written in Greek, Latin, French, or English. Shaw would have taken Molière's attitude towards the world and society even if he had never read a line of the French classic, merely because, like Molière, he is a great writer of character comedies and because these comedies deal mainly with the exposure of all hypocrisies and the tearing off of all masks. Molière attacks doctors and religious hypocrites; Shaw attacks doctors and politicians. The best mediæval comedy, *La Farce de Patelin*, is a scathing satire on lawyers. There has always been, and there still is, a popular prejudice against the so-called 'professional classes.' The manual worker looks askance on the clever fellow who is supposed to make a good living without any physical exertions—that is, without 'decent' work. This suspicion, sprung from ignorance but too often confirmed by experience, is strengthened by the fact that the same people who use their brains instead of their hands wield a mysterious power over their fellow-citizens. Blackmore, in *Lorna Doone*, alludes to an old English saying according to which 'the doctor mangles our bodies, the parson starves our souls, but the lawyer must be the adroitest knave, for he has to ensnare our minds.' The bitterness of the attack of the comedy writer is in proportion to the influence of his character's profession: a bad farmer only spoils a farm, a bad doctor may harm a whole town, a bad statesman may ruin a whole country.

We may safely assume that if another great comedy writer attempts, in the twenty-second or the twenty-third century, the task which Molière and Shaw have fulfilled in the seventeenth and the twentieth, the same people will come in for a fair share of criticism. The relative importance of the characters may vary to a certain extent, but the fact remains that whoever is in a

position to do the greatest amount of good is also able to do the greatest amount of harm—and must necessarily become the butt of the attack of those who, according to Molière's definition, 'must show all the failings of mankind, and specially those of their contemporaries.'

EMILE CAMMAERTS.

PUSHKIN'S NOTEBOOKS: A CHAPTER OF LITERARY HISTORY

JUST over one hundred and eleven years ago Pushkin made his first appearance before educated Russia. There was a remarkable decorative effect in all the circumstances, and the result was a veritable *coup de théâtre*.

In January 1815 a public examination was held in the Tsarskoye Selo Lyceum, the new model school established by Alexander I. in one of the wings of the Tsarskoye Selo Palace. It was a magnificent building. Two Empresses, Elizabeth and Catherine, had put their heart into building, extending and adorning it and surrounding it with gardens during the second half of the eighteenth century. Alexander and his family frequently lived there.

The large hall, in white and gold, was filled with members of aristocratic and official families, relatives of the pupils. Among the honorary examiners at a long table covered with red cloth with gold fringes sat old Derzhavin, the talented poet of Catherine's time, the father of modern Russian poetry, whose verses the Lyceum boys knew by heart. He dozed lazily in his chair, obviously bored by the whole ceremony. Then suddenly a short, slight boy came up to the table. He had curly auburn hair, and the irregular features of his mobile and expressive face were lit up by quick, bright, merry eyes. In a clear, half-childish voice he began nervously to recite a solemn ode, in which memories of the glorious days of Catherine were linked up with echoes of the recent struggle with Napoleon. Everyone wrote patriotic poems in those days, even those who had not a spark of poetry in them, and there was nothing in the theme itself or in the feelings that inspired the schoolboy poet to stir Derzhavin. But he was stirred. He was aroused by a new music, by a sense of fresh, light and easy mastery. He was all eager attention; his face changed, his eyes flashed, and he seemed suddenly younger.

When young Pushkin finished, Derzhavin praised him warmly and would have embraced him; but this first success was too much for the boy, and he ran off in confusion. That evening

the old man said: 'This boy will be the successor of Derzhavin.' A few months later the ode *Recollections in Tsarskoye Selo* was printed in one of the best reviews, the *Vyestnik Yevropy*, over the signature of the author, Alexander Pushkin, then a boy of fifteen. It was from that time that he began to be known—it was the dawn of his fame. But the history of the Pushkin text, printed and in manuscript, dates from still earlier. The poet wrote when he was almost a child, and produced comedies in the Molière style, of which, however, nothing remains but a fragmentary family tradition. But nearly all that he wrote in the Lyceum (he entered at the age of twelve and left at seventeen) has been preserved. His first published poem appeared on July 4, 1814, in Moscow, in the *Vyestnik Yevropy*. Neither the readers nor the editor suspected that the mysterious Alexander N.k.s.p. who sedately advised 'a poet friend' to abandon poetry, since life had no pity on poets, was no grave and reverend seignior, but a merry, mischievous schoolboy for whom it happened to be as natural to write verse as to play practical jokes. In the days of his boyhood and early youth he wrote continually; there was no check in the flow of his verse. Those school days were full of work and play—of work that perhaps came lightly, since the discipline was not very severe, and of every kind of play and mischief, in which Pushkin was never behindhand. But, like the continual humming of a swarm of bees, the sound of verse was always in his ears. He wrote:

I think a while, I wave my arms,
And suddenly I speak in rhyme.

It was as though it were easier for him to think in verse than in prose. In four years he wrote about 130 poems, of which some have become classical, yet of these he at that time only chose to print thirty.

Now Pushkin had a gay, rollicking, mocking spirit that often misled even his intimates. They only gradually came to realise that with all his scatter-brained escapades he was steadily serious in his creative work. He was very young when his gift appeared, but he did not take it lightly, and the severe self-criticism of the true artist grew upon him with the years. He refused to rush into print, and his manuscripts are full of corrections and variants.

The severity of his self-criticism is the more remarkable since he did not know what are called the pangs of creative effort. Scattered throughout his works are to be found extraordinarily exact and precise descriptions of the creative process that might well serve as material for psychologists investigating this still almost virgin field of study. But these autobiographical

fragments tell not of a painful quest, but of some state of lightness and joy. Verses flow, fly together, flame up and arouse a sweet sensuous delight in thoughts and images. 'Rhymes simply live with me,' he wrote. 'Two will come, and they will bring a third with them.'

But when the rhymes were actually written down in that uneven, elongated hand of his that is now so clear, now almost illegible, then this darling of the muses would set himself to work, correcting, polishing, rearranging, sparing himself no toil or pains. He was particularly careful about epithets, which he would change three or four times over until he attained that compelling precision of the one inevitable epithet which constitutes the marvel of Pushkin's style both in poetry and in prose. Through all his manuscripts from the earliest years to the end of his short, rich life (he died at thirty-seven) runs the persistence of the artist who aims at ultimate precision in the plan, in the arrangement of the parts, in detail, in outline and in colour.

Another peculiarity of his work was his way of dealing with several subjects at a time. There is, for instance, one sheet of paper that contains stanzas from *Eugeny Onegin*, others from the poem called *Gypsies*, fragments of *Cleopatra* that were expanded many years afterwards and never quite brought to the stage of a completed poem, imitations of the Koran and friendly skits. So fertile was his imagination that all these may have been jotted down in the course of a single day. His manuscripts are a faithful chronicle of his spiritual and intellectual life, of the growth and development of his artistic individuality. Pushkin cherished his manuscripts. In his roving, haphazard existence they were the only possessions to which he clung. The manuscripts he sent to the Press have not been preserved; evidently no one realised that they ought to be kept. But about 2000 pages written in the poet's hand are now in the museums of Russia. He used for the most part large bound notebooks, on the pages of which he wrote in all directions—sometimes verses without an erasure, sometimes fragments of rhyme sounding like the first hint or premonition of a future poem, sometimes notes, dates, or the plan of some work that was to be completed only years afterwards.

The distant blur of the romance
I, peering through the magic glass,
As yet but dimly could descry.

There are pen sketches, too, in the notebooks. Pushkin drew very well; at the Lyceum he got much higher marks for drawing than ever for mathematics or logic. His subjects were, for the most part, women's heads or feet, sometimes in a very

free pose. Then next to some such sketch would be a wise political or literary aphorism. As one of his best commentators, L. Maikov, has truly observed, Pushkin was not only a great artist, but a man with the intelligence of genius, and his judgments on men and events were as unsparing as was the musical rhythm of his verse.

These rough drafts which do, in fact, enhance the beauty and vividness of his work and his personality have not even yet been investigated and analysed as they should be. And this is the more remarkable since from the moment when Derzhavin's dying faculties were stirred anew at the sound of Pushkin's verse what in those days was called the way to Olympus lay wide open before him. Fame followed his steps and never once betrayed him, as he, in turn, never betrayed his own fame, for year by year his genius grew deeper and stronger. The doors of his school had hardly closed behind him when he became the idol of his generation. From every line of his poems emanated some magic power that laid a spell on the hearts of his contemporaries. He was sought after and lionised; fragments or echoes of his poetry were eagerly caught up, memorised, repeated, written down in albums, sent in letters to acquaintances or friends in remote country houses, in distant provincial towns or in army staffs away in the Caucasus. It often happened that some poem of his picked up by ear in an aristocratic drawing-room or at a gay supper-party was distorted in this process of transmission. And there are actually poems, which for various reasons Pushkin did not print, which are only preserved in such copies made by his admirers, in letters, or in ladies' albums.

When Pushkin began writing, literary journalism and publishing were still in an embryo stage. He was the first Russian poet who made a living out of his verse, and it was not at all a bad living. What he earned covered all his expenses, including card-play, to which he was devoted. It was only when he married a beautiful wife without a dowry that he fell into financial straits, and that was towards the end of his life.

The revolution he wrought in Russian poetry had its counterpart in the extraordinary change he effected in the publishing business. He was paid at a rate unheard of till then—a chervonetz (about 1*l.*) per line. When during his semi-exile in the south of Russia he began writing his novel in verse *Eugeny Onegin*, the St. Petersburg publisher Slenin offered him any price he chose to ask. 'And this is Russia! Why, it is Europe after all, and I thought it was a mistake of geographers,' wrote Pushkin at the age of twenty-four to his friend Prince Viazemsky in a letter full of playful pride in the publisher's generosity.

Another time Pushkin was angry with his brother for letting

everybody not only read but copy the manuscript of his then unpublished poem *The Fountain of Bakhchi Sarai*, and wrote to him:

I wonder now whether those who have the manuscripts will ever buy one single copy of the printed poem. But that's a trifle. A poet shouldn't think of meat and drink, but, like Kornilovich [a very minor poet], should write in the hope of attracting a smile from the fair sex. But I write for myself and print for money and not in the least for the smiles of the fair sex.

As to that, Pushkin had, of course, a very keen sense of the charm of a woman's smile, and he knew well enough how to call it forth. He gave the Russian love lyric a range and intensity, a passion and infectiousness, that are still unsurpassed. And, since women ruled in the educated society of that day, the tone that reverberated through Pushkin's verse of being splendidly in love with all that was woman appealed strongly to all his readers of both sexes and was an essential element in his popularity. But indeed, on whatever theme he might write, whether of the mountains of the Caucasus or the Russian village, of love or of politics, all was seized on eagerly by the publishers and the reading public. From 1825 till 1832 he published *Evgeniy Onegin* in chapters, at the rate of about one part a year. The demand was so great that enterprising individuals made manuscript copies in exercise books and sold them at fairs and markets, not in the provinces only, but in Moscow and St. Petersburg.

In this way later students of Pushkin found themselves confronted with three kinds of texts—those that were printed during his lifetime, those that remained in his own rough drafts, and those that were scattered in private manuscript copies or in albums, among these latter being some autographs. Twenty years after his death, in 1857, in a supplementary volume of his collected works the publishers noted that they had included 'partly matter that had not been printed, partly notes, letters and impromptus of the poet that still pass from hand to hand.' But even then much still remained unpublished.

Russian society at the beginning of the nineteenth century displayed a remarkable sensitiveness in its swift and enthusiastic recognition of Pushkin's talent. Perhaps the reason was that the rapid growth of the empire had made the intelligent upper class feel the need of verbal expression for the new and expanding forces of the nation. And the word that was needed sounded in the songs of Pushkin. He showed the range, richness and flexibility of the Russian language, and the richness and vividness of Russia herself. He brought with him a youthful *joie de vivre*, the joy of self-affirmation. And all educated Russia leapt at the

sound of this voice. Never before him or after him has any Russian poet been so caressed by fame, and that from his early youth. Only in the fame of Tolstoy in his old age is there anything approaching an analogy to the glory of the youthful Pushkin.

But the reading public of those days, while it overwhelmed the poet with praise and plaudits, was unable to protect him from petty annoyances, still less from base and cowardly blows. He was killed in a duel on January 29, 1837, at the age of thirty-seven, leaving unachieved extensive literary and historical plans, among them a big work on Peter the Great. His notebooks are full of notes and preliminary sketches of work outlined and often carefully prepared, but broken off by death. These notebooks give a clear impression of the way he worked on himself, on his own character and creative powers. They reveal an incessantly active artist who never wearied of confirming his inspiration by the acuteness of a clear and critical mind and by enormous industry. The later fortunes of the written and printed text are an interesting page in the literary and cultural history of Russia.

Nearly a hundred years have passed since his death, and to this day there is not a full and proper edition of his works, although the mere enumeration of the various editions published would fill many pages. His first book, the poem *Ruslan and Ludmila*, was published in 1820, and thereafter he published books of verse nearly every year, and, during the last few years, prose as well as verse. During his lifetime—not counting what was printed in the reviews or his critical and polemical articles—he published more than thirty volumes, but these did not contain nearly all he wrote.

Pushkin began very early, wrote much and easily, early realised his power, and early received the exhilarating assurance of fame; but he made no haste to publish. Of 130 pieces written at the Lyceum, only 48 were published in his lifetime; the rest appeared in posthumous editions. When he was preparing the first edition of his poems in 1826 he noted on several, with the severity of some old beadle, a sharp 'No.' But what is more remarkable is that he found it in him to hammer away again at all these old poems and with every alteration to give the lines a greater clearness and transparency.

Apart from his own exacting criticism, many of his poems could not be published in his lifetime, or were published only in part, on account of the censorship. He was always raging against the censorship. It was a monstrous institution. Officially his censor was supposed to be the Emperor Nicholas himself. In fact the Emperor shared the honour of being censor to genius

with the commander of the gendarmerie Benckendorff and with several other officials of minor rank. There are many anecdotes about Pushkin and the censorship, but I simply wish to point out here that the advice of the Tsar and the ruder prohibitions, orders, and erasures of the censors have greatly complicated the work of restoring the text of Pushkin, and in some cases have made it impossible.

At the age of nineteen Pushkin wrote an epistle in verse to his friend Chaadayev, an officer of the hussars. It was a time when the Russian guards were in a ferment of constitutional aspirations, and Pushkin managed to put into twenty lines more political thoughts and feelings than are often to be found in bulky pamphlets and programmes. Part of this epistle was first published in 1827, and then in several later editions, but always with omissions. Even at the end of the last century it was impossible to publish the last two lines:

Will write our names upon
The ruins of autocracy.

Only in 1902 was this youthful poem, dashed off by Pushkin in 1818, at last printed in full in a St. Petersburg edition of his works.

So much for political complications. But there were others besides. Pushkin took in his verse erotic liberties as well; and though in his later years he did not care to be reminded of the fact, and indeed repudiated many of the sins attributed to him in this respect, he certainly was responsible for frivolous and blasphemous productions, some of which are unprintable even now.

With the death of the poet what may be called the active history of his manuscripts becomes that passive history which has not yet reached its term. When he was dying the Tsar summoned the poet Zhukovsky, his own son's tutor and Pushkin's intimate friend, and said to him: 'I wish you, if he dies, to seal up his papers. You will go through them yourself later on.' The Tsar's command was carried out. Pushkin's papers were sealed up within an hour of his death. But Zhukovsky was not left to deal with them alone. With him for three weeks worked a certain general of the gendarmerie, Dubelt, and after all the papers had been examined the bulk of them were handed over to Zhukovsky, and Dubelt took many of the rest and deposited them in the gendarmerie archives.

Unfortunately Zhukovsky and his literary associates did not treat the heritage of their friend, whom they considered the greatest poet of Russia, with the discrimination and close and scrupulous attention that Pushkin himself observed in dealing

with other people's manuscripts. It has proved impossible up till now to establish an exact register of what was entrusted to Zhukovsky's care, and probably never will be possible, for, as the years passed, the Pushkin archives were gradually broken up and many of their contents passed into various hands.

Pushkin's young and beautiful widow, who had been the occasion of the duel, was left with four little children and without means. The Emperor gave her a pension, and the poet's friends decided to publish a collection of his works for her benefit, but they did not seriously edit the manuscripts. They published eight volumes in 1838, and in 1841 three supplementary volumes containing some pieces not previously published. But this was a slovenly, incomplete edition with many errors and omissions, although the editors were men of high literary standing.

Ten years passed. Pushkin's widow had become the wife of General Lanskoj. The restless shade of the poet had receded far from that new, happy, wealthy family of the wife of whom he had been so proud. The boxes containing the poet's papers were forgotten for many years, until, at last, a young man named I. V. Annenkov, General Lanskoj's A.D.C., became aware of their existence. He was an ardent admirer of Pushkin, and he induced General Lanskoj to allow his brother, P. V. Annenkov, to examine the poet's archives and to prepare a new edition of his works, since the earlier edition was sold out.

The brothers set to work and discovered that the boxes were full of unpublished treasures and biographical documents. P. V. Annenkov carried out his task with a fidelity inspired by heartfelt admiration for the poet and by the emotion he experienced as he penetrated through the manuscripts into the secrets of his work. When the new edition based on these researches appeared it was accompanied by a biography modestly entitled 'Materials for a Biography of A. S. Pushkin and for an Estimate of his Work.' This first biography—unsurpassed till now—was based not only on documents and archives, but on the oral narratives of the poet's friends and contemporaries. This biography has many literary defects: it is ill digested and awkwardly arranged. But it preserves the atmosphere of the time and of the *milieu* and gives a fairly clear picture of the poet as he was in real life.

Annenkov's edition appeared in 1853 and 1857, and, though much fuller than the posthumous edition, was not complete. The censorship was still an obstacle; moreover, Annenkov, as editor, took it upon himself to pick and choose. He did not print anything that he did not like, anything that he called 'parasites on the bright background of his poetry.' Years after, later students reproached him for his attitude, and Annenkov indignantly retorted:

There are different kinds of 'completeness.' There is a wrong completeness which is only calculated to obscure the established and generally recognised conception of the writer. Those base manifestations of irritable, coarse and scandalous productiveness that are here in question have nothing to do with Pushkin in the broadest sense, even though there exist undoubted autographs, even though they are written in his own hand on the pages of his notebooks.

In spite of this peculiar attitude to the text, Annenkov's edition and the biography he wrote were a most important contribution to the study of Pushkin's life and works. For a quarter of a century subsequent editions simply had to repeat Annenkov, since no one else was able to secure access to the poet's manuscripts. The notebooks were first revealed to the public gaze at the Pushkin Exhibition in Moscow in 1880, and then not for purposes of study. After the exhibition the poet's son and heir, A. A. Pushkin, gave these big bound notebooks in his father's hand to the Rumiantsev Museum, where they are now kept. They constitute the greater part of the extant manuscripts. But they are only a part after all, and it is still difficult to determine the exact quantity of the Pushkin papers that still survives. Some are in St. Petersburg, in the Public Library and in the Lyceum Museum, and some have been stored in late years in the Pushkin Museum. Papers that are considered valuable are also to be found in the Onegin Museum in Paris.

It is indeed astonishing to note how carelessly the poet's manuscripts were treated for many years by those who should have known better. Annenkov, for instance, failed to return the family one whole case of them. Forty years after Pushkin's widow had entrusted the papers to Annenkov for examination, twenty years after Annenkov himself had gone to his grave, Colonel F. I. Annenkov, a nephew of the biographer, gave this case, which contained autographs of the poet, sketches, variants of certain poems and prose fragments, to Professor Shliapkin. There were letters of Pushkin's too, and letters from his friends. Professor Shliapkin made the very best of this material, and in his book *From Unpublished Papers of A. S. Pushkin* (1903) he showed at last how the work of editing and commenting on fragmentary manuscripts of a great writer could be and should be done.

A number of manuscripts were taken abroad by Zhukovsky with other family possessions. Late in life Zhukovsky married a German girl and went to live in Baden-Baden, whither he transferred from Russia his furniture, his library and his papers. He died in 1852. The house and its contents remained in possession of his descendants until a few years ago.

Thirty years after Zhukovsky's death his son presented a

friend of his, A. F. Otto, with a large packet of Pushkin manuscripts, and two years later gave him, in addition, his father's rich store of materials concerning Pushkin, his duel and his death. It probably did not occur to him that it was not a private but a national possession that he had thus so generously bestowed on his friend, and that the right thing to do would have been to give it all to a Russian museum.

It is not certain whether the younger Zhukovsky picked out from his father's archives and library everything connected with Pushkin. Three years ago a young Russian officer appeared in London from Berlin and came to ask me for advice. He wanted to sell a collection of beautiful old Russian crosses that had been worn by mediæval grand dukes and patriarchs. These, it appeared, belonged to the Zhukovsky family, who, ruined by the Revolution, had been compelled to break up that comfortable home in Baden-Baden and to try to turn to some account the veritable museum it contained. Ninety cases containing books, papers, and other things were sent to Berlin to be sold. Twenty-five of them disappeared on the way, and no one had any clear idea of what was in them. If there were papers, old letters, or tattered Russian books, it is hardly likely that the thieves took much interest in them. Not even German thieves are so highly cultivated as to distinguish a Pushkin autograph in a mass of indecipherable papers in a strange tongue.

When I heard this story I wondered whether after all it was not the muse of Pushkin herself who had whispered to the younger Zhukovsky that he should give the Pushkin papers to A. F. Otto. For Otto not only watched over them—he made it the aim and purpose of his life to collect, with loving care, everything connected with Pushkin. His flat in Paris became the first Pushkin Museum. He collected Russian and foreign editions of Pushkin's works, books about him, pictures, sketches and photographs, and also manuscripts and materials relating to other Russian writers, such as Turgenev, A. Tolstoy, Lermontov, and Gogol. And this he did for years with the infinite patience of the born collector. He even changed his name to Onegin, and his museum is known as the Onegin Museum.

In 1905 the collection was bought by the Academy of Science with the provision that it should remain in Onegin's apartment and that he should be its curator for life. An inventory of the contents was published by the Academy in the series *Pushkin and his Contemporaries*. Some of the poet's autograph papers have been published; but what treasures still are there!

Onegin died a year ago at the age of about ninety. A year earlier I called on him, and he showed me his treasures with an affectionate pride. Some rooms were full of books, relics, and

portraits. Systematically arranged in cases and drawers lay letters, autograph works, and various other papers of the great poet and his contemporaries. One forgot that one was in Paris and that Russia was far away. The whirl and destruction of the Revolution had not reached this mausoleum where before a portrait of Pushkin a cresset burned. The founder and guardian of the museum, a little man in a black cap with a wrinkled face, was like some old, old monk put in charge of a monastery library. I looked with deep respect and gratitude at this tireless worker whose one thought was to guard for history, for Russia, for civilisation, every trifle, every word, that might give a clue to the memory of the greatest Russian poet.

The Academy proposes to transfer the Onegin collection to the Pushkin House in St. Petersburg, a museum attached to the Academy and founded in 1907.

The Imperial Academy, of which Pushkin was made a Fellow when he was thirty-three, was slow in occupying itself with his work. Students of Pushkin constantly declared that only the Academy could produce an edition worthy of a great poet. But there were great delays. Under Russian law the heirs held a writer's copyright for fifty years after his death. When Pushkin's copyright came to an end in 1887 the market was flooded with editions of his works, and in the first year more than 200,000 copies were sold. But not one of these editions was exhaustive. And Russia does not possess even yet a complete and exact edition of Pushkin containing all the variants.

The Academy published in 1899 a first volume, admirably edited by the Academician L. Maikov. Three other volumes of poetry have appeared since. The fourth—following the chronological sequence—takes in works published in 1827. Another volume, numbered XI., contains the prose *History of the Pugachev Revolt*.

Pushkin's fame is still steadily growing. Not revolution, or civil war, or Communist misery, or Communist censorship has checked the growth of the cult of Pushkin. He is being closely studied; book after book is being written about him; such a reverence surrounds his name that it sometimes impedes a calm study of his life and works. Students and commentators are absorbed in details and trifles. Thus, for example, in the Bulletin of the Department of Russian Language and Literature in the Academy of Science dissertations have appeared on the question of the year in which Tatiana's name-day, as described in *Evgeny Onegin*, actually fell. There were two papers on this question—one in 1905 and another in 1908. But we are still waiting for the publication of the complete text.

And as to that, before publication can be complete something

still remains to be gathered in. Among the Russian refugees there are descendants of the poet who have unpublished diaries of his. It may be imagined to what chances these records are exposed as they are carried from place to place by homeless wanderers.

A few months ago N. A. Pushkin, the poet's grandson, stated in the Russian journal *Blagonamerenny* in Brussels that he had left in his estate in Russia three large manuscript volumes entitled 'Materials for the History of Peter the Great.' 'All three volumes,' he said, 'were written all over in a small crabbed hand.'

These materials were gathered by Pushkin in the last years of his life both from archives and from oral tradition. Peter attracted him by his strength and genius. And as he studied the Tsar for the purposes of his history, the idea of an artistic treatment of the epoch grew in his mind, figures and events took artistic forms.

But his grandson attached no literary importance to his discovery. 'From a literary point of view,' he explains, 'the History of Peter the Great is not particularly interesting, since there is no trace of narrative, and the materials collected by my grandfather represent only immense and very careful preparatory work. But their scientific and historical value is enormous.'

These three volumes were not given to a museum. Where they are now apparently their owner does not know. 'Perhaps,' he says, 'my find may perish in the flame of revolt or be lost again, but at any rate the information I have given will remain in the reader's memory.'

So Pushkin, who was welcomed with unanimous enthusiasm, who in his lifetime was recognised as the greatest Russian poet, whose fame now, nearly ninety years after his death, is still growing—Pushkin still awaits his complete edition, nor are all his manuscripts yet safely gathered in.

ARIADNA WILLIAMS.

MICHAELANGELO: MATCHMAKER

THERE is a type of mind which seems to consider it indiscreet, almost indecent, to reveal a great man as a human being. The formal correspondence of Michaelangelo, showing him as sculptor, as painter, as contriver of sonnets, may be to the taste of such a mind; for myself, I turn with relief to those domestic letters, lightly touched upon by Romain Rolland, in which the Master of the Renaissance expresses himself with no attempt at literary polish, in which sometimes his very grammar staggers, but out of which emerges the picture not of a master but of a man—nay, even of a dear old grandmother!

For all the grandmother in Michaelangelo surged to the surface during his later years in his correspondence with Lionardo, his nephew—letters which most closely touched his lonely heart and quickened his drooping spirit. In Lionardo centred his hope for the survival of the Buonarroti name, a matter of vital concern to him, since he believed, albeit erroneously—and are not these errors dearest truth?—that his family had descended from the Counts of Canossa, and 'we must not let what God has given us slip from our grasp.' The celibacy of his two surviving brothers was a bitter pill for him to swallow—the love of a woman had not entered his own life: but at the death of Lionardo's father in 1528 Michaelangelo concentrated all his family ambition on the then twelve-year-old nephew, supervising and financing his education and, when the time arrived for him to enter the wider world, investing on his behalf a sum of money considerable enough to enable him to set up in a wool merchant's business.

Of this business, however, he thought better.

If thou wouldst pause to think what losses may be incurred in a shop through the fault of dishonest assistants or through any other misfortune, thou wouldst prefer to invest in a piece of property as being more stable.

But its stability was not perhaps its only attraction: the proud uncle, who lived penuriously at Rome so that his family might live in Florence as gentlemen—and I have never received from you even so much as a good word—realised that the possession of 'an honourable house standing within the city will be a great

credit to us,' and might well help to pave the way to the fulfilment of his ambition. But the house must be suitably occupied; it must become the home of noble and powerful men, a worthy residence for future counts. In fine, Lionardo, now twenty-eight years of age, must marry.

I have already written to thee about the purchase of a house for when the time comes for thee to marry, which seems to me a necessary thing, the house ye live in will not be large enough.

Thus he adroitly introduces the subject, leaves it for a few lines, so as to allow the idea to penetrate, and then resumes:

With reference to thy marrying, several names have been suggested to me: some were suitable, others not; I expect that ye also have been consulted in the matter. If thy mind be inclined to it let me know: and let me know also if thou hast already a preference.

Poor man! Little did he imagine that his hopes and longings, realised after six years' perseverance, would culminate in disappointment and tragedy.

Apparently Lionardo had no particular preference; and indeed, he strikes us throughout as singularly vacillating. Whether he preferred lighter dalliance or was canny to a fault is hard to determine; but in extenuation of his attitude it must be pointed out that the invariably fussy tone of his uncle's exhortations and warnings and the fear of losing the great man's patronage and advice did not make the youngster's task the easier. 'I would remind thee that there should be always at least ten years' difference between the age of husband and wife; and have a care that she be healthy as well as good,' is a passage occurring in one letter, while others, scattered through Michaelangelo's correspondence of the next few years, may be conveniently assembled as giving some clue to his attitude towards the opposite sex and to the type of woman he visualised for his nephew:

Thou requirest someone who will remain with thee, a woman who will be in subjection to thee and who will not desire to put on airs or go off every day to parties and weddings.

Avoid the possibility of thy becoming the mere tool of a woman.

Do not let it trouble thee if she be poor, for then she will bring thee the more tranquillity.

Thou must seek only for nobility and for soundness of body; thou must seek for personal goodness rather than anything else. As to beauty, as thou art not thyself the most handsome youth in Florence, it skills not for thee to trouble overmuch about it.

If thou considerest thou art not thyself sufficiently healthy to take a wife, it would be better to endeavour to preserve thy own life than to kill thyself in begetting children. This is my last word on the subject, for I see that the business is being drawn out interminably.

It was in March 1547 that the question of Lionardo's marriage was first broached; and, striking while the iron was still hot, Michaelangelo wrote a short time later submitting three names for his nephew's choice. 'None of them are known to me, therefore I can tell thee neither good nor bad of them, nor can I advise thee to take one rather than another.'

The fate of the three damsels at Lionardo's hand is a matter of conjecture, but they forthwith drop out of the running. The whole question of marriage was at this time still further delayed by the death of Michaelangelo's brother, with whom Lionardo had been living, and it is not until the following spring (1548) that the matter again crops up. Even then it is only to agree to a suggestion of further delay: 'As to thy taking a wife, thou sayest it seems advisable to wait until the summer is over; if it appears so to thee it appears so to me.' Meanwhile the project of a house, which had given Michaelangelo his opportunity to raise the question of marriage, had found a rival in the resuscitated idea of a wool merchant's business, and it was on account of the opening of this, with a partner, that Lionardo put all more frivolous thoughts from his head.

At the beginning of the autumn, however, the persevering uncle returned to the subject.

This day there came to me a Florentine citizen who spoke of a maid belonging to the Ginori family, saying that thou hadst already been consulted on the subject and that she found favour in thine eyes.

There are evidently some letters missing here, for the next, dated January 1549, refers to matters not mentioned in any that are extant.

As to thy marriage, I hear that the two damsels mentioned in my letter are already married. Thou must comfort thyself with the thought that neither was intended for thee; and thou must leave thy future in God's hands and have faith that He will provide the proper wife for thee.

A month later he furnishes his nephew with 'a list of girls of marriageable age,' adding at the same time, 'thou must not look to me, for I am not the person to advise thee'; while elsewhere he declares: 'I do not wish thee to do for my sake what thou wouldst not do for thine own.' Dear, self-deluded Michaelangelo!—for Lionardo was the apple of his eye, and to have abstained from proffering advice or urging his family ambitions would have been more than the old man could bear.

It is at this point that a slight complication arises. An evidently hurried letter from Michaelangelo tells of the persistent efforts of one Bartolomeo Bettini to cajole the old man into accepting one of Bettini's nieces on Lionardo's behalf.

I have always spoken him fair, but have given no promises. He has now made another vigorous attack upon me through a friend of mine. I replied that I was certain thou hadst already found a maid to thy liking, that thou hadst practically settled the preliminaries and that I was loath to dissuade thee from what was already done. I give thee this information so that thou mayest know how to reply, for I have reason to suppose that warm persuasion will be brought to bear on thee in Florence.

The strategy was apparently successful, and Bartolomeo Bettini, we may presume, retired discomfited to continue his intrigues elsewhere. Meanwhile another name crops up, that of one of the daughters of Lionardo Ginori, a connexion of the same family as had figured earlier in this lengthy business. 'As to the damsel, thou art the person to be satisfied, and if thou art satisfied with her I shall be satisfied with her too.'

Satisfying Lionardo, however, seems to have been no easy matter, though, in the absence of his side of the case, it is unjust to judge the young man too harshly. But for all the old man's anxiety to see the matter to a successful conclusion, he did not lose his native shrewdness, and could, when occasion demanded, express himself caustically.

I have this day received a letter from a weaver's wife saying she wants thee to marry a girl. She is at present in a convent at Candeli. She wrote me a whole discourse, including a short sermon exhorting me to live a good life and give alms; and she says she has entreated thee to live a Christian life. I expect she will have told thee that she has been inspired by God to wed thee to this girl. I fancy she would find it more satisfactory to attend to her weaving or spinning than to spend her time distributing all this sanctity around her . . . place no confidence in her.

We are now half-way through 1550, the affair having dragged on for three years; and up to this point Michaelangelo's patience does not seem to have been strained, in spite of the manner in which his suggestions were invariably put aside. His comment 'everybody here tells me to find a wife for thee as though I had a thousand of them in my wallet' may be interpreted rather as an amused chuckle than as a sign of exasperation; and in the same month he received Lionardo at his lodgings in Rome, in order to discuss the whole question of marriage with him.

It would be of immense interest to know exactly what took place during Lionardo's visit, for it seems to provide the turning-point in his uncle's temper. In February of the next year—the date of the first extant letter after the interview—the tone is completely changed.

From thy last letter I learn that thou hast as yet done nothing towards getting married. I am not at all pleased, for it is incumbent upon thee to take a wife, and, as I have told thee in writing on several occasions, I do

not think—considering thy present position and all that will come to thee—that thou needest look for a dowry, but only for goodness, health and gentle breeding.

The next week he mentions, rather abruptly, the name of a marriageable girl, but 'I obtained no precise information concerning her.' By this time, however, Lionardo himself seems to have awakened to some sort of activity and has been busy on his own account, the result not falling in with his uncle's pleasure.

As to the proposed alliance with the Nasi. . . . I do not think much reliance is to be placed on him in this sort of affair, and the time that is passing away with so much waiting will not return. It seems to me there ought to be a girl somewhere of noble birth, good education and irreproachable character, but in very poor circumstances. . . . For the love of God take her without a dowry.

Lionardo, apparently profiting by this advice, tentatively accepted one of the girls his uncle had suggested. But a fatal defect manifested itself. Writes Michaelangelo :

I have just heard from a friend that the defect which caused thee to give up all thought of the damsel I wrote about does not exist, that is to say, she is not short-sighted. He declares it was a friend of thine who told thee this because he wanted thee to marry some other person he had in view, but that she was not as yet of marriageable age, and therefore he invented this story so as to make thee delay until she was ready for thee. . . .

Lionardo seems on this occasion to have stuck to his guns, and at the same time to have exhibited a good deal of tact.

Now thou writest to say that she is short-sighted beyond all doubt, but that thou art ready to take her if that is my desire. I reply that if the matter is as thou sayest thou art to think no more about it, but that thou art to try and find a wife at all costs . . . who will not be ashamed, if there be need of it, to look after the saucepans and other domestic matters herself.

Yet it seems doubtful whether after all Lionardo could have been alive to his previous subtlety ; for if so, what could have drawn the following indignant reply from Michaelangelo ?

Now thou writest saying that some friend or the other of thine in Florence has been talking to thee and urging thee to take a wife, adding that I am very anxious thou shouldst do so. All this thou mightest have learned for thyself from the many letters I have written thee. Once more I repeat that I wish thee to marry so that our family may not finish with this generation—although if it did I do not suppose it would precipitate the end of the world.

Goaded once more into action, Lionardo seems to have reached farther than in any other of his extremely lukewarm adventures, so that in October 1552 his uncle is able to offer congratulations which will doubtless pucker the brow of the modern reader.

It gave me great happiness to hear that thou wert satisfied with the damsel. But as thou art not sure which of the two thou sawest together is the one in question, have a care that they give thee not one instead of the other as happened to a friend of mine once.

And in a later letter :

And this, also, I tell thee—beware how thou buyest a cat in a sack ; examine the damsel very carefully with thine own eyes for she might be lame or diseased and thou wouldst never be satisfied.

However, the parents of the girl—or girls—resorted to questionable methods with regard to the dowry, and it is on Michaelangelo's own advice that his nephew withdrew from the scene and reopened¹ negotiations for Cassandra, daughter of Donato Ridolfi. In a letter dated March 1553—six years after the first suggestion to his nephew was put forward—the uncle wrote :

I learn from thy last letter that, concerning thy marriage, thou hast again opened negotiations for the Ridolfi girl. It must be more than four months since I wrote, in reply to a letter from thee mentioning the two girls, saying that either would be satisfactory to me. After that I had never a word more from thee on the subject, so that I am at a loss to understand thee and cannot guess what thou art about. These negotiations have been going on so long that I am weary of them and do not know what more I can say to thee.

In spite of this unenthusiastic reception, Lionardo managed to carry the negotiations to a successful issue, and Michaelangelo's weariness vanishes the instant he sees his great ambition about to be fulfilled.

I learn that thou hast taken thy wife home and art well pleased with her. . . . Thy satisfaction is a source of very great pleasure to me, and I think we ought to thank God unceasingly with all our powers. . . . As to thy greetings in her name, thank her on my behalf and make her a suitable reply by word of mouth, for I should not know how to make one in writing. . . . I have been told that a string of pearls would be a suitable gift . . . but do not tell her anything about it for the present. If thou wouldst rather I gave her something else, let me know.

In the end he gave her two rings, 'one with a diamond and the other with a ruby.'

Some months later, 'I learnt that Cassandra is expecting to become a mother, which news gave me the very greatest joy, for I hope that after all we may now have somebody to inherit from us, whether it prove to be a girl or a boy.' When a son and heir, Michaelangelo Buonarroti, is born, 'all this has afforded me the greatest happiness. God be praised for it. May He make a good man of him so that he may grow up to be an honour and a staff

¹ But I can find no previous reference to her in the letters.

of support to our house.' But in a letter to Vasari, the painter-biographer, the aged Michaelangelo cannot refrain from expressing something of the bitterness he feels at the neglect meted out to him by his family :

I think Lionardo shows little judgment in celebrating the birth of a child with rejoicings which ought to be reserved for the death of one who has ended a life of good deeds.

But personal bitterness was to be submerged during the succeeding years in fatalism and the apathy of defeat.

[1555.] I learnt from thy last letter of Michaelangelo's death, which caused me as much grief as his birth had given me happiness.

[1556.] I have already written informing thee of my return to Rome. Afterwards I had a letter from thee saying that Cassandra had given birth to a daughter who had died a few days later. I was very sorry to hear about it, but it causes me no surprise, for it is our fortune that our family should not increase in Florence.

[1560.] I was glad to hear about the baby girl, because as we are alone in the world it would be a good thing if we could contract an advantageous alliance with another family. . . .

W. BRANCH JOHNSON.

THE PUZZLE CHAMPION

HIS name was Rawlinson—Sir Henry Creswicke Rawlinson—and his ability to solve puzzles won him many honours. It made him a Knight Commander of the Bath ; it won him his baronetcy ; it elected him to the presidency of the Royal Geographical Society and the Royal Asiatic Society ; it secured for him honorary degrees from Cambridge, Oxford, and Edinburgh Universities ; and it made him a major-general in the British Army.

History will remember him mainly for the two things he fathered—the one a science and the other a famous general. His elder son, the second baronet and the first Baron Rawlinson, commanded the Fourth British Army in France during the Great War. It was his army which crumpled the German salient in front of Amiens on August 8, 1918, the day which Ludendorff described as the blackest day of the war.

The elder Rawlinson is known also as ' the father of Assyriology.' When he first turned his mind to the subject in 1835 there was no such science. The museums, it is true, had Assyrian and Babylonian exhibits, but human knowledge was limited almost entirely to the descriptions in the museum catalogues. The story of the exhibits was a sealed book ; Rawlinson opened the book and read the romance. The reader may quarrel with the word ' romance.' How, it may be asked, can there be romance to a subject like Assyriology, dry as dust, and dealing in such seemingly unromantic commodities as dead languages, clay tablets, excavated ruins, ancient laws and customs, and the graven representations of patriarchal old gentlemen with curly, squared-off whiskers ?

If the reader will be patient while I dispose of a few preliminaries, I will try to explain the romance. As already stated, there were collections of Assyrian exhibits in the museums before Rawlinson's time. For upwards of 200 years the scholars of Europe had been accustomed to stand before these exhibits, rub their hands together, and exclaim, ' Ah, what interesting curios ! How fortunate we are to have these relics of ancient man ! ' But that was about as far as they got. Some interest,

indeed, had been taken in the markings on the tablets and cylinders. It was generally recognised that they were writings. It was also perceived that most of the inscriptions were in three languages, that being deduced from the fact that the little wedges of which the writings were composed were found in different sorts of combinations in the three different sections of the inscriptions. After much study the little wedge that marked the division between words was identified. Someone gave the script a name: he said it was Cuneiform, and the name was accepted. But that anyone would ever succeed in deciphering the inscriptions was not believed to be possible, unless by some lucky chance a key should be discovered, as happened for the Egyptian hieroglyphics in the finding of the Rosetta stone.

It was not that determined efforts at decipherment were not made. One scholar, a German named Grotefend, had some notable success before Rawlinson appeared on the scene. He was a celebrated philologist, and was selected by the librarian of Gottingen University as the man best equipped to make the attempt. After long study and by means of many ingenious deductions, he prepared an alphabet of thirty letters, of which ten were actually correct; but he never succeeded in translating any inscription, and the probability of ultimate success was felt to be very slight.

What was needed was a fresh mind and new methods, unfettered by the traditions of the schools. These needs were supplied by Rawlinson. He was the seventh of a family of eleven and was born in 1810. The family was in very moderate circumstances, though of gentle blood dating back to Agincourt, and Henry received most of his schooling at his mother's knee. He had altogether three years at two different schools. Then at the age of sixteen he was appointed a cadet in the army of the East India Company and was sent to India. On board ship he had the good fortune to become acquainted with Sir John Malcolm, the distinguished soldier diplomat and Oriental scholar, who roused his interest in Persia and the Persian language; and he spent much of the four months occupied by the voyage in the study of what Persians call 'that sweet flowing language.'

Arriving in India, he entered into the life of his regiment. He became an all-round sportsman. At the age of twenty-one he offered to compete with any man in the Indian Army for a side bet of 100*l.* in boxing, fencing, running, jumping, quoits, racquets, billiards, pigeon shooting, steeple chasing, chess and games of skill at cards, but found no one to take up his offer. The same year he won a celebrated point-to-point race. At the same time he became an ardent student of languages. He completed his mastery of Persian and learned several Indian dialects, in which

he qualified and obtained his interpreter's certificate. In addition he mastered Zend and the classical Sanskrit. His other study was confined almost wholly to history, particularly ancient history.

This, then, was the training of the man who, two years later at the age of twenty-three, was to start laying the foundations of an important science. It is worthy of note that at that time he had not even heard of Grotefend, and knew absolutely nothing of the attempts which had been made to decipher the inscriptions.

In 1833 he was sent to Persia with a mission of British officers to help in the reorganisation of the Persian army, his selection, though a young lieutenant, being attributed to his knowledge of Persian. There he encountered his first cuneiform inscription. It was a case of love at first sight, for he made a copy of it as a curiosity. Shortly afterwards, while at Kermanshaw, he heard of the inscriptions near Takht-i-Bostan, and this led him to the great rock at Behistun, which his brother, the Canon, describes in his memoir as a 'grand natural object.'

On the face of the rock, 500 feet up from the plain, Darius I., King of Persia, had engraved an inscription 11 feet by 12 feet which recounts the way, after the death of Cambyses, he killed the usurper Gaumata, defeated the numerous rebels, and restored the kingdom. Before Rawlinson's time the inscription had been ascribed erroneously to Semiramis. It stood from B.C. 521 as a monument to a Persian king; since 1835 it has stood as a monument to Rawlinson. Intrigued by the giant writing, and being unable to copy the script with the use of field-glasses, Rawlinson essayed to climb the precipice. This was in itself no mean feat, for he was unassisted at that time by any aids to mountain climbing. The inscription was in three columns, being in three languages, and was cut into the face of the rock, where it had been trimmed and dressed to form a rectangular-shaped writing-tablet measuring 11 feet by 12 feet. Where the surface of the stone had been soft, molten lead had been worked into the face of the cliff to preserve it, and the whole had been covered with a coating of shellac, a large part of which still remained. Three or four times daily he made the ascent and spent several days copying the left column of the inscription, which, luckily, was both simplest in its form and easiest of access. This proved later to be ancient Persian, a dead language, and at that time unknown to any living scholar. Having made his copy, Rawlinson applied himself to its decipherment. The inscription was written in an alphabet of some forty letters, not one of which was known to Rawlinson, and in a language which resembled any language then known only in the degree that modern Italian, say, resembles classical Latin. Yet Rawlinson tackled single-handed the

problem which for two centuries had puzzled the scholars of Europe, and, with no aids but his native ingenuity and his knowledge of modern Persian, solved the problem in a remarkably short time. It is truly one of the greatest feats ever performed, and it unlocked a store-room of the past from which we have obtained much of our knowledge of the history of ancient man.

This is the method he employed. He examined the script for words appearing more than once. He found one which appeared repeatedly, often grouped and with a slight variation of form. The variation, he said, would be the plural form. Say the word was 'blank,' it appeared as 'blank blank blanks.' The phrase was always preceded by another word which we will say he called 'blink.' That made the phrase read 'blink blank blank blanks.' That reminded him somehow of the old custom of the ancients of speaking of their kings as 'great king, king of kings.' If that was really the phrase, the variation would be a combination of the plural and the genitive. Assuming that to be correct, he had the equivalents of the English words 'great' and 'king,' but had still no inkling of the Persian words. He next surmised that the word which preceded the phrase 'great king' would likely be the king's name. His examination of his copy showed three different words which preceded this phrase. What more natural, he said, than that the names of three kings appearing in the writing should be those of a father, son, and grandson? Then he reflected that proper names are not translated from one language to another, but are taken bodily, for the most part, with very small change in sound values. This, he said, would prove the key to his alphabet; so he set himself to find three names in ancient history which would fit his three words in the inscription. Luck was with him, for the first three names he tried fitted the characters in the inscriptions to a letter; there was a mark for each sound value in the names he chose, and no more. The names he tried were Darius, Xerxes, and Hystaspes. His translation now reads: 'Darius, great king, king of kings—son of Hystaspes. Xerxes, great king, king of kings—son of Darius.'

This translation added the word 'son' to his vocabulary, but, more important, it gave him all the letters in the names Darius, Xerxes, and Hystaspes—in all, a total of twelve letters of the alphabet. The identification of one or two other proper names in the inscription raised the number of his letters in the alphabet to eighteen. Then he wrote out his copy, using the letters of the alphabet which he had compiled. Some words were written completely; others were nearly all filled in; and among the latter were some which so closely resembled existing words in Persian or other Eastern languages that he knew that he could

complete them. This again added to his alphabet, and enabled him to fill in still further gaps in his transliteration of the inscription into the Roman alphabet—the only means by which he could obtain the sound values and find scope for his knowledge of Oriental tongues to aid him in his translation.

Slowly but steadily, letter by letter, he pieced out the alphabet and then made his translation. The results of his labours he embodied in a paper, copies of which he sent simultaneously to the Asiatic Societies of London and Paris. Recognition was instantaneous. At once the obscure Indian lieutenant became the world's foremost Oriental scholar. Immediately all the leaders of Oriental studies got into communication with him, and all the results of previous researches were placed at his disposal. He had little use for them at the time, however, for in 1839 he was recalled to India owing to friction between the British Mission and the Persian Court.

The next few years of his life were years of action. He fought in the great Afghan War, winning distinction and promotion. Coming out of it a major, he was appointed to the Residency at Baghdad, where he had an opportunity of resuming his cuneiform studies.

In the meantime, while Rawlinson had been engaged in the Afghan War, the second column of the inscription had been deciphered and translated by Westergaarde, Hincks and Norris. It is characteristic of Rawlinson that this achievement was made possible only by his generosity in supplying the scholars in Europe with fair copies of the inscriptions and detailed accounts of his method of work. The Persian column which Rawlinson had translated served, of course, as the key with which the translation was made. The language of the second column was found to be another dead language, and is known as the Susian or Median language.

The conditions under which Rawlinson now worked were far from ideal. The temperature at the Residency at Baghdad ranged from 90 to 120 degrees, the 90-degree minimum being only obtained by keeping a constant flow of water from the river over the roof of the Residency. In that climate, in such time as he could spare from his official duties, he made his second great contribution to human knowledge.

Shortly after he settled at Baghdad he was visited by Westergaarde, and conversation with him was responsible for the resumption of his activity. Baghdad was the centre of and shipping point for the excavations then being carried on in the valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates. Rawlinson, as Resident, had an opportunity to inspect all the shipments before they left the country. In this way he saw a great variety of tablets and

cylinders inscribed in the cuneiform character resembling the third column of the Behistun inscription.

That led him back to Behistun to copy the third column, which was by far the least accessible of the three and had never been copied. In 1847 he made the journey, but was attacked by fever and forced to retreat. Later in the same year he returned to the attack accompanied by a regiment of helpers to assist him in scaling the face of the cliff. The mountaineers and hill-men of his party, when they saw the precipice, declared that the feat was impossible. A wild Kurdish boy was at last found who was willing to make the attempt. He climbed to the top of the second column and then worked his way across the column to the right, hanging on literally by the nails on his fingers and toes. With difficulty he managed to insert two pegs into crevices in the rock. Ropes were affixed to these, and a sort of painter's cradle was swung across the face of the inscription. Perched precariously on this uncertain seat, suspended 500 feet up the sheer side of the cliff from the plain below, Rawlinson laboured unceasingly for ten days to make his copy. With the apparatus at his disposal it was impossible to get to all parts of the inscription, so he employed a method of 'squeezes.' Sheets of soft paper were extended at arm's length and rubbed into the face of the rock until the characters of the writing were imprinted on the sheets. In this way the whole inscription was copied.

In attempting to decipher the inscription Rawlinson reasoned that the three columns were probably the same story in three different languages, and that the first and second, which had already been deciphered, would serve as a key to the third. He had still, however, many of the difficulties which he had encountered in the first column; the alphabet was entirely unknown, and the language—ancient Babylonian—had passed entirely out of human ken. Remembering the assistance which Zend and the Persian dialects had been to him in mastering the first column, he cast about him for linguistic and philological aids in his attempt to conquer the Babylonian inscription. The Babylonians, he knew, were a Semitic race, and his first step was to learn thoroughly the Arabian language, which is held to be the key to all the Semitic languages. Then he mastered Hebrew and Aramaic and obtained a smattering of several other kindred languages. Thus he prepared himself to solve his puzzle.

The first thing that he discovered was, to say the least, very disconcerting. The Babylonian script was not an alphabet at all, but was written in a syllabarium. That may require some explanation. An alphabet, as we all know, is a system of writing by which each sound value is represented by a separate symbol, and words are broken up into their smallest elements, each of

which is represented by a sign. A syllabarium has a separate symbol for each syllable in the language. The Persian, which he had already deciphered, was written in an alphabet of some forty letters; the Babylonian, which he now essayed to master, was recorded in a syllabarium of over 500 symbols. That was enough, surely, to make any man pause. It served to rouse Rawlinson's fighting spirit. He set about classifying the symbols, and found that they represented two-letter syllables built about a consonant. Thus the letter k had six sounds as follows: ak, ik, uk, ka, ki, and ku, each represented by a separate sign. Fortunately there were only three vowel sounds in the Babylonian language, they being a, i, and u, so the number variations of the consonant were limited to six. There was also a host of other symbols which indicated what class the object belonged to—if it was god, man, woman, wood, metal, vegetable, and so on.

Using his Persian translation as a key and his newly acquired Semitic languages as aids, he toiled away at his Babylonian text. His work was not single-handed, as his Persian translation had been, for he kept in touch with the European societies, and reported his progress to them word for word and letter by letter; but, while he cannot be credited with victory in single combat, his certainly is the glory of a great leader who actually did most of the hard fighting personally.

That finished Rawlinson's labours in the East for the time being. In 1849 he returned to England, having been absent for twenty-two years, and was welcomed home with honours and promotions. After two years he went back to Baghdad with a grant from the trustees of the British Museum to carry on excavations. Valuable material was discovered which helped considerably in the final translation of the second and third columns of the Behistun inscriptions. In 1855 he returned to England to take the place in public life which his labours and ability had earned for him. He entered Parliament and became a member of the India Council. He was active in his studies and his official duties to the date of his death in 1895.

That the new science should have its detractors and sceptics is natural. The opposition was led by Sir George Cornewall Lewis and Ernest Renan, who contended that the new science was a myth, and that the scholars had invented a language and had read into the inscriptions things which would have astonished no one so much as the ancient Assyrians themselves. A test was determined upon. In 1857 a committee of the Royal Asiatic Society, headed by George Grote, the author of the *History of Greece*, called upon Rawlinson, Hincks, Oppert, and Fox Talbot to justify their claims for the new science. The test was made by supplying each of the scholars with a copy of a newly-found

inscription which had not yet been studied or translated. The four men worked separately, and produced four translations which were so nearly identical that the committee reported unanimously that the new science had been established.

It is almost impossible to put an estimate on the value of Rawlinson's work. The science which he made possible is still in its infancy, and, while great things have been done, the future holds promise of greater things to come. At the present time an expedition is engaged in excavating ruins in the lands occupied by the ancient Assyrians. The value of the discoveries thus being made is derived mainly from the key which Rawlinson placed in the hands of modern scholarship.

One of the benefits which we have already derived from the science is in connexion with the Old Testament history. Not as much confirmation as was sought and hoped for by Biblical scholars has yet been obtained, but sufficient has been done to show that the historical record of events in the Old Testament is a record of actual happenings. In this way the historicity of several books of the Old Testament has been definitely established. An obelisk of Shalmaneser II. speaks of the tribute paid by Jehu, King of Samaria, and has drawings of Hebrew captives. The most interesting case is that of Sennacherib. The Second Book of Kings tells us of his conquests in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem and of his threat to King Hezekiah, in answer to whose prayers the Lord slew the army of Sennacherib, so that in the morning 'they were all dead corpses.' The Court historian of Sennacherib refers to this campaign into Palestine, but, being wise in his day and generation, makes no mention of reverses. Ancient kings were not in the habit of putting up memorials to their losses. The Assyrian record does tell, however, of the murder of Sennacherib by his sons in the temple of his god, just as we have it in the Old Testament.

What secrets are yet to be unlocked by the key forged by the soldier-scholar no one, of course, can say; but even if nothing is added to the work already done, the fame of Rawlinson is assured.

ERNEST G. BLACK

THE ROCK OF AORNOS

THERE have been certain legends in the East only recently dispelled, and there have been certain mysteries of history but lately unravelled. For long it was believed that a Macedonian colony remained in some semi-primitive State away in the inaccessible mountains of Kafistan where the men were handsome and the women fair, where huge lumps of turquoise were worked as ornaments, and where romance reigned supreme. The story by Rudyard Kipling, *The Man who would be a King*, of the two adventurers who succeeded for a while in ruling in some such out-of-the-way mountain valley by means of an incomplete masonic ritual, ministered to the popular belief. Alas! towards the end of last century Sir George Scott-Robertson, the British Agent at Gilgit, penetrated into the wonderland to find an interesting but not supremely romantic relict of Dard peoples. The fascinating bubble of the last Greeks was pricked, and then the heavy hand of the armies of Kabul lifted the purdah of remoteness. Farewell romance!

Then till the British penetrated to Lhasa a few years ago that remarkable city was an unknown land of romance—romance, perhaps, which remains, even since the veil was raised, but not in the same intensity; so ever the outlying world grows less remote, and the West penetrates to every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil.

Now the wonderful painstaking, prying eyes of Sir Aurel Stein, of the Indian Archaeological Department, already famous for his discoveries in sand-buried Khotan, has lifted yet another veil. Of all the stories and legends of the past, the invasion of India by Alexander of Macedon is perhaps the most fascinating, the more so, perhaps, because of the exactness with which ancient historians have described his doings, and because of the traces he has left behind him. Does Arrian speak of the Pactydaë in the neighbourhood of Jellalabad? We find the Paktan, or the people who speak Pakhtoo, there to this day. Does he speak of the Aprætæ in the region of the Khaiber Pass? Have we not the Afridi,¹ who calls himself 'Apriti,'¹ in the same region in the year

¹ Pronounced 'afreedee' or 'apreetes.'

of grace 1926. In the frontier region Greek carvings adorn the ruins of the ancient fanes. As the Irish doctor said when describing what he had seen, 'An' ye could tell the carvings were Grayco-Bactrian by the Roman tōgas depicted on the figures'—which is by the way. Incidentally, people often forget that Alexander's colonies of C3 men were speedily overwhelmed or absorbed when he and his able-bodied troops passed away down the Indus on their return journey to Babylon, and that it was the Macedonian kingdom of Bactria which conquered Northern India a few centuries later and was really responsible for Greek legend and Greek relicts.

But the name of Alexander is still a household name in the long-lived memories of the East. If you wander about among the hills of Hazara some old peasant will pass the time of day with you and untie the tail of his shirt to offer for sale some Græco-Bactrian coins, which he will describe to you as those of Sikunder Bakshah—Sikunder being Central Asian for Alexander. And it is seemingly all very close and by no means a myth. And Lord Gough fought his set battle of Chillianwahah hard by where King Poros fought Alexander's phalanx. In 1849 this is what the army sang :

Sabres drawn and bayonets fixed
Fight where fought Alexander,
Oh Paddy Gough's a cross betwixt
Bulldog and Salamander.

The secret which Sir Aurel Stein has claimed to have unravelled is the hitherto baffling mystery of the site of the Rock of Aornos, of which the storming has been so graphically described by the Alexandrine historians, and which, since the capture of the Punjab brought the British into possession of the scenes of the Alexandrine legend, has greatly interested antiquarians. So puzzling and baffling has been the search, that a few years ago Sir Aurel Stein himself was inclined to think the whole story might be fiction or perhaps a practical joke played on the historian.

The Alexandrine historians are many. First and foremost is Flavius Arrianus, usually referred to as Arrian ; but, as Alexander invaded India in B.C. 327 and Arrian was not born until 96 A.D., he was but a careful compiler from earlier narratives. Contemporary narratives, however, did exist in some number, but are not actually extant. Quintin Curtius, Plutarch, Justin, and Diodorus all compiled narratives from what was available. The circumstantial accounts of the storming of the Rock of Aornos are apparently compiled from accounts by Ptolemy, who founded the dynasty in Egypt, and Aristoboulos, both of whom took part in the storming.

Briefly, Alexander in his conquests first installed himself at Kandahar in B.C. 329 and then in the Kabul Valley in 329-28, and finally in B.C. 327 entered India by routes north of the Khaiber and the Kabul River, and reached the Peshawar Valley through Swat. The valleys through which he came were far more populated than now, and probably by an Aryan people akin to those of the Northern Punjab, from whom some of the Pathan or Pushtoo (or Pakhtan and Pakhtoo) speaking tribes are probably descended. There are many remains and ruins to throw light on this which will some day be explored.

The general route of the invasion and the identification of many of the places is fairly complete, especially since the Indian Archæological Department have devoted themselves to the excavation of the great city of Taxila at the entrance to Hazara. But the interest in Aornos has been in the circumstantial accounts of how Alexander, hearing of a great fortress and place of refuge on his northern flank to which many Indians had retreated, turned aside to capture it—especially moved thereto, so it is said, by the story that Herakles (which Herakles is obscure) had found it impregnable. The size as given in Arrian's *Anabasis* makes it 200 stadia (23 miles) in circumference and 11 stadia (6700 feet) high.

The difficulties and details of the feat of arms involved in its capture, so fully recorded, have made its identification a matter of very burning interest during the last seventy years. General Abbott, who in his younger days settled Hazara and founded Abbottabad, and General Cunningham, who was such a student on the antiquities of Northern India, both searched long for Aornos, which they believed, if it existed at all, must have been close to the crossings of the Indus, between the Peshawar Valley and the Punjab, in the vicinity of Attock or Ohind, 15 miles to the north. So far back as 1836 General Court had pointed out 'Raja Hodis Castle,' near Attock, as a possible site, while General Cunningham thought Ranigal, 16 miles from Ohind, would be a possibility. Both these suggestions in no way coincided with the vast extent of the fastness described by the Greek historians. General Abbott perhaps gave the subject the most attention, and finally propounded his opinion that the great mountain of Mahabun, some 40 miles north-west of Attock, and due west of the town of Amb, on the Indus, which he thought might be the Embolina of history, would prove to be the site, but he could only reconnoitre it by telescope. Mahabun stood inaccessible in the midst of tribes among whom it was impossible to penetrate, a mysterious blue mass fringed with snow, so that the theory could not be put to the proof ; but General Abbott's view practically held the field till 1904, for want of a better or of one actually tried by exploration.

To realise the difficulties of the identification and the romance inherent, some idea of the terrain involved is necessary.

The tumbled mass of mountain which lies between the Indus and the Swat River has ever been a desire to the explorer, and always a forbidden land, where law and order ran not and the Pax Britannica was a joke. Even on the hither side of the Indus the mass of the Black Mountain between the fertile valley of Hazara and the river has never been administered, and only penetrated when from the 'sixties to the 'nineties of the last century British forces came a-meddling in reply to tribal raids against our own people. Across the Indus the tribes were even more intractable. In 1863, as an aftermath of the Mutiny, British troops had entered Buner, partly in quest of a colony of Hindustani fanatics of the Wahabi persuasion, to which the wolves' heads of India were wont to resort, and whence they had been active during the Mutiny. This expedition had evoked a very widespread conflagration, and tribes from far and near flocked to fight the invaders. Since then this border has been closed. It is the country of the *Lost Legion*, that wonderful Kipling story, born of the fate of the 55th Bengal Native Infantry which mutinied in Peshawar in 1857. But it has long been known that this tangled mass of mountain contained ethnographic, archaeological, and linguistic remains of great value and entrancing interest. It fringed on great Buddhist and early Hindu kingdoms, and in Hazara, hard by, were rock edicts, Buddhist stupas, the great city of Taxila, now being uncovered, while ever through the veil of the border traders would bring bits of Ghandaric and Græco-Buddhist carvings, showing remains of great civilisations and wearing the same 'Roman tōgas,' which I have mentioned.

This dead end of high-level valleys and mountain peaks, surrounded on the far side by the valleys of Gilgit and the backstairs route to Chitral along which Colonel Kelly's forces had ventured in 1895, was also known to contain tag-ends of forgotten races. Up into its pockets where no man cared to follow, the incoming Aryan invasion had in the mists of time forced those old peoples of India whom they could not enslave.

Beyond the reach of invader and traveller, Dardish tribes and remnants, rich in long-forgotten glossaries and vocabularies, lived, so far as their lesser hearts would let them, the same lawless tribal lives as their Pathan neighbours in the more accessible slopes which border the Peshawar Valley. Thus the romance of Alexander fringes on that of Buddha and the Bhuddist kingdoms which were arising in India in the reign of Asoka, who had died but five years before the invasion, and whose rock-hewn edicts are to be seen to this day even in Hazara and close

to Abbottabad. The valley of Swat was known as Udayana, or 'The Garden,' and the Chinese pilgrims who during the earlier centuries of the Christian era came to the Punjab and the Peshawar Valley *via* Kashmir have also left remarkable itineraries which it is the delight of the Indian Archaeological Department to trace. It will be remembered how a few years ago the study of these itineraries enabled the Department, by a happy combination of erudition and flair, to discover the ashes of Sakya Muni the Buddha, complete in the gold casket and alabaster shrine as actually described by the pilgrims.

So Aornos and its mystery is but one of many that are contained in the hills which in glory stand across the Indus, within sight of the great girder railway bridge at Attock.

Till 1904 General Abbott's theory regarding Aornos held the field. In October of that year, however, Sir Harold Deane, the first Chief Commissioner of the newly-constituted Frontier province, was able to avail himself of the improved relations with the tribes which he had so long fostered, and arrange that a scientific mission under Dr. Stein with tribal escorts and guarantees should visit Mahabun.

The visit was duly carried out, though hampered by untimely snow, and the whole of the summit of Mahabun was traversed and measured. With this accurate examination General Abbott's theory vanished. By no possible means could the very restricted summit fit into the story of the storming. Either Aornos was a fable or a greatly exaggerated story of a trivial incident, or the site was yet to find. Dr. Stein himself was, as already mentioned, inclined to think the story a myth, though with the mental reservation that it would still be worth while some day to try further up the Indus Valley among the higher mountains, where Colonel Wahab, of the Royal Engineers, had long after General Abbott's day thought the place might be.

The Mahabun venture therefore dispelled one view, and also showed that a fort ruin found on top was not of sufficient antiquity even to furnish an original from which the story of Aornos might have grown. But the explorer had other things to look for, and was peculiarly happy in locating at Banj, not far from Mahabun, the traditional site of the body-offering of the Buddha, where, so the story went, he had given his body to feed a starving tigress, and this was carefully described by some of the Chinese pilgrims Song Yun, Huei Sheng Fa Hien, and Hiouen Tsang; and so the matter rested for another twenty years. But now Sir Aurel Stein—who, it should be noted, is the most persistent and at the same time the most scrupulously accurate of searchers—has just returned from a similar tribally conducted transfrontier tour in the remote tracts just described, unvisited by a European

for over 2000 years, and confidently asserts that he has now discovered Aornos.

Quite recently the valley of Torwal, in upper Swat, the Udayana referred to, already famous for its numerous Buddhist remains, has been brought under political influence. Into this valley the enthusiastic explorer has been loosed, and after many Buddhist discoveries, including the miraculous footsteps of the Buddha and an ancient Kharoshthi inscription, has climbed the snow passes from Upper Swat into the mountain tracts of Ghorband and Chakesar on the water parting between the Indus and the Swat River. There, to his gratification, he at last came to a great upland plateau with steep rocky sides which fulfilled in every detail the description of Aornos and the methods of its storming. It fitted the description of Arrian, which runs thus :

The rock is said to have a circuit of about 200 stadia (23 miles) and at its lowest elevation a height of 11 stadia (6700 ft.). It was ascended by a single path cut by the hand of man and yet difficult. On the summit of the rock there was, it is also said, plenty of pure water which gushed out from a copious spring. There was timber besides, and as much good arable land as required for its cultivation a thousand men.

Both Quintus Curtius and Diodorus record, though Arrian does not, that the base of the rock was washed by the Indus.

There is, of course, no local tradition on the subject, though the work of the party would be quite enough to build up a spurious one in the future. Sir Aurel Stein, however, who is always extremely suspicious of the identification of names, now goes so far as to say that the present local name of 'Una' for a peak behind the plateau is recognisable as that which the Greeks called Aornos.

When Sir Aurel's detailed accounts and plans arrive, historians and antiquarians will probably agree that the identification has at last been well and truly made; unlike, however, the other myth-dispelling discoveries of the age, the location of Aornos will still further enhance the glory and the interest of the Alexandrine legend.

GEORGE MACMUNN.

THE ELDER GENERATIONS AND OURSELVES

EARLY visitors to this year's Academy may have noticed in a position of prominence a large-sized picture of a nude girl dancing upon the ruins of classical statuary to the strains of a saxophone and the delight of its negro player. Representatives of the Yellow Press recognised here the familiar and always welcome features of the problem picture, and heralded *The Breakdown* abroad as such. Actually, as in most other efforts of the kind, there is nothing bewildering in this work except that it should have been accepted by a committee of artists. There is distinction neither in the grouping of the figures nor in the painting of them, though in the former there is enough vividness and in the latter enough accuracy to bring the point of the picture home to all passers-by and render its title unnecessary. The girl's moral and physical restraint has broken down before the gurgling and cooing of the saxophone, and the negro is smiling encouragement to her exhibition of primitive ecstasy and ruthless denial of the ancient idols of beauty and grace.

At the request of the Colonial Office *The Breakdown* was subsequently removed from the walls of Burlington House. But Mr. Souter need not fear for his reputation. His picture has gained him sufficient publicity to compensate for this stroke of ill-luck, and one can only hope that the squeamishness of Government officials will not stand in his way the next time he wishes to take the path that has already led not a few playwrights and authors to prosperity.

For, curiously enough, this theme, the decadence of modern youth, has a remarkable box-office and royalty value. What genius first made this discovery I do not know, but he deserves the respect and gratitude of all his struggling contemporaries. *The Dancers* was one of the leading and lustiest hounds on the scent. A girl commits suicide with the aid of a mysterious white powder because she cannot face marriage with a man she loves after disgrace at the hands of a dancing partner she does not. Her guardian attributes her fall, if not her death, to 'all this dancing,' and Sir Gerald du Maurier and Mrs. Parsons (Miss Viola Tree), the joint authors of the play, obviously, and I have no

doubt in all sincerity, agree with her. The play was received with universal awe and enthusiasm.

Then last year *The Vortex* brought Mr. Noël Coward fame and fortune as a serious and popular dramatist. He had already tempted the West End with *The Young Idea*, an unpretentious but witty, and one would have thought remunerative, comedy; but theatre-goers refused to be caught by such healthy tea-fight fare, and it was not till the more succulent scenes from *The Vortex* were served up in the columns of a delighted Press that London and New York each offered Mr. Coward a local habitation and a name that still makes every theatre manager's mouth water.

In this play the modern young man takes drugs and his modern young mother lovers. Her latest lover takes the boy's fiancée and leaves the two of them with almost the whole of the last act for a bedroom scene which must appear 'frightfully' original and up-to-date to anyone who happens not to have seen or read *The Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*.

Now then! [screams Mr. Coward's hero] Now then! You're not to have any more lovers again; you're not going to be beautiful and successful ever again—you're going to be my mother for once—it's about time I had one to help me, before I go over the edge altogether . . .

And this state of things, we are asked to believe, is brought about by the vortex of the instincts and the emotions that stands on Mr. Coward's stage for the normal life of youth and pseudo-youth of good birth in England to-day. That people as a whole are ready to believe this is obvious from the attention successive audiences paid to the play, and in particular to the fit of moralistic hysterics with which it ends.

But perhaps the best example of the popular conception of the modern generation is contained in Sir Philip Gibbs's *Heirs Apparent*. As its title implies, this novel shows us a brilliant journalist tackling the problem of youth. He is out to give us the truth about the young men and women of to-day, as during the war he gave us the truth about our troops in France and as in *The Street of Adventure* he gave us the truth about journalism itself. Julian Perryam and Audrey Nye, sent down from Oxford on the same day, decide to make their way on foot to their respective homes in Surrey. The first night they spend at a hotel on the road. Being 'moderns,' they see nothing unusual in this. That night he 'kissed her on the cheek, without any ardour. Then she took up her things and with a "sleep well" went to her own room with a little smile about her lips.'

At their respective homes each of them is received without much demur. But there is trouble ahead. Audrey finds that her father, a country vicar supporting his whole family on his stipend,

has been converted to Roman Catholicism, a fact he explains to her with intense religious fervour. 'Oh, shut up, father,' she retorts. 'What absolute rot you do talk!'

Julian has literary ambitions, but expostulates when it is suggested that he might settle down to some regular work.

'Thank Heaven I'm not a journalist!'

'No,' replied Mr. Perryam, 'but don't forget I am and that my work pays for your leisure.'

Julian flushed a little and laughed.

'That's all right! The privilege of the rising generation.'

His sister detects an intrigue between their mother and a peer of her acquaintance.

'I look facts in the face, Julian. Why I'm anxious about mother is because she belongs to the elder generation. We of the younger crowd know how to take care of ourselves. We have sensible ideas about things. We are realists. But the people born in Queen Victoria's reign, or even King Edward's, are hopelessly romantic and go off the deep-end at the slightest provocation.'

Julian was thoughtful. He was impressed by his sister's unexpected knowledge of life.

Of course the intrigue they were worrying over comes to nothing, as also does their knowledge of life. Julian has an affair with a married woman. Janet narrowly escapes disaster at the hands of the son of her father's employer. A libel action subsequently wrecks the career of this Fleet Street magnate; Mr. Perryam is dragged down into the *débâcle*, and poverty reduces Janet and Julian, as it has reduced Audrey Nye, to hard work and equally hard sense.

'We were the Younger Generation, out for a good time' [says Julian]. 'In fact, we were utter frauds, and rather caddish.'

In this opinion all readers, young and old, will heartily concur. Sir Philip Gibbs would be greatly offended, and justly so, if we were to accuse him of composing *Heirs Apparent* out of levity or love of sensationalism. He is not writing with his tongue in his cheek, nor, presumably, with his eye on his pass-book. He believes all this to be true, to be in keeping with the main features of the modern generation.

It is natural he should. It is the popular conception, and one that I personally, as a twenty-five-year-old member of the post-war generation, have constantly to explain and qualify when in conversation with the friends and relations of approximately twice my age who are still young enough to take a keen and sympathetic interest in youth's affairs.

Sir Philip Gibbs says in effect that the modern generation is bad-mannered, heartless, irreligious, impious, stupid and lazy;

is Quixotically keen to give the middle-aged advice and a helping hand, and confident enough of its own powers of resisting temptation to rush into dangers upon which far less angelic creatures would fear to tread. He has done his work well. All the current ideas on Decadence, Futility, and Youth are here, dished up in appetising form. It would be easy to swallow the whole story, and there can be little doubt that many people have done so. Thus a conception which has been vaguely felt and remarked upon in certain quarters expands into a universal belief, and the very word 'modern' immediately inspires suspicion and dismay.

Now this most fashionable of myths certainly cannot be dismissed without a single reservation.

To assert [says Mr. Coward¹] that this age is degenerate and decadent is supremely ridiculous; it is no more degenerate and decadent than any other civilized age; the only difference is that the usual conglomeration of human vices has come to the surface a little more lately, and there is mercifully a little less hypocrisy about.

The only difference? If an exhibition of vices previously repressed and an absence of the hypocrisy that served the last century exceedingly well alone distinguished this generation from its elders our youth would indeed be in a bad way. But in truth the difference, the fundamental difference, is one of the intellect and of the intellect's attitude towards the world.

This attitude is difficult to define, and can best be explained by pointing out the influences that have brought it into being. Of these Samuel Butler is undoubtedly the first and foremost. In fact, it would not be amiss to regard him as solely responsible not only for moulding the new discoveries of heredity and evolution into a concrete philosophy, but also for introducing the freedom of thought and speech that is so popular among youth to-day and so 'modern'—i.e., indecent—in the estimation of those elders who respect independence as little as they honour thought or encourage the sincere expression of personal opinion.

To illustrate this one has only to quote two paragraphs from Samuel Butler's *Notebooks*:

I am the *enfant terrible* of literature and science. If I cannot, and I know I cannot, get the literary and the scientific big-wigs to give me a hearing, I can, and I know I can, heave bricks into the middle of them.

My father is one of the few men I know who say they do not like Shakespeare. I could forgive my father for not liking Shakespeare if it was only because Shakespeare wrote poetry; but this is not the reason. He dislikes Shakespeare because he finds him so very coarse. He also says he likes Tennyson, and this seriously aggravates his offence.

Now this gives the key to Samuel Butler's attitude (and con-

¹ *Three Plays*, with a Preface and Reply to his Critics, by Noël Coward, 1923.

sequently to the modern attitude) to three points: to contemporary authority, to the Victorian cult of veneration, and to parental discipline. The first is the reverse of the cry of the *Punch* navy: 'There's a stranger, Bill. 'Eave a brick at 'im.' Butler is suspicious only of the well-known and the generally accepted. Public opinion, he says, has set up an authority over us; let us find out if he is plaster or genuine marble; let us get him off his pedestal and see if he can act like a man after we have wrecked his pose.

The Shakespeare paragraph shows Butler attacking the theory of paternal infallibility. Butler had no deep-rooted objection to Tennyson or his works, but Tennyson was the poet whom it was fashionable to revere, and what did most surely offend Butler was the habit, prevalent among the artificially cultured, of accepting fashion and ignoring taste. To admire by numbers is worse than to admire nothing at all, because whoever admires nothing and says so quite frankly is sincere, whereas the man and woman whose enthusiasms are torn from between the covers of a guide-book or art-manual are certainly not so, and are doing no good either to themselves or to the objects that stimulate their affectations. Butler knocks away this type of veneration and piously puts sincerity and truth in its place.

This leads him quite logically to differ from his father. Samuel Butler had cast aside his belief in Christianity because he had found in his doctrine of creative evolution, in the new Vitalist theory, the only doctrine that his intellect could fully accept. His father was a priest, or, as Samuel Butler preferred to put it, a professional Christian. For such a one, said Butler, being sincere was as difficult as is ploughing a perfectly straight furrow for the labourer in the field. It can be accomplished, but only by keeping one's mind in the straight and narrow way that does not admit of any excursions into unexplored avenues of thought. Between the ecclesiasticism of the Rev. Thomas Butler and the impassioned scientific outlook of his son stretched the gap that will always separate the professional from the amateur. And the amateur who works for love and not for livelihood will always despise the professional with his plea of bread-winning as a justification of existence.

Thus a new light is thrown on one point in *Heirs Apparent*. 'Thank Heaven I'm not a journalist!'—a man, that is, who is not a free agent, a man who writes and thinks for so much a week at the bidding of an employer he does not respect. What distresses Julian Perryam is just that professionalism that enraged Samuel Butler twenty years before the lad was born. To say that Julian's existence depends upon this professionalism may be a sop to his father's conscience, but it does not alleviate the disgust Julian

It may be absurd to blame the elder generations for the war. There is a great difference between regarding war as inevitable and actively instigating a crisis that makes peace impossible. But the attitude of those 'impotent old friends' is still with us to-day, and it may well be that they and the braided generals who stalk down to inspect school O.T.C.'s and after the march-past express the hope that all the cadets will join the Army will be disagreeably surprised to find youth unenthusiastic at ideas that made their own hearts leap in the dim and distant days when they were young themselves.

In the report on an inquiry made this year to British members of the Y.M.C.A. the fact is stated that young men of to-day (over eighteen years of age) are keenly interested in politics but distrustful of political method. I think it is generally true that politics is regarded as a dirty game in so far as it is regarded as a game at all. Youth is inclined rather to consider it as a field in which to exercise its theories, a field unfortunately remote for the majority from the office or workshop of every-day life. It is a common saying that the modern generation is not interested in public affairs. It would be fairer to say that the very interest it takes in those engaged in public affairs and in the results of their labours leads sometimes to a reticence and a reluctance to step forward to force a new heaven upon an apparently complacent earth. But I believe the chief cause of youth's absence from the political platform and committee-room is economic and not psychological. Most men have to settle their own affairs before they can launch forth upon the affairs of the world, and to-day settling one's affairs is an exceedingly difficult business. There are no figures published dealing with the public school and university class of worker, but there must be here proportionately as great a number of unemployed (and not necessarily unemployable) young men and women as lower down the social scale. The compulsory leisure of the barrister at the outset of his career, of the newly qualified engineer who finds no vacancy in any shop, and of the business man waiting for his chance to 'make good' in the long-predicted trade revival may provide opportunities of branching off into careers of public service, yet even with private means at their command most men prefer aiming, however vainly, for success in the profession to which they have been trained to adopting a new form of activity in which, without a doubt, experience of life is as essential as ideals and theoretical knowledge.

A correspondent to *The Times* in April of this year finds 'among the young people of to-day an almost total lack of graciousness.' *The Times* itself in a leading article in the same issue maintains that this is a common complaint of every age, and

with a magnanimity and eloquence worthy of the immortal Robert Burton requests its readers 'to observe and to cultivate the good that may lie beneath their frivolity and their irreverence, to reveal itself in quieter moments.' But it is not frivolity and irreverence that has made the youth of to-day ungracious. Rather is it the seriousness of mind and reverence for intellectual integrity that makes it speak out if it feels deeply on any subject under discussion, to the possible embarrassment of its elders. In this the modern generation is following the example of Mr. Shaw's heroes, and if they err it is not so much in their manners as in their purpose. Those supermen of the stage developed shock-tactics to pierce the reinforced concrete prejudices that opposed them. They galvanised their audience into the nearest possible approach to an intellectual reaction. So often in the past had the younger generation been snubbed for opening its mouth, that it had come to think that no new ideas could be impressed on middle-aged minds without the employment of such drastic measures as entailed a violation of conventional manners.

Where the modern generation goes wrong and is justly condemned is in using shock-tactics for mere love of the shock. Much of the cocktail drinking and Eton-cropping now in vogue is due as much to this childish vanity as to a natural reaction from petty restrictions. Modes that have no surer foundation will soon atrophy of inanition if left to themselves, and if they are taken up by parents will inspire in their originators such a veritable vortex of moral indignation as to bring back to the offending elders the worst horrors of Victorian domesticity.

There is, however, one particular form of shock which springs from a different cause. I do not think it is generally true that boys and girls to-day are liable to begin talking about sex at any moment and in any place and to discuss its problems with sufficient candour and knowledge to bring tears to the eyes of their bashful parents. But if it is, is there anything sinful, dangerous, or unhealthy in the practice? If the modern generation is not seriously and sanely interested in sex it is time a generation were born that is, and to a generation that learnt to face the facts of life while its brothers were learning to face gunfire and gas it is impossible to deny this great problem its significance. It may be that youth is much less certain of itself in sex matters than it likes its elders to suppose, but it knows there is no surer method of keeping secret fears away than by letting the light of the intellect fall upon them.

What kind of light is available? There are the psychologists, and I think after the Butler-Shaw influence there is none that has left a more definite mark on the modern generation than the psychologists of the Freudian school. To say that a

maiden lady of mature years is suffering from a maternal complex because she likes giving children's parties is as destructive of conventional unreasoned motherhood veneration as it is uncomplimentary to the lady in question. To drag in *Ædipus*, with all the tremendous stress of the Greek drama, to assist in the elucidation of some petty problem of family affection is to magnify a theory at the expense of a person. If, as *Mr. Punch* avers, the psycho-analyst holds 'a muck-rake in his fist,' he uses it not for the purpose for which muck-rakes are designed, but to divest sex of its false modesty and people of the vague illusions they love to attach to their less reputable motives. The result, as far as the younger generation is concerned, is a clarity of outlook and a keenness of the critical faculty that may, if not reasonably controlled, degenerate into heartlessness, or into the conviction that sex is a science as free from the fetters of sentiment as are the propositions of Euclid or Professor Einstein.

In the correspondence in *The Times* already referred to one of the few who supported the original writer's contention maintained that graciousness is impossible in an age taught by those responsible for educating public taste to worship ugliness and not such beauty as the Victorian artists gave us. But what is this ugliness, or that beauty? The art of the Victorians was the art of Holman Hunt, of Watts, of Sir Frank Dicksee—at its best, a frantic and glorious attack upon the prevailing apotheosis of materialism; at its worst, a mere side-show, as interesting, as pretty, and as ephemeral as the Colinderies or General and Mrs. Tom Thumb. The art of to-day is an exploration, not an entertainment, sharing with science a love of new ideas and striving with science to get to the heart of things. And if it offends public taste, it is only when public taste has raised barriers to its progress that must be broken down.

On the whole I think there is nothing in the world to-day that the elder generations find so difficult to understand as the toleration of, and even enthusiasm for, what seems to them absurd or indecent in modern painting and sculpture, and grotesque or starkly hideous in modern music and architecture. No one can defend modern art as a whole—no one can deny that impostors lurk among its exponents; but what one can do, and what youth is always ready to do, is to defend the modern attitude to art against the attacks of those who have learnt the critical technique of a past phase and, having accepted its futility as well as its fervour, wish to subject all artistic development to hidebound strictures that are alien to the very soul of creative endeavour.

If the modern generation is anxious to preserve an open mind

on questions of art it is no more under the discipline of strict rules in matters of religion. The Y.M.C.A. in their inquiry found that

very few young men have any interest in what may be termed credal or organised religion, and a considerable number has given expression not only to its disappointment but also to an attitude amounting to almost disgust regarding what they understand to be orthodox Christianity. On the other hand, there is even more definite evidence that most young men are interested in the spiritual implications of life and are seeking to discover them, particularly as a basis for practical living.

This 'disappointment and attitude amounting almost to disgust' is common also among classes that are not likely to have responded to the Y.M.C.A.'s inquiry. No one who considers the evidence without prejudice or sentiment can deny that the Church is now actively and continuously supported by one sect alone in the community. The religious spirit that used to find its expression in Christianity is being directed into other channels of thought, feeling, and worship. To the younger members of the Church sect, it seems, the ritual and tenets of Anglo-Catholicism make a stronger and more spiritual appeal than the dreariness and suggestion of vague tolerance that pervade the normal parish service. It is not, as is sometimes asserted, that youth is restlessly demanding something new. Novelty for its own sake is the cry of a fool, and folly and the religious sense have never walked hand in hand and never will. But youth does insist in its beliefs on a creed that is fresh, vital, and in keeping with the thought the age has inspired. Science may not be actively opposed to established creeds, but set science as its manifestations are now demonstrated, even in our public schools, beside Christianity as its doctrines are propounded every Sunday in our pulpits, and it will be difficult for anyone who tries conscientiously to unite and absorb the two distinct sets of impressions thereby begotten to avoid a serious attack of intellectual astigmatism.

It is unfair to contend that youth to-day is irreligious. The state of the churches, the absence of youth from their congregations and training colleges, is no fair test. There are to-day—in the light of modern developments in knowledge there can only be—fewer orthodox Christians, and orthodoxy itself is daily becoming more and more difficult to define. But there is on the other hand a proportionately greater number of young men and women who look at life, at themselves, and at the problems afflicting society from a scientific, and not from a sentimental, point of view; who are trying to build up a creed that will not treat the doctrine of evolution as an impertinence, nor the psychological analysis of motive and mysticism as mere idle and

pernicious curiosity ; and whose instincts and upbringing suggest that there is something magnificent in life beyond the pallid mists of scepticism that at present encircle alike the rich man in his castle and the poor man on the dole.

It may be argued that I am claiming for the whole post-war adult generation qualities only possessed by a certain limited number of its members. For many, it is true, materialism proves in itself magnificent enough, and to-day more than in any previous age there is a fairly general belief that the good life can be achieved simply by taking thought and by adhering faithfully to such principles of morality and hygiene as improve business and social relationships, and keep down the doctor's bills. If to-day we are saved the inanities of the 'noble savage' idea, we are descending to an even deeper logical abyss in looking to the habits and instincts of animals to save our souls and bodies. The last war has shown us what happens when the animal qualities in man and nation invade territory that properly belongs to the intellect, but the lesson is generally ignored and mob sentiment appears to be quite as powerful to-day as it was ten years ago. It is for this reason that I regard the scientific outlook as the most admirable quality the present generation possesses ; yet I would add that such an outlook alone will do no more for us than a lusty imperialism did for our elder brothers or the policy of *laissez-faire* for the prosperous gentlemen of the latter end of the last century.

Ours is an age of transition, and, some would also say, of enlightenment, for agnosticism has now emerged into the light of day and walks among us naked and unashamed. To nestle comfortably in the conviction that one knows nothing may satisfy a few middle-aged professors of philosophy, but something more than this is needed to kindle the imagination of youth, to give consistency and purpose to its wayward enthusiasms. To gain this something more is the chief problem facing the modern generation. Before it the questions of immorality, degeneracy, decadence and frivolity, the crises of politics and the extravagancies of art, fade away and are of no concern. For without some kind of constructive creed, the fusion maybe of contemporary scientific thought with the spirit of religion that is above circumstance and beyond time, youth can never pass to maturity nor the social organisations to which every day it furnishes recruits have more than the life and reality of dry bones.

R. E. C. SWANN.

FEMINISM AND MARRIAGE :

A REPLY

THROUGHOUT the article entitled 'Feminism and Marriage' in the July number of the *Nineteenth Century and After* by Mr. Meyrick Booth the writer assumes that, in spite of the radical change that he sees and deplores in women's attitude 'towards marriage and the universe,' men's attitude has remained unchanged, apparently, in Mr. Booth's opinion, because no change was required. Now this is the large assumption that he makes throughout, but *if* (and it is an *if* of considerable emphasis) Mr. Booth's other assumptions are correct, and his tone generally really represents 'men's' views, it seems to me that a change would be essential to racial progress. But I take up the cudgels for 'the men.' Whatever women may have 'become'—and it will take a wider view, greater knowledge and experience of mankind than Mr. Booth evinces successfully to formulate so gigantic a generalisation—men are not invariably the poor creatures this article represents them to be.

Because a great many women and girls have partially succeeded in ridding themselves of the sex obsession which was inculcated both positively and negatively, consciously and unconsciously, by the limited scope of the education that was formerly considered all that was necessary for females, and because this merciful emancipation has resulted in 'the possibility of the friendly companionship of the sexes' which Mr. Booth admits 'has its good side,' he considers that it 'has also the serious drawback that a man misses in his life the influence of a specifically feminine element with all that this means for his mental and emotional life.' This can only mean that the under-educated over-sexed woman alone possesses this 'specifically feminine element' in the influence she exerts and that 'the man' who 'misses' it is not susceptible to the far more ennobling charm of 'friendly companionship' which the 'specifically feminine element' apparently excludes. We must infer, however, that 'the man,' unless he passes through life wholly uninfluenced by them, feels *some* influence emanating from women in the place of what he 'misses.' How, then, does he decide whether it is of

a 'specifically feminine' character, and what constitutes him a judge of what is 'specifically feminine'?

Who, where, and what is 'the man' who 'misses' this 'element.'? If he could be produced, would it matter very much what he did or did not miss in his life provided 'the woman' has gained in stature physically, mentally, morally and spiritually? When he realises that if he does miss this beneficial influence, the fault, through not knowing how to look for it, is his and not hers, 'the man' too will have begun to grow. Mr. Booth's arbitrary attempt to dogmatise on what 'the woman' or what 'the man' 'wants' and 'finds' in his or her life, in spite, or perhaps in consequence, of his study of Freudian literature, does not suggest any profound mastery of psychology; for the personal and unsupported view of either one man or one woman presented as a proved doctrine as to what men or women *en masse* do or do not, should or should not, seek, for the profit of their souls, is entirely valueless as a contribution to the philosophy of sex.

May I recommend to Mr. Booth and others M. Paul Bureau's admirable book *D'Indiscipline des Mœurs*, translated into English with an introduction by Dame Mary Scharlieb and called *Towards Moral Bankruptcy*? If he had read and assimilated this masterly sociological work he would not have delivered himself of the mischievous opinion that 'no one with any knowledge of the world would expect men to remain in a state of complete celibacy during a postponement of marriage.' The incontestable benefits of chastity are set forth in this volume, indorsed by the greatest names in science and medicine throughout the world. The late Sir Andrew Clark, M.D., F.R.S., etc., in a lecture at Oxford University said:

Continence does no harm, does not interfere with the development, elevates the whole nature, increases energy, and sharpens insight. To say the contrary is not only an error, but a cruelty; not only wrong, but mischievous.

Sir W. R. Gowers, M.D., F.R.S., in a lecture to the Medical Society of London, said:

The opinions which on grounds falsely called 'physiological' suggest or permit unchastity are terribly prevalent among young men [this was in 1889], but they are absolutely false. . . . With all the force that any knowledge I possess and any authority I have can give, I assert that no man ever yet was in the slightest degree or way the worse for continence or the better for incontinence.

I could quote endlessly to the same effect. Why, then, should men not be 'expected' to do what is best for themselves? And why, if it is admitted that 'most of them' will not even try to do so (which I believe to be utterly untrue), should Mr. Booth

expect women to base their outlook and regulate their conduct from the point of view of this benighted portion of the male population? M. Bureau, to the study of whose book I so earnestly commend Mr. Booth's attention, is by no means a feminist; but neither is he, as Mr. Booth proves himself to be, a 'masculinist,' if one may so describe the person who thinks that life, laws, and above all the 'feminine element,' is, always has been, and always will be, regulated by a Divine Providence solely for the comfort, convenience, and 'happiness' (such as he understands it) of 'the man' or, as Mr. Booth prefers more grandiloquently but not more convincingly to put it, 'all that the feminine element means for his mental and emotional life'! If all parents and all the young men and young women prepared to go forth into the world would also equip themselves with the fundamental truths contained in M. Bureau's book, the pitiable 'young woman of twenty' who announced that she 'might marry but would not have any children' would hardly exist, nor would the 'illuminating correspondence in a leading London daily paper,' the editor of which invited unmarried women and girls 'to state their reasons for remaining unmarried,' have produced the flimsy pretexts contained in the letters of the infinitesimal percentage of marriageable women who availed themselves of the invitation. Their answers, however, are now claimed by Mr. Booth's facile method as a proof that modern womanhood, or at least English womanhood, has no sense of women's duty to the community or to the nation! 'The more spiritual aspects of femininity' (of which Mr. Booth must be so excellent a judge) having, therefore, been eliminated from the modern English woman's composition, he can only find them nowadays in 'a good type of French or Italian girl'!

'If the truth were revealed,' says Mr. Booth, 'most men resent strongly the independence of the modern girl, however few of them *have the nerve* to protest against the customs of the day.' This is another good specimen, both in matter and manner, of Mr. Booth's claim to speak for 'most men,' but I wonder if most men would thank him for his assumed authority as their spokesman. These men 'not being absolute fools,' will presently, according to their interpreter, 'begin to ask themselves questions,' of which we are given samples, which make it difficult to distinguish them from what—we have Mr. Booth's word for it—they are not. Having thus made such a travesty of the possible views of his own sex, we cannot expect Mr. Booth to represent women's in a more intelligent manner, and he does not. We are told that '... their [representative feminists'] claim to "the right of self-possession of the married woman" is "a favourite phrase in the literature of the Women's Movement."' I think I

may say that I have read all that is worth reading on this subject (and written some of it !), but I certainly have never come across this meaningless phrase. Does it mean that a married woman claims a right to a self-possessed air? Or does it very badly express the idea that a wife's body should not at all times be subject to the capricious desire of her husband regardless of her own wishes? Logic does not seem to be Mr. Booth's strong point, for he says (if my interpretation of this 'favourite phrase' is the one he intends) that 'it would thus seem that the feminists, if they had their own way, would demand for the woman . . . a position of complete ascendancy in matrimonial life.' It would also seem that Mr. Booth can only imagine either complete slavery or complete ascendancy. Sympathetic understanding, co-operation, give and take, and mutual consideration, are obviously not consciously contributing factors in the 'masculinist's' mental or moral equipment. For their spokesman declares that the 'feminists' doctrine of women's independence . . . strikes a deadly blow, not only at some of the most vital instincts of *masculine human nature*, but at the *natural roots of sex love* and the family' [the italics are mine]. If this were indeed true, the sooner the blow is struck and these 'vital instincts' replaced by something wholesomer, more robust and likelier to survive, the better! It will be seen from the passage just quoted that 'Nature' too is threatened to her roots, together with 'the man's' sanctuary, when women 'have the nerve' (as Mr. Booth would express it), to claim a share in 'human nature' and 'natural' aspirations towards freedom. But at least 'Nature' is not responsible for Mr. Booth's complaint that 'women are flooding the labour markets,' as the proportion of female infants born are only 10 to every 11 of the commoner sex.

If it were not that the article embodying this travesty of the male point of view had appeared in so dignified a publication as the *Nineteenth Century and After* one would be tempted to think that it was intended *as* a travesty, and that only an inadequate sense of humour led one to take it seriously. But whether it is intended as a grave warning or is a successful attempt to show the futility of all opposition to a soaring movement in which, as in everything in the present stage of human development, there must be stupid and ugly phases, Mr. Booth has certainly rendered some slight service to one aspect of the upward march of evolution.

AGNES GROVE.

THE ELEMENT OF CHANCE

SIR CHARLES OMAN has lately come out with the courageous contention that history is cataclysmic and not evolutionary. In face of the facts, it is difficult not to be convinced that he is right. Indeed, the world is beginning to wonder how it could ever have believed that it was run, or might be run, along those mechanical lines which have been flaunted abroad as the passport to salvation. There is always an extra unaccountable spoke in the wheel. Of course the theorists declare that there is a reason even for that, which patient research would discern the means of eliminating. All the facts, however, demonstrate that this vista of well-oiled perfection is only a mirage. Each fresh improvement has its own peculiar parasites which breed restlessness, dissatisfaction and a demand for further improvements.

Big fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em,
And little fleas have lesser fleas, and so *ad infinitum*.

There are, at least, signs that people no longer hope the doctrinaire tenets may be true. Socialism is already becoming obsolete as a creed. Thinking minds have abandoned it, though, doubtless, for many years yet, the rag-pickers of discarded illusions will find savoury tit-bits among the garbage.

Whether a nation could be really happy that had no history—and under the dispensation of the idealists history would cease to be—may well be doubted. In fact, the discontent which is rife to-day among all classes is due to the very absence of history in their lives. They ask, not for a smoother path, but for a more exciting one, and are forced, in default of the real thing, to get their adventures by proxy from a sweepstake or a cinema. The substitution for one routine of another still more stringent would be the very acme of cruelty. What folk clamour for is a chance. The news that history is a pageant of chances, and no mere circular saw, should both console and stimulate. Of late years far too much adulation has been paid to security. The outlook which can envisage nothing beyond an assured, definite, regular, stereotyped wage followed by a clock-work pension is alike unnatural and unsatisfying. We may grumble at the uncertainty of our English climate, but were it worked along the lines of a Factory Act we should not wait to grumble before committing suicide. The spice of life is adventure. The modern tendency to shelter every born creature from the wind on the heath begets

not a competent but a lily-livered race. Risk is always finer than circumspection, and often more advantageous too. 'Take no thought for the morrow' is the saying not only of Goodness but of Wisdom. We have been drugged into believing that security is a fine thing, only to discover that it is a slogan of the effete. Our true hope lies in an occasional rough-and-tumble. Let us strip for it. Like Harry the Fifth, we shall be proud of our scars. As it is, we are only afraid of wounds.

When we come to examine what Chance really stands for, we find it a very exhilarating influence. It is, in fact, 'just that element in life which makes life bearable. Different temperaments view it from different angles and call it by different names. Thus to one it is Providence, to another Destiny, to a third Fate. To everyone its value centres in the fact that it is an unknown quantity. We all rely upon it, though our reliance takes various forms, some so far apart as prayer and gambling. That there is a reason for it, that it *should* be explicable, no one doubts. The point is, that the explanation lies outside our purview, and, however substantial, will never swim into our ken. For every mystery solved two more crop up; and while man may rightly labour for their solution, it must be from love of the labour rather than from any hope of finality. The discoveries of Einstein are showing how ephemeral and approximate are what we believed our most fundamental scientific laws. Progress, in thought or action, to be of any value, must make for greater elasticity, and, with that in our minds, we may think twice and three times before adopting any system, however plausible.

If we ponder for a moment over the really great events of human history, its most memorable discoveries and creations, the outstanding features of its arts and sciences, of its commerce and voyages, of its creeds and charities, of its campaigns and statecraft, all, in fact, which makes us thrill—or, it may be, shudder—with the consciousness of humanity, we shall find, almost without exception, that they are due to that factor which, for present purposes, we will call by the generic name of Chance. Each man can interpret it, in the light of his belief, as divine and beneficent, or dæmonic and malignant, or innate and apathetic. Sufficient that it is incalculable and insuperable. Without these abnormal incidents, which are the landmarks of progress, man would have no history. It is not the systems which make history, but the transitions from one system to another, the upheavals caused by the abandonment of old premisses and standards, the substitution of fresh hopes and ideals. And when we come to search for the origin of these fresh ideals we are completely and inexorably baffled. We may say that they are due to reaction, but we cannot trace the spur to that reaction, or account for its appearance at

that particular moment from that particular quarter. The man and the moment meet; we have to leave it at that. Figures like Cæsar or Charlemagne or Columbus are not explained by the circumstances or environment of their time. It is they who throw light upon their circumstances and environment.

It must not be thought that, because such figures are portentous, they are therefore supernatural; that the laws of life are side-tracked in order to make way for their capers. There is seldom anything noticeably different in kind from their fellows; even saints have passed unrecognised for such in this world. They come into the world and live in and pass from it, subject to all the rules and regulations of mortality. Beyond occasional eccentricities—which, being also within the province of professors and profligates, deans and degenerates, alike, mark nothing except departure from a hypothetical norm—they give no sign that they are in conflict with immutable decrees. Often they catch the same omnibus every morning and evening, and share the life of the average man. They are not beings of another order suddenly discharged upon this globe, but prime specimens of the same earthly genus, for whose appearance no known laws of cross-breeding can account. But their difference of degree, *in conjunction with their place and period*—that is to say, together with the essential scope which was, presumably, one of the ingredients in their nativity—is so pronounced as to be phenomenal. They do not break laws, but serve to show that our conception of laws was provincial and incomplete. We have to revise our conceptions in order to find a place for them, sometimes even abandoning a whole scheme to build anew. We do not doubt that their procession is orderly, requiring the same chain of causes and occasions as is apportioned to every atom and electron that ever was or will be. But they mark a stage or juncture or climax in that chain which is so outstanding that all the causes and occasions needful to bring about its appearance are lost in the unfathomable abysses of eternity. Chance is a proof, not of disorder in the universe, but of ignorance in man. It is a legitimate term for ignorant man to use.

The familiar stories about swinging lamps, falling apples, and boiling kettles illustrate just how fantastically haphazard, from our restricted but inevitable point of view, is the first opening along a new pathway. Admittedly, it needs a Galileo, a Newton, a Watt to appreciate the full significance of such events. But they are every-day and patent occurrences which must have frequently happened in the presence of men whose mental calibre should have been equally capable of drawing the same pertinent conclusions. We can say more. Newton must have seen a thousand objects drop before the apple which raised his famous

train of thought. How or why that particular apple at that particular moment should have earned the privilege we do not, and never shall, know. It fitted in, no doubt, with the Scheme of Things; but that expression of humble trust cannot assist us in assigning it to any other category than that of Chance. We could never arrange for a repetition of such an event; it transcends our forethought and circumspection. The predisposing causes and occasions—which unquestionably exist—would land us in ramifications stretching back into the void. We can count more or less upon hatching a sitting of eggs, but not an event like that, which is an historical event. History, in fact, consists of the inexplicable. That is its charm. There is another charm in trying to unravel it, but that is the charm of all man's labours, the struggle against unknown forces. For every mystery solved two more crop up. Even the immobility of Napoleon softened before the sight of the stars in heaven.

It might be thought that these heroes, these protagonists in the struggle, could throw some light upon their method of procedure. But their confessions, where available, only serve to make matters dimmer still. They consider themselves generally as Men of Destiny. Napoleon could explain his plan of campaign, but not why he was the leader of it. Historians may assert, as indeed he did himself, that ability had earned him that leadership, but not why or whence his ability had come. Physiology may attribute that ability to certain convolutions in the brain, but cannot trace the origin of those convolutions. Eugenists may contend that they were due to his parents, but cannot convince us why his parents mated. Always we are faced by an interminable voyage into infinity. So staggered are these men at times, especially in retrospect, by their own achievements that they can scarcely believe themselves responsible. 'That was genius,' is their own comment, as if to dissociate themselves from it. They believe themselves overpowered by an influence which we call Inspiration, a word that is the standing proof of our bewilderment. The old invocation to the muses was more than a polite fiction or convenient opening sentence. It was a confession that the poet was only an agent without the power of initiative, but retaining, of course, a measure of response. How involuntary sometimes that power can be, how intermittent it often is, can be read in the life of almost any poet. The various expedients and subterfuges adopted, with various degrees of success—such as walking in circles, staring at a fixed point, drinking port, taking laudanum, stuffing rotten apples into drawers—in order to induce an inspired state, did not enable them to acquire or identify the power, but only, as they hoped, to secure contact with it. Their aim in every case was the same,

to banish their workaday self and leave free scope and passage for the inexplicable. All the rotten apples in the world will not make a man a poet, but they may possibly aid a man who is one.

Clearing the mind of a problem and sleeping over it are two of the commonest means of attaining the same end—the discovery of an object by deliberate abandonment of all search for it. It is not only abnormal folk who thus find themselves confronted by the insufficiency of their wills. Everyone must have experienced how, after constant endeavours have failed to locate or summon a desired end and the search has been renounced in despair, the solution has suddenly appeared, unheralded, unsought, even unwanted, out of a clear sky. This is not only true of transitory thoughts and ideas, where rest following upon weariness of mind might at times afford an explanation, but of steadfast, tangible objects. I can give recent instances occurring on two successive days. I was using a faulty seccateur, and the nut loosened, causing both itself and the bolt to fall into some long grass beneath. In each case the bolt was easy enough to recover, but the smaller nut completely baffled both sight and touch, though my feet had not stirred from the spot and I knew it must be within a radius of a few inches. In each case, after prolonged search, I resigned hope, went away, forgot it, and then later in the evening invoked chance. I returned as near to the spot as I could guess (not having marked it, rather foolishly perhaps) and threw the seccateur into the air. In each case it fell and lay almost side by side with the missing nut. That such good luck should have been mine twice running may seem almost incredible: I confess I did not feel like risking it a third time, and ceased to use the tool. But in the light of such happenings, trivial as they may be, the much-vaunted potentialities of will and judgment, thoroughness and common-sense, begin to pale their ineffectual fires. The psychologist will probably say that I was only being led by my sub-conscious self. Let us see whether a new classification and a subtler nomenclature really enlighten us in the very least.

What caused Milton to write his *Areopagitica*? Was it a desire to ennoble the English language? Or to strike a blow for freedom of speech? Or to defend his personal attitude towards divorce and a seventeen-year-old wife? But for his marriage he would have had no need, but for his ambition he would have had no wish, but for his gifts he would have had no power, to defend himself. Does the calling of any of these reasons 'sub-conscious' help us for a moment to determine why Milton wrote his work? We cannot affirm priority of purpose for any one of them. If the immediate cause of his desire for self-defence was the attack upon his attitude towards divorce, was not the desire to write an *innate*

cause, and the desire for fame an *inherent* one? Pique, bravura, nobility, they are all inextricably interwoven. He was in a temper at having to write, thankful for an opportunity of writing, hopeful for the consequences of having written. Unravel the skein, and the personality of Milton evanesces. By putting him into three separate glass jars we do not explain—we merely dissect him; in fact, we lose him. And when you tell me that I sub-consciously threw the seccateur on to the lost nut you are putting a figment into my place. My act was determined, not by a fragmentary portion of myself, but rather by the combination of a myriad reasons. First there was Curiosity: I had heard before of such things happening, and wanted to see whether they were true. Then there was Incredulity: I did not believe that such things happened, and wanted to prove that they did not. Thirdly, Hope: I prayed that such things might happen, because I badly wanted the nut. Fourthly, Despair: no harm could be done, and there seemed nothing else to do. These four reasons alone may be so mutually incompatible as to be in theory irrational, but the fact remains that they all worked together and worked successfully. To them must be added all the antecedents which went to the formation of my character and temperament; all the antecedents of the ironmonger from whom I bought the seccateur, of the workman who made it and the firms who marketed it; of the landlady whose hedge I was trimming at the moment; and all the obviously countless antecedents which caused me to lose the nut in the first instance. Imagination boggles at a line reaching out to the crack of doom. But if you ask what was the *real* reason for my finding the nut, I reply: It was in order that I might use the incident in this article, which at that time I had not the remotest intention of writing. Chorus frantically shouts that I am confusing cause and effect. But is it really so simple as that? Priority in time does not necessarily mark priority of purpose, since we can only glimpse Time, which is dynamic, from our own little static standpoint. Because the opening sentence of this article stands first, it does not follow that it was conceived first. It is first in the reader's eyes, but may not have been so in the writer's mind. And so with the incident of the nut and its use in this article (where I am no longer in the writer's position, but the reader's), one certainly happened to me first; but who shall say which was first designed in the womb of things?

The psychologist's claim for sub-consciousness is not necessarily wrong: it is simply not helpful. But we may profitably probe the matter a little deeper, because it throws a flicker of light on the problem of free-will. Chance does not absolve a man from self-possession. There is always left to him the option of

response and reaction to whatever form the inexplicable influence may take. No man is dragooned by Chance: it is his counsellor, not his dictator, an opportunity, not a gag. The most startling revelations of the sub-conscious self take place during seances, or under religious possession. A process which is always at work unperceived by us then comes to the surface. It is no extraneous faculty beckoned in from without, but a hitherto latent force now dominant and revealed. The novelty lies not in its working, which is continuous, but in our ability to perceive it at work. But even in such cases where the medium is at the mercy of the invader, whether good or bad, the consent of the medium must have first been gained to go under trance and admit the power. Some have deliberately turned aside from such experiences, through fear or humility or sound sense. Their conscious self refuses to let the sub-conscious take the upper hand. And so in daily life when men feel those strange promptings or inklings which the psychologist calls sub-conscious, they are at liberty to hearken to them or not. Newton need not have followed up the train of thought suggested by the apple; Napoleon need not have assumed the rank of Emperor; Milton need never have put pen to paper. The chance is offered and accepted or refused. That type of Chance (which is the historical form of opportunity) is easily recognisable as such because so much has turned upon the decision. But there is, in reality, endless scope for Chance, and the greater the scope the greater the fruitfulness and versatility of life. Numberless legitimate chances are thrown aside every day by men who have not the courage to come out of the ruck and take the risk. They are afraid of making history, or, as they would call it, breaking conventions.

We might almost lay it down as a golden rule that any masterpiece is the result of adventure, not of forethought, and that the man who knows in advance what he is going to do, is going to do nothing worth while. The hero walks by faith. He goes out to curse and finds a blessing set upon his lips. We have only to read the early passages of such familiar books as *Pickwick* or *Don Quixote* to realise that the characters as finally evoked are wholly different from the mechanical buffoons first conceived by their authors. After half a dozen chapters it is no longer Dickens or Cervantes, but their own creations, who guide the pen. How or why or when their first intentions occurred to the writers we do not know—nor, perhaps, did they. But we can see that their aims were originally just comic, and did not approach the 'pathetic grotesque.' Quite possibly the authors sat down trusting to chance to finish the book, with a general idea of being as funny or humorous as their moods allowed. They had more of a mind to the adventures which should befall their heroes than to their

characterisation. They thought their business was to make something up, but found, instead, that it was to unveil something already there. Dickens and Cervantes might have carried out their first intentions and left us with a couple of clowns, but they had the good sense (or shall we say good luck?) to correspond with the light offered them. Instances are frequent of novelists converting an intended happy ending into a tragic one, and *vice versa*. To this day it is disputed whether the end of *Richard Feverel* is or is not 'wrong.' That the question could arise at all implies a unity about the book which is possibly endangered. It shows that the Idea of the story is apprehended differently by minds gifted with rarer or denser insight. Aesthetically, one end or the other must be inevitable, but an author's fidelity to that truth is by no means inevitable.

This will be obvious from a consideration of exactly what creative thought has to do. Genius was defined by F. W. H. Myers as 'a power of appropriating the results of subliminal mentation, to subserve the supraliminal stream of thought.' That is only another way of saying that it is the power of finding an image for an Idea. An Idea, *per se*, is formless. It is intangible, inapprehensible, unintelligible, until it has been clothed in form, fitly expressed in an image. It is a potential space round which the line is to be drawn that defines a circle. It was there always, but only then comes into being. The genius is not creating what he sees, but what he cannot see until created. He works from darkness into light. The difficulty is one of transferring an idea from one plane of thought to another of a wholly different nature. Nor is the *limen* a mere barrier, which can be pierced or scaled or removed, between an actual field and the idea of one. Here at least we have two given terms side by side. But in the case of creative thought only one is given at a time. They cannot exist side by side or superimposed, one upon the other. A transmutation rather than a transition takes place, a transmutation involving the whole gulf between Infinity and the finite.

This may be made clearer by reference to actual life. Of all the types of men whose accomplishments are a standing witness of this 'subliminal' power probably the musician is the most remarkable. When the mood of composition is upon him he is often a forlorn or frenzied creature. Ask him where his inspiration came from: he has not the ghost of an idea; it just came into his head. Ask him what it is like, and he will tell you that it is because he does not know what it is like that he is trying to express it. If he knew already, expression would be superfluous. He does not hear fairy strains which he merely scribbles into chords and crotchets: he hears nothing. Something vague and inchoate rises up in him, demanding that it be given form. Like

a woman in travail, he cannot foresee what will be the nature of his offspring, whether male or female, whether still-born, hale or crippled. But give birth to it he must. He is after something, he knows not what; he must put himself into its power, before it will consent to be imprisoned. He is engaged in a struggle with Proteus. He is perplexed not only as to an image for the Idea, but as to the Idea itself. He is impelled by a force he cannot identify towards a goal of which he has never heard.

But though the image is alone communicable, and is the only proof vouchsafed us that a struggle took place, the Idea is not only a real thing but *the* real thing. It is no mere first draft or nucleus of the image, but is itself self-comprised. This is shown by the disappointment and even despair which follows on the conclusion of the artist's work. He knows that his effort is only an approximation to the Idea, and is never satisfied with it. He can succeed in communicating his image, but he has failed, in a greater or less degree, to communicate the Idea which prompted it. Were his image the mere transcription of another image, the interpretation, for instance, of thought or emotion into forms of sound, or the incomplete fulfilment of a central theme, his task would be easier and happier. He would know where he was and be able to put his finger on the weak spot, even if he could not correct it. But the Prototype has fled, and memory is powerless to recall it. It has left nothing behind save the realisation that it has been wretchedly enshrined, not even a criterion by which to judge the measure of wretchedness. Of one thing only can the artist feel certain, that, whatever portion of his mentality was engaged, he was not responsible for the initiative, the Idea, though he is only too conscious of being accountable for the image. Tell him that his work is a masterpiece, and he will laugh at you. He has been conscious of Something which he can never communicate, and in the light of That, not of your approbation, it stands judged and condemned. However obscure his scrutiny of the darkness may have been, it was brighter and rarer than this petty travesty which remains as his nearest interpretation of it. The goal for ever evades, but the quest for ever calls him; he must up and set to again. No birth-control for him! Cézanne would fling canvas after canvas under the nearest hedge in successive fruitless efforts to translate reality into terms of colour.

Yet it is just these works, whether of Action, Thought or Imagination, that seemed failures to their authors, that the world comes most to value. We prefer them—rugged, stunted, mutilated as they are—to all the placid lucubrations of facility. Before them we feel ourselves in the presence of the ampler influence of Personality. They give us that one thing which, in a world of institutes and time-tables, we crave above all others, a glimpse of the Immeasurable. They help us to realise that true and lasting

content springs not from self-sufficiency, but from wonder. They fire us with enthusiasm for the human race, whereas to-day we are prone to despair of any purpose for which the human race could have been evolved. We cannot hope to propagate heroes artificially, but we can at least prevent potentialities from being stifled and strangled in the swaddling-bands of mediocrity. Let us give a man the chance of proving his worth. It may not be great, but at least it is his own, and to that extent unique, irreplaceable, invaluable. The bad old days at least permitted a man, if he was born with a silver spoon, whether original or hereditary, to use it; to-day we are all to be choked with the same leaden communal ladle. Under trade union conditions a man is no longer an individual, but a unit, a mere cog in a wheel. He has no longer a country of which to be proud or fond: in its place is a pick-pocket State which interferes with every moment of his life, and reduces that life to the level of an ant's existence. The business of a Government is not to plague a man as often as possible, but to leave him just scope for living his own life, for getting into contact with the element of Chance as often as he can, or as much as he wills. To-day, instead of making it permissible for a man to clear his own path, the only one along which he can do justice to himself or his fellows, we go out of our way, at enormous expense, to set the feet of forty millions on the same highly-polished, meaningless, concrete surface. A man's enemy now is not his master, but his fellows. We pine for heroes and are drilled into uniformity; we flatter Demos and hunger for Aristocracy; we extol freedom and enthrone tyranny.

But the tyranny of the proletariat and its effort to run man along text-book grooves are doomed not only in decent opinion but also by natural laws. In themselves are the seeds of destruction. Theory, physical or political, may discern a hundred thousand laws, but is powerless to frustrate one. The attempt to eliminate Chance is an attempt to hoodwink Nature. But Nature calls the bluff. She has done so in the past: she will always do so. Ease begets apathy, and the end of security is extinction. That is why history is cataclysmic.

PENRHYN CHAVE.

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THE PROGRESS OF WAR

TO-DAY every good European is at heart sick of war, and many are downcast at the thought that the last great war, which humanitarians believed to be a war to end war, has left Europe as much an armed camp as she was in 1914. Yet these good Europeans, though they are ever eager to limit armaments and are ever groping for a moral equivalent for war, fail to see that, unless the nature of war can be changed, no such equivalent can be established; consequently, that when the next war is declared, or more probably not declared, irrespective of the armaments used, it is likely to be as devastating as the last war, and possibly even more 'frightful' and destructive.

To my mind, the military problem which faces Europe to-day is not the abolition of war, or even the prevention of war, but the inevitability of war, for she is still in much the same condition

as the Greeks were in after the Peloponnesian War—that is, though exhausted, Europe is a divided and truculent continent. If this is a correct judgment, then it seems to me that the only course open to Europeans is to attempt to ameliorate the traditional methods of war, for, unless these methods are changed for the better, the next war will be no less wasteful and brutal than the last.

THE ETHICS OF WAR

There are several ways a writer can approach this subject. He can be purely dramatic—painting lurid pictures—or he can be meticulously scientific—deducing effect from cause. I do not propose to follow either of these courses, for, in place, I intend to make my base of action the human side of war, for war is a matter of men attempting to gain their end by violent action in place of competition, compromise, or argument.

To focus the future of war we must not only understand its history, but also its nature, and only when we do understand its nature can we attempt to devise an instrument of war which is likely to prove economical in the future.

The average person looks upon war, and even the idea of war, with horror, and never more so than after a great war has been fought. He cannot see that the forces of war and the forces of peace are the forces of life—the vitality of existence running, not in divergent directions, but, like a river, along one course, which in places has been banked up by peaceful artifices, whilst in others it has not. He does not understand that the weakness of the banks, just as much as the force of the stream, is responsible for such floodings as may occur, and that if all the water is cut off the banks themselves become but monuments of wasted toil.

The average person looks upon war as an end in itself, and not as a means to an end. I do not. I look upon war as I look upon fire or any other thing man employs in order to live and progress, not as 'good' or 'evil' *per se*, but as 'force' expressing itself benevolently or malevolently *according to the will of man*.

Fire can preserve or destroy according to how it is used, and its use depends on our intelligence. It is not fire which is wrong, or war which is wrong, but intelligence which is faulty. Change the mind of man, and the character of war will be changed; it will never be changed by abolishing weapons, or restricting their manufacture, or by preaching the horror of their use. It was not until men abolished the mediæval conception of the devil that the world became a moral habitation, and, in my opinion, it will not be until we cease looking on war with horror that we shall moralise fighting. This, then, is my starting point: war is a good thing in good hands, and a bad thing in bad.

THE OBJECT OF WAR

On the statue of General Sherman in Washington the following words may be read: '*The legitimate object of war is a more perfect peace.*' These words form the keystone to my entire theory. If the state of peacefulness following a war is better than that preceding it, then the war waged is a righteous war; if not, then it is unrighteous, for it is the end which sanctifies or damns the means.

Discontent with a state of peacefulness is the cause of war. Discontent may be warranted or unwarranted; this does not matter, for discontent remains discontent. A warranted discontent is, in my opinion, one arising out of a threat to national existence, and this threat may operate in one or all of three spheres. It may be a threat to liberty, or to prosperity, or to security. We thus obtain three forms of discontent—an ethical, an economic, and a military form. Combined, these constitute the political object of a war, the gaining of which is attempted by force.

DEMOCRACY AND WAR

The influence of modern democracy on war—and by modern I mean since the French and Industrial Revolutions—has not, so I feel, been generally grasped by soldiers. One hundred and fifty years ago practically every European nation was self-contained as regards supplies, and autocratic, or semi-autocratic, as regards government. Then came the French Revolution, which by overthrowing feudalism, or the semi-feudal conditions then existing, placed liberty on a higher pedestal. Simultaneously the unleashing of steam-power caused a rapid increase in population, and, a little later on, a close dependence of nations on each other's ideals and economic resources. These changes compelled us to turn from agriculture to industry, and forced the French to evolve from a military nation into a political one. In a century and a half, amongst the greater nations, the means and outlook of civilisation have completely changed, yet the means of war have changed little, and the outlook on war still less, for even to-day it is much as it was in the age of Napoleon.

In wars of the past, violence was mainly directed against groups of armed men, and punishment was meted out by death, robbery and slavery. The result of this was that destruction, in one form or another, became the one aim and object of the soldier. Even to-day he does not yet see that though these means were legitimate during the feudal era, and are still so against feudal or tribal peoples, they are no longer legitimate when wars are waged between democratic nations, because these nations are so interwoven ethically and economically that to destroy life and property

weakens the ultimate victor, though not as much as the vanquished. Ethically it weakens him by rendering him barbarous and vindictive, economically by loss of markets and the general dislocation of trade.

This is not the place for me to attempt to trace the evolution of those ethical and economical influences which have so vastly changed the social outlook of nations during the last 150 years. But the point I wish to accentuate is that our method of war remains what von Clausewitz called the 'absolute method'—that is, war in which the destruction of the enemy is the object; it belongs to the age of 'absolute government.'

If an object-lesson is required in order to show how antiquated this method is, then all that we need do is to turn to Europe and look at her. The desire of every thinking man is the establishment of a contented and prosperous Continent, that is, a better state of peacefulness than now exists. Yet the existing state is not only the result of a war which was controlled by the ideal of von Clausewitz, but the offspring of the international neurosis which this war induced among the contending nations. This condition, and not the will of any individual or group of men, fashioned the Treaty of Versailles, a Treaty redolent with envy, selfishness, and vindictiveness. Morally it was a throw-back to feudal times, and its appearance is rendered still more hideous by the fact that we see it reflected against a democratic background. It has not given us a more perfect peace, but a less perfect peace; consequently the object gained by the recent war has proved illegitimate.

THE MILITARY PROBLEMS

How are we to change this sorry state of affairs? What must we do to raise war out of the feudal cockpit and place it on a democratic footing? How are we going, not to abolish, but to civilise war? These are the supreme military problems which to-day confront all democratic nations, and if they are not solved before the next cataclysm engulfs Europe, Europe will once again be bled white ethically and economically, and we shall be no better off after the next peace treaty than we are to-day after the last.

The first point we must make certain of is that it is totally useless attempting to convert the masses of mankind by logic, for the masses remain stably unintelligent, cowardly and brutal. Yet they have one great virtue: they are prone to imitate; and imitation in the intellectual struggle for existence is what adaptation is in the physical. From this comparison we can deduce an important fact, namely, that it is environment which will effect the change.

Modern democracy dates from the French and Industrial

Revolutions. Each of these stupendous upheavals was caused, not by the masses, but by ideas engendered by a *handful* of men: Voltaire, Condorcet and Rousseau, on the one hand; Watt, Fulton and Stephenson, on the other—to name just a few typical individuals. These two groups, representing spirit and steam, revolutionised the nineteenth century; they produced an environment which to-day has so saturated us that we can scarcely think a political thought or touch a tangible object the source of which is not traceable to the work and ideals of these illustrious few.

Now to turn to war. Napoleon, the Mahomet of modern military thought, was never the true child of the Revolution that he is so often proclaimed to be. Up to the battle of Jena he was the instrument of the Revolution; he played havoc with feudalism and ploughed Europe for the seed of democracy; but after Jena he threw back direct to the tyrants of antiquity, to Dionysius, Agathocles and others, but his genius obliterated this fact.

If now we wish to change the nature of war and get rid of its barbarous and destructive tendencies, we must first set the ideal of absolute war aside. We must dethrone Napoleon the prophet and his high-priest, von Clausewitz, and must breathe into war the spirit of humanity and the energy of science, and militarily try and catch up, by a process of rapid transformation, with the position democracy has arrived at to-day. War must be democratised; and what does this mean? It means that it must be given a new instrument and a new discipline

THE INFLUENCE OF THE INSTRUMENT

The military discipline of to-day is still largely the physical discipline of Frederick, toned down by the moral discipline of Sir John Moore and others. It is still, in the main, the discipline of implicit obedience, and must remain so as long as hordes of men are moved into battle like droves of kine.

To attempt to maintain this existing instrument and change its discipline can only lead to anarchy; consequently change of the instrument must precede any such attempt.

Turn to the last war, and we see armies even larger than the fabulous hordes of Xerxes and Darius—we see millions and millions of men; this is its main characteristic. We see the total impossibility of genius exerting control over these masses. We see the insuperable difficulties of supplying them. We see their enormous vulnerability to fire power, and we see that, like swarms of locusts, they not only destroy the enemy's country, but deplete the resources of their own. I cannot understand how any nation now or in the future, if faced by similar forces, is going to attain

the legitimate object of war with the present instruments of destruction.

Turn back 2250 years and examine what happened to the horde armies of those days.

At Issus Alexander, with 35,000 men, routs Darius, with 600,000; at Arbela, with 47,000 men, he again routs him—and this time Darius is reputed to have had 1,000,000; at the Hydaspes he destroys 45,000 Indians under Porus, with 14,000 men. The scientifically organised, well-armoured, superbly disciplined, highly offensive and wonderfully mobile *little* army invariably destroys the *horde*. Numbers and mass are worth nothing when pitted against genius and an instrument which genius *can* wield.

What, then, is the lesson? It is this: if in the next great war a country of the size of Belgium can produce military genius, and can provide this genius with an instrument as superior to the modern horde army as Alexander's army was superior to the Persian and Indian droves, Belgium could rout an army similar to the one Germany possessed in 1914, or 1918, and drive it over the Urals. Is this possible? Let us look around and see.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE INSTRUMENT ON STRATEGY

There are to-day four factors in war which hit us between the eyes, and hit us so hard that ninety out of every hundred fighting men can scarcely see their true influence. These are—the aeroplane, gas, the tank, and the submarine.

I do not intend here to examine the characteristics of these arms, as they are, or should be, well known; instead, I will examine their influence on existing fighting forces.

First I will turn to Europe, and more particularly England, because, in spite of the innumerable wars in which England in the past has fought, the stability of British power is the axle-pin of European peace.

This may seem a little boastful; but it is not so, for our geographical position places us so completely outside the immediate turmoil of the Continent that hitherto we have been able to choose our partners as we liked. The seas which surround us have not only protected our liberties, but simultaneously have compelled us, especially in recent years, to take a keen interest in European affairs. As long as our command of the seas was maintained invasion was impossible, yet this very command meant that our land forces must remain weak, not only because the people, unthreatened as they have been, saw no necessity for a large army, but because, had we added such an army to our all-powerful fleet, we should have threatened the existence of

every Continental nation, and by so doing have forced them to enter into coalition against us.

Possessing but a small army, we have been compelled to seek some powerful ally abroad in order to bring our influence to bear on European affairs; but as to ally ourselves with the most powerful country would not effect this end, we have consistently sided with the second most powerful. By supporting the second strongest against the first we have been able with a large measure of success to maintain prolonged periods of peace in Europe through what is known as the Balance of Power. To-day this balance no longer exists, since France, the second most powerful Continental nation in 1914, has risen to first place.

For peace to be maintained in Europe, as long as Europe is a congeries of independent and unfederated nations, our only hope is to re-establish this balance, not for English prosperity only, but to gain sufficient time wherein European nations generally may turn from preparations for the next war to the study of the nature of war, and so arrive at a more rational conception of its use.

The establishment of this balance is far from being solely a diplomatic question, for it is largely a human question, a question of things as well as of dodges, a question every human being can see and understand. It is this common-sense idea which I will now examine.

Hitherto the sea has been the foundation of our strategy. The sea, as long as we held command of it, has protected us against invasion; it has enabled us to draw upon three-quarters of the world for supplies, but it has frequently prevented us landing our army on the shores of a hostile country. The sea it is which has given a protective complexion to our strategy and which has forced our foreign policy to dominate our politics, for we must have some Continental ally if only to land an army in Europe. And without this power to land an army we cannot guarantee the maintenance of the Balance of Power.

The submarine has undermined the economic if not the naval foundations of our sea-wall. It has placed in the hands of our enemies a powerful economic weapon which can directly attack our overseas trade, and in spite of our command of the sea. In illustration I will examine a few possible, though improbable, contingencies. If in a war with France or the United States either of these countries obtained submarine control of our trade routes for a few weeks, we should be starved into submission. With a similar means almost any of the Mediterranean countries—Spain, Italy, or Turkey—could make the Mediterranean so dangerous for our trade that this route as a commercial channel would be blocked. A submarine combination of Italy and France

or of Spain and the United States, might easily prove our ruin. Silently the submarine will exert even a greater influence, I think, on our foreign policy, than surface craft have done in the past, for every year our overseas trade is becoming more and more vital to our existence. The submarine is, in fact, forcing us willy-nilly to think in terms of the maintenance of peace.

What does this mean? It means that with both the United States and France we must be on friendly terms. With the United States the establishment of a firm friendship should offer no real difficulty, since this great republic has nothing to fear from us or Europe, and in our turn we have nothing to fear from the United States. With France the problem is more difficult, for though France must realise that our support is a guarantee of her integrity, she cannot be certain of gaining it. Further, her military interests are so essentially European, her frontiers being so liable to invasion, that whilst we want a strong Europe to establish European peacefulness she wants a weak Europe to guarantee French security.

Granted surface command of the sea and protection to our overseas trade, the people of this country have nothing to fear as regards invasion. As this security has been maintained for 250 years, our military policy has during this period been weak and slothful. We have always realised that, even if we begin a great war without an army or with a weak one, as long as our command of the sea is assured, we can build up a strong one, either to assist in this command or to frustrate a foreign Power obtaining resources which might undermine it. Curious as it may seem, in the last war our land operations against Germany and her allies were not only rendered possible because we held command of the sea, but their ultimate aim was to guarantee this command. It was the German fleet which brought us into the war, because it threatened our naval supremacy, which was the shield of our liberty.

To-day we can be attacked from the air, and both our Army and Navy are next to useless as protective services, since they are tied to land and sea. Here our main protection becomes our Air Force. If this force cannot obtain command of the air the nerves of our people are laid bare to the enemy, and it is possible that intensive bombing of our great cities and industrial centres might bring the nation to its knees; but far more probable is this eventuality should this attack follow on the heels of an economic blockade.

An air threat alone is not one which need perturb us, but if combined with an economic blockade it becomes full of alarming possibilities. Here again not only the friendship but the integrity of France as a great and powerful nation is essential to our own security, for, though a war between France and ourselves is a

most improbable contingency, unless France is strong the independence of Holland and Belgium cannot be guaranteed. Should these countries fall under the dominion of Germany we would at once be laid open to the possibilities of a combined aerial and economic attack.

We thus arrive at the following conclusions: Command of the sea is still vital to our existence, but this command no longer solely depends on fleet actions, but on the denial of hostile submarine and aircraft bases within striking distance of Great Britain and our main trade routes. This condition is as essential to our security as a strong frontier is to the security of France, and, curious as it may seem, unless the security of France is guaranteed there can be no assurance that our own will not be threatened. As we cannot agree to a dismemberment of Germany, even if such were possible, we have bound ourselves to come to the assistance of France if attacked. This in itself is not, however, sufficient, since our existing Regular Army possesses little offensive power against the similarly constituted larger conscript armies of the Continent.

If this Army is mechanised it at once becomes a formidable weapon, and we, being the leading industrial nation in the Old World, are better able than any other to effect this change. If Continental armies follow suit, and raise large mechanised forces (and the size of these forces will depend not so much on population as on industrial potentialities and fuel supply), though they may in size exceed our own, they are unlikely to be as efficient. More important still, the expense of creating and maintaining them will not permit of these countries simultaneously attempting to gain command of the sea or air. Our military policy should be to mechanise, if only to force the greater Powers to follow suit.

In the past our immunity against sea, and consequently land, attack has not only depended on the size and efficiency of our Navy, but on the amount of money the Continental Powers were compelled to spend on their land forces. In the future, this, I think, will hold good directly Germany can mechanise her army, for then the mutual jealousies between her and her neighbours will compel all these nations to spend the major portion of their revenues on their land forces. When this healthy condition is re-established we can once again hold the balance between the competing parties. Nothing is more detrimental to the security of these islands, or to the general stability of Europe, than to forbid Germany freedom to modernise her army, for as long as Germany remains weak we shall be suspicious of French power, and as long as we are we shall fail to realise that, whilst in 1914 the far side of the Channel and the North Sea was our constituted frontier, to-day, on account of aircraft and submarine, we must push

out much of this frontier to the Rhine. All this may seem to be a paradox; and it is one if it be not realised that the pivot of our strategy is the balancing of power between Continental nations and not the denying of it to some and winking at it in others.

We thus see—and I could write a great deal more on this subject—that changes in the military instrument are pronouncedly influencing strategy, and, though the principles of war remain unchanged, the stupendous changes which are taking place in the conditions which will surround the next war demand an entire recasting of the methods of applying these principles.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE INSTRUMENT ON TACTICS

From the strategical aspect of this subject I will turn to the tactical, which is equally immense and all-embracing. Our starting point is: that man lives on the land, and that it is consequently there he must be defeated. This rules out the Navy, save as an economic weapon, and leaves us with the Army and the Air Force.

It is conceivable that an air force, especially if it uses gas as a weapon, may be able to demoralise a nation so completely that it will force it to sue for peace. This aspect I have already dealt with; but, supposing the enemy to be strong in the air, such action will carry with it immense risks, for within a month of the opening of hostilities the casualties in aircraft will total something like 50 per cent. Unless the industrial resources of a country can make good this wastage as it occurs, this form of attack, should it fail, will be disastrous to the side depending on it.

Accepting this possibility, and not wishing to risk its occurrence, we are left with a combined land and air attack. In this combination there are certain difficulties. The first is that aircraft can move at a speed of 150 miles an hour, and existing armies at about three; the second is that aircraft are dependent for their mobility on their landing grounds and ground organisation.

If land and air could move together at an equal speed, both these difficulties would be overcome. We cannot hope for so close a co-operation, even if we mechanise our Army. Yet there is this saving clause: as the true mobility of an army is the rate of movement of its supply columns, so also is the true mobility of an air force the rate of movement of its ground organisation, and as this will have to be moved forward on wheels or tracks, there is no reason why a mechanically organised army should not attain a similar speed. Granted this mutual mobility, the question now arises, what will its influence be on tactics?

Before examining this problem I will turn to war as it is

to-day, for this will enable me to strike a comparison. On the land we have three main arms—artillery, infantry, and cavalry. Artillery forms the base of infantry action, and infantry of cavalry action. Tactics are linear—that is to say, the enemy's offensive line, which, like a shield, protects his communications, has to be broken by a frontal, flank, or rear attack, and until it is broken there is little possibility of attacking his communications and his base. If a mechanical arm be added to this army, such as a tank or an aeroplane, the full powers of such an arm are restricted, as its mobility is limited by that of the old organisation. It can co-operate with the old tactics, but it cannot use the old arms as an efficient base of action.

Now turn to the new instrument—a mechanised army and an air force. The army needs comparatively little protection from the air, as it is armoured, and possibly its machines are also, at least temporarily, gas-proof; it can protect the ground organisation of the air force from land interference as well as attack the enemy's ground organisation. It, in fact, can form a true base for aerial action as efficient as an infantry base was for cavalry action 150 years ago.

The land attack, to a large extent, will be delivered against the ground organisation of the enemy's air force; consequently aerodromes, workshops, and aircraft manufactories will become the main centres of offensive attraction. In the past communications, road and rail, were frequently the strategical objectives of armies; but a mechanical army requires roads and railways to a lesser extent than a present-day army; therefore attacks on aerial bases are likely to become more important than attacks on communications. Once these bases have been captured by combined land and air action, then, and then only, will aircraft carry out the pursuit and attack the will and nerves of the enemy's people by bombing his cities.

In such action as the above we find linear tactics replaced by 'area' tactics, because aircraft can move in three dimensions. Yet aircraft must ultimately descend to earth; consequently we do not find a complete replacement of two dimensional tactics by three, but a combination of these two.

There are visibly scores of other points which will have to be examined before the tactics of the future can be outlined. The crucial factor is mobility, and this factor is being forced on armies by the speed of aircraft. Further, mobility is not dependent on superiority of numbers, but on efficiency; consequently tactics will not so much depend on brute force as on intelligence. If I am right in these speculations then there is no place for existing armies in the wars of the future, except in areas over which mechanical armies cannot operate, and except as police forces

which will take over the conquered territories and administer them. Hordes of infantry cannot face tanks and gas attacks; hordes of infantry are dependent on railways and immense static supply depôts; these are very vulnerable to aerial attack; consequently we may conclude that cavalry, infantry, and artillery, as we know them to-day, have entered the stage of obsolescence.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE INSTRUMENT ON DISCIPLINE

The discipline of the feudal lord was simple and direct; he guaranteed to protect his subjects, and they in turn rendered him allegiance. In theory his word was law, and in battle he was followed by a small band of knights who did the fighting, and a horde of followers who pillaged the land when victory was won, or who, if it were lost, had their throats cut. Gunpowder turned this horde into an army in which implicit obedience to its leader was an essential to success, for the instrument was useless unless it obeyed the hand which wielded it.

With a mechanical army followed by an administrative police force we outwardly return to the organisation of the feudal levy, but inwardly there is a great difference. The feudal knights were often very insubordinate, but in theory they fought under the leadership of one man. In the army of the future the knights will be represented by a number of machines operating at a great speed over a wide and deep area. The slow and considered movements of to-day will no longer be possible; action will have to be immediate, and consequently initiative will have to be of a high order, not only on the part of the leader, but also of the led. To obey the letter of an order will frequently be impossible if not disastrous, and yet to obey the idea underlying the plan is essential. Obedience will consequently depend more on the understanding of the commander's ideas than on carrying out his words; it will therefore have to be far more intelligent than it is to-day. What does this mean? It means that our present system of discipline, which aims at rendering a *group* of men subservient to one individual, will have to be recast and based on the idea of cultivating initiative in the individual, and especially in the subordinate leaders.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE INSTRUMENT ON THE OBJECT

I have already stated that the legitimate object of war is a more perfect peace; in the past some wars have almost attained this ideal, but the majority have not. The ideal of absolute warfare has failed, yet with the weapons at our disposal which form our main instruments of war we have no alternative to offer,

for these weapons are designed purely for destructive purposes. Therefore, if we wish to change this ideal, we must change our instrument, just as the ethical instrument of government 150 years ago was modified by the philosophical and scientific changes typified by the works of Voltaire and James Watt. This change must be made in the direction of humanity and science, and, on first thought, it may be considered that such a change is impossible. If we will adhere to shot and shell, then I maintain that our behaviour is similar to that of a surgeon who refuses to administer an anæsthetic, but if we are willing to change, then impossibility vanishes.

Chemical science introduced not only humanity, but efficiency and economy, into surgery, and I believe that it can do the same in war. I believe that gas as a weapon is the instrument which will humanise war, and consequently democratise and civilise it. I do not believe that it will end all suffering and destruction, or that it will abolish war any more than chloroform and prophylactics have ended human suffering or abolished amputations or surgery. But I do believe that it will mitigate the horrors and destructive propensities of war.

The immense superiority of gas as a weapon over lead and steel is that it can wound without killing, and soon, so I believe, it will be able to cause insensibility without wounding.

The object of war demands the imposition of will on the enemy. The imposition of will does not necessarily demand the destruction of the enemy's body, yet this has been the consistent ideal of the soldier from the earliest ages until to-day. It is a curious fact that whilst in so many qualities man has outgrown the animal stage of evolution, as regards war he still fights with his enemy on the battlefield, just as two dogs fight in the street. Yet it is still more bewildering to see those who pride themselves on being furthest removed from animals damning chemicals as weapons and persisting that, as war cannot be abolished, soldiers must continue to mutilate and slay each other with high explosives and bayonets.

To paralyse an army by chemical action is surely more beneficial to humanity than blowing it to pieces; to send a city to sleep is surely preferable to bombarding it or starving it into surrender, and even to burn a man's skin with mustard gas is surely more humane than digging out his entrails with a bayonet. Yet these humane methods are not the ideals of the humanitarians; to them, if war is to continue, then blowing to pieces, starving and mutilating are the rightful methods of war.

That gas will be used in the next great war is all but a certainty, and that it will be used as a brutal lethal instrument is probable; but that it possesses the power of being used as a humane instru-

ment of war is its supreme virtue, for, in spite of human stupidity, little by little the human brute will discover that it is more economical to impose his will on his enemy with the minimum of destruction in place of the maximum. The instrument will change him if he will only change the instrument, because the instrument will create a new environment. Man is very largely the reflection of his surroundings. In the early stage of his evolution, before he became a rational animal, he was influenced by the material and physical things and forces which surrounded him. Though he can never shake these off entirely, by rational thought he can modify their influences. In all his activities, with the one exception of war, he has done so. He has conquered climate and distance, disease and discomfort; or, rather, he has modified their evils, and this we call progress. In war he has not done so—he has stood still, or nearly still; but when he does step forward intellectually, and one day he will, then the progress of war will recompense him in full.

CONCLUSIONS

Such are some of my views on the possible development of future warfare, and from them I will now draw a few general conclusions.

As long as Europe remains unfederated—and at present there are no signs of a possible federation—so long must war remain inevitable. This leaves us with a choice of one of two things: first, war as we have known it in the past; and, secondly, a less destructive form of waging war. In the past the Balance of Power has been the only satisfactory system devised, which, for periods varying in length, has held war in leash. To-day this balance no longer exists; consequently our first problem is to reinstate it.

In the past, and certainly for 200 years, British command of the sea has constituted the axle-pin of this balance. It has enabled England to hold the trump-card in the game of European alliances. To play her part the British Isles must be secured against invasion and economic blockade. England must still continue to command the seas; as she cannot abolish the submarine, though she attempted to do so at the Washington Disarmament Conference, she must seek some other means of gaining her end. There are two. The first is frank and friendly co-operation with the United States of America—a kindred nation with ideals very similar to our own, and a nation with whom war is all but unthinkable, not because blood is thicker than water, but because the States could blockade us economically, whilst we could do nothing in retaliation. The second, paradoxical as it may at first seem, is the

military (not naval) resuscitation of Germany within rational bounds, and for the following reasons:

As long as France is the strongest military and air Power in Europe, any compact on our part to guarantee French security is fictitious and against common-sense. France's true guarantee lies in British support, and the whole of our history shows that we never support the strongest Continental Power, but always the second strongest. France, as the second strongest Power, cannot threaten England, even if her air force be two or three times as strong as our own, because an alliance between France and Germany is not practical politics, and if France were so to threaten us we should ally ourselves with Germany. It is in comparative weakness rather than in excessive strength that the security of France is to be sought, for this weakness is the only cement which will guarantee British support. Again, Russia is an unknown quantity, and the next great war may well be one of the Republic of Soviets against the rest of Europe, in which case a weak Germany is an incentive to war, and a strong a guarantee of peace, or, if war becomes inevitable, then a bastion against a 'Red' invasion.

By mechanising our small army we compel European countries—and only a few of them are pre-eminently industrial countries—completely to reorganise their land forces and so leave them comparatively little money over to build vast fleets of aeroplanes or flotillas of submarines. By doing so we shall stabilise our position at home, and once this stability is guaranteed we shall be able to re-establish a Balance of Power between the Continental nations and so stabilise peace.

This brings me to the main problem of this paper—namely, once peace is guaranteed for a period, how are we going to change the nature of war so that the peace following it may be better than the peace which preceded its outbreak?

I have shown, and I hope logically, that the ideal of absolute war is at the bottom of all our troubles. The foundation of this system is the horde army. Horde warfare is slow, brutal, and destructive; and I have shown that it can be replaced by a type of war which is rapid and far more humane. The psychological effect of an attack by a mechanised army may be denoted as 'democratic.' By means of it a nation can be attacked not only rapidly, but simultaneously, on its frontiers and hundreds of miles behind them, since aeroplanes attack areas and not fronts. In the past, especially during peace-time, a strong nation has felt secure behind its naval or military front. The future possesses no such guarantee; consequently the reality of war will be far more present to each individual citizen, or subject, than it has been in the past; therefore nations will become less suscep-

tible to the sudden panics which so often have detonated a war. Once great nations can be induced to think of war in place of locking it up like a skeleton in the cupboard, the first step will be gained in changing the nature of war; for this nature is but the coefficient of human war thought or the lack of it. Mechanisation, I feel, will change the war outlook as surely as steam-power has changed the economic outlook.

Mechanisation, as I have shown, demands a new discipline, a discipline based on intelligence: it will consequently compel soldiers as well as civilians to think; and thinking soldiers, backed by a nation which understands war, will soon realise that absolute warfare is, as I have said, but the coefficient of absolute government—it is a barbarous relic of the past.

Finally, we must humanise war and rationalise it before we can think of abolishing it. Therefore the problem for the whole of the civilised world, so it seems to me, is to attempt to create a condition of things and thoughts which, when the next war engulfs Europe, will enable the world to realise in the peace which must follow it the inner meaning of those noble words cut on the plinth of General Sherman's statue, namely, that '*The legitimate object of war is a more perfect peace.*'

J. F. C. FULLER.

FILMS AND THE EMPIRE

THE position of British films will be discussed at the Imperial Conference which meets this month. It is a subject which, during recent years, has caused much heartburning and provoked many discussions and searchings for means of escape from the humiliating position which makes the most popular form of entertainment in the Empire dependent on foreign supplies for more than 90 per cent. of its requirements.

From the Empire point of view the Conference could not do a more valuable service than advance the prospects of British films. The film is a new unifying force. It is a medium which influences larger audiences than speakers or radio can reach. It is challenging the power of the Press: it is more universal in its appeal, spreading visual impressions among the educated and the illiterate. It is the best medium for popularising British institutions, cultivating British customs and inspiring the younger generation with British ideals. The film conveys in the form of entertainment impressions which make for social and political unity and a common purpose. It educates and consolidates. The more it succeeds as a commercial enterprise the better will it fulfil its instructional and moral mission. Clearly we should have a common Empire film policy. No social or economic considerations stand in the way such as sometimes impinge on other Empire problems.

The problem is intricate and affects Empire interests in diverse ways. A new national industry is stifled. Commercial interests suffer: trade follows the film. It is a psychological as well as a trade problem. The minds of millions are influenced by moving pictures surrounded by an alien atmosphere, pictures which misrepresent British institutions and British ideals, and in some instances distort British history and cause misunderstanding. In some respects the film is comparable to the Press. We would not allow the control of 90 per cent. of our newspapers to be in alien hands. We would not permit an alien influence in our schools; yet children get impressions from the pictures which sink deeper into their minds than the lessons they learn in classroom.

The case for action by the Imperial Conference is unanswerable, and the delegates will be expected to formulate an Empire film policy which can be put into effect in Great Britain and in all the Dominions. The time for action is opportune. The stranglehold of the United States on the world's film supplies is weakening, there is a revival of activity in production in England and a distinct improvement in the artistic merit and entertainment value of British pictures.

Before dealing with the position within the Empire and exploring the remedies proposed to extricate the industry from its deplorable position I will refer briefly to the domination of America in the world markets. The ascendancy of American motion pictures has been brought about by the promptness with which opportunities were seized when competitors were out of action, and by the vigorous application of methods, sometimes daringly reckless, with no ultimate objective in view other than profit.

The American motion picture-makers found a ready outlet for their products overseas in the years of the war, and afterwards during the period of European disorganisation. Mr. C. J. North, the head of the Motion Picture Section at the United States Department of Commerce, says :

The war, which halted foreign picture production, gave an enormous impetus to America's foreign trade in motion pictures, which lasted, in common with nearly all other manufactured commodities, through the two years of inflation following the Armistice. By that time the Americans had built a world organisation and created vested interests in every country.

Within the period referred to by Mr. North the new science of cinema photography developed with such amazing rapidity that the leaders in the business were swept along in an uncharted realm, with no principles to guide them and no ideals to inspire them. It was a chaotic scramble. The film-makers had no standard. They merely made pictures; they gave the public what they wanted, but the public they sought to please were the least intelligent and the least discerning. Mr. Robert Nichols, who made a close study on the spot of the American film industry, wrote in *The Times* that the men whom the Hollywood producers thought of were the 'hicks'—the country-people in the Western States. He might have added also that they aimed at catering for the large foreign populations in American cities who, like some of the producers, were passing through the 'melting pot.' Another observer, Mr. Gavazzi King, who has been general secretary of the British Cinematograph Association ever since it was established, and who has a more penetrating knowledge of the whole industry than anyone interested in it, reporting after

a visit to America last year, said 'that in America there were films and films, but no bad films.' He found very little criticism of any kind of film. There are exceptional productions, including the work of actor-producers like Mr. Charles Chaplin and Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, but 80 per cent. of the American films are just 'hick' films, and these are the pictures which crowd the screens in Empire picture theatres. The pictures which are not fit for exhibition in America are dumped in the overseas markets. 'Eight hundred and fifty pictures were made every year in America. The rejected ones were sent to foreign countries.'¹

This stupendous world industry, of mushroom growth, has been built up, or is controlled to a large extent, by men who are either of foreign birth or are hyphenated Americans. Many of them are men of humble parentage born in Russia or in Central European countries. They, or their parents, left countries in a low state of civilisation; they did not take with them, nor have they acquired, any degree of culture, educational or intellectual attainments. It is to their credit, as individualists, that they succeeded in capturing the industry and in carrying it on with the help of American and other foreign accomplished producers and actors.

Besides being an article of commerce the film, as I have said, is a medium possessing a psychological mission. Pictures are produced by Governments and Corporations deliberately for propagandist purposes; but the American producers are not thinking, or caring, about promoting American trade or influencing by their pictures the minds of their audiences. They are simply turning out pictures without other motive than to make money in providing people with an entertainment. The other consequences are unpremeditated incidentals. The propaganda is all the more telling because it is unconscious, but the process of Americanisation is not the less real. American representatives abroad send home reports in proof of the slogan that trade follows the film. Leaders in the industry endorse this opinion: Mr. Will Hays, the head of the motion picture industry in the United States, says :

American films abroad create a demand for American clothes and other American products, and have been an important aid to the American manufacturers doing business in foreign markets.

Mr. D. W. Griffith, America's leading picture producer, says :

Makers of pictures have more power than any association of workers ever known. All advertising, all sales efforts, have never spread commercial America through the world as motion pictures have done. Our manners, our customs, our standards, are becoming current in the most distant lands (*Film Year Book*).

¹ Mr. Nathan Burkan, director Allied Artists Corporation.

Mr. Richard Saunders, Comptroller of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, is equally definite:

Over the entire world there is a growing demand for American products that unconsciously display themselves in the pictures (*Film Year Book*).

There is thus a subtle and insidious trade penetration within the Empire, while our exporters to other countries have to reckon with a sentiment in favour of a competitor.

The American motion picture industry has attained gigantic proportions. A leading financial authority² recently published the following impressive statistics of the trade:

Capital invested in 1925	\$2,500,000,000
Taxable property, theatres and studios	\$720,000,000
Admission receipts	\$700,000,000
Amount spent in advertising	\$67,000,000
Spent in new theatres, 1925	\$250,000,000
Feature pictures released in 1925	720
Short subjects and news reels	1916
Amount spent in advertising	\$67,000,000
Motion picture studios	86
Persons permanently employed	500,000
Picture theatres	20,235
Schools, halls and institutions with machines	28,000

This authority puts the average weekly attendances at 130,000,000, but this figure is arrived at by a rather low estimate of the average price of admission. There are several important auxiliary trades³ which are fostered by the picture industry, and it should be noted that large quantities of posters and advertising matter printed in America are exported to boost the productions.

Before the industry attained its present mammoth dimensions, making it the fourth largest business in America, it went through much travail. Intense rivalry existed among the few men who went into the business. Hollywood was founded in a sordid atmosphere of intrigue by men who crossed and double-crossed each other. The strongest, and the least scrupulous, came out on top. They bid against each other for the best producers and rising 'star' performers. The super-picture arrived and raised the industry to a higher level. Then big groups began consolidating, and for the last ten years there has been a continual series of mergings, absorptions, alliances, and amalgamations until to-day the industry is largely dominated by five combinations: The Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, headed by Mr. Adolf Zukor; the Metro-Goldwyn Corporation, President Mr. Marcus Loew; the First National, started by a circuit of theatres; and Warner

² *Wall Street Journal*, July 24, 1926.

³ Manufacture of film base carbons, cameras, projectors, etc.

Brothers. Outside these groups are the Fox Film Corporation, run by Mr. W. Fox (originally Fried), and the Universal Corporation, for which Mr. Carl Laemmle is responsible. He is a naturalised American, born in Germany, but, unlike some of the others in the trade, is a man of character and education with cultured ideals. The United Artists, organised by Mr. Joseph Schenck for Mr. Charles Chaplin, Mr. Douglas Fairbanks and other leading 'stars' who are also producers, form the next important group. They have recently been obliged to safeguard their interests as producers by going into the theatre business. There is also a fluctuating number of independent producers strong enough to put a brake on the monopolist tendencies of the magnates.

There is another phase in the evolution of the industry. It started with three interdependent organisations: the producers, including the capitalists, who supplied the pictures, the exchanges or distributors, who marketed them, and the exhibitors. The system led to abuses. Circuits of theatres held up producers, and the producers boycotted theatres. Block-booking was introduced to get the better of the theatres, and the theatres combined to tie themselves to certain producers, or to make their own pictures. The latest phase is that the big producing groups have all their own strings of theatres and 'key' houses in all the big cities. There has been fierce competition in buying and building. Extravagant prices are paid for theatres and as much as a million pounds spent in erecting a new cinema palace. Recently the big companies have been giving more attention to how and where their pictures are shown than to the quality of their productions. 'Key' houses are not confined to the United States; it is the ambition of the big combines to have 'key' theatres in all the world's leading cities. They have several in London, in Paris, in Montreal, Toronto, and other cities abroad and in the Dominions. In the meantime the middlemen, the renters or distributors, are being squeezed out and unified organisations set up.

In spite of the prodigious business done in the United States, with about 20,000 theatres, with almost as much seating capacity as in the rest of the world, the producers admit that they look to the foreign markets for between 25 and 30 per cent. of their revenue and their profits. Having covered the cost of production in their home market, they can afford to sell cheaply abroad and make good profits. On this point the report of the Joint Trade Committee on British Films says:

Every American film after a run in a home market four or five times as large as our own (according to the number of theatres), or six to eight times as valuable (according to the box office receipts), is available to be offered for sale in this country with its negative costs having already been covered.

The low price at which these films are offered is an inducement for the theatres—especially the smaller houses—to show rubbishy pictures, while at the same time closing the door, or the screen, against home productions which may be better but would cost more.

The percentage of American pictures exhibited in the Dominions and colonies is between 90 and 95 per cent. There is not, taken all round, 2 per cent. of British pictures shown. The following are the facts regarding the position in the Dominions so far as I have been able to ascertain them :—

Canada.—The Dominion of Canada, with its 3500 miles of frontier joining the metropolis of the movies, naturally has come under the domination of the American magnates. They had an easy conquest, as British producers have made no effort through agents or by distribution to secure a place on the Canadian screens. The big American companies have organised Canadian companies in which the capital is largely Canadian, but they have at the same time set up distributing companies whose headquarters are in New York. Nearly all the placing of pictures is in the hands of these selling agencies.

American interests are further riveted by the ownership of theatres. It is estimated that one-third of the big theatres in Canada are in American hands. The Federal Government is not responsible for cinema theatres, as censorship and licensing are functions of the provincial authorities. There are about 1000 theatres in the Dominion, leading off with 415 in Ontario, 164 in Quebec, 103 in Saskatchewan, 102 in British Columbia, 92 in Manitoba, 90 in Alberta, 69 in Nova Scotia, 46 in New Brunswick, and a few in Prince Edward Island. There is also a number of halls and theatres where exhibitions are occasionally given.

In Ontario a strong line has been taken by members of the Legislature against American pictures, but such protests are ineffective, as there are no alternative pictures obtainable.

Quebec has a stricter censorship than other Provinces, and bans plays which have demoralising or corrupting influences. Sex subjects are barred, religious susceptibilities must be respected, and romances of lawlessness are excluded. 'All scenes injurious to Canadian or to any other race pride or patriotism and to loyalty to the King' are prohibited. Owing to this drastic policy of the censor, the Americans threatened to boycott the Province, a rather short-sighted proceeding, as they own a third of the cinemas in Montreal, among them the Imperial Theatre.

British Columbia is considered the most English of all the Canadian Provinces. The official censor, Mr. Joseph Walters, informs me that only five British subjects came before him last

year out of a total of 1534 subjects or copies and 5126 reels censored. All the films were American except the five British, one Australian, one German, and three Chinese. Mr. Walters adds :

It is a great pity that we have so few British subjects, as I feel sure pictures made in the Old Country would be very much appreciated.

A similar story comes from other Canadian Provinces and from Canada's neighbour, Newfoundland.

Australia.—Of all the Overseas Dominions the Australian Commonwealth has made the most energetic efforts to foster a national film industry and to checkmate the rapacity of the American monopolists. The Americans do not own theatres in Australia, and a strict Federal censorship exists. Last year 1763 copies of films were imported, of which 1555 were American and only 146 British. Duty was paid on 25,326,264 feet of American films and on 836,371 feet of British films.

The Australian censor puts forward sensible views on films and on policy. He is down on 'sob-stuff,' and thinks that it is the greatest moral and artistic shortcoming of the modern films. It gives the unthinking an entirely false scale of values. He deals severely with 'jazz' films and would like to exclude many rubbishy, vulgar pictures, but is restrained from action, as he would deprive the theatres of a supply. The censor points out that there is no accredited representative of the British industry in Australia, while every big American producer has his own company and exchange in the Commonwealth, which leads the censor to observe :

That seems to show that there is slackness somewhere. It would almost seem as if no value were put on the Australian market, and yet it is a big market. If the British industry is in a languishing state, one may reasonably doubt if it can now compete successfully with the American companies without the help of the Dominions. The problem is, ultimately, one of simple arithmetic, of the number of theatres which the rival organisations can depend on for showing their films.

There are about 1300 theatres in Australia.

American producers value the Australian market highly. Mr. E. E. Shauer, Foreign Director of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, writing in the *Film Year Book*, 1926, with reference to a campaign in Australia, says :

So great has been the public response to aggressive and well-planned exploitation and advertising in Australia that nine road shows have been acquired to satisfy the demands of the theatres in Australia, New Zealand and Tasmania.

Regarding theatres he states that :

Australia has made marvellous progress with its 'Prince Edward' at Sydney, its 'Capitol' at Melbourne, and its 'De Luxe' at Wellington, three of the finest and most modern theatres to be found in the entire world.

Australia has a nucleus of a producing business and has placed several good pictures in England.

New Zealand.—In the Dominion of New Zealand there are about 350 theatres, none of them foreign-owned. During the year ending March last the official censor examined 1936 copies of films of five million footage. Of this number 22 were rejected and 131 were subjected to excisions. Ninety-five per cent. of the films were American. Two New Zealand pictures were produced last year, one on the romance of the Maoris—photographed in their homes and played by members of the race—and another on the dramatic story of a settler. Both were produced by a Dane.

It is estimated that the net revenue which American producers draw from Australia and New Zealand is 22,500*l.* a week.

South Africa.—The position in South Africa is simplified by the fact that all the theatres belong to Mr. I. W. Schlesinger, who exhibits all the British pictures which he finds suitable, and is now participating in the production of British pictures. There are about 400 cinema theatres in the Union.

Irish Free State.—The Irish Free State is again affiliated with the Cinematograph Exhibitors' Association but has an official censor. The pictures offered are the same as in England, but the Irish censor condemns many more pictures. He pitched his standard so high at one time that he was starving theatres for programmes.

India.—The United States Trade Commissioner in Bombay reported last year that there were 350 theatres in India for a population of 325,000,000. Films are also shown in tents by travelling showmen. American producers are obtaining at least 90 per cent. of the film business in India. Some of the films exhibited have a most demoralising influence on the native populations who cannot read; their impressionable minds are perverted by what they see. They obtain an entirely wrong conception of white civilisation, and to them all white people are British.

The Indian Players—a company of amateurs—are endeavouring to offer their countrymen pictures more worthy of their traditions and more suitable to their tastes. The first of these pictures is 'The Light of Asia,' one of the greatest triumphs of the cinematographic art and of screen acting. It is refined,

artistic, romantic and educative. It was with difficulty that the producers could secure exhibition in India. The play was not welcomed by the trade in England, but has been a success in most foreign countries outside the United States, including Russia, which paid 2000*l.* for the Russian rights, and Germany, where it has been booked to the value of more than 30,000*l.*

Pictures which are shown in the British colonies, in Egypt, and in Mandated territories are chiefly old, cheap and trashy American productions.

The failure of the Empire to supply its needs is palpably painful and humiliating. How to carry out a constructive policy which will enable the industry to shake off or relax the American stranglehold, how to supply British pictures for British people which will win a market on their merits within the Empire and secure a share of foreign popularity, are the problems which face the Imperial Conference. It is well to bear in mind that films are divided into several categories. There are news reels and short reels, which are excluded from general consideration. There are national pictures which are intended for domestic consumption and feature pictures which have an international appeal. National photo-plays can be produced for about 10,000*l.* or 20,000*l.* There is no limit to the amount that may be spent on cosmopolitan pictures; the Ufa Company, in Berlin, for instance, has just spent about 250,000*l.* on a world production called 'Metropolis.' There is naturally a good deal of overlapping, but it is essential for the successful establishment of the industry that it should operate in the home and foreign markets. If British productions secure a predominant place in the Empire market, which is potentially as great as the United States, they will be able to conquer a place on foreign screens.

For the last two years the trade, politicians and the Press have been exploring the problem of how to get Empire films. The vexed question has not been confined to the Mother Country. The Australian film censor in his last report makes the following apposite observation :

The question of encouraging British films is a live one in all the Dominions; it is raised periodically in Australia, Canada, South Africa and New Zealand; but it would not be safe to take any action until a regular supply of films is absolutely assured. The time has come for the evolving of an Empire scheme. The Dominion Governments seem to be eager to do their part, and have already made concessions in the tariff. It is for the Home Government to give the lead.

Up to now there has been no lead from 'the Home Government.' The Federation of British Industries has given much attention to the question with the co-operation of the trade

and has stimulated interest on the part of the Government and members of Parliament. It has recommended the application of a 'quota,' but the Board of Trade has been shy of proposing any legislative remedy. Its attitude has been negative. Its justification has been the conflicting interests of the trade. A referendum was taken on the 'quota,' but not more than one-third of the exhibitors represented in the Cinematograph Exhibitors' Association took the trouble to vote. On the other hand, a majority of the members favoured the abolition of the block or blind booking system.

A reciprocity scheme with America was discussed last year, and the President of the Board of Trade coquetted with it. I may be wrong, but it would seem that the President preferred solution by the trade, which is not forthcoming, as it would avoid the necessity for State interference. The reciprocity plan is dead. It was a one-sided scheme, which in effect would have kept British films in a very subordinate position and preserved the American grip on the industry within the Empire. There is only one form of reciprocity worth considering, and that is one which would ensure the exhibition of British pictures in America on their merits. That fortunately is now being achieved through the enterprise of the British National Studios, Limited, and other progressive undertakings. At this stage we have little to bargain with, but the revival of British films synchronises with a movement in America in favour of more varied and better pictures. American producers are not able to keep up the supply of first-class pictures for their palatial theatres, some of which accommodate 10,000 people. An outlet in America will have to be fought for, and it may take years before we get 10 per cent. of the market in that country. On the other hand, co-operation with Germany would lead to quicker results. The Germans are unquestionably the best technicians in the film business; they are responsible for the latest improvements and inventions in the cinematograph art. America has attracted many German producers and actors to Hollywood. In that uncultured atmosphere the German producer is not always permitted to do his best and turns out machine-made melodramas. England can co-operate with the Berlin Hollywood by participating in production, supplying English players for English stories and comedies, and thus gain access to German theatres controlled by producers. On the other hand, if there is a shortage of technicians in England we could draw on Berlin. An Empire industry must, of course, rely ultimately on pictures which are British through and through, but super-pictures with an international appeal may demand the co-operation of England, France and Germany, an interchange of producers, actors, etc. The industry in Europe will have to

unite to supply itself with international pictures and thus be less dependent on American supplies.

To come to more definite proposals which have been made, we may dismiss from consideration those which cannot be applied, either because they are impracticable or for the reason that no Government would adopt them. These conditions rule out an import duty *ad valorem* or otherwise on foreign films, as no import duty can be applied at this stage which would keep out films unless it were prohibitive, and there are some pictures which we shall always want. Moreover, our commercial treaties make penalising tariffs impossible. Another proposal, to refund the entertainment duty on British pictures exhibited, is in the nature of a subsidy and will not be accepted by the Government.

It has been suggested that the Government should make a generous advance or give a guarantee for building national studios. National studios are being built by private enterprise. The kind of financial help which the industry needs, and is beginning to get as it deserves, are advances from bankers against production. The American industry is closely allied to banking interests.

The only definite lead which the trade has given to the Government is to decide that blind, or block, booking should be abolished. Blind-booking is a clever device under which the renters or exhibitors buy pictures which they have not seen—sometimes before the pictures exist—paying a substantial deposit and then being obliged to take a number of other pictures which they do not want, in order to get a picture which they must have. The members of the Exhibitors' Association have voted for abolition.

Block-booking has been one of the factors which have hit British pictures by limiting the selection by exhibitors. This evil also exists in the United States, and we suffer. Counsel of the United States Federal Trade Commission in presenting the Government case against the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation for breach of the anti-trust law said:

If the exhibitors were not compelled to take the bad pictures with the good pictures, the bad pictures would soon be eliminated.

The Exhibitors' Association has drafted a Bill providing the necessary legislative authority and the administrative machinery for operating its scheme for the abolition of blind-booking.⁴

A sub-committee of the Trade has recommended a quota, surrounded by many safeguards in the interests of the sensitive exhibitors, but the Trade is not united on this question.

⁴ Blind-booking is the origin of block-booking.

The experience of Germany has proved that a 'quota' or 'Kontingent' system is the most effective weapon to use for protecting the home industry. It has saved Germany from dumped American pictures. German studios now meet half the national requirements, and are sending an increasing number of successful pictures overseas. The moving picture business in Germany is second in extent to that in the United States, while the best contemporary German pictures represent a higher standard of artistic execution than the best recent American pictures have attained. Great Britain cannot hope for a 50 per cent. quota, but the outlook for progressive productions is more hopeful than it has ever been. The trade sub-committee recommended a beginning with 10 per cent. of British-made films. The scheme should be elastic. It should apply to the renter and distributor as in Germany, and should compel him to release not less than 10 per cent. of British films for not more than 90 per cent. of foreign films. The system for working such a plan is somewhat complicated, but has been outlined by the trade joint committee, as the machinery proposed to deal with block-booking can be applied equally well to the regulation of the quota.

The effect of a quota would be to give us better pictures all round. An importer of fifty pictures or a given quantity of film must provide himself with at least five British pictures or 10 per cent. of British films. There would be competition for the best British productions, and simultaneously foreign producers would raise the standard of their contingent.

The commercial success of these two stimulating and protective measures is dependent on two factors: an adequate supply of good British pictures and an entry into the American market. In order to attain this dual object we must go through a transition period and give hostages to fortune. An example of penetrative enterprise is given by British National Studios, Limited, which, by engaging a manager who has a thorough knowledge of American moving picture business and American 'stars,' has gained access to American theatres. The Famous Players-Lasky Corporation has paid the whole cost of production of four plays for exhibition in America, and has obtained the world rights, including the Dominions, outside Great Britain. This is a condition which should be regarded as a temporary expedient, as British pictures will not be British pictures, or presented as such, unless besides being made in the Empire they are distributed by British companies or their agents.

This example in studio-building and production has already given an impetus to British pictures, and has broken into the American picture habit, which was becoming stereotyped. There will be no difficulty now in providing a 10 per cent. quota of

British pictures for the Empire, and in a few years the proportion should reach 25 per cent.

At present there are inter-Imperial Preference duties on films. The revenue is negligible and only causes delay and sometimes irritation. Australia and New Zealand now admit films, made and printed in Great Britain, free of duty. This example should be followed by the Mother country and all duties on films within the Empire abolished.

Besides the reforms suggested, there is a further service which the Government can render to Empire films. It can give facilities such as are readily granted in other countries as recommended by the Federation of British Industries for permission to use His Majesty's forces (sea, land and air), fire brigades, police, public buildings, etc., for scenes in making films with purely British interest.

The British Government should take a much more active participation in the film business. I have suggested that some part of the fund about to be spent for promoting the sale of Empire goods should be devoted to the production of films which will assist that object without detracting from their entertainment and instructional value. I suggested that handsome fees should be paid for stories for Empire films. 'The selection of pictures should be made on the best advice, and the pictures executed in a style equal to the foremost masterpieces.'⁵ There should be co-operation in the production of Empire super-pictures between the Home Government and the Dominions.

There is still another direction in which the Government can help by following the example of the United States. Officially the Crown representatives abroad ignore films. As the Australian censor says: 'There is nobody in Great Britain charged with the duty of informing the overseas Dominions of the number of companies producing films, the names and character of the films, and the monthly and yearly output.' There is no clearing office for information. Contrast this neglect with the action of the American Government. There is a moving picture section at the Department of Commerce, which serves the industry in every way in order to develop and maintain the exhibition of American pictures in foreign markets. Information, as it is received, is passed on to the motion picture organisations. The forty-four foreign offices of the Department of State report on the position of the industry in every country in co-operation with the Commercial Intelligence Division. There is a continual flow of statistics, particulars of taxation, censorship and conditions of the industry in every detail pouring into Washington and made available for all concerned.

⁵ *Daily Mail*, July 10, 1926.

One outcome of the Imperial Conference should be the creation of a Film Trade and Information Office, with headquarters in London and branches in every Dominion, which should have the co-operation of commercial attachés and trade commissioners and consular offices all over the world.

ROBERT DONALD.

PSYCHOLOGY AND CRIME

TO-DAY we talk much, and know little, of Psychology. It is the Cinderella of the sciences, and, indeed, has but a shadowy claim to be ranked as a science at all. For wherever the human factor enters, it disturbs *pro tanto* the exactitude of any science. Thus pure mathematics and astronomy are the most exact of all sciences, and in ascending degrees (for the sake of illustration merely) medicine, political economy, and psychology the least. The reason is obvious. Pure mathematics is exact because it rests on mental concepts which, from the very constitution and operation of the mind, can neither vary nor be impugned. It is in reality a repetitive process of verification, for, however involved, every conclusion is more or less given in the premisses. If the proposition be truly understood, and the appropriate formulæ known, the conclusion must inevitably be reached and be the same for all minds capable of understanding. Astronomy is, within its own limitations, exact (whatever we may think of the profuse use of immensities and infinities made by astronomers) precisely for the same reason. I need not dwell here on the radical confusion between space and time as equivalently and qualitatively identical *a priori* conditions of all our mental activities, which this age owes principally to Kant, because such trifles probably do not trouble astronomers. But when we reflect upon what the most advanced astronomy really adds to our positive knowledge of heavenly bodies and stellar space and beyond the recurrent and regular movement of the former, which, while predictable by astronomers, would be just as perceptible when they occurred without such predictions, we may begin to realise how meagre it is and how dependent for its validity upon the exclusion of anything in the least or remotely resembling causality.

If the myriad stars about the composition and behaviour of which astronomers dogmatise were, as man is, subject to human infirmities and the eccentricities of human volition, neither would anything be known, nor could anything be confidently predicted, about them. Introduce the complicating human equation, as in political economy, and what a change comes over the field of inquiry. The whole of 'scientific' political

economy, in so far as it is in any sense truly scientific, assumes (what is totally untrue and known to be untrue) that all the human agents concerned stand to each other in an arithmetical one to one relation. There is probably no more fallacious method, where human beings are implicated in the process, than the statistical. Upon such an interesting problem, for example, as suicide, although statistics may prove to the complete satisfaction of the dull compiler that one in every hundred of a certain population will inevitably commit suicide in June and one in every fifty in December, take any given hundred in June or any given fifty in December, and are we any nearer knowing whether any one or more in these groups will or will not commit suicide, and, what is the only point of interest, why? We probably owe our passion for the statistical way of approach, the least informing, the most misleading, in any human context, to Buckle and his industrious disciples. Let anyone read carefully the late Lord Acton's scathing exposure of the incorrigible latent errors in all such dealings with human masses before accepting too readily conclusions based on such data. Rule of thumb therapeutics, again (remembering that the vast majority of practitioners were, and still are, let loose upon suffering humanity with no better equipment), is much too apt to ignore what is of primary importance, the patient's idiosyncrasy. Can any doctor to-day tell us why some otherwise quite normal persons are literally poisoned by egg in any form or shape, or by gooseberries? Viewed merely as a physico-chemical machine, the human body, unlike all other machines, exhibits infinite and baffling variety. Advanced biological thinkers begin to recognise this. The principles of biology expand. Take no more than one or two profound and, I believe, unsolved problems. In reference to the greatly over-vaunted Mendelianism of a few years back, what part does time play in the fixation of Mendelian (at best superficial) characteristics? Likening the body to a chemical retort, how are we to explain that we manifestly get more out of it than ever appears to have been put in? What have biologists to say about the indisputable unpredictability of human conduct? Or what is their last, rather I should say their first, *ex cathedra* utterance on the deepest and most difficult of all, consciousness? Whether good mechanists or neo-vitalists, our biologists have not yet succeeded in throwing any light on these dark places. Do the unreflecting herds who talk so glibly of 'evolution' ever begin to understand that it is a question-begging term which after all may mean, probably does mean, nothing? Biology, indeed, might be thought to be in the worst plight of all, since, critically examined, it will be seen to deal with physiology and morphology, but very little with 'life,' and not at all with consciousness. You have only to ponder such theories as Huxley's

epiphenomenalism, or parallelism, or inter-actionism to see, if but dimly, the radical importance of this point.

If this diagnosis is generally correct, it becomes clear why, while at once so popular and pretentious, psychology must necessarily be the least trustworthy of all the 'sciences.' It may be run very close by anthropology and palæontology, but it excels in the elusive, intangible fluidity of its material. In proportion it promises to range over and appropriate wide and ever wider fields. Just as every curious traveller in unfrequented regions who jots down the manners and customs of some savage tribe believes himself to be an anthropologist, so everyone who cares to observe, from whatever point of view, the workings of his own, and what he believes to be the corresponding workings of another's, mind becomes a psychologist. We have the psycho-criminologist (such as Lombroso or Duprat or any one of a hundred more), the psycho-analyst, of the new (and, as I firmly believe, and have often declared) poisonous Freud-Jung *et hoc genus omne*, school, with his elder and much more reputable brother the alienist experts in criminal and other forms of insanity. We have the spiritualist (or spiritist, whichever title they may prefer) psychologists massing in millions under the leadership of Sir A. Conan Doyle, Sir Oliver Lodge, or the late Mrs. Baker Eddy; we have the old orthodox psychologists of the schools and universities, or, for variety, the new psychologists of America, pure mechanists and experimenters on the responses and reactions of the nervous system. All of us to-day may be, most are, psychologists; in this swelling ocean of psychology anyone may plunge, and, let us devoutly hope, presently be drowned and his voice heard no more. Yet we may dubiously ask, Do we really know more of the subtle operations, the sudden soaring starwards or plumbing abysmal depths, of this incalculable Psyche than they of 2000 years ago? Up to date psychology has yielded us a rich harvest of questionable classifications and a strange and forbidding terminology, with, what is far worse, novel and almost always mischievous practical applications in law and education. Like the physical sciences, it busies itself with what has become and is dead, the isolated fact, caring nothing for what alone is of vital importance—the process, the becoming. The ripening up to culmination of one human soul can never be identical with that of any other, though its expression in a single given act may seem so. With the older academic psychology I have little concern. It is an interesting mental gymnastic, but entirely without influential bearing on conduct. Let us remember that the only psychology which makes a powerful appeal to the general public is morbid psychology. The more morbid, the more sensational or disgusting, the examples or theories (as with Freud and Jung), the stronger

the appeal. It is not the normal healthy Psyche, but the unbalanced, the abnormal, the decadent which wins popularity. That in itself is a bad symptom, for there is an infection of the mind, a desecration of the soul, deadlier, more corrupting than any bodily pestilence. If anyone doubts this or thinks it exaggerated, let him study some of the psycho-analyst literature (notably Jung's) broadcast for all to read under the ægis of science. I feel and write strongly on this point, because while I am prepared to challenge the foundation of Freud's dream theory and necessarily the psycho-analytic practice founded on it, I am convinced that the spread and popularity of such false and foul ideas and theories, particularly in the field of primary education, and latterly with the apparent approval of distinguished Churchmen, may do incalculable national harm. We cannot afford, we surely cannot want, to have the souls of our plastic youth tainted at the source by the infusion of the poison of diseased sexual psychopaths. It is, however, with the doubtless quite honest and comparatively harmless applications suggested by many of our leading psychologists that I am more directly concerned. In such a book, for example, as *The Great Society*, the utter futility of attempting to apply Procrustean psychology, with all its elaborate imposing but almost meaningless terminology, to mass groups is convincingly exhibited. I gravely mistrust all crowd psychology, in spite of the learned emphasis with which it has often been recently stressed. It never gets beyond all that was very obviously connoted in the old simple word 'panic.' I would, however, speak with much greater respect of an ingenious and original theory, the culture of the emotional ideal, ably expounded by the late Benjamin Kidd in *The Science of Power*. How far that might be carried successfully against the collective inherited genius and tendencies of a whole nation must for the present remain an open but not the less interesting question.

It would expand this article too much to criticise in detail the pretentious claims of the spiritualists to any psychological importance. Ever since psychic research ceased to be research in any scientific sense, and recently came under the special control of Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir A. Conan Doyle, it has been concentrated exclusively upon proving individual *post-mortem* survival. The best tribunal for examining the evidence on which the movement rests would undoubtedly be a bench of impartial judges. I think that such a bench would have no hesitation in dismissing at least 95 per cent. of the cases summarily. The remaining 5 per cent. might call for slightly more rigorous cross-examination and correcter processes of inference. But I can entertain no doubt about the final verdict. By this discussion of prevalent psychology, whether genuine or *pseudo*, I have cleared

the way to my main theme and tried to make my own general position and way of approach plain. I contend respectfully but firmly that, in the domain of criminal law, psychology (except in so far as all trained and experienced judges must of necessity have been students of character and the workings of the human mind) plays no part, and that the insistent claim of modern technical psychology to admission here ought to be sternly rejected. It is principally in murder cases, particularly those of outstanding atrocity, or in which no adequate motive, sometimes no motive at all, is discoverable, that the defence of insanity is set up and the intervention of the psychological specialist invited. This is unfortunate, because it tends to deepen the confusion between motive and intention, and, contrary to all common-sense, faintly suggests that the more atrocious the crime the better chance the criminal has of escaping its extreme penalty. The law, scrupulously focussed on intention, cares nothing for motive except (a) as part of the proof, (b) a factor to be considered in weighing the sentence. In the first relation it is often of the greatest importance, sometimes of none at all.

If the facts prove incontestably that A. killed B., it is quite unnecessary and superfluous to inquire why A. killed B., unless the result of such an inquiry might be to take the killing out of the category of murder or avail the prisoner in mitigation of sentence. This is more important in India, where judges have a choice between two sentences for murder, than in England, where they have none.

But here let me distinguish between cases in which the absence of motive is supposed to indicate legal insanity and cases in which the motive is admitted and is in the popular opinion, whatever the law may have to say to the contrary, so sufficient as to justify the act. The latter fall under the operation of the unwritten law, which has found too much favour, perhaps, in America and France, but of which our English law knows nothing. It is true that these judgments frequently command the widest popular approval. In only one notorious and comparatively recent case, I believe, has an English court administered the unwritten as opposed to the true English law, and then only by eagerly accepting an obviously unconvincing argument and shutting its eyes to the ugly facts. But such extreme cases, while they have considerable juridical, have no psychological importance. The former class has, because, where no rational motive can be proved, all our leading psychologists and most men in the street at once infer insanity. There is here a subtle question-begging process. The syllogism starting from the word 'rational' seems impeccable. Every man acts upon a motive. If a man acts upon no rational motive, he must be

acting upon some obscure irrational motive, and *ex vi terminorum* must be irrational or insane. It is upon this ground perhaps as much as any other that the psychological expert delights to play.

It is now obvious that, passing from psychology in its widest general sense to its application, if any, to crime and the appropriate punishment, two large preliminary questions arise: A. The correct penological theory, in any advanced civilised society. B. The moral responsibility of the criminal. The latter chiefly concerns me. For it is here that modern psychology is most intrusive and least useful. I may even be permitted to doubt whether there is any peculiar psychology of crime that can assist experienced judges and magistrates in administering the criminal law. The former question, on which there is now pretty general agreement, may be dismissed in a few words. In origin State punishment was vindictive. Many still believe that it can be made largely reformatory: hence Borstal systems and societies for rendering aid to and afterwards finding work for released criminals. Of the latter I saw something in India, and the results they showed only strengthened my conviction that they could do no substantial good, while indirectly they might do much harm. Of the former it is enough to say that the treatment hardly deserves the name of punishment, except in the very limited sense that its objects are deprived of liberty. So are schoolboys during term. It might be said that schoolboys consent while Borstal inmates do not. But if there is any real difference in this respect it is only a very trifling difference in degree. A large percentage of schoolboys, if they were completely free agents, would probably not go to school. Where the State means to punish and really does punish a criminal I gravely doubt whether that punishment ever has had or ever will have any beneficial reformatory influence on character. The last and now usually accepted theory is that punishment should be deterrent. Society must be protected against crimes, and those who commit them must be so dealt with as to deter them from offending again; and, what is far more important, their example must deter others who have not yet offended but might succumb to temptation. Very nice distinctions ought to be drawn here, but seldom or never are. In cases of passional crime, for instance, hanging the offender effectively deters him from repeating the crime. But is he really in need of any such drastic treatment? It is, however, very true that the stern example *may* serve as a warning to others, not to let their angry passions carry them quite the same lengths. The theory of State punishment, being calculated solely to deter criminals from committing the particular crime, leads inevitably to a consideration of the broad and interesting problem of

standardising punishments with reference to the supposed or more or less statistically proved strength of the motive to be combated. Rigorous analysis reveals the rather startling anomaly, that in proportion to the strength of the motive the standardised punishment should be the more severe. Strength in this connexion does not necessarily connote badness, sometimes the precise opposite. For instance, no motive in a humane and tender-hearted parent could be stronger, in stealing a loaf of bread, than that his wife was dying and his children starving for want of it. Logically on any pure theory of deterrence such a criminal should receive much heavier punishment than the lazy tramp who would steal rather than work. While I am fully aware that it would probably be found impossible rigidly to standardise all punishment, I am equally certain that in some countries, India for example, everyone would be the gainer by restricting the latitude exercised by courts of criminal appeal in tinkering (upon no recognisable principle, and usually acting upon the mood at the moment of the judges concerned) with sentences passed by lower trial courts. But that subject is too wide and technical for me to do more than glance at it in passing. Its immediate relevancy lies in this, that these benevolent judges are always trying to fit the punishment better to the crime or the criminal, as alienists prefer to say, than the trial court was able to do. Implied in these processes, though perhaps only subconsciously, is an assumed superior psychological intimacy with the mentality of the multitude of convict appellants. And this, I say unhesitatingly, rarely if ever exists, nor have I ever found the shadow of a reason why it should.

But it is in estimating the moral responsibility of the agent for his act (a responsibility to which our law has never been blind or indifferent) that the modern psychologist, the expert alienist, honestly believes himself qualified to instruct and guide the judge. If he were not so obsessed with his own business of discovering and explaining the most delicate, transient, dissolving shades of variation in the workings of human minds, he would quickly realise that the law and its experienced administrators here stand, if on a somewhat narrow, yet far firmer ground than any he ever daintily treads and fearfully explores. Legal insanity stands, and always has stood, clear cut, intelligibly definable. Who can set any bounds to medical or psychological unsoundness of mind? As soon as we come within touch of the logical determinists, let them quibble as they will when confronted with hard cases, no one ever has been, is or can be morally responsible, and no one therefore ought to be punished for doing what he could not help doing. As, however, in spite of the ease with which, granted its question-begging premisses, rigorous determinism can dialectically

maintain its despairing conclusions, no one really believes, or at any rate acts as if he believed, in pure determinism. As most of us agree with blunt old Dr. Johnson—'Sir, we *know* the will is free and there's an end on't'—we need not concern ourselves with these extremists.

The English law (which I still commend, in this regard, far above all the fanciful exploits of up-to-date psychology) is as ready as any subtle alienist to relieve a man of responsibility for his acts by reason of his proved unsoundness of mind when he did them. But it keeps the quantum of that unsoundness and plain intelligible proof of it within reasonable bounds. There is probably not one man in a million in civilised England who is so perfectly balanced (assuming that we could ever agree upon a standard of perfect balance) that psychologists and alienists would not detect some slight aberration somewhere. Nothing would be easier (and they know this) than to detect like flaws in the alienists. It would be hard indeed to find anyone without some kink in his mental make-up, and when a person with a good many fairly pronounced kinks or eccentricities loses his balance, as the phrase goes, and commits a murder, a hundred psychological alienists would always be forthcoming to explain with a thousand refinements how the prisoner was really not responsible for his crime. But the law, unfeelingly perhaps, but in strict accord with common-sense, wants to know two things, and two things only. Was he at the time he committed murder—(a) incapable by reason of unsoundness of mind of knowing the nature of the act? or (b) that it was wrong, *i.e.*, against the law? These two questions are usually very easy to answer to the satisfaction of all reasonable men, and if in the trial of murder cases the evidence was kept strictly to them, we should be spared many of the painful and scandalous trials, and sometimes miscarriages of justice, which have interested the public during the last twenty-five years. I am in entire agreement with a great English judge of the last century, Baron Bramwell, who would have nothing to do with the broad plea of 'homicidal mania' or any other mania. Is there any real difference, except in degree, between homicidal mania and philatelic mania? If a man has a mania for killing his fellow-creatures, knowing perfectly well what he is doing and that the law prohibits this curious indulgence of a bad taste, the law very rightly says that he ought to be hanged and duly hangs him. If members of society are so emotionally unreserved and uncontrolled that they must be killing their innocent friends and neighbours, they are much better hanged than pent up and maintained at the public cost in asylums. For, in the nature of the case, there can be no safe cure for such eccentricity. Nor does the psychologist serve us much with dis-

courses upon uncontrollable impulses, brain storms and the like. It is at least noteworthy that these unsociable persons seldom have uncontrollable impulses to inflict acute pain on themselves. I may end by repeating my doubt whether there is any peculiar psychology of crime.

All we painful students have read tomes upon the classification of criminals by every conceivable mechanical or physical or psychological test—the born, the habitual, the occasional, the accidental, the passional criminal. No one who has studied this mass of laborious experiment and deduction in the closet, while able to compare it daily with his actual experience on the bench, can, I believe, doubt seriously its total futility. Crimes are only, for the most part, very ordinary acts, but acts prohibited and punishable by the law of the land. In the commission of them the criminal's mind works on much the same lines as the minds of the honest crossing-sweeper or stockbroker in the performance of his diurnal round of activity. It is only where the acts happen to be so unreasonably anti-social, or so monstrously inhuman as to shock average morality, that we at once suspect madness and the psychologist's field-day dawns. But even in these extreme cases, in the absence of hallucinations or very rare brain states, it is usually quite easy to determine, and any experienced judge and jury, unplagued by too much psychology and alienism, would quickly and rightly determine whether there was or was not that unsoundness of mind which the law accepts as sufficient to absolve the criminal from all moral responsibility for his deed.

FRANK C. O. BEAMAN.

THE TRADE UNION CONGRESS, 1926

ON Monday, September 6, the fifty-eighth Trade Union Congress met at Bournemouth under the presidency of Mr. Arthur Pugh, of the Iron and Steel Trades Confederation. The circumstances in which the Congress met were in striking contrast to those of a year ago. Then the threat of a General Strike had been sufficient to secure an inquiry into the mining industry and a respite for the miners from a revision of the terms of their employment, which had been arrived at under conditions of apparent, but only short-lived, prosperity: this respite was made possible by a heavy subsidy. Mr. Baldwin's Government has plainly stated that this can never be repeated, and the Coal Commission has emphatically condemned recourse to such a method of tiding over difficulties.

The Congress of 1925, however, was not unnaturally somewhat elated by the portents, but after the threat of a General Strike had materialised into an accomplished fact and had failed in its object, the atmosphere in which the 1926 Congress met was necessarily less electric, and the attitude of the members of the General Council more reflective than aggressive. The Council was faced by the necessity for preventing any debate on its General Strike policy in order to avoid exposing the failure of leadership in the Miners' Federation.

The president opened the proceedings with an address which was eloquent in its appreciation of the good work which the trade unions have effected: in paying this tribute to the beneficent activities of the unions he offered no criticism on the means sometimes employed by the executives in carrying out the policy of their unions, which have brought them into disrepute with their members and have at last roused the Government to consider suitable measures for restoring to the British worker the freedom to which every citizen is entitled under the common law of the land.

After making the somewhat astonishing statement that 'the supreme lesson of the National Strike was the clear evidence it adduced as showing that the trade union movement retained belief in the essential rightness of democratic methods,' he proceeded to argue that 'it was not the unions but the Government

which endeavoured to convert an industrial struggle into a political conflict. Nothing but the restraint, forbearance, and good sense of their members prevented the agents of the Government from fomenting a revolutionary temper and plunging the country into conditions of civil war.'

Mr. Pugh pointed out that the extremists of revolution and the extremists of reaction both saw the same possibilities in the weapon of the General Strike as an attack upon the constitutional institutions of the country; the latter charged the T.U.C. with using it to that end, and the former abused them for not doing so.

The critics at both extremes were guilty of fundamental error. The British working people had set themselves to achieve their aims by the method of democracy, which meant in politics the parliamentary system; and in economic life, a system of collective trade union effort which had been pursued as a manifestation of the common-sense and practical spirit of our people.

When the unions combined their forces last May they were not invoking any new principle of industrial action, but simply asserting on a larger scale the traditional trade union refusal to accept dictated terms of employment whether from the employers or from the Government. As a means of resisting such settlements in industrial disputes, the weapon used last May by the unions will not be left unused when it is sought to enforce upon any section of the workers terms which had not been made the subject of negotiation and collective agreement.

The plain English of this pronouncement is that the collective agreements entered into by all other unions may be scrapped and their members forced to defy the law of the land, if called upon by the General Council to support 'any section of the workers' which considers itself aggrieved.

This insistence on the 'methods of democracy,' when considered in connexion with wholesale intimidation of men, women, and children, card voting, rejection of the secret ballot, exaction in the shape of the political levy, and many other abuses, is not very convincing: the workers would prefer less 'democracy' and more freedom.

As regards 'negotiation and collective agreement,' it seems that when this method fails to convince the workers that no industry can pay out more than it earns, it is perfectly reasonable that they should go on strike to maintain their standard of living regardless of the fact that by so doing they are rendering the industry on which they depend still less capable of satisfying their requirements. So much for 'the method of democracy.'

A little later on Mr. Pugh asked if the time had not come to consider how they could apply the principle of a living wage, or basic wage, correlated to the index of national production and aiming at the equitable distribution of spending power in relation to family needs and the cost of living.

There was in the president's address a complete absence of any reference to practical economics, or to a constructive industrial policy based on a study of markets, supply and demand, economy in production, administration and transport. No, the text of his address was that the workers' standard of living must be maintained and improved, not by creating more wealth, in which the workers would share, but by 'the equitable distribution of spending power in relation to family needs and the cost of living'—not, it will be observed, in relation to the industry or ability of the worker.

The only proposal in the address for improving markets in a sense beneficial to this country was that other countries which produce competing goods at a lower price should be made to raise the standard of living of their workers until their prices ceased to be competitive; countries which would not accept our proposals on this point should be refused access to our markets in respect to such goods. This phase of Protection will be discussed more fully later on.

Again we look in vain in the president's address for any exhortation to the workers to take a pride in their craft or to contribute by their punctuality and zeal to the prosperity of the industry which provides them with a livelihood, and it is worthy of note that subsequently a resolution to merge craft unions into industrial unions was supported from the point of view that craft unions tended to create an aristocracy of labour and were therefore objectionable: the economic reasons which might have been urged in favour of the resolution were not mentioned—namely, that craft unions tended to an exaggerated particularism and friction between different unions in the same industrial shops and works, and were therefore detrimental to regular and economical output.

On Wednesday, September 8, Mr. Hallsworth (Distributive and Allied Trades) proposed that the General Council should be instructed to institute a further investigation into the question of extending the powers already vested in it in regard to intervention in industrial disputes. His proposals were framed with a view to enabling the General Council to call a lightning General Strike at any time and establish practically a trade union dictatorship. The value of any 'collective agreement' arrived at by the 'method of democracy' can be estimated from the explanatory remarks made by the mover of the resolution:

We have never [he said] regarded the question of giving notice as vital. When we have been asked to fight for another organisation or for ourselves, we have said—to hell with notices; now is the time to strike the blow, and we will strike it while we can.

Mr. Tomkins (Furnishing Trades Association) moved an amendment with the same purpose in view, but wished to give the General Council the necessary powers at once without wasting time on any further investigation.

Mr. Bevin (Transport Workers) opposed both the resolution and the amendment, and asked whether it was not rather significant that the unions which bore the heaviest brunt in the recent General Strike had decided to wait for the report of the special meeting of the executives without saying a word further about powers; and it was left to societies, some of which were very unlikely to be called upon by the General Council, to put forward the resolution and the amendment:

It would be fatal, and it would be putting a weapon into the hands of their opponents, to take a rash and hasty decision before the conference of executives was held. The mining dispute ought not to dominate the minds of the delegates who had to decide this question, neither should the question of whether the General Council did right or wrong in particular circumstances dominate their minds. They had all made blunders, and would possibly make more. A vital question which the executives would have to face was that not only of calling the men out, but of putting them back. (Cheers.)

Mr. Clynes followed in support of Mr. Bevin, remarking that to pass either the resolution or the amendment would be to enter into new and unexplored regions without being fortified by those prior discussions which must yet be prolonged over a period of years before they could so substantially alter the framework of industrially organised labour. Within the past few years there had been tendencies towards the development of a new trade union spirit. It was not in the possession of power that future trade union advance would lie—it was in the cultivation of that spirit. (Would it be rash to assume from Mr. Clynes' remarks that the 'new spirit' is one of reasonableness and not of revolution?)

Mr. Cramp (National Union of Railwaymen) also opposed both the resolution and the amendment, and characterised the idea of a General Strike as 'an ancient and mouldy conception': he considered that what they needed to-day was to consider the whole position—whether their ancient slogans had not become outworn, whether they did not need new and more up-to-date weapons, and whether they did not need to employ their intelligence as well as their brawn.

Thursday, September 9, was a memorable day, marking a definite stage in the relations between the General Council of British Trade Unions and the All Russian Central Council of Trade Unions. It will be remembered that in 1925 M. Tomskey was an honoured guest of the Congress, and that, after hearing an

inspiring speech from him, the meeting was moved to adopt a resolution which gave the General Council full powers to negotiate with Moscow for admission to membership of the Red International. The next day the negotiations were promptly opened.

The coal strike, followed by the General Strike, raised the highest hopes in Moscow, which, however, were dashed to the ground by the ignominious failure of the General Strike and the return to sanity of the leaders. But there was still the coal strike under the direction of Mr. Cook, the 'humble disciple of Lenin,' to keep the ferment going, and a levy on the miserable wages of the Russian workers was made to subsidise the British coal strike and to fortify the better-paid British miners in their determination not to return to work under any conditions which were not acceptable to Mr. Cook—or, in other words, to Moscow. The British coal industry was now definitely in pawn to Moscow: Mr. Richardson (Miners' Federation) stated to the Congress that 'it would stand out in the history of this great fight that almost two thirds of the money that had come into the miners' coffers was from Russia.'

The seriousness of this situation scarcely seems to be generally realised; it is permissible to doubt whether certain members of the Cabinet and writers in the Press who criticise the mine-owners for refusing to agree to a so-called national settlement have even begun to understand its implications. A national settlement, apart from its uneconomic and undemocratic character, means that the 'humble disciple of Lenin' (Mr. Cook), through and by means of the machinery of the Miners' Federation, would be the autocrat of the mining industry.

To return to the proceedings at Bournemouth. The chairman announced that printed copies of a telegram which had been sent from the All Russian Central Council of Trade Unions, Moscow, and the reply of the General Council were being circulated among the delegates. This telegram, consisting of 1086 words, is too lengthy to be reproduced here; it is sufficient to say that it is critical and abusive of the British Government, hectoring and impertinent to the General Council of the British trade unions. The reply of the General Council was dignified but mild in its tone, considering the provocation received.

A resolution dealing with the importation of goods from foreign countries where wages and hours are below the standards obtaining in the industries producing similar goods in this country was moved by Mr. F. Walker (Iron and Steel Trades) in the following terms:

Congress, therefore, urges the Government to institute an International Wages Convention for the purpose of fixing an international minimum wage standard as a necessary corollary to the forty-eight hours convention,

and, pending the institution of such a convention, we call upon the Government to prohibit the importation of competing goods where such goods are produced under conditions which are regarded as unsatisfactory by the organised workers in the countries where such goods are produced.

Notwithstanding the fact that the card vote gave a two to one majority against the resolution, the debate was so instructive in its indorsement of the correctness of Mr. Baldwin's views on Protection when he made his unsuccessful appeal to the country in 1923 that it is worth while to study the actual text of the speeches so far as they bear on the general question of protecting our home industries from unfair foreign competition.

On Friday, September 10, Mr. Elsbury (Tailors and Garment Workers) moved a resolution declaring that one united Trade Union International should be created.

Mr. Tanner (Amalgamated Engineering Union) moved an amendment to the effect that the General Council should insist upon the International Federation of Trade Unions summoning a conference, free of all restrictions, between that body and the Red International of Labour Unions to lay the basis of international trade union unity. This resolution and the amendment represented respectively the Socialist and the Communist (Red) points of view, and Mr. Bromley brought out the real issue at stake with his usual directness. He started by saying that the General Council would accept the resolution, but not the amendment. It must be remembered that they had become a constituent part of the Amsterdam International, and they must have respect for the point of view of those with whom they were associated. The Russian trade unions, as such, were part and parcel of the Red International of Labour Unions, which had been trying to ride rough-shod in some countries of Europe. They had not endeavoured to impress the need of unity so much as their own decisions and intentions and their very forcible determination upon others. A split had been caused among the workers in France and Germany. There was a danger also to the movement in this country.

After further discussion, in which the atmosphere was not free from tension, the amendment was rejected by two to one, and the motion carried by nearly three to one.

The closing session of the Congress was held on Saturday, September 11. An apparently harmless resolution of the deepest underlying significance was proposed by Mr. Walker (Post Office Workers) in favour of the fuller development of existing Post Office services, and in particular the adoption of the postal cheque system in conjunction with adequate expansion of the Post Office Savings Bank.

It has already been pointed out by a City correspondent in

the columns of *The Times* that underlying this proposal is the intention to pave the way for the nationalisation of the banking system of the country. Mr. Ammon (Postal Workers), who seconded, admitted that this was the goal at which they aimed.

The Socialists have long ago grasped the fact that nationalisation of the banking system would be the most effective step towards nationalisation of the mining industry, but they are sufficiently discreet not to show their hand in this connexion. The Post Office cheque system is only one of the avenues by which they prepare for the realisation of their object: the transformation of the Bank of England into a State bank is another. The end in view is the same, and the means to that end, regarded simply on their merits, are not of such a character as to expose the hand which it is intended to play. This subject has been ably treated by a writer in the *Nineteenth Century and After*¹ which is well worth studying. The resolution was adopted.

The cry of 'hands off Russia' was raised at the General Election in 1918 by the Socialists and Communists, with such effect that the Government did not dare to take any overt action in the interests of the Russian people and of civilisation against the blood-stained usurpers who had overthrown the constitution. This cry was raised again in the form of a resolution by Mr. Horner (South Wales Miners), which reads as follows:

Seeing that the war clouds are gathering in the East, and that we understand that Chang Tso-lin, the war lord, has already seized ships which belong to the Chinese Eastern Railway owned by the United Soviet of Socialist Republics, and it is clear that this action would not have been undertaken without the promised help and support of the Conservative Governments of Great Britain and Japan, this Congress protests against any action of the imperialist Governments which might lead to a new war either in the Far East or in the West, believing that the imperialist Governments are led in their policy by their wish to crush the Government of the workers and peasants of Russia, the motive for such aggressive measures being influenced by the recent help given by the Russian workers to the British miners.

Mr. Ammon, M.P., poured ridicule on the idea that the sending of money to the miners by the Russians had any connexion with the trouble in the East or with British action in respect thereto. The resolution was carried by a large majority.

The true inwardness of this resolution lies, not in its laboured construction and illogical development, but in the mentality of the mover and of the Congress which welcomed it. This mentality has not perhaps been very generally grasped, but to those who worked in Socialist and Communist areas during the 1918 election, and first realised the fanatical passion which underlay the cry

of 'hands off Russia,' there is a deep and sinister significance in the increasing hold which the Russian Soviet is obtaining in this country. Resolutions such as the above and grants of money by Russians to British miners are not merely straws which show which way the wind blows; they are direction posts pointing out the road along which the Soviet intends that we shall travel.

The leading note of the Congress was reflective rather than aggressive, and in marked contrast, therefore, to that of 1925. There was no evidence of a nearer approach to constructive and statesmanlike handling of industrial problems, no suggestion of the intelligent employment of capital under the skilful guidance of our great captains of industry by the forces of Labour disciplined under competent union leaders. Much talk about the standard of living, but no mention of the standard of production. A complete ignoring of the idea of any form of co-operation between Capital and Labour, without which the maximum of production and the highest standard of living can never be reached.

But there has been complete disillusionment in regard to Bolshevism; the British worm which has for so long wriggled ecstatically under Bolshevik patronage has turned at last and ventured to declare that it will be master in its own house. Will this assertion of independence go so far as to induce the General Council to repudiate the action of the Miners' Federation in accepting financial help from a tainted source? The answer is presumably in the negative.

F. G. STONE.

¹ 'Socialism and Banking,' by Herbert G. Williams, February 1925.

SETTLEMENT IN SOUTH AFRICA

THE 1820 MEMORIAL SETTLERS' ASSOCIATION

For the young man of to-day migration has become merely an enviable adventure. No Empire has ever contained so many lands of promise as ours, and all with their special attractions. Each settler in an Empire so diverse can find something suited to his tastes, his temperament and his pocket. Conditions of emigration in South Africa are different from those in Australia or Canada. All unskilled labour, and a good deal of that labour that passes imperceptibly from unskilled to skilled, is done by natives or coloured people. Therefore there is not the same field for the immigration of white labour into South Africa as there is in Canada or Australia, but there is a great field for the right class of man—the man who can command at least a small amount of capital—to live and thrive as a farmer in South Africa.

In the spring of the present year a party of British farmers made an extensive tour through the Union, and in the report to the National Farmers' Union the leader of the party, Mr. Padwick, C.B.E., an ex-president of the N.F.U., says:

After our travels throughout South Africa, during which we saw something of every phase of farming, it is the considered opinion of the party that South Africa offers attractive prospects to the young settler from Britain, but he must have enough character to stand on his own feet, plenty of enterprise and some capital, and he must not be afraid of hard work.

Nearly every conceivable branch of farming is practised in the Union. There is the ordinary mixed farming, dairy farming, cattle ranching, sheep farming, growing of mealies, fruit, both citrus and deciduous, cotton and tobacco. This does not exhaust the list, but gives some idea of the varieties. Perhaps one of the greatest attractions of South Africa is her climate, which can hardly be beaten, because the variations of altitude and latitude allow the settler to choose the climate he prefers, and in which he thinks there is the best chance of success.

Another of the advantages which South Africa possesses is an

organisation known as the 1820 Memorial Settlers' Association. This Association is unique in its functions; it was founded to commemorate and perpetuate the memory of the pioneers of 1820 who left their homes in various parts of the British Isles and undertook the long and arduous journey to Cape Colony.

Conditions existing after the strain of the Napoleonic Wars caused the Government of that time to vote the sum of 50,000*l.*, and 3500 British subjects took advantage of this assistance, and after many adventures landed on what were then the barren shores of Algoa Bay. How well justified was this expenditure can be judged from the census taken during the centenary celebrations held in 1920. The descendants of the original 3500 numbered no less than 150,000 of the citizens of the Union of South Africa, or fully one-tenth of the total white population of the Union. Achievement and success are written in fertile well-developed farms and comfortable homesteads. The descendants of these pioneers are found to-day in key positions throughout South Africa—as landowners, members of Parliament, trusted administrators, civil servants, solicitors and barristers.

The 1820 Memorial Settlers' Association was formed at Grahamstown in 1920 under the presidency of Sir Charles Crewe, and its object is the introduction into South Africa of a steady stream of suitable men and women who desire to establish new homes in the sub-continent and to strengthen and maintain the position of the present enterprising population. The organisation comprises—(1) an executive in Great Britain; (2) a central executive in South Africa; (3) a committee in India; (4) seven area organisations embracing the whole of the Union of South Africa; (5) numerous branches throughout the Union under the area control.

Over 500 leading progressive farmers in South Africa have agreed to take, as pupils, settlers introduced by the Association and to provide them with free board and lodging. Many settler-pupils have already been so placed, and others selected are arriving weekly in South Africa. Up to date 2000 settlers have been dealt with, bringing to South Africa with them 1038 dependants (wives and children).

The Association deals with settlers under five distinct categories, which are as follows: A. Married men (with or without families) of any age, subject to the discretion of the committee, with a minimum capital of 2000*l.* Single men of any age, subject to the discretion of the committee, with a minimum capital of 1500*l.* B. Trained farmers—married, 800*l.* minimum capital; single, 600*l.* minimum capital. C. Persons desiring to proceed to South Africa, and who produce evidence of guaranteed employment upon arrival. D. Selected persons with or without capital,

but with assured incomes or pensions, who desire to settle down in South Africa and secure the advantages of cheaper living, low taxation, and a magnificent climate, but with no pre-conceived intention of farming. E. Public school boys between the ages of seventeen and twenty. Capital, 1000*l*. Three years free training ; one year at one of the Association's training farms and two years with a South African farmer.

Each case is dealt with separately, and the Association endeavours by every means in its power to place the individual in the environment most suited to his particular capacities and aptitudes. The Association has no desire to court failure, and is anxious to safeguard the settler from the snares and pitfalls awaiting the newcomer. South Africa, too, must be considered, and, since it is most probable that many of the settlers introduced may in course of time become engaged upon affairs of State, and since every citizen, whatever his position, ought to be an asset to the State, it is essential that only men of the right stamp should be brought into the country as settlers.

The Association looks after the settler's interest from the time he makes his application in Great Britain until such time as he settles on his own land and is able to take care of himself.

The aid and co-operation of the most progressive farmers of the four provinces have been secured, and arrangements have been made for settlers to receive from such farmers practical training and experience in agriculture, horticulture, viticulture, poultry keeping, stock raising, and other branches of farming. Free training and experience, together with free board and lodging during the period of training, are assured to the new settler. The time thus occupied will be until the settler is considered qualified to begin farming for himself. During this period his capital can remain untouched, accumulating interest against the next step.

A recent feature of the progress of the Association has been the establishment of its own training farms, which will serve as a corollary to the training provided by farmers.

The Association will be constantly in touch with the settler-pupil during the time he is training, and when he becomes qualified to begin operations for himself the Association will advise him how he can invest his capital to the best advantage. He will be furnished with trustworthy expert opinion upon the value of the land he contemplates buying before he parts with his capital, and the same will apply as regards stock and implements. Thus the settler will be safeguarded from being misled in his first and most important investment.

The Association sets its face against embarking upon any policy of land purchase for settlement purposes. It is funda-

mentally opposed to, and will rigidly abstain from, undertaking dealings in land of any kind.

The Association has nothing to do with earning dividends ; it seeks to earn no dividends, it pays no dividends, it has no land or stock to sell ; it has no axe to grind, and the whole of its work is done for the love of South Africa, and in the belief that Britons who settle there can be of great service to the Empire and do good for themselves.

The British farmers who visited South Africa, and to whom reference has already been made in this article, had every opportunity of examining the methods employed by the Association, and Mr. Padwick reports as follows :

The 1820 Memorial Settlers' Association has won universal approval for the excellent and disinterested work it does in fathering the settler in South Africa through the first few difficult years. No sounder advice can be given to the intending settlers than to go out through the Association and thus secure steamship and other available concessions. Not only does the 1820 Memorial Settlers' Association arrange for the settler to gain experience free of charge with a reputable farmer for a year or two, but also when he comes to look for a farm himself the Association can offer him expert and impartial advice through its seventy-five local committees of farmers. The Association now makes special provision for public school boys fresh from home at a training farm in the Cape Province and for young single farmers at a farm colony in the Transvaal. There are several settlement schemes run by land companies, some on what seemed reasonably good lines ; but our advice to the settler is to put his faith rather in the 1820 Memorial Settlers' Association, whose sole concern is the settler's welfare. From what we saw we can realise the soundness of the warning given by the Association against buying South African land without seeing it and against setting up on a farm without knowledge and experience of local conditions.

SELBORNE.

CHINA AND THE FUTURE

IN the post-war world we live in an age of reaction—reaction from war, reaction from peace, reaction from everything which at first sight promised so much, and which on further acquaintance has yielded us little or nothing. In the same way we are at present experiencing a reaction from China. After the 'scramble for the concessions' had ended, the Powers virtuously made up their minds to assist in creating a new China. China was to be an example of international co-operation on the grand scale—a tribute to the liberality of the West. Two factors gave the undertaking an appearance of success—a genuine desire on the part of a few great Chinese statesmen to bring about the political regeneration of their country (resulting in a comprehensive programme of reforms) and the steady progress of Japan towards the first rank of modern States. Now, however, the Powers are exceedingly dubious concerning the success of the experiment. A quarter of a century has elapsed since the Boxer Rebellion, and China seems further away from political stability than she was then, whilst the process of social reorganisation seems to have resulted only in the production of a student movement which preserves all the old anti-foreign prejudices, but is more formidable than the older anti-foreignism, since it has learned to exploit the differences of the Western Powers instead of challenging them as a whole, as it did formerly, and which, moreover, is guaranteed immunity within limits by the Washington Conference Resolutions.

A few years ago there was an earthquake in China comparable in magnitude with that which spread desolation and disaster through Japan in 1923. In China mountains were shaken and innumerable large towns and villages completely blotted out; yet the outside world, even to-day, only knows of the occurrence through vague rumours. China is so vast that calamities such as this fail to alter the current of the national life in the least degree, and, in any event, reliable sources of information concerning what is happening in China are few and extremely incomplete. So it is with the process of social and political change. The European Press in China has little to say of any value on

what is happening there; for, without exception, European newspapers in China purvey news for small audiences, whose outlook is entirely bounded by the treaty ports, and by the necessity for making money under the deplorable conditions which prevail beyond that area. Besides, to speak authoritatively on Chinese affairs it would be necessary for them to establish capable correspondents, who could speak the language, in every important centre in every province. Such correspondents do not exist in China, and if they did, no newspaper, or group of newspapers, could support them. Accordingly the European Press pursues its way untroubled by the opportunities it is missing, retailing the news required by its narrow circle of readers, and, for the rest, filling up with the topical produce of the great syndicates, and less frequently with unsparing but not over-accurate denunciations of the present state of China. But a considerable portion of the vernacular Press is fifty times more credulous and less reliable. When Mr. Chu recently claimed a permanent seat on the League Council for China, one of the largest of the vernacular newspapers in a great treaty port informed its readers at length that China was clamouring for admittance to the League of Nations, and that the Powers refused to consider it. Errors such as these, often due simply to ignorance, have a cumulative effect which occasionally produces trouble. The power of the native Press, in a country which knows no other method of focussing public opinion, is one which cannot be ignored.

In dealing with the Chinese Reform Movement, China's attitude towards the West must not be overlooked, for it explains a great deal. Before treaty days China was, in the estimation of her people, the kingdom upon which all others depended. Her emperor was 'Lord of the Universe.' All other rulers were his vassals. This claim was not so ridiculous as many have attempted to make out. At one period the Mongols overran all Asia and a part of Europe as well. Even in the eighteenth and the first quarter of the nineteenth century ambassadors brought tribute from Annam, Siam and Burma, whilst in theory the Chinese emperor still ruled over a great portion of what is now Siberia. The Powers, however, fought their way repeatedly to the capital, or within range of it, and forced the Chinese Government to negotiate on a basis of 'equality.' Afterwards they went further and began to dismember the empire. Since the Chinese could not defeat them in war, it was obvious that the Western nations possessed certain arts and certain weapons which the Chinese did not. The obvious policy for the Chinese was therefore to learn so much of the West as would enable them to expel the foreigner. If that were accomplished, China's former superiority would in time be restored to her. The successful experiment which the

Japanese had just completed created a great impression upon the Chinese mind. After the Russo-Japanese War enthusiasm for reform in China was unbounded. Before long it brought about the revolution. There is a fundamental difference, however, between Japan and China. Japan really wishes to become a Western State—Western both in outlook and mode of life. China wishes to learn just so much of the West as will enable her to free herself from foreign tutelage. If Mr. Chu's speech in support of China's claim for a permanent seat on the League Council is read carefully, that much becomes clear. Mr. Chu, of course, is fighting a difficult battle, because he is trying to prove that all is well with China, when every known fact about the country proves precisely the reverse; but there are not two interpretations of the following pronouncement: 'Even now our men are fighting in the field for political supremacy at home, but the mentality of the Chinese people generally is that there is not much disadvantage in such fighting, which is but a manoeuvre of inexperienced soldiers, who are being trained for national defence in the near future.' A strange echo of the remark of a friend of mine (now at home again) who came out to China whilst a large war in the North was progressing. 'It's just like a chess tournament,' he said, after glancing at the headlines in the morning paper. 'Periodically they reshuffle the pieces and play it over again; but all this is only a prelude to the war of unification.' The fact remains that China has nearly two million men constantly under arms and not infrequently fighting. They are bad fighters, but excellent material. Well led, properly fed, clothed and paid, they would be a force to be reckoned with.

This desire to learn only a limited amount from the West is a circumstance of first importance. It is tacitly assumed by those who take an extremely optimistic view of the present collapse of all attempt at government in China and the coincident social unrest that China is striving either to become completely Western in outlook, or at least to fuse the best of her ancient civilisation with the best that the West can teach her. This may have been the view of one or two early reformers. It may also be the view of isolated leaders of Chinese thought at the present time; but China's true attitude may be deduced from the utterances of Mr. Chu and the acts of the students. Fundamentally, the Chinese wish to learn only so much as will enable them to repudiate the treaties which, rightly or wrongly, they consider a national humiliation. Only in this way can recent events be satisfactorily explained. In a speech at Canton in June, while negotiations for the settlement of the Cantonese boycott of Hong Kong were actually in progress, General Chang Kai-shek, 'the Dictator of Kwangtung,' declared that the next step in the Cantonese pro-

gramme was to unify in order to enforce the retrocession of Hong Kong and the abolition of the 'unequal treaties'; mere words, probably, but indicating a mode of thought, nevertheless. Again, if the extra-territoriality issue be taken as an illustration, the Chinese have the example of the Japanese, who in less than a quarter of a century so much improved their legal system that extra-territoriality was completely abolished. It is now more than a quarter of a century since the Powers intimated that the privilege in China would be renounced as soon as the state of Chinese law warranted it (clear indications of this attitude may be found in pronouncements by Sir Robert Hart, Mr. Seward, and others as early as 1875-80); but, although codes have been prepared, no genuine effort has been made to enforce them. The Chinese attitude has therefore changed. Instead of making an honest effort to stamp out existing abuses, they are now attempting to convince the West that those evils do not exist, and then, by a policy of coaxing, irritation, delusive propaganda, skilful exploitation of Western jealousies and occasionally by terrorism (as was the case last year), they believe they can compel us to renounce extra-territorial rights before the safety of Europeans in China is assured.

The Reform Movement really dates from the composition of Chang Chih-tung's famous essay *Learn* in 1898. That essay may be summarised as follows: 'Learn what is important. That which is important is that which will preserve our independence and restore to us national self-respect; in short, everything which will help us to organise efficiently.' Following that was a perfect hurricane of reform, lasting exactly 100 days. After the Boxer Rebellion the work was undertaken anew with redoubled energy. There is a certain simplicity in the Chinese mind, however; it is visible in the deep-rooted conviction that the accumulation of Western degrees is a true index of individual wisdom. In the same way the Chinese imagined that their purposes could be accomplished by an avalanche of comprehensive edicts. Perhaps the best examples of this occur in the spheres of law and politics. A Law Codification Commission was one of the earliest of the reforming commissions. Members of it travelled, it secured foreign advisers, and, with their assistance, the Commission has prepared a series of excellent codes modelled primarily on those of Japan. The Chinese, however (unlike the Japanese), imagined that the process was complete with the publication of the codes—so that the administration of Chinese law to-day remains a scandalous welter of ignorance and corruption. If the official report on modern Chinese prisons is read, one comes slowly to the conclusion that Chinese prisons outrival even those of the United States for cleanliness and comfort, whilst the

administrative officials of the prisons are supposedly proficient in the following subjects:—Elementary jurisprudence, constitutional law, criminal law, law for the organisation of the judiciary, study of prisons, rules of prisons, prison administration, policies of criminal administration, reformatory schools, protection of persons discharged from prisons, method of identification by finger print, police system, social psychology, hygiene, statistics, and prison construction. Not a single official proficient in all these subjects exists. In actual fact a Chinese prison is usually committed to the care of an illiterate ex-bandit in the pay of the local militarist. Similarly, Chinese statesmen have worked hard to produce good constitutions since the revolution, but not one of them has ever seemed in the least likely to win general adoption, and 'constitutional rights' are for the most part unknown. In the same way, although China is reputed to possess a Parliament (which has suffered far more tribulations and changes in composition than our own Long Parliament ever did), its chief business at the present time is an attempt to recover its buildings, which are now in the possession of a university.

One of the root causes of the present troubles in China is a complete absence of a sense of order, or discipline, in many of her citizens. The Englishman proceeding from India to China is immediately struck by it in his servants. The Chinese break through their own street processions, religious or otherwise, in the most casual fashion; nor do they object if the European does the same. The same casual methods, however, do not always appeal to the European. I once saw a rickshaw coolie attempt to cut through a detachment of English soldiers in the same way as he would do through a Chinese funeral procession. When he was pushed aside, he seemed considerably surprised. Afterwards in a city under Chinese control I watched people interrupting a procession of Chinese soldiers unhindered. Even in their methods of thought the same complete absence of discipline and logical co-ordination is often observable. For this reason the Chinese cannot altogether rid himself of the suspicion that a good deal of the West's insistence upon 'a stable Government,' 'efficient and honest administration,' and so forth, is unnecessary, and has been adopted for the special purpose of bolstering up the Powers' treaty rights in China. China never has had a stable Government in the sense that most European nations have had and continue to enjoy. It is not quite impossible that the Chinese are temperamentally unfitted for that type of Government altogether. Certainly until very recently they have accepted all kinds, except the very worst, with complete passivity. It is possible that some, objecting, will bring forward the student movement, Bolshevism, and the growth of democracy and nationalism as factors impairing

the force of this contention to-day. But all these movements directly affect considerably less than 1 per cent. of the population. Even in the treaty ports only the educated Chinese can possibly take an intelligent interest in national and international affairs.

It is obvious, therefore, that China's first need is education—education on a scale hitherto not contemplated by any nation and of a most comprehensive kind. The latest Chinese constitution provides that not less than one-fifth of the country's annual revenues shall be spent upon education. That sounds an impressive figure; but China's revenues are very small, even when the total is contemplated, but in reality the revenues of very few provinces ever reach Peking: certainly they never include very much from the South. Besides, no power exists to enforce the provisions of the constitution. Dr. Harold Balme, writing recently,¹ took an exceedingly optimistic view of what had already been accomplished. It is, indeed, incontestable that much has been accomplished, yet compared with what remains to be done it is little enough. That education is a stimulant which requires to be dispensed with discrimination and caution was made clearly evident by the occurrences of last summer. At the same time, if education of a healthy type is withheld, less desirable forms supply its place. Immediately before and immediately after the Shanghai riots last year the municipal police visited an institution known as the 'Shanghai University' and seized over 300 books which were nothing more nor less than Bolshevik propaganda, and which were offered for sale in the book store. They also confiscated a mass of miscellaneous Bolshevik literature, among which were letters to and from school teachers in Shanghai and elsewhere, clearly proving that Bolshevik propaganda was being undertaken even in primary schools. In Canton students are accepted in the Whampoa Military Academy about the ages of fifteen and sixteen. Here, in addition to military science, they receive a comprehensive political training. The academy is not a Bolshevik institution, but the students are taught all the stock phrases and arguments in denunciation of 'imperialism' and 'unequal treaties,' and so forth. In China to-day it is exceedingly difficult to discover where nationalism ends and Bolshevism begins. For the present the Chinese themselves find it inconvenient to investigate too far.

Another feature of the educational movement in China is the political emergence of women. Practically all Chinese plays dealing with the revolution and its consequences stress this. There is inevitably a woman leading a band of revolutionary idealists somewhere. In this the theatre is a correct reflection of the national life. Women students are going abroad in increasing

¹ *The Nineteenth Century and After*, April 1926.

members; they are also flocking to educational institutions in China. They organise political committees, they head 'movements,' and they even sit in provincial legislatures (where these are not yet established). In outlook they are perhaps a little more idealistic than their male colleagues. In their mode of life they are most un-archaically Western. Bobbed-haired and short-skirted, they are often excellent dancers, with the modern woman's partiality for dances, cocktails, and cigarettes. In both sexes there is little to control the more extreme manifestations of youthful revolt. Parents are frequently afraid to check the actions of their Western educated offspring for fear of being derided as out-of-date. Under the influence of Russian propaganda 'free love clubs' have even been established.

Finally, no view of the student movement in China, however brief, would be complete without some reference to the constant attempts of the students to alter the process of education to suit their own inclinations. This, in considerable measure, is due to the absence of discipline in the Chinese mind, already noted. A recent incident well illustrates some phases of the student movement in China and supplies its own moral. In June this year, following an agitation among the girl students at the British Mission School, Pakhoi, a manifesto was issued against the headmistress, denouncing her 'slave system' of education; her emphasis on religion as a factor in education (it is a mistake in school, sanctioned by British missions) which, these young philosophers declared, denied the students 'all freedom of thought'; further, they denounced her suppression of a society of a political nature, called 'The Women's Freedom Society'; and, lastly, they complained of her harshness in treatment of and lack of sympathy with the Chinese. This last charge is always levelled against those who attempt to do their duty as educators conscientiously. In the West, it goes without saying, silly children who indulged in similar manifestos would be soundly smacked, and the strike leaders would be expelled. In Pakhoi they organised a strike of such proportions that the Chinese authorities, in the place informed the headmistress that *they could no longer afford her protection*. Accordingly she left; but in spite of this the strike still continued. Incidents of this type cannot be explored, for in a healthy and intelligent student movement besides the principal hope of an enlightened democracy in a reconstructed China. The Chinese student has a greater ability to his country than the student of any other nation. Recently he has furnished evidence that, with some exceptions, he is at present unequal to that responsibility.

The influence of the Soviet's agents in China is not so great. Some of them succeed beyond all expectations, as M. Bor-

his colleagues have done in Canton. The Northern agents, however, spoil their case by over-eagerness and a desire to dictate. When Russia renounced her special rights in China she made a bold move which at first promised to be rewarded with complete success. At the Peace Conference in 1919 China had asked for a general discussion of foreign rights, putting forward a claim for certain immediate modifications. No one had listened, and the whole question was shelved until the Washington Conference. In the meantime the Soviet made its gesture, and China responded. Red Russians went everywhere, and on the whole were treated very well. Russian money was poured into China, and the full force of Chinese nationalism (which had increased enormously after the war) was skilfully directed against the treaty Powers. The Washington Conference Resolutions failed to create a deep impression on China, especially as the ratifications were so long in being completed that the proposed commissions were several years before they got to work. The suspicion gained ground that the Powers were resorting to every conceivable device to rob China of her rights. Meanwhile the nationalist movement, headed by the students (and, for the most part, comprising them alone), merely waited for an opportunity to take what they imagined would never be given freely. This cause received unexpected support through the rapid rise in political importance of General Feng Yu-hsiang during 1924 and 1925. As many people remember, this general deserted Marshal Wu Pei-fu, at the crisis of the war between Wu and Chang Tso-lin. He occupied Peking, and then began to look around for support. The Northern Chinese, as a whole, detested him for his treachery to Wu, but the Bolshevik agents found in him a sympathetic auditor. While accepting their support, however, he refrained from identifying himself with the Russian cause. When the Shanghai riots occurred, he lost no time in publishing a series of anti-foreign, and more particularly anti-British, manifestos, at the same time announcing his determination to support the students in their denunciation of the unequal treaties. For a time, therefore, his camp became almost the headquarters of the student movement. The union of the students with Feng made it seem probable for a short time that the nationalist movement in the North was predominating—an impression which was completely dissipated when Wu and Chang allied to destroy Feng's army, and forced him to take refuge in Moscow early this year.

Following this movement the Soviet's agents in North China received a series of rude rebuffs from the two generals and the Bolshevik influence began to wane. Perceiving this, the Soviet then put forward several demands, one of which practically amounted to a request for the reimposition of extra-territoriality

for Russians in Manchuria, from which the sincerity of the Soviet's policy may be excellently judged, for Russian agents have repeatedly instigated Chinese politicians to repudiate the treaties guaranteeing extra-territoriality for Europeans in China. Behind the apparent political simplicity of the Chinese, however, lurks a good deal of guile, and he is not deceived by the somewhat clumsy policy of the Bolsheviks. At present he finds Bolshevism a convenient rod with which to beat the Westerners. It is unlikely, however, that any group of Chinese politicians, except possibly the leaders of Southern Kuomintang at Canton, would seriously attempt to give practical application to Soviet principles. The absurdity of doing so in a nation which until 1911 was governed by the most absolute of modern monarchies, and with no political experience, is too apparent.

In the first days of the anti-foreign riots last summer it seemed possible that the Boxer Rebellion might be enacted all over again. Fortunately a catastrophe was avoided, but it became necessary for practically all Europeans to leave the interior and to take refuge in the treaty ports. The missionaries were just as much the objects of attack as any other foreigners. Indeed, in some districts they were singled out for specially hostile treatment. This occasioned a certain amount of surprise, especially as one or two missionary institutions, immediately after the episodes at Shanghai and Shameen, issued declarations which at first sight seemed to condemn the attitude which the Europeans in China were adopting and to approve of the actions of the students. Various reasons have been assigned for this step. In some cases it was simply the result of a sudden panic. At one college, the principal admitted afterwards, the staff were so moved by the return of their students, carrying several wounded and one or two dead, that without stopping to ascertain the facts they published a declaration condemning those who had fired on the students. As that declaration, containing a gross misrepresentation of the facts, was broadcast throughout America, the students imagined that their actions were receiving widespread approval, and, thus encouraged, proceeded to further excesses. In other cases there was no doubt a deeper motive. Some missionary institutions saw clearly that a crisis had arrived, and hoped that by putting forward the Chinese side they would escape the fury of the anti-foreign outburst, which threatened to destroy the labours of many years. However that might be, the move was a complete failure, and the missionary institutions suffered along with the other foreign interests in China. When the history of missionary activity in China is studied, however, the action of the students is not altogether surprising. The missionaries owe their toleration in China solely to the treaties which the Powers con-

cluded with China last century. At the outset, therefore, they are associated with foreign penetration into China. Moreover, the Chinese is normally unable to conceive that Westerners should spend untold time, money, and labour simply to convert Chinese to the Western religion. He invariably imagines that there is some hidden object behind the activities of the missionaries—usually, a political object. There is a story told that a thoughtful Chinese once read the Bible through from beginning to end to discover what there was about the Christian religion that made the foreigners so bloodthirsty. It may not be an altogether fair criticism, either of the West or of the missionaries, but it is at least an excellent commentary upon the Chinese mind. Moreover, the missionaries have not invariably shown wisdom in their conduct in the interior. They have frequently interfered in the administration of law (one cannot say justice) in China in the interests of their converts. Although the action may have been prompted by excellent motives, it has provoked considerable irritation. Most serious of all, missionaries have meddled directly with Chinese politics by encouraging, and even directly supporting, former students (many of whom have become converted to Christianity purely as a political investment) who have assumed political importance. Just before General Feng Yu-hsiang published his insolent manifestos, which did much to inflame Chinese opinion, last year, he received a letter of support from an important religious association in England, which was immediately published in every newspaper open to the 'Christian General.' The market value of this most unfortunate and ill-timed effusion must have been considerable. Even from the point of view of the missionaries themselves such actions are in the highest degree damaging, for it follows that every Chinese who opposes the general or politician so favoured must resent the occurrence. For these reasons, therefore, the students turned most violently anti-Christian, by which, of course, they meant anti-missionary. In their astonishment and dismay some missionaries attempted to prove that they suffered merely because they were identified with 'Imperialist' Powers. The fallacy of this contention is demonstrated by the fact that while in most places, other than Canton, normal relations between the Chinese and the foreigner have now been resumed, many missionary institutions are still closed, and others still enjoy an extremely circumscribed sphere of activity. One of them, the Canton Christian College, has been taken entirely out of American and European control (in spite of the fact that the college is largely supported from various associations in the State of New York), its name has been changed to Lingnam University (the word 'Christian' being entirely dropped), and the Cantonese are now appealing for subscriptions to support

what they now assert to be a university entirely under Chinese control. In the words of a famous English Protestant martyr, the missionary institutions in China, in taking the lead in organising all branches of Chinese education, have lit a candle which can never be put out; but the candle has started a conflagration which is now entirely beyond their control.

One important consequence of the political disturbances of 1925 is that they demonstrated the futility of even the best of intentions if the party towards whom those intentions are exercised is determined to destroy their efficacy. As a summary of the modern Western attitude towards China the Washington Conference Resolutions could scarcely be improved. They restate and extend the policy of the 'open door,' they guarantee 'equality of opportunity,' and they reiterate the desire of the Powers to assist China in every possible way, declaring at the same time that all special rights will be renounced at the earliest moment compatible with the safety of Europeans in China. An incidental result of the Conference was that the Powers practically bound themselves not to take separate punitive action in China. The result of this was evident in 1925. The disturbances were at first directed against all foreign Powers. Very soon, however, Japan and Great Britain were singled out, and ultimately Great Britain alone (through the activity of Soviet agents) was the object of attack. The practical effect of this was to place Great Britain in the position of a man who is struck and who is prevented from hitting back. No action was possible until the other Powers agreed, and they were not likely to do so so long as their own interests remained untouched. This at once raises a serious problem. Should a similar situation occur again, the British Government will be compelled to consider whether, while remaining faithful to the spirit of the Washington Resolutions, it will reserve to itself the right of stopping to ascertain the facts themselves, or of declaring that the Washington Resolutions, it will reserve to itself the right to take separate action in respect of injuries to British persons, property and trade in China.

Finally it remains to consider the special rights of foreigners in China, which are the subject of so much contention at the present time. The two most important are probably those of extra-territoriality and of foreign possession of certain conceded areas. The extra-territoriality issue is really very simple, but it has been obscured recently by a certain amount of unintelligent sentimentality and second-rate opinions, based upon anything but prevailing conditions in China. Extra-territoriality was claimed by several Powers, including Great Britain, France, Russia and Portugal, as soon as ever they entered into commercial and diplomatic relations with China, on account of the appalling condition of Chinese law. It was secured to about twenty Powers between 1842 and 1885, and it was intended that it should remain

a condition of intercourse so long as Chinese law was unable to guarantee the foreigner full protection, such as he was accustomed to in the West. On the strength of that arrangement numbers of Europeans and Americans have established wide and profitable interests in China. If extra-territoriality is renounced before full protection of these foreign interests is guaranteed, the Powers so renouncing will have been guilty of a breach of trust, which will involve widespread hardship and loss—in many cases probably ruin—to their subjects. The only question to be answered, therefore, is, Is the present condition of Chinese law such that extra-territoriality can be renounced or even modified? Not a single person who has ever studied actual conditions of legal administration will answer 'Yes' to this question. 'Justice' is openly bought and sold; most of the vices of the imperial *régime* still persist; torture is not abolished; and Chinese prisons (to which anyone may be condemned on the mere word of a militarist) still rival the filthiest European dungeons of the Middle Ages. In Peking a few public-spirited lawyers and statesmen are heroically trying to improve these conditions, but until some method of muzzling the militarists has been discovered their efforts are doomed to failure. By the very nature of the problem, the Western Powers must wait for China to make the first move before any modification is granted; and that move has not yet been made by the Chinese.

Compared with the question of the foreign settlements, however, that of extra-territoriality is simple, for it is now recognised on all sides that extra-territoriality will disappear when the need for it no longer exists. There are many, however, who hold that the foreign settlements ought never to revert to China, unless they are protected by strong, perpetual guarantees. Every single concession was worthless when the foreigner took it over. Even in defeat the Chinese preserved their contempt of the foreigner and his trade, and when he asked for a place to carry it on in they offered him mud flats, swamps, and spits of sand in the middle of rivers. So certain were they of the worthlessness of such concessions that they never troubled to reserve any important rights in those areas to themselves. In three-quarters of a century, however, the industry of the foreigners has created splendid cities such as Shanghai, and even on the most unfavourable sites (such as the Shameen at Canton) has erected valuable settlements and entrepôts. At the present moment the return of these is desired for purposes of plunder. Many a Chinese militarist has looked covetously towards Shanghai and longed for 'The Day.' The foreign settlements, therefore, should be amongst the last things, not the first, to be returned to China. Perhaps even it would be advisable for a lengthy period of international control, by the

League or one of its agents, to precede rendition. As experiments in international co-operation in face of every possible difficulty the foreign settlements in China certainly promise well for the future.

The attitude of the foreigner towards China is really very easy to understand. He wishes that unhappy country nothing but good, and is willing to co-operate in every possible way towards China's reorganisation; he also wants a friendly China; but he is at present suffering a reaction from his first idealism, and, knowing the history of China's relations with the West, he is now prepared to believe of China only ascertained facts, well attested. He has seen China break her solemn promises repeatedly, and has witnessed innumerable deliberate attacks upon foreign interests in China. For this reason, whilst adhering to his own former promises, he refuses to listen to the importunities of a few self-seeking politicians, eager to score a cheap diplomatic triumph, and requires genuine reform in China to precede modification of his own special rights.

GEORGE W. KEETON.

UNIVERSITY OF HONGKONG,

July 5, 1926.

ITALY, GREECE AND TURKEY

ALTHOUGH the foreign policy of Italy and Greece *vis-à-vis* Turkey and the fears entertained by the Angora Government are rather obscured by the dictatorial *régimes* in these three countries, yet it is possible to throw a certain amount of light on the various factors which are likely to influence the future course of events in the Eastern Mediterranean. There has recently been a great deal of talk, both in the European Press and elsewhere, of Italy's aspirations in Asia Minor and of a possible alliance between Italy and Greece at the expense of Turkey, but my recent investigations at Constantinople and in other quarters have convinced me that the whole question is much more involved than is generally supposed.

As Turkey, with her peculiar political, geographical, and strategic position, seems to be the *point d'appui* of the general situation, it is, I think, advisable to examine the state of affairs in that country before attempting to study the external influences which may possibly affect the equilibrium of the new Turkish Republic.

As things are at present, it is exceedingly difficult to know what to make of Turkey, and the visitor to Constantinople is faced with a continuous succession of perplexities and inconsistencies. Even the diplomats are often at a loss to see any signs of light in the political darkness. Lines of thought are formed only to be broken by some unexpected event, and chains of reasoning are brought to an abrupt end by some absurdly unreasonable circumstance. The administrative machine resembles the work of some inferior Western artisan clogged with Oriental grit and driven by totally unskilled hands; and all this behind a façade of modern European civilisation. The embassies of Péra reflect a feeling of great diplomatic uncertainty, while over the ancient city of Constantine hangs an atmosphere of continual apprehension.

In certain directions Constantinople has almost the flavour of a Western city, yet in reality it is as far removed from the West as Cairo is from Paris. The army, police, and gendarmerie are dressed in smart European uniforms, the veil has been discarded by the Moslem women, and the 'fez' is no longer seen in

the streets. The moving multitude looks in no way different from that of any European city, Turkish officials live the lives of their equals in Paris or Berlin, and the city is provided with the latest modern conveniences. Yet one only has to go a few miles inland to find the most primitive conditions of life, to see bodies of troops slouching along the roads in veritable rags, and to plunge into the true slovenliness and sloth of the East.

The Government of Mustapha Kemal Pasha, known in Turkey as the Ghazi, is conducted on the strictest principles of military discipline, this being the only administrative system of which the Turk has any really sound knowledge. That Turkey is essentially a military nation must be obvious to the eye of even the untrained observer, and it is only natural that this quality should play a dominating part in her supreme effort to take her place side by side with the European Powers. Nor is it surprising that this military structure, built up by a fighting race with the experience of a long succession of wars, should be the foundation on which the new Republic rests. Mustapha Kemal is the head of the army—he is no mere honorary commander-in-chief—and his army is the most powerful weapon in his hand, but so much does he rely on this one source of support that his position as President of the Republic is almost in the hands of his army following. Partly as the result of his prowess as a commander and his successes in the field, and partly owing to his powerful personality and iron hand, the Ghazi is literally worshipped by the great majority of Turks as an almost superhuman hero. His portrait hangs in nearly every Turkish house, he is respected and honoured more than the sultans, and the uneducated people mention his name with bated breath. Even many of the old Turks, who have remained in the country, are just as faithful and true to the Ghazi as they were to the Sultan and Caliph of Islam. A personal friend of mine, who was formerly aide-de-camp to the last Sultan, is so enthusiastic in his adoration of Mustapha Kemal that he seems almost to have forgotten his days spent in the Palace of Dolma Batche.

Yet with all his prestige Mustapha Kemal's position in Turkey is far from secure. When I was in Smyrna recently the discovery of a plot against his life had resulted in the arrest and trial of a large number of his political opponents, several of whom have since paid the extreme penalty at Angora. The Ghazi, not considering himself safe in Smyrna, was careering wildly about the country, commandeering houses wherever he went and moving at a moment's notice from one secluded spot to another. Through whatever towns or villages he passed, the streets were cleared, and all that was to be seen of Mustapha Kemal was a motor car enveloped in clouds of dust. On the Ghazi's private life it is unneces-

sary to dwell beyond mentioning the fact that his bibulous indiscretions and juvenile pursuits have little material effect on his administrative judgment. This I have on the highest authority. Although during the time that I was in Turkey Mustapha Kemal's personal position was most precarious—he was unsafe in Smyrna, he dared not set foot in Constantinople, and he was uncomfortable even in Angora—yet he had the great bulk of the country behind him.

I would venture to state that the army is the greatest power in Turkey to-day. As long as, and only as long as, Mustapha Kemal has the complete support of the army can he continue to wield his influence and authority; and only then provided that he can escape the hand of the crafty Turkish assassin. That he has done a great work for Turkey goes without saying. Apart from his success in the field, he has built up and fostered a strong national feeling. The right motives and the will are present, but the method and the means are painfully absent.

Let us first examine the policy of the new Turkey and then see what action the Government has taken to develop that policy. 'Nationalism' and 'Westernisation' are the two great ideals on which most governmental action is based. With regard to the former, it is becoming increasingly obvious that the Turks want their country to be wholly and entirely Turkish. The Turkish language is universal, and to such an extent is this carried out that even museum catalogues, which are seldom used by any Turkish-speaking people, are printed in this Oriental tongue, and are therefore useless to the people for whom they are intended. The historic buildings of Constantinople can only be visited in the company of a Turkish guide, whose knowledge is purely imaginary and who can speak little else than his native language. Foreigners are not wanted in any capacity whatsoever, and the Turks will not tolerate foreign interference. 'Turkey for the Turks' is the sentiment animating the very soul of the nation, and so imbued is the Government with this idea that it is doing everything in its power either to expel all non-Turkish elements of the population or to make intolerable the lives of all those who remain in the country. The Greeks have already been turned out, all foreign chambers of commerce have been shut down, foreign ships are not allowed to carry passengers or freight between Turkish ports, and foreign shipping agents are not even allowed to board their own vessels. All coastal shipping has to be done by means of Turkish ships,¹ and every foreign business house

¹ The Turkish authorities are encountering difficulties in their endeavour to maintain an adequate coastal service, as the Turkish seaboard is extensive, stretching from Trebizond on the Black Sea to Constantinople and then south-east past Smyrna to Adalia and Mersina, a total distance of nearly 2000

is compelled to employ a certain percentage of Moslem employees, whether they are capable of doing the work or not. In most cases they are quite incapable. In the spring of this year the Ionian Bank, a British institution, was called upon by the Turkish authorities to increase the number of Moslem employees to 50 per cent. The bank replied to the effect that any further increase in the Moslem staff would mean employing useless individuals in excess of requirements, but, as the Turkish authorities were determined on the execution of this law to the letter, the bank found itself in the position either of having to withdraw from Turkey altogether or of saddling itself with the expense of paying an unnecessary and useless staff. It was not until Sir Ronald Lindsay, the British Ambassador at Constantinople, had taken the matter up with the Angora Government that a satisfactory arrangement was ultimately reached. All accounts have to be kept in Turkish as well as in the language of the foreign firm, thus greatly increasing clerical work, and countless other difficulties are placed in the way of foreign business houses. Foreign commerce is being made almost impossible, and Turkey cannot herself supply what she is deliberately driving from the country. Turkey is in fact committing commercial suicide in order to pander to an ideal, which is entirely unpractical under present conditions in the country.

For centuries Constantinople has largely depended on foreigners for her prosperity, and without them she cannot live commercially; yet the Turk of to-day, who is little changed from the Turk of old, is carried away with the idea of a 'Utopia' in which there will be no one but Turks, no industries other than Turkish, and no money made by anyone other than themselves. Should this policy continue to prevail, the result is a foregone conclusion—an impoverished Constantinople and an almost destitute Turkey.

But the Angora Government must not imagine that Europe will sit still and watch this great centre of shipping and commerce, this strategical and political cross-road between the East

miles. On account of an inadequate railway system a great deal of internal commerce is carried on by sea. Before July 1, the date on which the new shipping regulations came into force, about 50 per cent. of the coastal trade was in the hands of foreigners; Turkish tonnage did not exceed 50,000 tons in all, and many of the vessels were old and in need of repair. The consequence is that now the Seiri Sefani, the principal Turkish shipping company, which is State-owned, does not possess sufficient ships to ensure an adequate service. This is specially the case in the Constantinople-Mersina service, where large stocks of merchandise accumulate on the quays awaiting shipment. Although the authorities are alive to the situation and Sadullah Bey, director of the Seiri Sefani, has publicly declared that it will be necessary to buy additional tonnage successfully to cope with the passenger and goods traffic, it is difficult to see how the money is to be forthcoming.

and the West, between the North and the South, crumble away before her very eyes. There are many Powers whose lifelong ambition has been to gain possession of the passage between the Mediterranean and the Black Sea and all that it contains. Constantinople will never be allowed to die a natural death, and this is one of the reasons why I say that Turkey seems to be the *point d'appui* of the whole situation in question. I might almost go the length of saying that Turkey has the moulding of this situation in her own hands. By continuing her policy of expelling foreign commerce she is heading straight for a situation in which she may ultimately be overwhelmed by those very influences which she is now making every effort to shake off.

With regard to 'Westernisation,' the steps taken by the Government towards bringing the country into line with European civilisation are many and varied, the most drastic and far-reaching being the abolition of the 'fez' and the adoption of the European headdress. Small and insignificant as this change may seem to the European mind, it has had a powerful influence on the mental attitude of the Turk, who from the moment he took off his 'fez' and put on a felt hat considered himself as 'Western' as a Londoner or a Parisian. To his truly Oriental mind it was like the effect of a magic wand wielded by some supernatural being capable of dispensing the qualities of power and success. It was purely a question of national prejudice, and had no connexion with religion whatsoever. Another move in the same direction has been the issue of postage stamps inscribed in Latin characters, which is likely to lead to the general use of these characters when writing the Turkish language. The Swiss code of civil law has also been introduced to replace the old Turkish law, which was so intimately connected with the Moslem religion that any attempt to amend it would have entailed endless difficulties and complications. The Young Turks take great pride in their Western innovations, and never lose an opportunity of drawing attention to such as are of Turkish workmanship; of anything non-Turkish they are rather inclined to be ashamed.

Modern Turkey is a poor country, and she scorns what has been her chief source of wealth for centuries in order to pursue her fanatical policy of 'Turkey for the Turks.' The consequence is that we find in vogue a financial system which scarcely blends with orthodox views on 'Westernisation.' As most Government officials are underpaid, the system of 'baksheesh' continues as before, although it is perhaps not quite so blatant as it was in the days of the sultans. The money changes hands less ostentatiously than before, but it changes hands all the same. Every conceivable

means of raising money is fully exploited by the Government—by monopolies, taxes, and fines. Visitors to hotels and restaurants find 30 per cent. consumption tax added to their bills in addition to other dues exacted by the authorities; a tax of 30 per cent. is imposed on every article purchased, and exorbitant fines are inflicted on the slightest provocation. Press telegrams are submitted to the most rigorous censorship, and when not approved the money is seldom returned. Passengers are not allowed to live on board the ships in harbour, in order that their money may flow into the tills of the Turkish hotels and the consumption tax into the Government exchequer. Stamps have to be affixed to all bills taxed, and as these often run out of stock, fines are often inflicted for the Government's own negligence. Stringent regulations are in force concerning the flying of the Turkish flag, and any infringement is penalised by a heavy fine. Against such flagrant injustice as continually occurs in the execution of the Government's financial policy there is no redress for the foreigner now that the Capitulations have been withdrawn. As the Government must have money and the question of foreign loans is at present out of the question, the country struggles along picking up what financial scraps it can find, with little scruple as to the means employed.

Mustapha Kemal and his Government are extremely suspicious, and Constantinople is as infested with spies as it was in the days of Abdul Hamid. There are Government spies in every hotel, and little escapes their notice, while restaurants and cafés are haunted by eavesdroppers, who at once inform the police of any anti-Kemalist conversations. Before the offenders realise what has happened they are on their way to a Turkish prison.

That conditions in Turkey such as I have described will last for any appreciable time seems doubtful. The Nationalist movement is still more or less in its infancy, and therefore inclined to be more fanatical. It is hoped that in time there will be a development of a more reasonable tendency, when the leaders begin to see things in their true proportion and to estimate more accurately the capabilities of the Turkish people. Then perhaps it will be realised that for a beginning it is impossible for Turkey to stand alone without foreign influence of any kind. The day may come when all her ideals will be consummated and there will truly be a 'Turkey for the Turks,' but the time for that is not yet. If Turkey wants to become 'Westernised' she must submit to Western guidance until such time as she can stand alone. At the moment she is in no mood to consider such a suggestion, but unless she eventually comes round to this view there is good reason to fear that one day she will find herself deprived of her

territory north of the Bosphorus and her hopes of 'Westernisation' blasted for ever.

There is a certain analogy between the present political situation in Turkey and that existing across the Persian frontier. Both are delicate political structures, built round the great ideal of national independence and propped up by one strong figure-head. But whereas Shah Rheza Pahlavi is glad to have the advice and assistance of Great Britain through the British Minister in Teheran, Mustapha Kemal spurns the counsels of all alike. Persia, realising her financial difficulties, has wisely accepted the assistance of an American Financial Commission, and it seems that Turkey could not do better than seek a solution in a similar direction.

Now let us turn to Turkey's external situation. Since the ratification of the Mosul Treaty the feeling against Great Britain has very much subsided, and there is a noticeable feeling of relief that war has been avoided. I do not mean to infer that the Turk has any liking for us as a nation, but we certainly have his respect. It is recognised that had hostilities broken out over the Mosul question an opportunity would have been given to Italy and Greece, now in complete harmony if not in actual secret alliance, to realise their unfulfilled ambitions in the Near East; but now that friendly relations exist between Great Britain and Turkey it is felt that British influence would be exerted in favour of Turkey in the event of unprovoked aggression. With regard to Russia, there seems to be a general opinion that the religion of Islam is a sufficiently formidable barrier to prevent Soviet sentiments from penetrating into the Turkish mind; but I seriously doubt whether, in the event of a revolution in the country, a people who have thrown aside so many of the accepted Moslem dogmas would be impervious to the poison which would be injected into the very vitals of the nation.

Most prominent in the external affairs of Turkey is the deep-rooted fear of Italy, based on the alleged conclusion of an understanding between Italy and Greece regarding combined action against Turkey under certain conditions. It is unnecessary to enlarge on Signor Mussolini's Fascist *régime* beyond the fact that this remarkable leader is determined to build up a 'Greater Italy,' to train the minds of the Italian people to the idea of colonial expansion, and to awaken in them a consciousness of sea-power. In an interview at the Palazzo Chigi in Rome Signor Mussolini defined his colonial policy as: (1) Interior colonisation, involving the redistribution of the population in Italy in developing the less inhabited areas; (2) colonisation of overseas possessions, such as Lybia, Italian Somaliland, etc.; (3) regulated emigration to the richer countries; (4) arrangements with other countries for the

supply of raw materials; and (5) the question of new colonies, about which Signor Mussolini was most reticent. His ambition is to create a great Mediterranean Power and to find a solution for the absorption of the surplus Italian population.

In recent years vast strides have been made on the sea. The Italian navy has been given a new lease of life, and the Italian flag is persistently shown in foreign ports. The merchant service has made a marked advance in passenger and goods services. Vessels of the Lloyd Triestino and Societa Italiana di Servizi Marittimi compare very favourably with our own passenger liners, and are building up a reputation for the steamship services based on Trieste and Genoa. In fact, Italy has already come into the reckoning as an important maritime Power. Before setting sail for Tripoli in the spring of this year Signor Mussolini made the following declaration to a large Fascist gathering:

I specially wished this ceremony to take place on board a battleship for the following reasons:—First, I wanted you to render homage to the navy, in which our best hopes for the future are placed. Secondly, that you should become familiar with these instruments of war. Thirdly, that here your consciousness should become wider, and that on returning home you should awaken a consciousness of our sea-power. We are a Mediterranean people, and our destiny, without copying anyone, has been, and always will be, on the sea.

Although Signor Mussolini takes unusual trouble to emphasise the fact that his policy is none other than one of peace and goodwill, his speeches are scarcely calculated to throw oil on European waters. Words such as I have quoted naturally set people wondering at whose expense all this aggrandisement of Italy was going to be carried out, and apprehension was felt in certain quarters. In Turkey this took the form of an attack of nerves, which developed out of a distinct feeling of uneasiness over the alleged understanding between Greece and Italy. The Turks were afraid of an Italian attempt on south-western Anatolia, a rich agricultural country with a small population, simultaneously with a Greek attack on eastern Thrace. They accordingly called up several classes of reservists and took defensive measures against such a contingency.²

In March the Greek Foreign Minister and the Minister of Communications had proceeded to Rome as guests of the Italian Government, and it was stated that the obnoxious, to sign to exchange views on the interests of the Italian firms and to contracts for the supply of war materials

² It was thought in many quarters that these Turkish precautions were taken to influence the negotiations over the Mosul, there is now no doubt that the motive was fear of Italy and Greece.

obtain from Italy a credit of 2,000,000*l.* for the purchase of these armaments. All this was admitted, but the conclusion of any agreement between the two Powers *vis-à-vis* Turkey was stoutly denied. In the circumstances there seemed good reasons for Turkey's attitude. Italy's hopes of territorial aggrandisement in Anatolia as a result of the war had not been realised, and, holding as she did the island of Rhodes within sight of the Turkish coast, she still clung to her Asiatic ambitions. Greek ambitions had led to disaster in Asia Minor and to loss of territory in Europe. The great ideal of re-establishing Constantinople as the capital of another Greek empire had been shattered. What seemed more natural than that these two disappointed Powers should look for a suitable opportunity for a combined effort to realise their hopes—Italy in Anatolia and Greece in Thrace? It was not until the Greek Foreign Minister had stated that there was no pact whatever between his Government and Italy hostile to Turkey, and until the Italian Ambassador at Constantinople had proceeded to Angora and officially denied the existence of such an agreement, that uneasiness began to subside in Turkey. At the same time there is little doubt in my mind that, had the Mosul dispute led to hostilities between Great Britain and Turkey, Italy and Greece would have made use of the opportunity to realise their ambitions when all the chances of success were on their side. In studying situations such as this one has to bear in mind the characteristics and mentalities of races. The Italians and Greeks can play a winning game, but they will not risk a losing one. Signor Mussolini cannot afford to involve Italy in an unsuccessful war, while any successful enterprise goes to increase his prestige and power. Greece is not in a position to stand another defeat, but a victorious campaign might go far to re-establishing her as a nation. Therefore I venture to predict that, should an opportunity occur for Italy and Greece to make use of Turkey's embarrassment to advance their respective aims without risk of defeat, they will do so, and for this reason I cannot help feeling that the future of Turkey depends on her own policy.

The danger I see for Turkey is her commercial decay owing to her persistence in pursuing her policy of 'Turkey for the Turks' long before the country and people are sufficiently developed in Western methods. Then will be the time for those Powers with eyes on Constantinople to make a bid for the Bosphorus. Although Turkey might be ruined commercially, her fighting spirit would still remain, and, unless I am greatly mistaken, she would fight to the last for the city which has been the pride of Islam and the home of the Sultan Caliphate. Then, I say, would be the opportunity for Italy and Greece to take advantage of Turkey being involved in war to step into the

breach and to realise their ambitions in Anatolia and Thrace respectively.

In order to protect herself from this danger, the only solution for Turkey seems to lie in a gradual modification of her policy by allowing herself to be guided by European elements which are amicably inclined towards her. Such a change cannot be expected at the moment, but events may mould the Turkish mind to this view. Now that relations between Great Britain and Turkey are on a satisfactory footing there seems no reason why a definite *rapprochement* should not be reached between the two countries, to the general interest of both. On the Turkish side, such an understanding would make Turkey's position doubly secure by helping to sustain the commercial prosperity of the country and by acting as a safeguard against external aggression. On the British side, it would help our foreign policy with regard to Russia and Persia; it would ease the position of the Iraq Mandate; it would strengthen our imperial communications with India; and it would ease the situation in Egypt by attracting to our side the Turkish elements of the Egyptian population, which are in many ways the most potential for the execution of our Egyptian policy.

But these are not the only reasons why I advocate a *rapprochement* with Turkey. Constantinople may be regarded as a sort of European barometer in which are reflected the political atmospheres of the different European Powers, and, unless my deductions are wide of the mark, the Germans are making a serious effort to maintain their influence over the Turks. The shade of von Bieberstein is fitting about the streets and byways of Stamboul, and in more senses than one the German eagles are greedily looking down from the heights of Péra on to the blue waters of the Golden Horn. Whereas formerly German ambitions with regard to Turkey were of a military nature, now they are purely commercial, and the German is there on the spot ready to render commercial assistance if and whenever it is asked. I therefore feel that, unless Great Britain can make good use of the Mosul Treaty and in the near future lay the foundations of a *rapprochement* with the Angora Government, she will be forestalled by those who wish to forge a chain of influence between the German Embassy on the Bosphorus and the Ausländergesellschaft in Berlin.

Although a British loan to Turkey is at the moment out of the question, there seems no reason why the anticipation of such a possibility should not form the basis of an understanding. With Turkey as she is, any move towards establishing a British influence would have to be made with the greatest tact and caution and full sympathy given to Turkish aspirations. The fear of Italy and

Greece may prove to be the determining factor, and here Great Britain is in a position to play an important part. She can serve the interests of peace by stabilising politically and commercially a situation created by three Powers whose ambitions are inclined to overwhelm their judgment

E. W. POLSON NEWMAN.

THE PRINCIPLE OF RELATIVITY AND THE DAYTON MILLER EXPERIMENTS

THE history of the human race is an uninspiring and even a depressing record. In essentials there is little difference between man and the animals he regards as inferior. The possession of the faculty of rational discourse has indeed superposed a cultural evolution on man's natural evolution, yet the animal man, as we find him at his first appearance, has practically the same characters which have persisted throughout his history and remain unaltered in his present condition. Undoubtedly the cultural world of man has changed, and is changing continually, but for the most part its changes are superficial and of the nature of passing fashions. There have occurred, however, a few, a very few, periods in the history of the human race when man seems to have been able to achieve, by means of an intellectual emancipation, a new outlook and a greater efficiency, if not a progress towards the attainment of a higher destiny. In the history of Western civilisation and the development of the particular culture which distinguishes the Occident, there are two such periods definitely marked as advances and appearing in retrospect as periods of liberation and spiritual progress. Each is characterised, moreover, by a certain self-consciousness in the actors who achieved the advance. The first of these periods saw the birth of philosophy in ancient Greece, and the second, the period we name the Renaissance, saw the birth of philosophy in modern Europe. Are we in this present generation living through another such period? There is much in the present state of physical science to justify such a view, and to many it seems that the revolution of fundamental ideas, which marks the present day, is wider and deeper than any previous change, and certainly constitutes an intellectual advance and the attainment of a degree of spiritual freedom greater than we can find in any historical parallel. On the other hand, there are many who view the principles of the scientific revolution we are passing through in the present day with extreme distrust, and think of it as a passing phase, or perhaps as an effect of sudden intoxication. They despair, indeed, of a simple return to the old principles, but at least they hope for something which will appear to them saner.

The question, therefore, which I wish to examine in this article is whether the principle of relativity and the new conceptions of the universe which follow from it are likely to prove a new advance to a higher level in the cultural evolution of the human mind, or whether they are no more than a passing fashion at the mercy of any scientific investigation which may succeed in throwing doubt on the original experiments on which they are based. In particular, very great interest centres upon the remarkable experimental observations now being made by Dr. Dayton Miller at the Mount Wilson Observatory—are they likely to upset the conclusions drawn from the Michelson and Morley experiments which led to the formulation of the principle of relativity? If they do, will it mean a return to the old Newtonian principle? Before I discuss this particular matter I will try to give some reasons of a popular nature for the success of the new principle, and some characteristic features of the new concepts.

Although the principle of relativity was first formulated by Einstein only eleven years ago, and tested as interpretative of the phenomena of gravitation only seven years ago, yet in this incredibly short time it has won practically universal acceptance in the domain of mathematics and physics, and accomplished a complete revolution in the scientific concept of the nature of the reality of the physical universe. Yet few of us probably realise what an extraordinary reversal it implies in our every-day notions of the nature of things. We live in a scientific age, and invention goes forward with a constant acceleration so that the ordinary mind finds it difficult to keep pace with discovery. We are hardly able to grasp the significance of one discovery before another comes to make the interest in the first purely historical. The Copernican revolution took nearly two centuries. Its inevitable beginning was when the hardy navigators of the end of the fifteenth century, by their intrepid voyages of discovery, made it perfectly certain that the earth is a sphere. Not, however, till nearly a century later did an astronomer suggest the idea, which even to Francis Bacon seemed fantastic and absurd, that the earth moves. And not till a century after Copernicus did the new system, denounced as impious and sternly rebuked, win universal acceptance.

The story of Einstein's theory has been told so often and expounded so fully in popular manuals and magazine articles that there is no need for me now to do more than refer to it. What is important, however, is that no one should be content to understand it without grasping clearly its implications and the nature of the revolution it implies in previously accepted ideas. For more than two centuries, or, to be precise, since Newton's *Principia*

was published under the auspices of the Royal Society in 1686, science has assumed as a postulate, confirmed by the formulation of a universal law of gravitation, that the physical universe is one absolute and self-identical material system, real in the objective meaning of reality, consisting of a space-time framework occupied by variously aggregated masses of material, obeying mechanical laws of action and interaction. The principle thus established has been time and again challenged by philosophy—witness Leibniz, Berkeley, Hegel—but never even questioned by science, and the philosophical objections have always been easily discounted and discredited as abstract and theoretical, and treated as negligible. In science to-day, as the result of Einstein's observations and experimental tests, it is this scientific postulate which is discredited. It is now rejected as untrue in theory and useless in practice, and a completely revolutionary principle is adopted in its place. According to the new principle there is no universe in the old objective meaning. There are systems of reference from which observers attached to them are co-ordinating natural phenomena. Each such system is private and particular, and the physical universe is a mathematical construction, effected by means of ideal relations. Let me try to state the principle without any ambiguity. It is the principle that the universe is not a real thing but an ideal thing. What is real—real in the ultimate and fundamental meaning of reality—is not one object, the material space-time universe, but many subjects. The principle of relativity, however, is a scientific principle and therefore objective in its reference. It is concerned strictly and only with mathematics and physics; it is not concerned with metaphysical abstractions. How, then, does it present its new concept of an ideal construction in place of the old concept of a real object? By considering the actual way in which observers of the phenomena of Nature do in fact co-ordinate the universe, that is, how they make their space-time measurements of astronomical movements. To ordinary observation the universe consists of the earth and the celestial bodies moving relatively to one another. An observer on the earth as he observes these movements does not *experience* movement, does not *feel* that he is in a system of translation—he observes the celestial bodies moving relatively to his system at rest. The principle of relativity formulates this as the universal rule or condition of observation. It declares that every observer of a natural event co-ordinates it, that is, determines its spatial and temporal relations to other events, from the individual standpoint that his own system is at rest. This in all simplicity is the principle of relativity, absolutely subversive of the Newtonian principle.

Let me make clear what is meant by co-ordination, and how

it is effected. The advance of mathematics and the successful formulation of non-Euclidean geometries have made the problem of co-ordination complicated and difficult, yet, so far as our present purpose requires, it can be stated quite simply. Co-ordinates are the lines of the geometrical construction by which the position of any point is determined in space or the line of a moving point is plotted. The co-ordinates of ordinary metrical geometry are named the Cartesian co-ordinates after Descartes, who first elaborated the method of co-ordination. The co-ordinates of non-metrical geometry are distinguished as Gaussian after the eminent German mathematician of last century. I will only deal with the Cartesian co-ordination.

In ordinary experience we distinguish between visual space and real space. Visual space is deformed by perspective, and to correct this and measure real space we use a rigid measuring-rod. There is a like distinction between time as we experience its flow and time as we measure it by a clock. Measuring-rods and clocks are rough-and-ready instruments for practical use. When we replace them, as we do in geometry, for theoretical purposes, with points, lines and planes, defined with mathematical precision, we are using co-ordinates. Real space has three dimensions. We may select any point whatever, and from it we can draw three straight lines, and three only, at right angles to one another. If we take each of the three lines as a radius and revolve it round the point, that is, if we expand our lines into surfaces, we then construct in space a figure with three planes at right angles to one another. This construction can now be used as a frame of reference, and by means of it, if we treat it as fixed and not moving, we can determine the position of any point in the universe. We measure the distance of the point from our figure along three lines drawn from the point perpendicular to the three planes of our frame of reference and thereby obtain its definite position relatively to all other points; assuming, of course, as it always was assumed, and indeed seemed natural to assume, that real space is unique, immobile, undeformable, and cognisable. There is no geometrical means of directly determining a particular instant in the succession or time series, but movement which has time as a factor may be determined geometrically in regard to its direction by plotting the successive positions of the moving point.

It is in regard to this method of co-ordination that the problem of relativity arises. Is our pure geometrical frame of reference an absolute objective space-time system, or is it relative to ourselves? Is it a subjective system? The Copernican discovery had been that the movements of the celestial bodies are capable of a much simpler schematisation by taking the sun instead of the earth to be at rest. Galileo had got into trouble with the ecclesiastical

powers because he had insisted that the movement of the earth is not hypothetical but a positive demonstrable physical fact. Descartes, with admirable foresight, had argued that there are two meanings in which we may affirm that the earth moves or is at rest. A mass moving relatively to other masses may yet be at rest for the observer attached to it. 'Thus,' he said, 'I may be at rest in my cabin in the ship which is carrying me from Calais to Dover.' He propounded a system of universal movement which in many respects anticipated the principle of relativity. Let us, however, take the case of an astronomer to-day, using a system of Cartesian co-ordinates, and mapping out the path of the earth in its annual revolution round the sun: can he project the spatial path in absolute positions and the velocity and acceleration in absolute intervals? That is, can he describe the path and the velocity as it really is, taking into account and allowing for the fact that the earth, from which he makes his observations, is moving while he makes them? Newton thought that this was possible, and in fact assumed that this was precisely what he himself as an astronomer was engaged in doing. Einstein rejects the whole principle together with the conception of the universe based upon it, and has formulated a new principle the complete antithesis of it and a new conception of the nature of the universe. The two opposed principles will appear in contrast if we take illustrations and choose for illustration the two crucial phenomena, light and gravitation, which have been the subject of the test experiments.

In the case of light, the discovery was made in the seventeenth century by the Danish astronomer Römer, calculating the rising and setting of the moons of Jupiter, that light has a definite velocity of propagation. This velocity offered no conceptual difficulty—on the contrary, it provided a new means of calculating celestial distances and intervals. It was never questioned, however, that this velocity, like velocity in general, referred to the absolute system, which was conceived as pure space and pure time. It offered no difficulty whatever to the Newtonians, who simply introduced the velocity of light as a factor and treated it as they treat a known aberration. It was assumed, however, that the velocity of light, and in fact all velocity, had an absolute value in reference to a real space system, identical for all observers. The experiments of the latter half of the last century, culminating in the Michelson and Morley experiment, demonstrated that such a concept of real space is impracticable and theoretically worthless. Those experiments could only be interpreted to mean that the velocity of light is constant for observers on the earth and exhibited no variation due to the earth's movement. In other words, the velocity was not constant in relation to the space in

which the earth was moving, but constant for the terrestrial observer with complete indifference to the velocity of the earth's own movement. This was the discovery in regard to the propagation of light which upset Newton's assumptions of an absolute space and absolute time flow.

The crucial test in regard to gravitation, the other great conception associated with Newton, had a different significance. There had been no discovery of a velocity of propagation of the attractive force or influence known as gravitation. It was assumed to be instantaneous, but it would have made no difference to the concept of its nature had there been in regard to it any observation which required velocity to explain it. What Newton gave the world was a formula for a universal law of gravitation. He conceived the universe as masses or aggregates of material scattered throughout a uniform space, changing their relative positions in that space in an even flowing time. The masses, left to themselves, moved with their initial velocities in straight lines and were deflected towards one another by an attractive force, mysterious in nature and origin, but acting uniformly according to what has become known as the law of the inverse square. The rival hypothesis which Einstein propounded, and proposed to test, was the hypothesis that the deviation from their courses of approaching masses, instead of being due to some occult influence exercised by masses at a distance, was due to the structure of space in their paths. Gravitation was thought by Einstein to be an effect, not of a qualitative property of matter, but of a geometrical property of space. The direct and crucial test which he proposed was to observe the position of a star during a total eclipse of the sun, the star being near the sun so that the light from it must pass through the sun's gravitational field. He predicted that the apparent position of the star would show a shift from its calculated position, and this would mean, not an attraction by the sun's mass, but a deviation of path due to the structure of space in the sun's gravitational field. The path of a ray of light is the most direct line which it is possible to follow from the source to the observer. Ordinarily there would be no means of discovering whether the light from a star is deflected or not, but during an eclipse the position of a star can be observed and compared with what its position would be if the disturbing influence were absent. The observation was made in the solar eclipse expedition of May 1919, and when the mathematical equations were worked out it was discovered that the prediction was fully confirmed. Since then other observations and experiments have accorded with the new principle.

It was not, however, the principle of relativity so much as the new concept of the nature of the universe implied by it, which,

like the puzzle of the Antipodes when the Copernican theory was put forward, proved difficult to reconcile with ordinary ways of thinking. It was found to rest on the concept of a four-dimensional universe, a world in which the three dimensions of space and the time dimension are so intimately interrelated that a variation in a spatial co-ordinate involves a variation in time. Instead of a world in which space is constant and time variable we are called on to conceive a world in which space also is variable, and in which, for different observers, a change in one observer's time is the equivalent of the change in another observer's space, a world in which, as between different observers, there exists neither co-existence nor simultaneity. This is the really revolutionary concept. To see how puzzling it is, let us compare it with our ordinary way of thinking.

We think of space as always existing. The idea of places going out of existence or coming into existence seems an impossible idea. If we are travelling from Oxford to London we cannot think that Oxford ceases to exist when we leave it and that London only comes into existence when we reach it. Yet it is exactly in this way that we think about time. The time we were at Oxford when we started has gone out of existence, and the time when we shall arrive in London does not exist until we are there. All space, we think, exists at every moment, but time only in the present moment. So we come to regard space, with its three dimensions, as the real world which never varies, and time as quite independent of space. Time is, indeed, an essential factor in co-ordinating movements, but in mathematics it is always treated as an independent variable, three-dimensional space being constant. The principle of relativity now requires us to think of a world in which time is as constant as space and space as variable as time. Such a universe does not consist of objects or things; it consists of events. Something is ever going on, and to create a world or objectify experience is to co-ordinate events. The principle of relativity is the principle by which we co-ordinate events and ideally construct what we then think of as the real world of objects. Every event is related to every other event by a distance in space and an interval in time. To determine the position and date of an event, its *locus* and its *tempus*, we must employ four co-ordinates, three for space and one for time, and we cannot determine its time occurrence without determining its place. To take the most familiar illustration: we cannot determine an event, say a battle, or the birth or death of a historical person, by saying it happened at midnight on such and such a day of such and such a year; we must say midnight at Jerusalem, or London, or New York, as the case may be. The precise difference between the old concept and the new is that in the new concept space is

variable as well as time, because *locus* and *tempus* depend on the movement of the system we refer to relatively to other systems, and each system possesses for the observer attached to it zero velocity. That is, the observer's system is always for him at rest.

This paradoxical idea has been abundantly illustrated, in popular expositions of the principle of relativity, by reference to railway-wagons, ships, aeroplanes, and other modes of transport. It seems to me that the full significance of it is only grasped when we try to realise in imagination the whole universe as science now conceives it. The astronomers tell us that there are star systems in which the velocity of movement relatively to our own solar system is enormous. The movement of the earth on its axis which gives us our day, the movement of the earth in its orbit which gives us our year, may be ten, a hundred, a thousand or more times greater in other systems. Also the physicists tell us that the electronic movements in the atomic system are stupendous relatively to our own system. Now it is conceivable that the observer of a world event might be attached to any of these systems. He might be inhabiting Arcturus or he might be inhabiting the electron of an atom of hydrogen or of uranium. The principle of relativity tells us that the one condition on which he would be able to co-ordinate the world event he was observing is that he must be unable to experience any movement of his own system, which system will for him have zero velocity. It follows from this, as everyone who reflects can easily discover, that the same world event will occur in different space-time systems, and there will be as many of these systems as there are observers. Distances and intervals, now and then, here and there, before and after, will be completely different for different observers. There will be and there can be no absolute standard indifferent to everyone by which the co-existence and simultaneity of any two world events can be unambiguously decided.

The principle of relativity in itself presents no difficulty. It is simply the scientific formula for the quite familiar fact that, though we can know by calculation that the earth is moving through space at five thousand miles a minute relatively to the sun at rest, Nature has so constituted our mind that we cannot be aware of it directly in experiencing it. When, however, we try to make our own the concept of the kind of reality confronting us in the universe, consequent on this discovery, then we find it paradoxical in the highest degree. The task before humanity is to familiarise itself to it as it has had to do at least once already in the case of the Antipodes.

If, in this cursory description of the new principle, I have succeeded in giving some idea of the full extent of the revolution

in scientific method and of the fundamental alteration in the scientific concept of the physical universe which has come in the wake of the scientific discovery, it will be seen at once that its success, and establishment as a working principle, cannot depend on the unassailability of a single experiment. Nevertheless, in the history of ideas the Michelson and Morley experiment must always stand out as the turning-point of the new direction of thought. It cannot, then, be regarded as of no importance whether or not the method employed by those experimenters can withstand the criticism brought to bear on it, and science cannot be indifferent to the suggestion that the negative result is capable of an interpretation adverse to that which has called forth the principle of relativity. Such a criticism of the original experiment is the starting-point of the interesting work of Dr. Dayton Miller, now engaging the attention of the scientific world.

The Michelson and Morley experiment was designed to test the working theory that there is an absolute space-time system to which all velocities can be referred. The system was defined as the ether of space, and the velocity of light in particular was stated by physicists in terms of this system. The apparatus used in the experiment was contrived to detect the effect on the velocity of the ethereally propagated light of the known variation in the earth's orbital velocity taken at intervals of six months. The method of the experiment was to project a ray of light simultaneously in the direction of the earth's orbital movement and transversely to it. The instrument was capable of recording a very much smaller variation than that looked for, and it was expected to give the effect as an observable interference well within the limit of control. The result was negative, and after various mathematical suggestions for interpreting this result the principle of relativity was adopted.

Dr. Dayton Miller does not impugn the principle of relativity, nor in any way whatever challenge the experiment, in its conception or in its result. What he has suggested is that there may be a discoverable reason for the negative result consistent with the truth of the hypothesis which was tested, that is, with the existence of an ether. His theory is that the effect expected to be observed in the Michelson and Morley experiment could only have been obtained if the experiment had been conducted under the (impossible) conditions of complete removal from terrestrial influences, that is, above the surface of the earth, beyond its atmosphere, in empty space. In support of this theory he is now making observations on Mount Wilson with the design of showing that at that altitude (about 6000 ft.), as compared with sea level, there is a positive result, though falling short of what it presumably would be in empty space. Working on a vast number of observations

he has come to the conclusion that there is an ether, that it does behave as the older hypothesis predicted, and that it would under ideal conditions be possible to detect by interference phenomena the absolute movement of the earth in space amounting, according to his calculation, to 125 kilometres a second. As the reason for the failure of the Michelson and Morley experiment to detect it he puts forward the hypothesis that there is a drag on the ether at the surface of the earth, decreasing in intensity as we rise above the surface. He claims for his experiments that they demonstrate the reality of this drag.

Without discussing the nature and value of these experiments, and without calling in question for a moment the great scientific importance and instructiveness of the results obtained, we may pass to consider the value of the hypothesis itself and how it would affect the principle of relativity supposing it were verified in an absolutely conclusive way.

Ether is a pure fiction, in the literal meaning of the term. It is a hypothetical substance introduced into physics in order to support the conception of a propagation of influences between masses through intervening space. It is the necessary counterpart of the theory that the propagation of light is by waves; for if we conceive light as a wave movement there must be a medium in which the waves are supported, and that medium cannot be pure emptiness. Ether does not differ from pure space, as Newton conceived space, save in the fact that instead of emptiness it treats space as a medium of transmission. Ether, therefore, is not something which we can observe or touch or handle. Like pure space, it is by definition indifferent to and unaffected by moving masses, for unless it is thought of as immobile it is useless as a system of reference. Ether is in fact the mathematical fiction of an actual immobility, an actual zero velocity by reference to which the velocities of all kinds, velocities of translation and velocities of propagation, are calculated. It was the basis of the concept of infinite velocity. There are, it is true, any number of theories about the ether and its relation to matter. Eminent physicists have speculated that matter may be a knot in it or perhaps a hole in it. But whenever ether is treated in this way, the mathematical simplicity of the concept is departed from and ether is conceived on exactly the same lines as matter, behaving in every respect as matter behaves, with the only difference that it is completely elusive to sense perception, due to its extreme subtlety as compared with matter. So far as the principle of relativity is concerned we have only to deal with the ether as a mathematical invention. It was introduced hypothetically into mathematical equations. Under the old concept of absolute space and time it was necessary; under the new concept of

variability it is entirely eliminated. For if space is variable, then *a fortiori* ether is useless.

Now let us suppose that Dr. Dayton Miller has really discovered an aberration in the velocity of light at a high altitude, due to the earth's movement in space, an aberration which is completely compensated somehow at sea level. It will certainly seem that he has good ground in this discovery for the hypothesis of an ether comparatively free when removed from matter, but somehow concealed when in close proximity to matter. What advantage can physics derive from such a conception in support of the theory of an absolute frame of reference? We can answer without hesitation: none whatever. The ether would be in the same case as the mongoose which a man was taking to catch the snakes seen by his delirious friend. Asked what was the use of a mongoose if the snakes were not real snakes, he replied that neither was the mongoose a real mongoose. So an ether which can be caught up and dragged by a moving mass is not a real ether.

Let us now compare the new experiments with the original Michelson and Morley experiment. The latter contained no assumption that the ether would behave uniformly everywhere. It was quite unnecessary for the experimenters to assume that there would be no aberration due to the earth's atmosphere or to the condition of the apparatus. All that was assumed was that whatever might be affecting the ether would apply equally in all directions and therefore be negligible. If it affected the projection of the light to the mirror, equally it would affect its reflection from the mirror; if it was operative in the direction of the earth's movement, equally it would be operative transversely to that direction. As a matter of fact, the twenty years which followed the experiment were simply filled with speculations as to possible interpretations, and it was not till 1905 that Einstein changed the whole position by abandoning the Newtonian assumption. Almost directly after the experiment a plausible hypothesis was put forward by Fitzgerald, of Dublin, and shortly afterwards with an important refinement by Lorentz, of Leyden. This is known as the Lorentz contraction. It was the theory that masses in movement of translation undergo a contraction in the direction of the movement, thus compensating any effect which the velocity of their movement of translation would produce on the velocities of transmission in the ether. The Dayton Miller hypothesis, for which positive experimental confirmation is claimed, is that the compensation is not in a contraction of matter, but in a movement, or at least a deformation, of the ether. He thinks it is not the mass which is contracted, but the ether through which the mass moves which is dragged. This drag he thinks exactly compensates only at the earth's surface, and its effect decreases with

distance. It is clear, therefore, that the result of the original experiment is not impugned at all. The only hypothesis it would conflict with is the Lorentz contraction. So far as the test required experimental evidence of an ether which could be referred to as an absolute system whereon to base the calculation of an absolute velocity, it is clear that the Dayton Miller result is as null as the Michelson and Morley result had been. Should the Dayton Miller hypothesis be triumphantly established, it would not justify the Newtonian assumption, or enable us to set up the ether as an absolute frame of reference. Indeed, had his hypothesis been the original one put to the crucial test, the result would have called just as insistently for the formulation of the new principle.

The speculations of physicists as to the part which ether may play in the world scheme, if there be an ether, are not without scientific importance, but undoubtedly they must be held responsible for considerable ambiguity in expression. The ether hypothesis, in fact, leads up to a curious metaphysical dilemma. If the ether is conceived as pure inertia, that is, without outward activity of any kind (and this is what the mathematical postulate requires, for it is to serve the logical necessity of fixing a zero of activity), then as it can have no activity it cannot be a physical reality. For how can we show that there exists something which by hypothesis does nothing? If, on the other hand, the ether is conceived as a physically real substance, with its own activity, immaterial and yet a condition of material activity, then the same argument which required the postulation of ether will apply to ether itself, and we must postulate for the ether a super-ether as the condition of its activity. Either, therefore, the ether is by definition non-physical, or the concept of it involves the infinite regress. Whoever will take the trouble to realise this dilemma will be rewarded by discovering in it the true metaphysical necessity for the formulation of the principle of relativity.

In conclusion, the purpose of this article is not to discredit Dr. Dayton Miller's hypothesis, or to criticise his methods, or to give a description of his experiments, or to offer an opinion on their value. That they are of the highest scientific importance is beyond question. What I have tried to emphasise is that the new principle of relativity, although historically it is consequent on the result of definite crucial test experiments, experiments which have been and still are open to various interpretations, is really independent of experiment altogether and based on purely metaphysical considerations. It is sometimes thought to depend on the narrow question whether it is possible or impossible to prove experimentally the existence or non-existence of a physical substance, serving as a medium for the action and interaction of

material masses. It is really indifferent to this question, although had this question not been asked we might still have been waiting for the new principle. Now that the principle of relativity has been definitely formulated, it is seen, despite its paradoxical appearance when confronted with our natural bias towards materialism, to be no more than the modest, however philosophically necessary, advice to the human scientific inquirer to take facts as they really are instead of insisting that they must be what he feels they ought to be. If, then, the argument I have advanced is well founded, the principle of relativity and the revolution in the scientific concept of reality which it implies mark a real and definite emancipation of the human mind. It is no passing fashion. How men hereafter will regard it, and how different from ours will be their concepts and their methods, we cannot possibly know. We do know this for ourselves, that, notwithstanding the grandeur and impressiveness of the Newtonian conception, our generation has discovered its limitations and has surpassed it.

H. WILDON CARR.

THE DECLINE OF THE WEST

OSWALD SPENGLER AND AN ENGLISH COMMENTARY

THE average man concerns himself little with history, and less with philosophy; a confirmed worshipper of 'the practical,' he is prone to regard the historian and the philosopher as generally superfluous and altogether out of the world of affairs. He is indifferent to the questions with which these two studies concern themselves, and excuses his indifference with the objection that neither study concerns itself with him or the problems of contemporary life—an argument eminently logical, and one that finally a philosopher-historian has echoed. In fact, the preliminary theme of Spengler's famous work *Der Untergang des Abendlandes* (recently translated into English under the title of *The Decline of the West*¹) is a vindication of the man in the street's claim to have a place in the considerations of the philosopher; and philosophy and history are united here in an attempt to solve the problems of the present by the lessons of the past.

This extraordinary book, of which perhaps no more than a mention had reached this country till the day of its translation, was published in Munich in 1918, and immediately created a furore. Though a philosophical work of considerable difficulty and depth, and a theory 'volcanically assertive' in which the prejudices of the layman as well as the established dogma of the learned were violently challenged, the book sold to the unprecedented number of 100,000; yet it did everything but pander to the popular taste. In its entirety the work is a *Weltgeschichte*, but in origin as well as purpose it is an analysis of the problems of modern life. Fundamentally it is a guide to the present; actually it is an attempt to remould our attitude to the past and thereby to suggest an attitude to the present and the future. Of the original purpose Spengler never loses sight throughout the whole of the work; his stupendous knowledge ranges over every important problem in mathematics, science and politics, as well

¹ *The Decline of the West: Form and Actuality*. Authorised Translation by C. F. Atkinson. Allen & Unwin. 21s.

as history and art, yet there is never a touch of the mere antiquarian or the pedant. In his view the philosopher is not worthy of the name if he refuses to address himself to the problems of the world about him.

The history with which Spengler presents us is of a kind utterly unfamiliar in style as well as matter. There is something of the poet in the brilliant, often epigrammatic, exposition of a thesis which no man can seriously study and come away with his outlook on life unaltered. From the first our radical concept of humanity's existence is challenged, and Spengler leads off the argument with the contention that our view of the history of mankind as one upward climb to the ideal is a fallacy which only a blind faith in a traditional but erroneous reading of the world's happenings has allowed us to retain. Civilisation is not a single but a complex phenomenon; and in place of the single progress from barbarism to culture, Spengler offers us the history of separate civilisations, not as stages in the fictitious line of progress, but as discrete entities subject to the stages of youth, prime and decay, and circumscribed by a fixed limit of time approximately the same in each case. The inference becomes clear immediately; the twentieth century is not the apex of the world's progress, in spite of its wireless telegraphy and television, but merely a stage in the course of the Western civilisation, to be paralleled by corresponding stages in any of the cultures that have preceded us. Free we cannot be: indeed, as far as the things of importance are concerned, man is entirely in the hands of the *Zeitgeist*; and the twentieth century, like any of the recorded sixty that have preceded it, is as much a predestined stage in the development of a culture as the autumnal falling of the leaves is an inevitable phase in the life of the tree. To this conviction Spengler was led by certain 'grand traits' appearing in the world's history and forcing upon him the conclusion that behind the mass of seemingly unrelated particulars there lies a certain 'law of civilisation' which has traced a pattern through history, recurring again and again in an identical form. To Spengler the civilisation is essentially an organic form, and the terms of growth and decline are consequently as valid for it as for the human being; and, like the human being, the civilisation has a soul—a dominating idea which determines, independently of all external influence, not only the form which its art and religion shall take, but equally the nature of its political development. Spengler works out in detail the nature of this recurring pattern, this 'life' of the civilisation, during which it expresses itself to its fullest potentiality through every medium of action and thought. When that life-course is run not a single action of importance, not a single pregnant notion, is produced, and the peoples which

partook in that civilisation become as culturally dead as the Chinese or the fellaheen Arabs are to-day.

With this scheme before him, Spengler traces in eight complete cases the development of a civilisation through the predestined phases, each colouring its path with a fresh idea—a new *Lebensführung*. The ninth case is that of our own Western culture, which, according to Spengler's law, has reached the incipient stage of its decline, and he contends that the future may reasonably be expected to repeat the features that the declining stages of past cultures have invariably exhibited. Thus our own culture rose from the chaos of an unsettled Europe about 800 A.D., as the classical culture had its birth under Agamemnon amid the flux of immigration on the shores of the Ægean about B.C. 1200. Both cultures proceeded along exactly parallel lines of development to their prime, but each was dominated by so completely different a central idea—fundamental symbol, Spengler names it—that it is imperative to grasp something of the manifestations of those contrasting spirits in art and thought before we can follow their development in politics and thus throw light on the problems that confront our own position to-day.

We are accustomed to consider our own culture as a continuation of the classical; Spengler tells us that a double gulf of time and spirit divides the two. The Græco-Roman culture sprang into existence, faced its own problems in its own way, and died, powerless to exert anything but a superficial influence on the cultures that followed—even on ours, which has always made a passionate cult of the Classics. It lived instinctively for the present with little thought of past or future, clinging to all that was concrete, corporeally present, limited; in direct contrast the Western culture, always conscious of its history, sought the infinite and the illimitable, straining to burst the bonds of its environment. It is because of this that our typical art is that of music, with its power of extension into endless space; while the classical culture chose sculpture, with its sensuous fixed appeal. Because of this the mathematics of Western Europe are the Leibnizian mathematics of infinite space, those of Greece the Euclidean mathematics of separate bodies. God for us—as the gods even of the *Nibelungen*—is infinite; the Greek thought of his Olympians as little more than extensions of himself. True to the type, the temple in which he worshipped stood squarely facing the world, not soaring into the infinite as the spires and flying buttresses of our Gothic cathedrals. The politics of Greece, and even of imperial Rome, were essentially the narrow city-State politics, of a totally different category from the cabinet diplomacy of Louis Quatorze or Frederick the Great. Every activity, every thought of the two cultures, is a symbol of their

fundamental ideas; so, too, to-day, because our culture has reached the stage when it is 'metaphysically exhausted,' we represent our urge to the infinite in the space-conquering achievements of our scientific invention. Modern physics, the atomic theory, conveys, in the scientific form imposed by the age in which we live, the same fundamental message as the religious doctrine of the Middle Ages, the contrapuntal music of Bach or the architecture of the great cathedrals. It is not a question of progress made since the geometry of Euclid or the science of Democritus; it is a question of looking at the world from a different angle, from the only possible angle for the thought of our culture. In the same manner Spengler shows us the angle from which the Arabian culture, that grew up under the shadow of the dying classical, often using its forms as vessels for its own spirit, looked at the world, and the specific idea that made its mathematics that of algebra, its science that of chemistry, and its art that of the domed mosque and the arabesque. In each of the great cultural cycles Spengler traces the varied expression of the fundamental idea through the set phases of existence, showing how every art develops with its culture from formlessness to the height of form, as exemplified by Bach or Polyclitus, then relaxes once more into formlessness or sterility, when there is nothing but sheer extravagance or dull resetting of the old motives.

Turning again to politics (and it is here that Spengler treats more intimately of our own problems), we find the same identity of adolescence, maturity and decay. Our own position, paralleled in every culture, is analogous to that of the Græco-Roman world in the last quarter of the second century B.C., and up to this stage we have followed the path which the classical culture trod. Both cultures left the rude empires that saw their birth—in the one case that of Charlemagne, in the other Agamemnon—for a period of feudalism (and we are reminded that feudalism is no peculiarity of the West), in which the power of the king was weakened—with us temporarily, with the classical culture for ever. His place is taken by an aristocracy—in England, that of the barons; in Athens, that of the great families who held the offices. Oligarchy supersedes it; and with the growing importance of the third estate a series of rulers arise who represent their interests—a rôle fulfilled in the Græco-Roman world by the tyrants, and in the West by men of the mould of Richelieu, Cromwell, and Wallenstein. The next century sees a climax in the political development, a point at which the perfection of ordered form is reached in the State, as in the administration of the democracy in fifth-century Athens, and in the absolutism of Louis Quatorze in our own culture. This perfection lasts but a

brief fifty years and a gradual slackening sets in. Disorder, as in fourth-century Greece and in the period that culminated in the French Revolution, prepares the way for an Alexander and a Napoleon. The Victorian age dawned for us as the age of Hellenism for the classical culture: in it, Europe threw off the traditional form of monarchy, as Greece renounced the true form of the city-State. Both ages were periods of great activity in literature and scientific thought. The names of Stephenson, Darwin and Einstein are paralleled by those of Hero, Euclid and Ptolemy, while the literature of Alexandria exhibits the same features of romanticism as the Victorian poets from Shelley to William Morris. In the sphere of ethics the humanitarian idealism of men like Lord Shaftesbury and J. S. Mill answers in every respect to the philosophical systems of the Stoics and Cynics.

Politically these ages saw the full entry of the fourth class—the proletariat—into the affairs of the State; logically their emancipation should mean their political predominance. In Rome that emancipation had no such result: the Socialistic element never triumphed, for, unable to steer its own course, the mob fell under the sway of any dominant figure who had the skill, money, or power to control it—under a Sulla, a Marius, a Pompey. These figures became the centre of the State's whole activity, despite the constitutional forms that still existed; yet they were the precursors of a greater personality—Cæsar. Is it towards Cæsarism that our course, too, is tending? Spengler's answer is Yes; and certainly there is much in the situation of contemporary Europe that seems to confirm that answer. With us, as in Rome, Socialism has failed in the management of State affairs. Is it, after all, fantastic to see in the failure of democracy to maintain itself in Southern Europe a parallel to the same failure in Rome? And in the appearance of Mussolini, Pangalos and De Rivera—perhaps in the war-time supremacy of our own Lloyd George—is there not more than a chance resemblance to the precursors of Cæsar?

Thus, through Spengler's interpretation, the future seems not hard to read. After Cæsar, an Augustus and an empire. The affairs of the world are becoming more and more the concern of a few men in each country, and it seems inevitable that the salvation of Western Europe shall depend on the establishment of some kind of central control over the disintegrating forces. In Spengler's view the old ideals of constitutional government, absolute liberty, in the end even of nationalism, will have to give way, even as the ideals of the republic gave way before Augustus and the empire, simply because the old fetishes did not result in liberty and order, in any real sense. The rule of one man proved better than a meaningless independence, and so it will be again in

Europe. Spengler holds that the last act of our culture will be the uniting of the whole cultural area in a single empire—a step foreshadowed even thus early in the type of imperialism represented by Cecil Rhodes. Like the Roman, the Pan-European (and American) empire will inaugurate an era of social order and financial prosperity, a period of material, and only material greatness.

Such, then, is the future for which Spengler bids us prepare, and not only to prepare, but to adapt ourselves, in the knowledge that no other future is possible for us. Of great art there can no longer be any question for the Western culture; nothing in that region of any value can be accomplished, nothing that is not sheerly formless and extravagant. From these barren hopes, as from the hopes of our old political idealism, it is our duty to turn our thoughts and employ our best minds in the spheres that are becoming ever more important in the modern world, training them in the capacity for organisation, for clear thinking in the face of the facts, economic, political and scientific, of the life of to-day. In effect Spengler indicates 'what is possible, because necessary, for us, and what is excluded from the potentialities of our time,' in the hope of stemming the waste of intellect and power in regions that can ultimately only prove fruitless. The words with which he brings his work to a close form an epitome of his advice—'*Ducunt fata volentem, nolentem trahunt.*'

Philosophy is less the *métier* of the Englishman than of the German, and, though Spengler's work could never have gone unnoticed, it might, in England, have gone uncomprehended. Indeed, the criticism of many of the reviews shows that it has to some extent done so. It is, then, with a feeling akin to relief that we notice the appearance of a book by English authors² dealing with the Spenglerian philosophy and referring its political implications to the present and future of our own country in particular. Though the style lacks Spengler's verve and brilliance, this book has the advantage of being clear and short where Spengler's volumes are obscure and enormously long. In this work not all Spengler's interpretations are accepted, the authors warning us that to argue from the 'has been' to the 'must be' is at the best only a case of probability, never of certainty; in other instances the scope of the original thesis has been considerably extended. In the chapters headed 'The Political Scheme,' 'Art,' and 'Thought,' new, and on the whole clearer, illustrations have been substituted for the somewhat unordered wealth of example with which Spengler elucidates his theory; while three short tables have been inserted to illustrate the identity of development of

² *Civilisation or Civilisations: An Essay on the Spenglerian Philosophy of History.* By E. H. Goddard and P. A. Gibbons. Constable, 7s. 6d.

the nine cultural cycles. The phenomenon that Spengler terms 'pseudo-morphosis,' or the imposition of the forms of one culture on the spirit of another, is discussed here, not only in reference to the Arabian and Western employment of classical forms, but also to the nascent culture of Russia, which, though it uses the outward forms of Western science and political organisation, is in spirit, as in the stage of its cultural development, of a totally different order. A valuable feature of the book is the brief sketch of Rome's history as the scene of three different cultures: Classical, Arabian (for St. Augustine and Plotinus were essentially 'Arabian' in feeling though they used the language of the Classics), and finally of the Western. India and China receive a fuller and certainly clearer treatment; and the chapter on the nineteenth century will be something of a revelation to those who pride themselves on the uniqueness of our scientific development, ignorant of the almost equally brilliant achievements of Alhazan and Averroes in the Arabian culture, and of Hipparchus and Eratosthenes in the classical. The future is treated at length, and there is a striking parallel drawn between the esoteric religious cults of the early Roman Empire and the spiritualism of our own day. Whether it will be America or a European country that will play the final part of Rome to the Western culture is left an open question, after a statement of the probabilities. It is, however, in the concluding chapter that the most definite as well as the most suggestive departure from the scope of the original thesis is made. That there is any probability of altering the 'natural' course of our culture by working on our environment or through eugenics and other biological means the authors consider scarcely probable, and hold equally doubtful the argument of Spengler's clerical critics who contend that our acceptance of Christianity has meant a possibility of salvation to our culture alone of all others. The compromise the authors suggest between our own hopes and Spengler's doctrine is to 'regard each culture as providing something which contributes to the spiritual advance of the world'; through our knowledge of our fate we can the better preserve for humanity the contribution of our own culture.

Spengler asserts that the thesis set forth in *The Decline of the West* 'is not merely one of several possible and merely logically justifiable philosophies, but the philosophy of our time'; in other words, that the theory, in one form or another, is bound to be accepted as the fundamental tenets of Darwinism were ultimately accepted despite the almost universal outcry that greeted their first enunciation. In any case, if there is to be criticism at all, it must be of a different order from that meted out to Spengler hitherto in England. Spengler's challenge is too universal, too all-comprehending (it is made to art critic, historian and scientist,

as well as to the layman), to be taken up by the general reviewer. Nor, on the other hand, can criticism be confined to the search for minor inconsistencies and misstatements; the fundamental issues must be faced, and with open-mindedness as well as erudition. In Germany the publication of Spengler's theory drew forth the criticism of specialists in every branch of learning: the compilation of that criticism resulted in a volume a third the size of the present work; most important of all, one of the greatest figures in the world of modern learning, Eduard Meyer, expressed his recognition of the fertility and essential truth of Spengler's basic principle. Criticism of a similar nature can be the only true criticism here as in Germany: it is only when specialists of the order of Rutherford in science, or P. N. Ure and Gilbert Murray in classical history and literature, bring their resources to bear on that part of Spengler's theory which concerns their own province and find it false or true that we can dismiss it as a fallacy or accept it as a dogma.

H. L. A. HART.

THE NORTHERN CIRCUIT, 1872-1882

THE following pages contain a sketch of the Northern Circuit in the period 1872-1882. It may be asked, Why is this particular time taken? The answer is, for two reasons: first, because I then knew the circuit well; and secondly, because it was an exceptional and interesting time in its history. At the beginning of the period the circuit still retained most of the features of the ancient circuit system. Two judges of assize commenced their deliberate itinerary at Durham, and, after visiting Newcastle-on-Tyne,¹ passed over to the west—to Carlisle, Appleby and Lancaster—and ended their perambulation in the murkiness of Manchester and amid the shipping of Liverpool. For it was not until 1884 that, by the Circuit Order of that year, it was arranged that one judge only should visit the three smaller towns in the North, thus concluding a practice which began in the thirteenth century. 'In 1272,' writes Professor Holdsworth, 'the first year of Edward I.'s reign, a new ordinance originated the regular circuits of these justices. The country was divided into groups of counties, and to each group two justices were assigned to take the "Assisae, jurata et certificationes".'² The justices here mentioned were the successors of the itinerant justices who from 1176 had regularly travelled round the country. The change of 1884 has now gone farther, for some assizes, such as the so-called Winter Assize, are held only at Manchester and Liverpool.

York, which in the eighteenth and early part of the nineteenth century was an important town on the Northern Circuit the first to be visited, and where, by the way, in 1788 Boswell began his ineffectual effort to practise as an English barrister and enjoyed the excellent wine of the Archbishop at a friendly dinner, had ceased by 1872 to be part of this circuit. Newcastle and Durham still belonged to it, and were not until 1876 detached

¹ An ancient custom prevailed of the presentation to the judges by the Mayor and Corporation of Newcastle-on-Tyne of what was termed 'dagger money' before they left for the west. This was usually a Carolus or a Jacobus. In 1567 it is recorded that two gold royals were given to the judges. The origin of the word and of the custom is obscure. The presentation is now made to the judges on the North-Eastern Circuit.

² *History of English Law*, Vol. I., p. 277.
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from it to form part of the newly-created North-Eastern Circuit. Though it was not until August 7, 1835, that assizes were first held at Liverpool, and July 5, 1864, at Manchester,³ Lancaster having hitherto been the assize town for the County Palatine of Lancaster, by 1872 these great commercial cities had become legal centres, and their influence was felt over the whole Northern Circuit. Many grave results have followed from the Industrial Revolution of the Eighteenth Century, and one obvious consequence of it is visible in this change, since, by causing the growth of these two towns, it necessarily effected a remarkable alteration in a phase of the legal system in one part of the North of England. Similar results, but not of so marked a character, have occurred on other circuits, as on the Oxford, where Birmingham has become a legal centre, and on the North-Eastern, where Leeds has now a prominent legal place. This modification of an ancient system, satisfying local needs and local pride, appears, in its present form, likely to be permanent.

In 1872 a throng of barristers still accompanied the judges from the beginning to the end of the circuit. But there was already a noticeable break in old customs, for both in Manchester and Liverpool a number of barristers had their homes and carried on their practice; consequently, in both of these towns there was already an efficient local junior Bar, though it had not yet eliminated the purely circuit Bar.⁴

The result of these several changes is that to-day the Northern Circuit is rather an aggregation of periodical local sittings than a circuit. The work of the Outer Bar is, at Manchester and Liverpool, entirely in the hands of local barristers, while the leaders throughout the year are chiefly occupied with local work; whereas in 1872 the leaders of the Northern Circuit were almost as well known in London as in Lancashire. Anyone joining the circuit in that year thus had an opportunity of being an observer of the circuit as it had long existed, as well as of a gradual but quite perceptible movement towards a modern system under an old name, though probably at the time it was not appreciated by those who were taking part in it.

Business, especially in summer, was intermingled with pleasure, with county hospitality and local entertainments. A boatrace on the River Wear at Durham between a circuit four, of which I was one, and a four from Durham University, is a

³ From information kindly supplied by the Town Clerks of Liverpool and Manchester. See also *Manchester Guardian*, July 28, 1864. At Manchester the judges were Chief Justice Cockburn and Baron Pigott.

⁴ From an examination of the *Law Lists*, and from recollection, the number of practising local barristers at the Common Law Bar in Liverpool in 1872 may be estimated at fifteen. Four years earlier the number may be taken as twelve. In 1925 the number seems to have risen to about thirty.

circumstance during the first year in which I belonged to the circuit which remains in my memory—a trivial enough fact, but one illustrating the intermingling of pleasure with business, which made circuit life in some towns in those days agreeable to many, especially to men who were as yet only on the verge of a legal career.

But the enjoyment obtained from the mingling of business and pleasure within a legal system, venerable and productive of varied interests, and even entertainment, diminished when the circuit reached Manchester and Liverpool. Living day after day in a large city hotel, or in rather depressing lodgings, soon became monotonous and boring to those who were not fully occupied throughout the day in earning an income at the courts. It is one thing to saunter from one court to another in London—in one among them instruction will surely, at any rate, be found, and in another possibly amusement; but on circuit oftentimes the proceedings in each of the two courts were deplorably dull, a commonplace civil action in one and an equally commonplace crime in another, occupying the attention of judge and jury. Evenings at the mess, sociable and often amusing as they were, and small gatherings in the sitting-room of some hotel or lodging-house for a rubber of whist, as the game then was, gradually became monotonous. And the invigorating and breezy walk on the landing-stage at Liverpool, in proximity to the varied maritime activity of the Mersey, after the rising of the court, when the evenings were long, in time grew wearisome. So that those who lived neither in Manchester or Liverpool, nor in one of the adjacent suburbs, welcomed the close of the assizes, whether they were briefful or briefless barristers, and stepped at Lime Street into the London express with unrestrained pleasure.

When one looks back on a past scene, after the intervention of many years, figures on it cease to be mere figments of memory and seem to resume their life, and it may be worth while to portray in a few lines some of those on the Northern Circuit who from 1872 to 1882 are most worthy of remembrance. Not one of these is more clear to me than Mr. Holker, Q.C., afterwards Sir John Holker, Attorney-General, and subsequently a Lord Justice of Appeal. A tall man, with a large and heavy body and a dull face, he looked like a northern farmer. His eyes, though small, were reflective and penetrating; as Aubrey wrote of those of Sir John Denham, 'they had a strange piercingness when he conversed with you; he looked into your very thoughts.' He addressed a jury in a quiet conversational tone and in a slightly husky voice, as if it rather bored him to talk to them; but his eyes were never at rest, and were the signs of a mind ever on the alert, which was combined with an unruffled temper. Though essentially a

typically Lancashire man, Holker was on as good terms with a jury in Newcastle or Durham as in his native county. He was a personification of intelligence and calmness, qualities which enabled him later to become as successful in the House of Commons as he was at the Bar. As Holker became Solicitor-General in 1874, he then ceased to practise on the circuit, but during the comparatively short period that I saw him at work in the North he impressed himself on my memory as a remarkable personality.

It must be admitted that in retrospect the figures of successful lawyers are of no general interest, unless they have some striking idiosyncrasies, or have emerged from the Law Courts into a larger world. Generation after generation of capable lawyers appears and departs; the most successful of each are for a time conspicuous, but in a few years they pass into oblivion and are soon unknown to those who follow them.

In the generation which may be described as that of the period 1872 to 1882 one noteworthy personality on the Northern Circuit has already been sketched; only four other figures can be considered as emerging from the throng, all differing—Benjamin, Russell, Herschell, and Gully. The career of Benjamin was extraordinary. He was on the circuit at the beginning of this period only, and had received his patent of precedence, which gave him the position of Queen's Counsel, early in 1872. An Englishman born, his career began in the United States, where he had been a very successful lawyer, firstly in the South and later at Washington, where also he became a Senator. On the outbreak of the Civil War, throwing in his lot with the Confederates, being a strong advocate of State rights, he was successively Attorney-General, Secretary of War, and Secretary of State in the Confederate Government. On the fall of the rebel Administration Benjamin escaped to England, after many adventures and misfortunes. He may be said to have begun life again at the age of fifty-five, and started by publishing in 1868 a legal work of unusual distinction and of permanent value on the Sale of Personal Property, clear in structure and admirable in expression; the result at once of learning and experience, it was immediately recognised as a remarkable and important book, so that in England, at any rate, Benjamin is now remembered less as a statesman than as the author of *Benjamin on Sale*.⁵ Not a little from the reputation gained by this book, by the year 1872 Benjamin had attained a lucrative practice at the Bar. He had an attractive personality, being quick-witted, gay, and quite unassuming. No one, as he stood chatting in a slightly nasal accent with his hands in the pockets of his black trousers, and his silk gown slipping off one shoulder, could easily realise that a few

⁵ The sixth edition was published in 1920.

years before he had been largely responsible for the conduct of a desperate civil war. His pleasant and animated brown eyes lighted up a rather yellow face, and the countenance was so mobile that one forgot the rotund little body. How it happened I cannot remember, but in those days Benjamin employed me to note up his briefs. He did not, however, continue long to frequent the circuit, but no one who then met him will forget him, and it is a pleasure to set down these recollections of a unique personality and to record the welcome Benjamin received from men of all shades of political opinions who were members of the Northern Circuit.

Unquestionably the most memorable and attractive figure in those days was Charles Russell (Lord Russell of Killowen), partly because one lost the lawyer in the man. He was leader of the circuit from the time that Holker left it in 1874 until he became Attorney-General in 1885, and for more than ten years he dominated the circuit in a way which has never since been approached and is never likely to be. Before his time the only man comparable to him, in spite of many differences both of character and intellect, was Brougham, a member of the circuit for a long period—from 1808 till he became Lord Chancellor in 1830. A powerful and impressive speaker, a severe cross-examiner, and a sound lawyer, Russell was brusque beyond measure to those who were brought into contact with him in actual litigation, whether as opponent or as client. Extraordinarily virile in mind and body, he was out of court one of the most attractive of men, a lover of the open air, as much at home on a racecourse as in a law court, an ardent politician, good-natured, kind-hearted, and always ready to help a friend.

Russell was sometimes called on for a song at the circuit mess, the good fellowship of which he thoroughly enjoyed, and he usually chose one of Moore's Irish melodies, *I saw from the Beach*. Moore's words, when read by the fireside, leave one cold; but when Charles Russell positively threw himself into the lines they seemed to be a revelation of the man, to embody a vivid personality. I can hear him as if he were at this moment in the room when his voice reached the end of the piece:

Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night;
Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth evening's best light.

The expression, the tones, the tension in the attitude of the man seemed to show that he saw before him the scenes of his early days in Ireland, and had for the moment quite forgotten his position as a very successful advocate at the English Bar. It

may be that as leader of the Northern Circuit Russell had reached a position which gave him most satisfaction. His powers had full play, there were constant professional triumphs, and social intercourse which he keenly enjoyed. It suited him better than the irksome duties of an Attorney-General in his office and in Parliament, where, impatient, quick-tempered and masterful, he was out of place. And the enjoyment of the dignity of the high position of Chief Justice of England perhaps too serenely adorned, for a man of Russell's temperament, the evening of his professional life. But at any rate, for those who had known him on circuit, at the time that he was the unapproachable leader, there never could be on it but one paramount figure—Charles Russell.

No one could have been more the opposite of Russell, in whose character impetuosity was a marked feature, than Herschell, who was above all things wary. In his biography of Lord Goschen, Arthur Elliott, who knew Herschell pretty intimately, notes the same characteristic, speaking of 'his well-known cautious temperament.' He emerges from the general body of members of the circuit partly from an unusual personality, partly because he became in 1880 a Law Officer of the Crown, and later, in 1886 and 1892, was Lord Chancellor in Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet. His conspicuous and luminous dark eyes and large mouth gave his face a little of an Oriental cast, and there was something Oriental, too, in a kind of secretiveness which could not be concealed. Pleasant both in court and among his comrades, he was not popular on circuit, there being, rightly or wrongly, a doubt of his sincerity, though this partly arose from an absence of the spirit of *cameraderie*, partly because he was too obviously intent on achieving success. In the early years of the period, after Herschell took silk in 1872, and before the North-Eastern Circuit was created, everyone perceived and admitted that he would go far. A lucidity of exposition, arising from an acute intellect and a sense of order as well as an easy delivery, made him an advocate acceptable alike to a judge, a jury, or to the House of Commons, where his astute mind, combined with constant tact, produced a first-rate parliamentarian.

Gully (Lord Selby), when one looks back, was a singular figure, and is remarkable for the extraordinary difference between the beginning and the end of his career. At first he was merely a local barrister with a large practice at Liverpool, where he lived modestly occupied with his work until he took silk in 1877. Pains-taking and sensible, affable and cheerful, good-looking and carefully dressed, he was the type of an ordinary and successful junior. As a leader he had a small practice only, and as a member of Parliament, which he entered in 1886, was as undistinguished

as at the Bar. Then one day he was elected Speaker and became the first commoner in the country. No one among his circuit friends in the 'seventies ever expected this neat, industrious barrister to improve on his position as a leading junior, and when one looks back on his capable, active, but quite uneventful life as a 'local' at Liverpool, and at the dramatic alteration of his career, one can only be surprised how far good fortune can carry a man of ordinary abilities, common sense, and agreeable manners.

A picture of the Northern Circuit between 1872 and 1882 would be incomplete if only the foregoing figures were sketched, for there was, too, to be seen in the library in St. George's Hall at Liverpool the scholarly Kennedy, who ultimately became a Lord Justice of Appeal, and who always seemed out of place as a local junior. In fact, his fine academic achievements and classical culture never appeared to be quite in harmony with a legal career either at the Bar or on the Bench.

Bigham (Viscount Mersey) comes on the scene, busily flitting between London, especially the Bankruptcy Court, Liverpool and Manchester, a fugitive member of the circuit, acute and hard-working, a model to be followed by those who in their youth at the Bar desire an example of the results of hard, strenuous and careful labour and sound sense. Ever kindly, and happily endowed with humour and abundance of the world's goods, a peerage was a fitting termination of his professional career.

Collins (Lord Collins) was a noticeable figure, because more than any other man he typified the scholarly lawyer—that is, a lawyer whose scholarship influences and is evident in his legal work. Early in his career he obtained a reputation as an able lawyer from having been one of the editors of that classical law book *Smith's Leading Cases*. Unobtrusive, pleasant, and mildly humorous, with a gentle manner, reminding one of a college tutor, he moved in the background, slowly and surely working his way in the profession. But no one then, though perceiving his abilities, would have expected that he would end his career as a Lord of Appeal. Unlike the four men placed in the forefront of this paper, he was never more than an eminent lawyer.

An observer in those days would not have predicted an important judicial future for William Pickford (Lord Sterndale), then a fairly well employed 'local' at Liverpool of rather retiring habits and not much inclined to mingle with the general body of the circuit. Then, as in later days, he was rather a business advocate than a learned lawyer. But he assimilated law as he assimilated the facts of a case, and by the end of his life, when he had become Master of the Rolls, he had developed a remarkable gift for the clear expression of legal principles in reference to the facts of the cases which came before him, which he marshalled

with admirable lucidity, the effect of his words being added to by his ample presence and composed demeanour.

Three other men were each in their way noticeable. J. B. Aspinal, Q.C., Recorder of Liverpool, who had some of the leading business, was a first-rate criminal lawyer, while Pope combined a circuit practice with a very lucrative one at the Parliamentary Bar, of which he was an acknowledged leader. His broad, smiling face emerging from a high white collar, his immense form swaying as he sailed along the corridors of the courts, made him a striking figure; but on circuit his work was confined, as might be expected, to cases suitable to one whose eloquence could attract the sympathies of a jury—such as cases of breach of promise, slander, and personal injuries. The third of this trio was Charles Hopwood, who subsequently became Recorder of Liverpool, a serious person of strong Liberal principles, inclined to be what is popularly called a crank, too solemn in manner to have any chance of success as an advocate, but a most kindly and sincere man. To these might be added Littler, another important figure in Parliamentary Committees at Westminster, who visited rather than followed the circuit to defend actions, somewhat numerous in those days, involving claims against railway companies for personal injuries. Many others pass across the screen of memory whom it would be tedious to enumerate; but three middle-aged juniors should be mentioned. There was Macrory, specialist in patent law, a bright, intelligent little person, who somehow was briefed in some general cases on circuit, and Trevelyan, quite a character in his way, a short, untidy and rather corpulent figure, at home in the extreme subtleties of the Common Law, always engaged on solving a legal conundrum, or, which was rather trying, on propounding one to an unwilling listener. He used to be briefed in cases which raised troublesome and abstruse legal points, such as are to be found in cases about rights of way and prescriptive rights to property. Charles Crompton, the son of a judge, was another of this trio. Brisk, cheerful, and as a junior always busy in every town on his circuit, and one of the best examples of the regular circuit barristers with headquarters in London, he eventually ruined a prosperous career by taking silk, whereupon his clients instantaneously deserted him.

Regarded as a body, the group of men then assembled on the Northern Circuit was uncommon and representative. For, in addition to some of the more prominent lawyers who have been sketched, there were examples of several types—the defenders of criminals, and the purely Lancashire ‘locals,’ shrewd and uncouth. One met there the quarter sessions practitioners, whose headquarters were in London, and who were steady followers of the circuit without a large practice. And there were those who were

marking time, uncertain of the future, hesitating whether to embark on a career in law, politics, literature or journalism. Not any one of these who possessed a fair measure of intellectual capacity can be considered as having been subsequently unsuccessful, though they may not have attained to judicial office, or accumulated a fortune at the Bar. Several members of Parliament (even a Speaker—Lord Ullswater), an editor of the *Edinburgh Review* and Financial Secretary of the Treasury (Arthur Elliot), a Chief Magistrate of London (Sir John Dickinson), and a journalist (Comyns Carr) recur to memory as some of those who may be placed in this group. Certainly members of the Northern Circuit as a whole formed from 1872 to 1882 a gathering of men who, in the aggregate, were a body gifted with high intelligence and with interesting and agreeable personal qualities.

E. S. ROSCOE.

FERDINAND DE LESSEPS AND THE SUEZ CANAL

JUST as the bronze mummy of Ferdinand de Lesseps overlooks the Mediterranean entrance of the Suez Canal, so does his personality dominate the conception, birth, and development of that waterway. But he was a diplomatist and not an engineer. The difficulties which he encountered called for the brain of a statesman, the art of a negotiator, the suppleness of a courtier, and the daring of a promoter. They needed but relatively little of the patient toil of the mathematician. Diplomacy of Foreign Office vintage, however, would have aroused suspicion and engendered antagonisms. Ferdinand de Lesseps succeeded because, though born in the shadow of the Quai d'Orsay and nurtured in the lap of its traditions, he was in disgrace with his Government but high in the affection and esteem of the Viceroy of Egypt. And it was this element of personal equation which overshadowed Suez until the prescience of Disraeli called into being the partnership known to history as 'Victoria, de Lesseps & Company.'

Kismet seems to have destined de Lesseps to make his impress upon Egypt and to link his fortunes with those of the dynasty of Muhammad Aly. Part of his early life was spent in the valley of the Nile, for Napoleon I. appointed the boy's father, Mathieu de Lesseps, French Diplomatic Agent and Consul-General at Cairo. The elder de Lesseps took a great fancy to Muhammad Aly before the intrepid Albanian became the master of Egypt. One day, when Muhammad Aly was dining at the French Agency, someone stole certain of the silver ware which adorned the table of the host. The next morning Muhammad Aly learned of this fact. He thought that suspicion would fall upon him as he was the humblest guest at the repast. He was so frightened that he did not pay the customary visit of digestion. Mathieu de Lesseps, apprised of the cause of the young man's absence, sent for him and welcomed him so graciously that Muhammad Aly was touched. When the fates lavished their treasures upon him he did not forget the incident.

Muhammad Aly was extremely fond of his son Muhammad

Saïd. The boy was inclined to be very fat. His father detested obese children, and wanted his favourite to have an athletic figure. Orders were therefore given that the youth should for two solid hours a day climb the mast of one of the boats anchored in the Nile, then jump the rope, row for a while, and afterwards run around the walls of the city. Further, to harden his son's muscles the Pasha restricted him to a most elementary diet. In order that Saïd's moral welfare should likewise be properly safeguarded, instructions were given that he should visit no home other than that of Mathieu de Lesseps. There a strong friendship sprang up between the young prince and the youthful Ferdinand. Another motive impelled Saïd to multiply his calls. He was very fond of macaroni. So were the de Lesseps family. It therefore came about that when the stomach of the young Egyptian yearned for more food than that provided by the frugal paternal programme his steps wandered towards the French Consulate. Some years later Muhammad Aly exiled Saïd from Egypt. The heart of the wanderer told him, and his stomach counselled him, to look up his friend Ferdinand, who was then living in Paris. The old relationship was there renewed.

Born in 1805, Ferdinand de Lesseps began his diplomatic career at Lisbon as an *élève-consul*. In 1830 he was assigned to Alexandria. While in quarantine he read a report submitted to Bonaparte by Lepère recommending the opening of a canal across the Isthmus of Suez. Its proposals fired the imagination of the budding diplomatist: he determined to carry them into execution. But in those days Muhammad Aly still held the helm. As the great Pasha would not even hear of an isthmian waterway, de Lesseps was not able to accomplish anything. He, however, devoted his efforts to mastering the subject which was dear to his heart.

In 1838 the young consul was transferred to Rotterdam. But before he left Egypt there was no chord in the gamut of Oriental diplomacy to which his ear had not been attuned. In 1849 he was sent to Rome on a special mission. He failed, nevertheless, to carry out certain policies which meant a great deal to Louis Napoleon. Censure followed, and the aggrieved official forthwith resigned. This temporary eclipse proved to be a blessing in disguise, for it enabled him to control his own movements.

While de Lesseps was living in retirement Muhammad Aly died. Abbas followed his predecessor to the grave in July 1854. This latter vacancy called Muhammad Saïd to power. When the news of this accession reached de Lesseps he thought at once of linking the Mediterranean to the Red Sea. He grasped what the new era could mean to him. But if he saw the need of taking

time by the forelock he knew that above all things he should make no false move.

Luckily one question had been settled before Saïd succeeded to the Viceregal dignity. In 1852, while Abbas was still living, the French diplomatist had submitted to the Sublime Porte a request for a concession to carry out his plans for a canal across the Isthmus of Suez. The reply was given that this question interested Cairo, not Constantinople. De Lesseps therefore knew that his fate rested in the hands of the friend of his boyhood.

After carefully weighing the matter he decided to say nothing of his ambitious plans, but to write such a letter of congratulation as would induce his companion of bygone days to invite him to visit Cairo. He had lived too long in the East not to know just what to say. The coveted command was soon received, and on November 9, 1854, the invited guest arrived at Alexandria.

Saïd welcomed him with open arms. Shortly afterwards the Pasha, accompanied by an army of 11,000 men, left for Cairo by way of the Libyan desert. De Lesseps joined this party.

One morning at about five o'clock [he writes] the camp was all astir. I looked towards my right, and I beheld the east bright and full of promise. And then I glanced towards my left. The west was dark and covered with clouds. All at once a rainbow of surpassing beauty charmed my vision. Its arc ran from east to west. I saw in this celestial manifestation that sign of alliance spoken of in the Scriptures. I felt that the day had come for me to discuss matters with Saïd.

But five o'clock in the evening came, and the longed-for opportunity had not presented itself. The Frenchman was beside himself with disappointment. His urbanity, however, remained unruffled. The opening came in an unexpected way. Saïd had grown tired and ordered his men to halt and to practise target shooting. The distance was 500 metres. As none of the marksmen could hit the bull's-eye, de Lesseps explained to them how they should hold their guns to get the best results. When the Viceroy saw this he sent for his carbine. His guest understood what this meant and asked permission to try his hand. His shot went true, for, as his biographers put it, he was aiming at something greater than a mere target.

In his own graphic language de Lesseps describes what then happened.

The Pasha's countenance was wreathed in smiles [he writes]. He grasped my hand and held it for an instant. Then he bade me sit beside him upon the divan. We were alone. Through the open tent I saw the beautiful setting of that sun whose resplendent rising had so moved my soul. My studies and reflections anent the canal passed rapidly through my mind. I felt that I had such complete knowledge of my subject that it would be easy for me to inoculate the Prince with the same supreme

confidence that I felt. I therefore set forth my idea without entering into details. Saïd followed, my presentation with interest and attention. I entreated him that if any lingering doubts beset him he should do me the honour to let me hear them. He put me, with rare judgment, several pertinent questions. My replies must have satisfied him, for he turned to me and said: 'You have convinced me. I accept your plan. During the remainder of our trip we shall work out ways and means for carrying out your idea. The matter is settled. You may count implicitly upon me.'

De Lesseps struck while the iron was hot. On November 30, 1854, the Viceregal decree of investiture was signed. Several of its articles have been amended, but its essential features remain unaltered. It constitutes to-day the fundamental law of the Société Universelle du Canal Maritime de Suez.

The element of personal equation which underlies the grant is shown by the very terms of the concession and brought out by the letter which accompanied it. It is specifically stated that authority is conferred upon 'our friend' Ferdinand de Lesseps to form and operate such a company as may build the canal.

Everything tends to show that this franchise surprised the French official world as much as it did the other chancelleries of Europe. In fact, it is reasonable to suppose that had de Lesseps acted as the agent of Paris his efforts would have met with such opposition from various quarters as would have condemned his initiative to failure or have retarded the grant of a concession. He avoided the protocol, played a lone hand, and capitalised Saïd's friendship. This is why he obtained the coveted prize.

But de Lesseps knew full well that without backing, and more particularly without the support of international public opinion, his right-of-way would be valueless. He therefore at once set to work to win popular approval. Crewe House did not exist in those days. Mass psychology, nevertheless, was the same in 1854 as it was in 1914, and therefore de Lesseps resolutely launched his propaganda. He knew every trick in the game as it was then played. With unerring instinct his thoughts turned towards England. He therefore centred his heaviest batteries upon enlisting the support of the world's foremost maritime nation.

On December 3, 1854—four days after obtaining his authorisation—he wrote to Richard Cobden, the great British champion of Free Trade, that 'I come as the friend of peace and of the Anglo-French alliance to give you a piece of news which will help to fulfil the Latin maxim *Aperire terram gentibus*.' The letter goes on to tell about his franchise, what it means, and how necessary it is to England that the canal be built.

This was but the first shot in a campaign which was destined to last fifteen years. For long months de Lesseps battled almost

single-handed against ignorance, inertia, calumny, the British Government, and Lord Palmerston. Disraeli, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, was one of his stoutest critics. Gladstone had in debate characterised the opposition of the Cabinet as unseemly, untimely, and unwarranted. The Liberal spokesman had hardly finished his outburst, when the author of *Vivian Grey* arose. With a sardonic smile playing across his lips he turned towards the other side of the House and with studied courtesy defended the attitude of his colleagues.

If [said he] I am asked to give my approval to a project which will cause England to pay out large sums of money for armaments and at the same time do nothing more than produce doubtful results of a cosmopolitan and philanthropic nature I feel constrained to take into account the cost of these armaments, their influence upon our taxes, as well as the chances, more or less remote, of our becoming involved with foreign nations.

Luckily for de Lesseps, his arguments won to his side the invaluable aid of John Delane, of *The Times*. On December 16, 1859, the great publicist gave the project his editorial support. In those days certain French writers were openly proclaiming that Suez would prove to be 'the defect in the British cuirass.' But Delane had a broader vision, and saw that the canal would be so far a British waterway that it would be traversed by British ships devoted to British traffic and maintained by British tolls. To his mind England as a nation was justified in looking out for the best and cheapest highway to the East. 'If the Suez Canal ever becomes a reality,' he asserted, 'it will be for our benefit, and not for our disadvantage.'

But de Lesseps did not stop all other work while carrying on his propaganda. On the contrary, as soon as he had obtained his franchise he put his engineers to work in order not only to survey the isthmus, but to take physical possession of the ground. Once thus installed on the spot, he left for Constantinople to obtain the Sultan's approval, or, technically speaking, a *firman* from that sovereign ratifying the concession granted by the Viceroy. This was necessary, for Saïd had made it clear, in the covering letter accompanying the grant, that digging should not begin until the authorisation of the Sublime Porte should have been obtained.

Sultan Abd-ul-Medjid received de Lesseps with great distinction. Everything seemed to be most reassuring. But suddenly the British Ambassador, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, appeared upon the scene and asked that no decision be taken until he should have had an opportunity of hearing from his Government. De Lesseps saw at once that nothing could be accomplished as long as Her Britannic Majesty's representative remained *embusqué*

derrière la porte. He therefore decided to leave Constantinople. Before doing so, however, he adroitly riveted international public opinion upon his mission. He forced himself into the limelight. He got the ear of the Press.

De Lesseps took advantage of the favourable opportunity thus created to ask that an international committee be appointed to inquire into his project. He insisted that the Powers—not France or the Viceroy—appoint these experts and that they be given the widest possible mandate. The body thus called into being submitted a summary report on January 2, 1856. It heartily supported the main principle advocated by the friend of Saïd. When the Press published this news it created a sensation. It did not, however, disarm the official Opposition. But one by one prominent public men were won over. The advocates of the canal were thus in a position to build such a fire under Napoleon III. that he was no longer able to maintain an attitude of mere platonic friendship to the enterprise. He was constrained to let his Foreign Office know where he stood, although no instructions were then issued to go full steam ahead.

In the fall of 1858 de Lesseps considered that the time had come to form his company. He fixed the capital at 200,000,000 francs, divided into 400,000 shares. In order to assure to the undertaking its proper international character allotments were made to the various nations of Europe and to the United States: 207,111 shares were subscribed for in France, 96,517 in the Ottoman Empire, 10,866 in Spain, Piedmont and other countries; 85,500 were reserved for England, Russia, Austria, and America, but not a franc was placed in any of the latter four countries. Saïd, who had taken a large proportion of the Ottoman assignment, came to the rescue and took over this unplaced stock.

On April 25, 1859, ground was broken. The imperial *firman* had not yet been granted. The Viceroy therefore felt constrained to give the company peremptory instructions to stop work. De Lesseps considered that to halt spelt disaster. Accordingly he refused to obey the order. The French consul was flabbergasted and insisted that the ukase be respected. Such remonstrance fell upon deaf ears. The indomitable master mind was obdurate and left at once for Paris to invoke the aid of the Emperor. An audience was granted. As soon as the persuasive diplomatist was in the imperial presence the day was won. The Viceroy learned where Napoleon III. stood; and work was not stopped.

When this difficulty was surmounted de Lesseps returned to Egypt *via* Constantinople, only to make the startling discovery that the hue and cry which had been raised about compulsory labour, or the *corvée* as it was called, had so frightened Saïd that

he had furnished but 12,000 labourers instead of the 50,000 which had been promised. Nevertheless, pressure from Paris smoothed out this difficulty—if not entirely, at least in part. Things again moved along normally, and all seemed bright when in January 1863 Saïd Pasha suddenly died.

Ismail succeeded him. The American Civil War was then the news item of the day. It brought before the world, in a dramatic way, the question of the *corvée*. A further arm was thus given the opponents of the canal. A new sovereign and a moral issue appear to have afforded too happy a combination for diplomacy not to bestir itself. Be that as it may, Ismail and the Sultan were simultaneously chagrined to see what harm could flow from compulsory labour. The Grand Vizir of Stamboul brought matters to a head by issuing an ultimatum to the company, giving it one month in which to accept certain modifications of the decrees of 1854 and 1856 and to reduce the number of drafted men to 6000 or stop work and lose the franchise.

Again de Lesseps made a personal appeal to Napoleon III. The Emperor's active sympathy was enlisted. As soon as Ismail saw this he agreed to arbitrate, and suggested that the French ruler act as umpire. He did so, and on July 6, 1864, gave judgment approving of the cessation of the *corvée* and estimating at 84,000,000 francs the damage suffered by the company as a result of the changed conditions.

Everybody accepted the imperial decision with more or less good grace. But Constantinople still procrastinated and did not issue the requisite *firman*. The tergiversations of the Sublime Porte finally became intolerable. De Lesseps therefore prevailed upon his sovereign to give the Sultan a gentle hint that the necessary ratification should be forthwith dispatched. Accordingly on March 19, 1866, the long-delayed decree was gazetted.

The next three years were months of feverish activity. The official opening occurred on November 17, 1869. Seldom has such a stupendous and magnificent celebration been seen. It marked the marriage of the waters of the Red Sea to those of the Mediterranean. The whole world was present in spirit at this nuptial feast. And sovereigns came from far and wide to witness the union.

So marked was the success of the waterway thus due to the keen vision, sublime courage, and indefatigable energy of one man that it soon became evident that the canal could not remain the child of a single brain. It outgrew its creator. It expanded from a business enterprise into an international factor. As soon as this new status was definitely attained the day of 'personal equation' was over. Sooner or later Suez was destined to pass

from the control of an individual or group and to enter the orbit of that agglomeration of men known as a nation.

The hour sounded in the autumn of 1875, when Ismail sought to realise upon his canal holdings. England quickly absorbed them. Disraeli engineered the coup. Parliament ratified the purchase without a division, and, as John Delane expressed it, 'in spite of the opposition of Lowe, Gladstone, Harrington & Co.' But de Lesseps loved the work too much to desert it. He remained at his post and became the subordinate member of 'Victoria, de Lesseps & Company.'

PIERRE CRABITÈS

H.-R. LENORMAND AND THE PLAY OF PSYCHO-ANALYSIS

THE attention of anyone who to-day makes even a brief survey of the Continental theatre is almost at once arrested by M. H.-R. Lenormand, author of *L'Homme et ses Fantômes*, *Les Ratés*, *L'Ombre du Mal*, and *Le Mangeur des Rêves*. Not only are these plays original in spirit and method; they are also deeply expressive of certain tendencies in modern literature which will assume an increasing importance during the next ten or fifteen years. They bring on to the stage and give dramatic form to discoveries and conceptions which, though they have long been commonplaces of the psychologist, are only just beginning to form part of the normal mental equipment of the educated public: they deal, that is to say, with ideas which are just ripe for treatment by novelists and dramatists. It is not the business of novelists and dramatists to discover a new philosophy or to add to the sum of human knowledge. It is their business to satisfy the contemporary mind as they find it by giving form and expression to its prevailing mood and its accepted philosophy. When, therefore, we say of M. Lenormand that he is a profoundly original dramatic author, we do not mean that he is making any new discoveries in psychology, or that he is likely to give to contemporary thought a new direction. An original dramatic author is not an original thinker, but a man whose business it is to find bottles for the new wine; and the wine must not be too new, or the bottles will burst. In other words, he will find himself arguing a case instead of creating a work of art. You will find nothing in the plays of M. Lenormand which you have not found already in the works of Miers and Freud and their successors, just as you will find nothing in the plays of Mr. Shaw which you cannot find in the social and political works of a previous generation. Both dramatists are, nevertheless, in their different ways profoundly original.

The dramatic career of M. Lenormand is typical. Like so many of the younger French dramatic authors, he first appeared in the theatres of the vanguard, but almost at once the value of his plays was generally recognised, and they were accepted for

production by one of the French national theatres. *Le Temps est un Songe* and *Les Ratés* were produced by M. Georges Pitoëff at the Théâtre des Arts in December 1919 and in May 1920 respectively. *Le Simoun* was produced by M. Gaston Baty at the Comédie Montaigne-Gémier in December 1920 with M. Gémier in the cast, and *Le Mangeur des Rêves* by M. Pitoëff at the Théâtre Pitoëff at Geneva in January 1922. In October of the same year M. Gémier produced *La Dent Rouge* at the Odéon, and this was followed nearly two years later (June 1924) by the production at the Odéon of *L'Homme et ses Fantômes*. M. Lenormand is still, however, faithful to the pioneers. In October 1924 *L'Ombre du Mal* was produced by M. Gaston Baty at the Studio des Champs Elysées and *Le Lâche* by M. Pitoëff in the autumn of last year at the Théâtre des Arts.

In an article¹ which I contributed recently to this Review I pointed out that perhaps the most striking characteristic of the work of the younger musicians, dramatists, and novelists of to-day, as compared with that of their immediate predecessors, was its attitude to the problem of evil. A previous generation assumed that evil was merely a negative condition, no more than the temporary thwarting of a positive process of betterment. Wickedness was an aberration, ugliness a deformation, the deadly sins a perversion of the capital virtues, and every sinner an unsuccessful saint. Man, set free from a few obsolete delusions, was an obviously perfectible creature. Give him as a race ten thousand years in which to improve, or, better still, a longer life as an individual to profit from his mistakes, and he must necessarily achieve wisdom and beauty. The devil, in fact, was regarded as no more than a tolerated foil to a beneficent Providence, and should it ever become necessary for man to have a hundred arms with which to embrace his more complicated welfare, creative evolution would in its good time ensure his becoming a veritable Briareus. From this comfortable doctrine the younger authors of to-day are in full reaction. Nor have they waited for any leading in the matter from the theologians and philosophers. The doctrine of progress and the necessary triumph of virtue in all its forms is instinctively rejected by novelists and dramatists who have never listened to the passionate denials of Dean Inge or the austere reasoning of Bertand Russell. The younger generation is quite involuntarily obsessed with a sense of the positive, active, and creative power of evil as forcibly as St. Paul was obsessed by a conviction of the reality of sin, and none of them would affirm that in ten thousand years from now Christ was likelier to be reigning than Antichrist. Briareus may attain to a hundred arms, but the chances are even that Briareus will be a demon.

¹ 'Antic Literature,' October 1925.

This sense of the active power of evil is the first characteristic to which I would draw attention in the plays of M. Lenormand. He expresses it more continuously and more forcibly than any living author, and it is this circumstance which makes him so significant a figure. Most of his characters are under the influence of that *nostalgie de la boue* which is partly the aftermath of the war and partly an overdue reaction against the shallow optimism of the nineteenth century, of which creative evolution in its more modern forms is merely a subtle extension. When we enter the theatre of M. Lenormand we wander like the primitive savage in a jungle of malignant forces, with the added horror that the devils for whom civilisation has evolved its taboos and fetishes are not external to mankind but are lurking perpetually in the subconscious depths of the human mind. We find evil, not existing as an accidental blemish or licensed imperfection, but living for its own purposes, seeking its own fulfilment, working for its own triumph and perpetuation. He takes us into the mind of the lover, the artist, even of the child, and we start back in horror from what is there revealed.

The first reaction of the normal English reader, still under the influence of a previous generation and timorous of any unexpected revelation, will be similar to the first reaction of the English readers of Ibsen in the early 'nineties. Of the eight plays mentioned above, at least four would be prohibited by the Censor, and the remainder would be regarded by the greater majority of English readers as unwholesome exercises in pathology. I have already used the name of St. Paul, but I might equally well have named any of the saints of the Thebaid, or, indeed, any one of the long succession of eremites of whom M. Lenormand is temperamentally the successor. I shall return to this analogy later on. I refer to it now in passing merely as a warning to those who might believe themselves to be wholly orthodox in condemning the plays which we are about to examine.

The presence of a positive and active principle of evil is felt in every play of M. Lenormand, but there is one of them which is almost wholly concerned with the affirmation that evil exists, that it has its own logic and its own devotees, and that it is perpetually creative. The principal character in *L'Ombre du Mal* is a French resident administrator in Africa. We hear of him first in a conversation between a young subordinate official and his wife. We gather that, while these two young people are doing their utmost to encourage the better elements in the negro colony and to improve conditions generally, the administrator, from indifference or self-interest or a soured disposition, either thwarts their efforts or at least does nothing to help them. The administrator enters and discusses with his subordinate a case which has

just arisen in the village. A negro potentate has complained that two of his captives have been stolen. It is clear to the young subordinate, and incidentally it becomes clear to the audience, that the captives have not been stolen at all, but that the negro potentate has sold them to a passing caravan of Moorish slave raiders. The negro alleges that they have been stolen in order to cover his breach of the law, and in order, if possible, to incriminate his enemy, a noble young chieftain who has won the confidence and respect of the white administrators. This young chieftain has learned to love the justice of the whites; he pleads his case, fearless and confident that his innocence will at once be recognised. For it can easily be proved that the captives were sold to the Moors. Is it not well known, moreover, that he has never lied to the white men, whose justice he has accepted? The administrator, however, to the stupefaction of his subordinate, at once has the young chieftain arrested and flogged, who, overwhelmed more by the inexplicable injustice of this decision than by his brutal punishment, tries vainly to understand.

Ta justice est-elle celle d'Iblis? Ou de quelque démon blanc? D'où vient-elle? Que veut-elle? Ah si tu sais, réponds-moi. . . . Tu es là, qui me regarde sans paroles, comme ceux qui marchent en dormant. M'entends-tu? Parle. Eveille-toi.

The riddle is answered for us in the following act. The injustice consciously and deliberately wrought by the administrator is the result of an injustice which he had himself suffered some years previously—an inexplicable injustice which had maddened him and perverted all his finer instincts. His life for fifteen years has been no more than a reflex of the evil which had then been enforced into his consciousness. He has met again the man from whom he suffered this original injustice, even more purposeless than that which he himself has just inflicted on the young chieftain. He confronts this man and explains.

Ces deux années d'injustice avaient mis en moi l'amour et la volonté de l'injustice. . . . Vengeance? Non pas. Je me serais vengé de vous . . . et j'avais dépassé la haine d'un homme. C'était quelque chose plus forte que la vengeance. . . . A chaque punition que j'infligeais, c'était comme une détente furieuse, une décharge de tout mon être. . . . Eh bien, j'ai vécu pour ces spasmes de l'âme. Je me suis nourri de ces réserves de force mauvaise. J'y ai trouvé les délices les plus sombres, les seules délices de mon existence.

The man is in fact possessed, and most of us would incline to consider him as an irresponsible madman, a fitter subject for the alienist than the dramatist. But there we should be reckoning without the genius of his author, who compels us to accept this man as the tragic instrument of an evil destiny which penetrate

his intelligence and uses for its own purposes the best and worst of his nature. He is fully aware of the dreadful significance of his acts, aware also that he is doing violence to his humanity, but he is in the grip of a process which he cannot impede, whose awful logic he must continually proclaim and execute. And as we see him thus helplessly entangled and controlled by the power of evil, we realise that he is infinitely more pitiable than his victims.

The persons of the play who surround the administrator and endeavour to find a motive for his monstrous act are like the critics of Shakespeare, who endeavour to find a motive for Iago's destruction of Othello. Villainy, they assume, must be due to ambition, desire for revenge, some special form of self-interest or gratification. But that was never the view of those who believed in the devil. Such a view presupposes that evil is so abnormal, so contrary to the laws of life, so repulsive to the human conscience, that men must be driven to it for some easily comprehensible and obvious reason. Such a view denies, in fact, the sovereign power of evil reigning by diabolic right, the power which the administrator embodies and proclaims in the dialogue with his original persecutor as vehemently as he denies the reality of its opposite :

La justice, c'est une idée d'homme, une petite idée d'homme. Ce n'est pas une réalité. . . . Voyez au contraire combien vivante et inextinguible est l'injustice. . . . Voyez quelle lourde et longue chaîne de maux a pu forger un seul acte d'injustice, le votre. Parce que cette tentation du mal vous a visité jadis, il a fallu que je subisse deux ans de tortures et qu'à mon tour j'en inflige de pareilles à d'autres hommes, dont vous ne soupconnez l'existence. . . . Tous ceux qu'au cours de ma vie j'ai traités injustement. . . . Qui sait si, à leur tour, ils ne sont pas vengés sur les autres ? Et ces autres, sur d'autres encore. . . . Allez, une fois la source d'injustice libérée parmi les hommes, nul ne peut savoir jusqu'où elle est capable de couler.

And before the play ends another link is forged in that awful chain. For the young chieftain, understanding at last the infernal logic of the law under which he himself has suffered, lures the wife of the administrator's subordinate into the negro village upon an errand of mercy, where she is done to death. The choice of this woman, the embodiment of Christian pity and intelligence, for victim is as inevitable as every other stage of the argument. Evil being the predominant power in the material world, it is dangerous to live for justice and charity. Those who wish to survive and prosper in an evil world must live in the shadow of evil.

The author of the play does not, of course, identify himself with this doctrine of evil. He merely gives dramatic form to the principle of evil, throwing into relief its vitality, the power of injustice to breed injustice, the perpetual challenge flung by

human life and history at the just man to curse God and die. The author is no diabolist ; but he continually insists, with his younger contemporaries, on giving the devil his due. His own view, if it is permissible to search a dramatist for his personal convictions, is that justice and injustice are equally the inventions of mankind, to which the universe is profoundly indifferent.

This brings us to another idea implicit in our author's work, less obvious, but seldom very far away.

Moi aussi [says the man to whom the administrator in *L'Ombre du Mal* addresses himself] j'ai interrogé la solitude. Et je sais que l'univers n'a rien à nous dire sur nous-mêmes. Son secret, c'est la forêt d'où je sors. C'est le fleuve et ses bancs de sable . . . c'est l'immensité sauvage et sans pensée.

Human consciousness, with its desire of self-knowledge, its conceptions of justice and injustice, is an intruder into the world of Nature, which knows neither good nor evil. Here, again, we find what is in effect an old theological conception unexpectedly recurring in the contemporary mind. This is no more than the Pauline argument that it is the law which makes the sin.

M. Lenormand has devoted a whole play to the elaboration of this idea—a play that has not yet been performed, but which throws a good deal of light retrospectively on its predecessors. *Une Vie Secrète* presents a musician of genius. His friends object that his music lacks humanity. He draws his inspiration from the desert, as directly as possible from Nature, and he reacts violently against the suggestion that his art should aim at the expression of human hopes and sufferings, replying that the artist must be as free of these solitudes as a shark in the Pacific. He will not set to music the anxieties and heart-searchings of men and women. He expresses Nature, unconscious and unaware, and he desires to be as blind, as involuntary, as innocent of good and perhaps of evil, as Nature. But being human he must, like the man who rode to Damascus, kick continually against the pricks. He endeavours to escape his own humanity and, in the attempt, becomes wilfully evil and destructive, but he cannot escape the scourge which came into the world with the human conscience. Could he, like the tiger, have been cruel without knowing that he was cruel, wrought evil and good without distinction, he might have sung like the birds without knowing or asking why or what he sang. At the start he made his music spontaneously. As soon, however, as his conscience is awakened and he wilfully defies it, he ceases to create at all.

Je créais sans savoir. Depuis que je sais, je ne crée plus. . . . Il y a maintenant, entre la Nature et moi, un miroir où je m'apparais, avec mes doutes, mes remords, mes craintes. . . . Je me surveille. Je suis un homme apprivoisé.

His art has been killed with explanations and confessions, the inescapable introspection which is the peculiar doom of the rational man ; and he concludes with a tirade against the tyranny of words which are strong enough to paralyse an artist but are incapable of expressing a reality. Untroubled by conscience, he was able to create. Acting wilfully against his conscience, he lost his power to create, because conscience, once awakened, cannot be safely ignored. And the solution of the riddle, like the riddle itself, is Pauline. His creative power which he temporarily destroyed, so long as with a knowledge of good and evil he pursued evil, is restored when he is confronted with the tragic consequences of the worst of his sins and is suddenly overwhelmed with remorse.

Here perhaps is to be found an unexpected retort to the charge that these plays are 'unwholesome.' For the author has in effect admitted the criticism in a deeper sense than it could ever be intended by those who might think it worth while to bring the charge. They are, he would admit, unwholesome in the sense that most literature is unwholesome. 'Look into your heart and write,' said the philosopher ; but that is precisely the habit which our author instinctively distrusts, even though he yields to the temptation. Words and syllables are for him the sinister little tokens whereby we affront the silent realities of Nature. Human thought is an impertinent intruder into the immense indifferent scheme of things, veiling from us the reality which at best it seeks vainly to unmask and which, more often, it seeks deliberately to evade.

M. Lenormand recently expressed his views on the literature of the romantics, and one could scarcely avoid the inference that what he said of the romantics, and incidentally of the literature of to-day, which suffers from the same defects, he was possibly ready to affirm of literature generally. The usual explanation of the great outbursts of romantic literature is that they are an expression of the vitality and creative power which result from great historic contests and achievements. M. Lenormand finds for them a precisely contrary explanation. He looks for the origin of these literary revivals, not in the achievements themselves, but in the effort and suffering, so soon forgotten or neglected by the historians, by which these achievements were won. The romantic literature that follows such a period is not an expression of hope or vitality, but an instinctive recoil from realities too hard of acceptance. The romantic poet creates a world of illusion in which an exhausted generation seeks a refuge from things as they are. Such, argues M. Lenormand, was the inspiration of the romantics who followed the wars and revolutions of the early nineteenth century, and such will be the inspiration of the greater

bulk of European literature during the next twenty or thirty years. In place of the objective truth, for which the classic writers calmly endeavour to find appropriate forms, the romantic reaches after a scheme of things which shall be nearer to his heart's desire ; he is subjective and introspective ; he seeks to discover the secret of himself rather than of the universe ; his art is optative rather than categorical. Such literature is not a sign of health, but a symptom of disease. Do you, he might ask, accuse my plays of being unwholesome ? The charge is inevitable, since I am necessarily the child of my generation. I must accept the common doom.

M. Lenormand is the child of his generation, but he is an uneasy and a recalcitrant child. He is obsessed with the problem of evil ; he is abnormally sensitive to its presence ; and he gives to it dramatic form and expression with an intensity and power unequalled in modern literature. But fundamentally he is the good moralist. This can best, perhaps, be appreciated in *Les Ratés*, which of all his plays most forcibly and consistently presents the idea with which in various forms he is repeatedly concerned. M. Lenormand shows us in this early play a man and his wife, author and actress, mutually devoted, normally seeking happiness and fulfilment in their love for one another and in their art. Poverty and failure, however, ultimately drive them into subjecting their love and their art to every possible indignity. The action passes during a theatrical tour in which the woman appears in tenth-rate plays in a tenth-rate company. The man, abandoning his own ambitions, follows his wife, sharing her small earnings ; and finally the woman, for mere subsistence, and so that they may remain together, finds herself obliged to sell herself as well as to degrade her art. For a while they argue that this soiling of all that is most sacred to them is of no intimate or vital consequence ; all this, they contend, is external—it does not affect or alter the inviolable self, which remains intact and unblemished. They endeavour, even, to find an added significance, a momentary ecstasy, in their more intimate relations as a result of the unhappiness and evil through which their love has been impelled :

Tout trahit, tout manque ; on est enfermé dans son desespoir comme dans une cave . . . et soudain quelque chose vous saisit, vous emmène doucement. . . . Une porte s'ouvre, au plus bas de la douleur, et voila qu'il entre une lumière, une tendresse qu'on ne connaissait pas. . . . On est tranquille . . . on ne s'inquiète plus. . . . Il n'y a plus rien de terrible . . . on est arrivé.

It is the woman who speaks, and the man goes on to say that in order to reach this point it is necessary to have been not only unhappy but to have sinned as well.

Evil is necessary to beauty and to happiness—such seems to

be the purport of the play. But that is to reckon without the sequel. For the man who argues thus, who seeks to obtain from his degradation a more poignant sense of the beauty and the excellence to which he is so tragically sensitive, is doing perpetual violence to his conscience; and, finally, when life on such terms becomes insupportable, he kills his wife, and thus destroys himself.

The doctrine of the highest good emerging from the lowest evil, the contention that only when the mind has boxed the diabolic compass can it achieve security and understanding, is thus confounded. This unhappy pair outraged their essential instincts, and, though they could for a while satisfy themselves with a specious formula, in the end they had to pay the penalty. We have here the most logical and complete presentation of an idea which recurs continually in the plays of M. Lenormand, so many of whose characters are driven to seek in evil the source and inspiration of a more intense and complicated good which at the last moment is seen to be no more than an abominable illusion.

M. Lenormand is thus at constant issue with the impulse which he shares with his generation. Abnormally conscious of the immanence of evil and fascinated by its secret activities, he has nevertheless, like Stevenson in the full tide of his romance, enough in him of the Shorter Catechist to trouble him in the full tide of his inspiration and to induce him to shame the devil in a final summing-up. As an artist he is attracted by the subject of evil. He gives to it a reality, a vital expression, a variety and significance of form, which are a measure of the extent to which it inspires and dominates his imagination. As a moralist, however, he is repelled and obliged in the last resort to furnish the play with a moral. The devil may have all the good tunes in a world where he is apt to be master, but for all that he is most certainly damned.

There is a similar conflict of the artist and the moralist in his attitude towards the modern habit of self-analysis. We found in *Une Vie Secrète* a suggestion that the mute insensibility of Nature is a more satisfactory state of being than the voluble and introspective consciousness of man. This may be the author's philosophic conviction, but it is obvious, notwithstanding, that it is his delight, as an artist confronted with the human mind, to analyse, to dissect, and to disclose. Though he may believe that the really blest condition is that of the brute who asks no questions of himself and obeys his instincts unaware, he is irresistibly drawn towards the habit of inspection.

The play in which this aspect of his work is most clearly presented is *Le Mangeur des Rêves*. The principal character is an amateur psychologist who interests himself in mental cases. He

meets a young woman who is suffering from a complex the origin of which she ignores. The play is devoted to a gradual disentanglement of the events in her infancy which lie at the root of the distress and the inexplicable inhibitions from which she now suffers. It is discovered that as a child in a fit of instinctive jealousy she was indirectly the cause of her mother's death. The facts were concealed from her at the time, and she has apparently forgotten them, but she remembers them subconsciously, and her subconscious memory suffices to surround all her most vital instincts with a conviction of misery and guilt. The action of the play is in effect a modern replica of the action of *Œdipus Rex*, only in place of the elaborate machinery of revelation by seers and messengers we have a gradual process of discovery by the psychologist, and in place of a doom contrived by an external fate we have a doom that lurks in the unsuspecting mind of the victim. The unfolding of this doom has the inexorable progress of tragedy, showing us in the tragic manner a human mind overcome by a destiny which it is powerless to resist, which destroys it materially, but which leaves us with a sense that essentially it is superior to the powers that have accomplished its ruin.

Those, however, who are trying to discover the author in his work will turn inevitably from the innocent victim of the tragedy to consider the character and position of the psychologist or the *mangeur des rêves* who is its instrument. Here we have an embodiment of that morbid curiosity which is at once an inspiration and an offence to his creator. The *mangeur des rêves* is driven, like his author, to probe into the recesses of the human mind; and he assures himself that the instinct which prompts him to do so is that of the physician who desires only to heal his patient. This pretence, however, is completely unmasked by one of his previous victims—a woman to whom he has revealed all her secret capacity for evil. We are made to realise that the instinct which impels him to question and to scrutinise the avowed or concealed activities of a human conscience is an abominable symptom of that modern disease of introspection less explicitly execrated by his author in other plays. He is, in effect, the inescapable serpent in the contemporary Eden, creating evil where, but for the impious work of his intelligence, there would have been nothing more than the innocent, because profoundly unconscious, act of a child. The play is at the same time the work of a genius in the analysis of human impulses and an expression of abhorrence for precisely the tendency which it conspicuously illustrates. Beside the paradox of the good moralist, who is uncontrollably drawn towards exhibiting the triumphant vitality of evil, we have this further paradox of the merciless analyst of the human conscience for whom such analysis is the ultimate abomination.

It may seem at first sight extravagant to institute any sort of comparison between a contemporary author, whose plays are to a large extent based on the most recent discoveries of the psychoanalyst, and the author of *Œdipus Rex*. The reference to Sophocles, however, is as natural as the reference, in another connexion, to St. Paul. The classical Greek drama exhibited man struggling with an evil and a complex destiny for which he was essentially irresponsible, the victim of events and processes inherited quite inexplicably or imposed without apparent justice or reason by actively malicious or indifferent powers. We get this same sense of fate as a superhuman or subhuman (the prefix is immaterial) agency in the plays of M. Lenormand. In the ancient author these agencies were the external forms given by men to beliefs and conceptions which they had outgrown. In the modern author these same agencies are the primitive immemorial processes of the human mind which lie hidden beneath the threshold of a civilised and intelligent consciousness. The difference is less material than it seems, though 2000 years of introspection and sensitising of the human conscience lie between them. The Greek exteriorised the destructive and evil forces which blinded Œdipus and pursued Orestes. The modern author looks for them beneath the threshold of conscious life; his victims carry their inherited fate within them unawares. The significance of the tragedy is the same; it has changed in form, but not in substance. The analogy may be taken even further. The doom of the Greek hero sprang from the fact that he had outgrown the gods who smote him. The doom of the modern hero springs equally from the fact that, as a conscious being of divine discourse, he has outgrown, or claims to have outgrown, the abominations which wait for him beneath the threshold.

We turn to another play for a more explicit expression of this particular idea. In *La Dent Rouge* we are introduced to a family of peasants who live in a Swiss mountain village. One of the sons of the family, a hunter of chamois, whose dearest ambition is to set foot on the mountain peak under which he has always lived, meets and marries a girl who has lately returned to the village. This girl has lived most of her life abroad with her father, in the course of which she has in the ordinary sense of the word been educated. The man she marries has just enough imagination to aspire after the knowledge and freedom which his wife has acquired. Fundamentally, however, he remains at one with his kindred in the gross, immemorial superstitions which still linger in the remoter Alpine valleys. His defiance of the ignorance and cruelty which is in his blood, the faith and ardour with which he takes and defends the girl who represents for him the knowledge and beauty to which he aspires, cannot overcome the instincts of

generations and the environment of a lifetime. Winter falls on the village and brings with it the terrible, intimate seclusion of a primitive community cut off from every refinement of intelligent life. The girl is surrounded with the suggestions of a credulous folk who have been left virtually untouched by any civilising faith or conception. The demons of the mountain, in whom every peasant believes, recover their dominion. The young wife, as a stranger, is disliked by her husband's family, and the whole village assumes an attitude of mockery or hostility. Finally she is charged with witchcraft. Her husband, who had promised, in deference to his wife's alarm, to give up his perilous attempt to set his foot on the summit of the Dent Rouge, returns to his mountaineering and is killed after having achieved his ambition. The village attributes his death to the sorcery of his young wife, and the most characteristic feature of the tragedy is that she herself, affected at last by the superstitions to which she was born and in the midst of which she has returned to live, comes herself to believe that she is responsible.

Here we see a momentary defiance, the fine endeavour of two souls to win free of an evil inheritance, bringing with it the same disaster which overtook the innocent young wife of the subordinate official in *L'Ombre du Mal*. Those who seek to escape the dominion of the ancient powers expose themselves to calamity.

It is a significant tribute to the genius of M. Lenormand that he continually provokes comparison with the classics, and in one of his plays, *L'Homme et ses Fantômes*, he renders such a comparison inevitable. It is, in effect, a modern version of Don Juan. The hero has all the classical stigmata. He is libertine and impious, affecting to enjoy his own misdeeds. But he is gradually preparing his doom, and at the last he sups with the phantoms of his past. The author gives to the old legend a completely modern setting. His ghosts are those of the modern spiritualist; their manifestations are such as would be seriously investigated by the Psychical Research Society. These manifestations, moreover, are all of them explicable by the latest discoveries of the psychoanalyst. The fundamental inspiration of the character is an intellectual craving which drives him to seek in the women he encounters the secret of humanity. Throughout his pilgrimage he remains utterly alone. Don Juan is a solitary. He has eliminated love from his existence. He seeks always to possess and to discover, but he gives nothing in return, and each of his victories is intimately a defeat. And though he affects to be without a conscience and suppresses all pity and affection under the stimulus of his monstrous egoism, he is outraging unawares the secret consciousness of good and evil within himself, which is inexorably preparing its revenges. In the final scenes of the play all the sup-

pressed instincts which he has flouted come to the surface. He is haunted by the ghosts of all the feelings and conceptions which he has deliberately outraged. The traditional Juan invited the statue to sup with him. The modern Juan invites the phantoms of his past with table-rappings and the whole apparatus of modern spiritualism, whereby his subliminal self obtains the results towards which it is helplessly driven.

He dies surrounded by the spectres which he has unconsciously carried about with him and as unconsciously evoked, and his end is as faithful to the classical legend as his career. For he dies impenitent, governed by his predominant impulse, which he recovers even in the last dialogue with the phantom of his mother.

L'HOMME.—Il y a quelque chose que je voulais savoir, avant de mourir . . .

LE FANTÔME DE LA MÈRE.—Tu ne vas pas mourir. Tu vas t'endormir contre moi, comme autrefois.

L'HOMME.—Je veux savoir . . .

LE FANTÔME DE LA MÈRE.—Ne te tourmente pas . . . ne pense à rien. . . . Dors.

L'HOMME.—Savoir . . .

Savoir : it is his ruling passion, and he dies with the word on his lips !

I have dwelled in this article on the aspects of our author's work which are peculiarly significant of his generation, and from which I can disengage his temperament and his philosophy. This is admittedly a bad way of appreciating a dramatist, and in this particular case it may establish an impression which would be wholly unjust and which it is necessary to correct. It must not be assumed that M. Lenormand is a philosopher with a doctrine, or a specialist in mental science, or a moralist with a text. The tendencies and principles which we have discovered are not obviously on the surface, and it is only by doing violence to his work, giving undue prominence to certain aspects and reading diligently between the lines, that it is possible to fit him with a formula. M. Lenormand is first to last a dramatist ; his characters are men and women expressing themselves in conduct and speech appropriate to the event and the moment. We are interested in them as individuals, and not as the embodiment of abstract ideas or the bearers of a philosophy. It might be imagined from the insistence laid upon the moral and psychological implications of the plays we have discussed that their author was didactic, explanatory, concerned rather with principles than persons. Nothing could be further from the truth. His dramatic style is as terse, as objective, as dramatically appropriate, as theatrically lucid as that of any of his French contemporaries. The amount

of explanation and interpretation given to the characters and incidents in his plays is reduced to the minimum consonant with the nature of his peculiar achievement. Obviously an author who brings into his theatre motives and instincts of which even those who are prompted by them are often unaware finds it necessary on occasion to suspend the action of his play while the characters discuss and analyse their motives, and at times he is even driven to introduce the familiar *raisonneur*, who interprets much that might have remained obscure in the behaviour of his characters. But such occasions are rare, and in every case the climax of the drama, with all its significant stages, is presented in an act or situation that is brought about by the play of conduct and character. M. Lenormand is a master of the small revealing incident that strikes the imagination, and gives simple and clear dramatic expression to the most subtle and complicated mental condition or process. Like most of his younger contemporaries, he has been obliged to work out his own technique, and in course of doing so he has once for all extended the dramatic field, bringing within its limits subjects which formerly lay quite outside. In this respect he cannot fail to have his imitators, and even dramatists who strictly follow their own devices will inevitably be influenced by his achievement.

His plays as individual works of art I will leave to speak for themselves. Nothing I could say of them can increase or detract from the impression which they must necessarily make upon a sensitive reader. I have wilfully preferred, in discussing an author who is as yet almost entirely unknown in London, to dissect rather than to paint the lily. It is the penalty of that decision that I have had to concentrate on one or two aspects of one or two plays, leaving the rest to speak for themselves.

And they are very well able to do so.

JOHN PALMER.

PATRONAGE IN THE DAYS OF JOHNSON

THE only age in which the record of patronage is a record of honour is the age of Queen Anne. Charles II., though he had loved literature well, had loved wine and women better, and he had no more money for the wit who pleased him than for the loyal squire who had saved him. Yet the immaterial honour of literature with himself and his courtiers was the prelude to the material honour it enjoyed in the days of his niece. Though Butler, despite *Hudibras*, was poor, still he was famed, and then later from 'the mob of gentlemen who wrote at ease' stepped out Dorset to take the boy Prior from his accounting seat in the vintner's bar and make him a poet among peers and peeresses. When after the Revolution Somers and Charles Montagu rose to power and wealth, to the laurels of literature they added the emoluments of office, and society accepted the lead, so that Ministers and noblemen became the willing protectors of men of letters, veiling patronage in friendship, and the world of fashion and the world of letters intermingled and were one. In the words of Lecky, 'it was the received opinion of the time that it was part of the duty of an English Minister to encourage promising merit.' Whig and Tory alike, first Somers and Montagu, then Harley and St. John, were on the look-out for brilliant young men. They wanted to use them for their political ends, to draw an Addison from the cell of a college and set him to the business of party; but in the days of Queen Anne it must be admitted that the appreciation and patronage of letters were broader than the interests of mere party. Of that the names of Prior and of Congreve are proof enough. And the wealthy were patrons as well as the politicians. Patronage was conceived a duty inherent in high social position, the right sphere for the man of taste to exercise his discrimination. Montagu, no longer a power in politics, became even more a Mæcenas in letters. If he had a fault, it was the excess of his *largesse*, and that is a rare failing in the history of patrons. Pope might gibe at 'full-blown Bufo, puffed by every quill'; but Tickel said that no dedicatory went unrewarded, and that is no ignoble monument. And he was not alone, but the leader of an honourable fashion. Many a writer drew profit from

the names of the great and the pockets of the rich. As well in patronage as in poetry it was the Augustan age of England.

But that phase of patronage could only be temporary. When Samuel Johnson, aged thirty months, was carried by his mother to London, to be touched for the 'king's evil' by the 'lady in diamonds, and a long black hood,' the days of patronage in its honour were numbered; when Samuel Johnson, ripe in years, died, patronage more than casual was dead too. And the causes of its passing were these. Immediately, the death of Queen Anne and the Hanoverian succession; gradually, the growing up of an alliance between author and publisher, to the competency of the one and the prosperity of the other; gradually, too, the increasing number of readers whose plaudits and pockets made those of patrons no longer necessary; and, inevitably, because the fashion of patronage ran to seed. For it is of patronage, as Johnson once said, 'in the infancy of learning, we find great men praised for it. This diffused it among others. When it becomes general, an author leaves the great and applies to the multitude.' By 1720 learning was becoming general, so that it was hard to discern the deserving among the many who presumed, nor yet possible for the wealthy to cover with their patronage even all who deserved it. There were bound to be more unpatronised than there were patronised, and, as the number of aspiring authors grew, they besieged the doors of the rich with epistles and dedications, until patronage became a scandal. The worthless scribblers entered in the great man's hall and grumbled, or were thrust out by his servants and reviled him. Then, too, there grew up 'the fop whose pride affects a patron's name,' who adorned his table with wits and repaid them with his own verses. To that had patronage descended by 1750, but the intervening period was not without honour, and the other causes of its passing were stronger and, except the Hanoverian succession, worthier.

The accession of the Elector of Hanover to the throne of England had the effect almost of a revolution. The Tory leaders wavering too long between Pretender and Elector, had fatally compromised their party; the unsuccessful rebellion of 1715 proved a death-blow, and the Tories were exiled into the political wilderness for more than a generation. The reign of the Whig oligarchy began, and the reign of the sovereign in politics ceased almost to be. Queen Anne, though of no very high intellect, was of no mean will, as Swift, baulked of his bishopric, knew. She was no small factor for her Ministers to consider; but common-place, sensuous, German-speaking King George ruled with his mistresses in Court rather than with his Ministers in Council. But to be free of control by the Court left the Ministry still open to control by Parliament, unless steps were taken; and those steps were the

buying and cornering of pocket-boroughs and the bribing of members by lucrative offices and pensions. And Robert Walpole, being in 1715 Chancellor of the Exchequer and in 1721 head of the Ministry; took those steps. For the money and offices with which his predecessors had rewarded men of letters he had other uses, and there was nothing to spare. It was more important for a Ministry to buy up the votes of recalcitrant or unprincipled members of the House of Commons than to pension another Addison, to sustain a genius that delighted the mind in the study, or boudoir or coffee-house or theatre, but which stumbled hopelessly in debate and displayed a mere competent mediocrity in the strife of party or the details of office. The loss of a writer, who could calculate? But lost votes were begetters of losses only too tangible. The writer patronised alike for his talents and his politics went out, and the placeman and the scribbler came in.

But it is not true to say that under Walpole there was no political patronage of writers, though perhaps it was patronage that did not deserve the name, and certainly they were writers whom one would hardly call authors. The men, or most of them, whom Walpole paid to write were men who would write whatever money bade. Walpole was aware of the need of propaganda, and he secured it from third-rate scribblers, the hacks of that mongrel Press which, with the notable exception of the *Craftsman*, Walpole kept well in hand. His chief organ was the *Daily Gazetteer*, which was as well supplied with the general news which he desired published as the *London Gazette* was with the official announcements.

Into this as a common sink [said a note to the *Dunciad*] was received all the trash which had before been dispersed in several journals and circulated at the public expense of the nation. The authors were the same obscene men, though sometimes relieved by occasional statesmen, courtiers, bishops, deans and tutors. The mean rewarded with money, others with places and benefices 1000*l.* a year.

He had, said Swift, 'none but beasts and blockheads for penmen.' He hired, says Coxe, 'several well-known disseminators of infidelity,' and 'many warm remonstrances were frequently made by the Minister's friends against employing such low mercenaries, but usually disregarded.' His men were of those whom Pope ducked in the slime of the Fleet Ditch, such as Concanen, who for supporting Sir William Yonge and the Duke of Newcastle with seasonable Billingsgate was rewarded in 1732 with the post of Attorney-General of Jamaica. And some were 'patronised' that they might be silenced, like Thomas Gordon, more honourably known as a translator of *Sallust* and *Tacitus*, who, when in 1720 his weekly paper the *Independent Whig* had too strong an

air of 'patriotism,' became First Commissioner of Wine Licenses. But Walpole, if he was not particular, was at least liberal. Between 1731 and 1741 nearly 50,000*l.* was spent by him out of the secret service money on writers and printers, and Arnall, the chief of his hired penmen, is said to have received in four years some 11,000*l.* for his own services and to pay his subordinates. Arnall retired with a pension of 400*l.* a year. Entinck, a subordinate, and a bookseller's hack and school-book compiler, had 200*l.* a year. Even Swift admitted that 'he pays his workman on the nail.' But in all this there is no patronage, no seeking out of merit to encourage it. The names that should be there are not there; but only Gay, who had 150*l.* a year as a Lottery Commissioner, and Young, of whom perhaps Swift was right, and

Young must torture his invention
To flatter knaves, or lose his pension.

And when in 1742 Walpole's long reign ended, the old tradition of the days of Queen Anne was dead and buried in political corruption.

The life of social patronage was rather longer; and fortunately so, because the profession of authorship was still, for want of any considerable reading public, very much more precarious than by its nature it must be. While political patronage withered away under the methods of Walpole, society was still sensible of its debt to good poets and of the honour that lay in its payment. Pope and Gay and Young, though they were born as poets in the last years of the Queen, found the fount of social honour and reward still flowing for them when their own last years were drawing on. And Thomson and Mallet and Brooke and Glover, though of the next generation, were also partakers of the same good things as their elders. The lives of them all show what patronage was, and with how much of political admixture, up till the middle of the century. They were all legitimate successors to Prior, Addison, Congreve, Steele, Parnell and Rowe, to the presents and offices and social esteem which had once been common and was still not rare. But first and in most detail let us consider the life of Pope, for it shows far more than the continuance of patronage; it is the story of the first great independent author.

From the very beginning Pope had his well-placed friends, who introduced him into society and who were proud of the chance to help forward so promising a youth. He owed not a little to old Wycherley and to Lord Lansdowne, and then, still in his early days, there came Swift, going from one to another with the word that he had found the first poet of the day for whom he must have their subscriptions. Steadily he rose over

the obstacles of his ill-health, which made his life 'one long disease,' and of his religion, which debarred him from holding any public office. He was aiming high, and was not to be caught by the coarse baits of patronage which expected returns in service, either personal or political. Universal admiration came soon; but money was slower until he set to upon his substantial works, and by them he showed what a man could do without relying upon the rich for any more than such a subscription to his publication as a wealthy friend would readily give with no thought of a return beyond the copies he had paid for. By his handsomely subscribed translation of *Homer*, finished in 1725, he made some 5000*l.*, and in 1725, too, showing the bookseller as the other string to his bow, he was paid 217*l.* by Tonson for his not over successful edition of *Shakespeare*. And so we see him about 1726 settled in his pleasant villa at Twickenham with a modest annuity, enjoying the friendship of the highest in society, and with every reason to rejoice in his success.

It was a splendid achievement. He stood for a new order of things which had been impossible to Dryden and to Addison, who could have gained independence only at the cost of all their prospects. Pope was in a position to reject anything that was not straightforward. Halifax once suggested that a pension might be secured for him in spite of his Roman Catholicism, but Pope would have none of it; nor when his friend Craggs, while Secretary of State, suggested 300*l.* a year would he condescend to accept what must be smuggled through from the secret service money of the Government. Pope had his pride. Where Dryden by a translation had made 1200*l.*, had not he made 5000*l.*? And so he loved to talk of his earnings, for he had no share of the affected snobbery of his old contemporary Congreve airing the fine gentleman before his visitor Voltaire and making as if to despise his authorship. Indeed, said Johnson, 'it would be hard to find a man so entitled to notice as a wit, that ever delighted so much in talking of his money.' For his money meant his independence, of which he often and justly boasted.

I take myself [he wrote to Lord Carteret in 1723] to be the only scribbler of my time, of any degree of distinction, who never received any places from the Establishment, any pension from a Court, or any presents from a Ministry. I desire to preserve this honour untainted to my grave.

And although his political sympathies, such as they were, leaned to the Tories, he did not take advantage of his independence to abandon that neutrality which had won to his subscription-list the names of Whig and Tory in the worthy rivalry of patronage. 'They have scoundrels enough to write for their passions and their designs; let us write for truth, for honour, and for posterity.'

With such words he dissuaded Swift in 1726 from falling to Pulteney's project of gaining the Dean for his war on Walpole. Only once were his venomous darts forged and sped in the war of partisan politics, later and briefly in aiding the bitter anger of Frederick Prince of Wales.

For money and independence Pope admitted his fondness freely, and by his frequent denials he admitted it virtually for the company and respect of peers. And that, too, he had gained. It is doubtful whether any other poet in England has had so completely the *entrée* of the fashionable world as he, for from about 1720 his reputation opened to him nearly all the houses of the great, who felt that they were honoured by his presence and that they at the same time conferred honour on him. Indeed, the relation was so much one of mutual honour that it becomes sensibly inaccurate to use the word 'patronage' of the help and favour which Pope received. One is reminded of Swift's saying of Bolingbroke that 'he began in the Queen's time to be my patron, and then condescended to be my friend.' The peers whose names adorn the dedications of Pope, who corresponded with him and at whose houses he stayed—my Lords Bolingbroke and Bathurst and Oxford and Marchmont, to name the more prominent—were genuinely his friends, and not such patrons as Thomson had. Without doubt others besides King George were heard to speak disparagingly of 'little Mr. Pope' and 'his trade,' and in some the condescension was more than the friendship, but in the houses of his hosts the servants who were exactly called upon at all hours to minister to the minutiae of the little invalid's requirements must have been conscious enough that this guest was an honoured and not a mere 'patronised poet.' He had all the appearance of an equal in the society in which he moved, and his subscription-lists had in them the names of all who mattered. Sir Robert Walpole, the employer of hacks and the man who confessed he could find no recreation in a library, yet subscribed because to subscribe was the fashion, and the King and Queen, by openly accepting a copy of the *Dunciad* at the hands of the First Minister, gave to its author an impressive, if intangible, protection against the return blows of his victims. In fact Pope came to move in a charmed circle where no blows of enemies might touch him save the barbs which stuck quivering in his unhealthy sensibility. Yet he himself in his satires, so strongly entrenched was he behind the ranks of his patron friends, and with his supports of assured independence, could launch the most virulent attacks on those whom, like Walpole's confidential lieutenant Lord Hervey, it would surely for others have been wiser and safer to avoid. But Pope's satire marked down its victims right and left with a fearlessness which had no respect of

persons, and which of itself is a proof of the strength and security of his social position. Standing where he did, there was scarcely any 'vice too high' for him to know, and what he knew he seemed to have little fear of publishing. When he vowed to make 'men not afraid of God, afraid of me,' there can be little doubt that he succeeded. He had no need of the patronage, however honourable, which others had found necessary and which men such as Young still sought.

And the secret was that he had known how to create and then to manage a public which would pay him as directly and honourably as it would the craftsman of any more materially useful art. He brought something of the regular salesmanship of business into the profession of literature; indeed, with him literature began for the first time to have a claim to be called a profession in any clearly defined use of that word. He could have had readily the support of the old patronage, but he preferred to deal with the booksellers and to rely on a public. What part that alliance with the booksellers played in the passing away of patronage we shall see soon; here we may note how secure Pope already in 1726 felt in the management of his public. A writer in the *London Journal* of July of that year has this to say: 'I have a great veneration for this admired poet and also for his ingenious bookseller, but I hope they will not always expect to impose extravagant prices upon us for bad paper, old types and journey work poetry.' And Fenton in May 1726 wrote thus to Broome, his fellow-collaborator with Pope in the *Odyssey*: 'I find the clamour here [in Cambridge] is as great both against him and the work as it was last winter in London.' It is little Mr. Pope and Bernard Lintot wringing the last penny from the public, who wanted the poem but grudged the payment. For Pope was determined to 'maintain a poet's dignity and ease,' and the public were to pay as they had never paid before. Pope rightly conceived of the dignity of authorship, and justly held that with the dignity went the payment. To him the honour of literature was no phrase, but something for which he worked, and of whose material recognition in the years to come he has some claim to be called the father.

But the genius of Pope was premature in this independent outlook of his. His example had for some time no follower, but stood alone as a demonstration of what lay within the power of an author to achieve. 'O let me live my own, and die so too,' was the wish seemingly of hardly another, nor do the lives of Gay and Young and Thomson give us assurance that they, like Pope, would have preferred 'liberty without a coach.' And Swift, 'sitting like a toad in a corner of his great house, with a perfect hatred of all public actions and persons,' was a man too

independent to be interested in the independence of the calling of letters. When patronage is a profitable fashion it is too enervating for any but a very exceptional man to reject it, and while it remained many looked to it as the obvious avenue to success. Perhaps for lesser men it was still the only avenue, but for all save Pope it was, one suspects, the instinctive choice.

It was so at least for Edward Young. He was one whose eye sought always the main chance, and whose hand was skilled to trim his sails to all the winds of opportunism. Five years older than Pope, but less precocious, he had by 1712 won an outer seat on the benches of Addison's little senate more by the wise use of friends, by persistence and by the promise of genius, than by anything he had yet achieved. Then in 1713 he began his literary career with an *Epistle to the Marquis of Lansdowne*. In 500 lines he hailed that politician as another Augustus, a second Shakespeare 'born to make the Muse immortal,' and a philosopher whom perusal of the Grecian sages 'only taught with more respect to value his own thought.' Its ill-timed Toryism he erased with characteristic disregard of consistency by greeting George I. in a poem which brimmed with Whiggism, and thenceforth a Whig he attached himself with success to the shady Duke of Wharton, and in his wake began to advance. And Wharton, however unadmirable in character, was no bad patron. He granted to the poet in 1719 a pension of 100*l.* for his flattery and his service, or, as the grant worded it, because he considered 'that the public good is advanced by the encouragement of learning and the polite arts.' For the idea of patronage was still strong enough to command lip-service, if already too weak to dispense with payment. And although that pension was never paid until the poet with fresh service earned it at the added value of 200*l.* from Walpole in 1726, yet Wharton, flown with his scandals and his intrigues to the Continent, did not leave him without another patronal *beau geste*, that time not without substance.

A little after Dr. Young had published his *Universal Passion* [Spence tells us in an anecdote] the Duke of Wharton made him a present of 2000*l.* for it. When a friend of the Duke's, who was surprised at the largeness of the present, cried out 'What, 2000*l.* for a poem,' the Duke smiled and said, 'It was the best bargain he had ever made in his life, for he was fairly worth 4000*l.*'

Certainly Young was not unadvised to seek patrons when the fashion still spoke in language like that. It is the flattery, in which he dealt so readily, that is hard to forgive. Surely patronage did not ask for the panegyric flood with which he deluged Walpole on his installation as Knight of the Garter. Surely he was one

of those who were to lower the dignity of patronage by the gross way they sought it. To curry favour with Bubb Doddington and, 'charmed with his burgundy and wit,' to celebrate the virtues of his ostentatious elegance; to ply with odes 'Dunce the Second' George; to insinuate himself into the good graces of Pope by siding against the victims of the *Dunciad*; to drift towards the Opposition because Walpole showed no signs of doing more for him: in contrast, how splendid is the independence of Pope. If patronage really required these shifts it was time for patronage to go. Instead of patrons seeking out those who deserved notice, those who wanted to be noticed were seeking out patrons in ways not much more honourable than those of a beggar. It was Young who wrote:

All other trades demand—verse-makers beg;
A dedication is a wooden leg.

And when that was so it was time for men of letters to give up the old ways and for Samuel Johnson, following where Pope with more ease had led, to work sturdily at literature as a trade that would not beg but would demand like any other. And Johnson was to slave in the galleys of journalism while Dr. Young grumbled in his rectory for the rewards that were no longer forthcoming. But Johnson had won the battle of independence when the poor old clergyman, at seventy-eight years of age, received, in the little burst of patronage which came with George III.'s accession, the ignominious post of Clerk of the Closet to the Dowager Princess of Wales.

But that patronage was by no means without its blessings in those days of Johnson's boyhood we can see from the life of amiable, easy-going John Gay. He was born, if ever a poet was, to recline in the lap of luxury which patronage still fortunately spread out. Although in 1720 he realised 1000*l.* by the well-subscribed edition of his *Poems*, what with losses in South Sea stock and with idleness and good living it was soon gone. He was one like Goldsmith, and, if he had lived in his day, would have shared his difficulties, born of the same imprudence. But with Lord Burlington to be his host, the Earl of Lincoln to supply him with lodgings in Whitehall, and the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry to keep him in guiding strings and to mind his money, he had as fair a chance of happiness as ever man had. That was the continuance of social patronage; but from the side of the Court and of politics he had little, save, in return for his *Fables* for Prince William, the offer of the post of Gentleman-Usher to the small Princess Louisa, an almost nominal office with a salary of 200*l.*, which, however, he was well off enough to decline in offended disappointment at its not being something better.

And after all he was even then not complimentary when he spoke of the Ministry, and later, over the *Beggar's Opera* and *Polly*, was a veritable thorn in the flesh of both Ministry and Court. But his society patrons stood up for him. His imperious and eccentric Duchess, for canvassing his *Polly* with characteristic impudence in the very arcana of the Court, was dismissed from her places, and, saucily defiant, retired with her husband to look after her poet to the end of his days and see him buried like a peer in Westminster Abbey. To rise from the humble status of a Barnstaple mercer's assistant to honour and fame, to lie in death with the rich and to leave behind him 6000*l.*, that was what patronage meant for Gay.

And it meant a very great deal, too, to a younger contemporary, James Thomson. He, no less than Young, felt that the path to success lay through a patron. When he abandoned divinity in Edinburgh to try literature in London he took in his pocket introductions to the great. Through his fellow-countryman Duncan Forbes he met people of literary and social eminence. He became tutor to Lord Binning, and he found one Mr. Whatley, later Prebendary of York, who, as Swift had helped Pope, went with the praises of *Winter* from coffee-house to coffee-house until the impression was bought up. And once he was known patrons and subscribers were ready at hand, and he, too, was ready with his dedications to hail them. He entered the circle of Pope, he had the friendship of Lady Hertford and Doddington, he received offices from Lord Chancellor Talbot and, after Walpole's fall, from Lord Lyttelton, long his friend and then Chancellor of the Exchequer, and he had a pension of 100*l.* from the Prince of Wales. But times were changing. His first sinecure, in the Court of Chancery, was reduced from 300*l.* to 100*l.* by 'the blight of an idle inquiry into the fees and offices,' and the Surveyor-Generalship of the Leeward Isles, which in 1744 he executed by deputy, he found worth the holding only a little over a year. His pension from the Prince meant the irksome service of inserting into his dull dramas the double *entendre* of topical politics. Even living at Eastbury with Doddington, whose friendship Young so affected to enjoy, Thomson complained of being 'far from that divine freedom, that independent life which the Muses love.' He did want to be independent, and he saw the means by which he could become so. He set to upon a great poem whose sale should enrich him, but the result was the leaden volumes of *Liberty*. He could not make his public bear him as Pope had made his, and he sank back upon patronage perhaps all the more readily for that natural indulgence which made him 'a bard more fat than bard beseems.' But the way was seen, and the will was there. What Pope had achieved and Thomson would have liked to achieve Johnson was from

1735 working out almost in desperation, sometimes without supper to sustain or a candle to light him.

So much for the political and social patronage which lingered in the forties of the eighteenth century. New conditions were being created for writers by the gradual yet considerable growth of the reading public. The alliance between author and bookseller was becoming a practical proposition. It was, as we have pointed out, Pope who first successfully took his stand for this new relation which was to oust patrons by doing away with the need of them and so setting over writers in place of the personal will of a man the more endurable, because the less cramping and defined, caprice of a public. Pope set out to cement that alliance by driving profitable bargains for copyright himself, and by helping his friends to do the same. It would seem as though its establishment were an aim he had close at heart. To him the dignity of literature demanded that men should do away with the old idea that a gentleman did not write for money. Instead he proclaimed that literature was a profession worthy of any man, and that it deserved to be well paid, and that no one should be too proud or too careless to take the money he had honestly earned. For that carelessness he rebuked Swift. He found painful the way in which his friend gave away the rights of fugitive essays to such 'mercenaries' as that Rev. Mr. Pilkington who was always at Swift's side to pick them up; and so he told him. Nor was it any better, in his opinion, that the equally 'mercenary' booksellers should get the copyright for nothing, and his dislike of that led him to negotiate with Motte for the purchase of *Gulliver's Travels*. The 200*l.* which resulted Swift acknowledged in a letter to Chetwode to have been due solely to Pope's prudent management. In fact Pope was the protagonist of the literary calling, and when we consider him thus sinking himself in a cause common to all his fellow-writers, we find a pleasing contrast and compensation to his petty spite and malice. Holding that the literary labourer was worthy of his hire, he was determined that public and booksellers should be made to recognise it, and towards that end he used every grain to cement and consolidate the alliance of author and bookseller. Agreements for copyright became the regular practice, and the prices which booksellers paid began soon and quickly to rise. The older fashion of getting subscription-lists, though it did not die out, ceased to be usual. Bookselling became a directer, because a wider, appeal to the public. And manifestly it was the public that all the time was the essential factor. Noting the successive editions of new and older authors, the press sending forth its newspapers more and more numerous despite the stamp tax, the rise of the magazines, the appearance and on-sweep of the novel, the opening

of circulating libraries, and the birth of the reviews, we are clearly conscious of the public growing steadily in the middle of the century.¹ Fielding had 183*l.* 10*s.* for *Joseph Andrews*, 600*l.* and an additional 100*l.* on the unexpected sale of *Tom Jones*, and 1000*l.* for *Amelia*. What more need of a patron was there? The public were patrons by 1750, and it needed no letter from Johnson to Lord Chesterfield to strike the death-knell of patronage.

The love of independence was perhaps no stronger in Johnson than in Pope, but the romance of the dour struggle wherein his pride and perseverance beat poverty and hardship is easier to recognise. Those years on Cave's *Gentleman's Magazine* of grinding at journalism for a hand-to-mouth living must have been cruelly wearing, or Johnson would not have tried to escape to the law or to schoolmastering, as he did in 1738, for no one can imagine Johnson giving up easily. For one thing, he was too proud to seek help, and preferred to live in 'poverty, and the pride of literature,' to asking others for the money he could not earn; and he took care never to be 'near enough to great men to court them,' so that in the latter years he was able to say: 'No man who ever lived by literature has lived more independently than I have done.' But, for another thing, patrons in the late thirties were not so easy to find, and, as a rule, rose only to grosser baits than men less scrupulous than Johnson could have condescended to spread. The patrons whom Johnson could have honourably accepted he did not meet; the patrons whom, in honour, he could not possibly have accepted were as thick and as loathsome as flies. They were the signs of patronage festering in corruption. When Johnson had won through to a secure livelihood he had no words too harsh for these patrons of the last days of patronage. The *Dictionary* defined a patron in 1756 as 'commonly a wretch who supports with insolence and is paid with flattery.' Churchill in his *Independence* contrasted them with the old patrons who 'never bilked the poet of his pay,' whereas now

They patronise for fashion sake—no more—
And keep a bard, just as they keep a whore.
They promise little, and they give not much.

And one of the characters in Foote's *Patron* of 1757 is made to speak thus:

Patron! the word has lost its use. A guinea subscription at the request of a lady whose chambermaid is acquainted with the author, is all that may now and then be picked up. Protectors! why one dares believe there's more money laid out on Islington turnpike in a month than upon all the learned men in Great Britain in seven years. Where now are the Oxfords and Halifaxes?

¹ See 'The Growth of the Reading Public during the Eighteenth Century,' by A. S. Collins, in the *Review of English Studies*, July and October 1926.

In fact the patron is a universal butt, a scarecrow torn to shreds by the wind of its critics of the fifties and sixties. And the more honourable people had ceased to play patron, for we find Burke in 1750 writing to a friend in Ireland: 'I don't think there is as much respect paid to a man of letters on this side of the water as you imagine. I don't find that genius "the rathe primrose which forsaken dies" is patronised by any of the nobility'; and he adds, 'writers of the first talent are left to the capricious patronage of the public.'

The social status of the man of letters was changing. As he became more of a professional, the upper classes left him more to himself. Writers, said Horace Walpole, 'we think sufficiently paid if their books sell, and of course leave . . . to their colleges and obscurity, by which means we are not troubled with their vanity and impertinence.' Eminent authors were still honoured by the great, but it was the honour graciously given by superiors, not that which sought to lose itself in equality. Thus Johnson, touring Scotland in 1773, received 'courteous attention' from the Duke of Northumberland, the Duke and Duchess of Argyle, and the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, but it was not the attention which Pope would have received from the Duke of Chandos or Lord Oxford; there was always the indefinable air of restraint inseparable from 'courteous attention.' Where Pope had been of society, Johnson entered into it. Nor would Johnson or Goldsmith or their best contemporaries have desired it otherwise, for there was nothing to be gained by such mingling with aristocracy, and the great betterment of conditions in the secondary strata of society was creating a congenial sphere for the man of letters, beyond whose bounds he had no need to step. It was to an outer public that the love of letters was beginning to spread, and the class which had before supported literature was no longer distinguished for its literary taste. Emblematic of the orientation of literature and the rise of an *esprit de corps* among authors and artists was the foundation of the Literary Club. If we compare that assembly of writers, painters, and politicians with its prototype the Kit-Cat Club at its height in the early years of the century we see in what direction literature was tending. It was disentangling itself from peers and dependence and passing towards the middle class and independence.

When Johnson began to write the booksellers had more would-be authors besieging them than they could find a public for. But twenty years later, when Goldsmith turned from the drudgery of the Peckham seminary to the task-work of Griffiths the bookseller, the demands of the public were more than equal to the output of authors. The days of long obscurity and struggle were passing away, and there was no reason why a good writer should

not earn his way. Goldsmith was 'deterred' in a much shorter time than Johnson, and where Johnson after some nine years received only fifteen guineas for his *Life of Savage*, and a year later was glad to revise Madden's poem, *Boulter's Monument*, for ten guineas, 'which was to me at that time a very great sum,' Goldsmith after two years was getting 20*l.* for a catch-penny *Life of Voltaire*, and next year (1760) was employed by Newberry to contribute two papers a week to the *Public Ledger* roughly at the rate of 100*l.* a year. By 1766, in fact, the payment of booksellers was sufficiently good for Goldsmith to be able to reply to the temptations of an emissary of Lord Sandwich: 'I can earn as much as will supply my wants without writing for any party.' Literature was established as a self-supporting profession, and the advice of Johnson to the many literary aspirants who sought it in the days when he was the Great Cham of letters is the mark of the new age:

If the authors who apply to me have money, I bid them boldly print without a name; if they have written in order to get money, I tell them to go to the booksellers and make the best bargain they can.

And the bargains men might make were good. Sums such as Hume's 3400*l.* for his *History* and Smollett's 2000*l.* for his were high-water marks, but not untrustworthy guides to the average tide-line. It was no wonder patronage died when this was possible. It had no more work to do save for the exceptional man who, indeed, required an exceptional patron, as Crabbe without Burke must seemingly have failed. And if any patronage did remain, it was that honourable and pleasing patronage wherewith a great author by his judgment and advice might foster the talent of a younger man.

But in such a study as this it is the general trend at which we look. Patronage was dead beyond the power of a general resurrection, although not beyond the possibility of occasional but always fleeting reincarnation in a person. While patronage itself lay on its death-bed, a young patron ascended his throne with the determination 'to be a king,' and before he descended to the abuse of buying 'king's friends' he and his cultured Minister and tutor, Lord Bute, did much that was honourable to patron and patronised. The corruption of faction in the struggle of the various Whig 'gangs' for office soon spoilt it, but it had been disinterested, and it did not entirely cease to be so. In 1763 it was Johnson who said, 'I must have recourse to the French. I am *pénêtré* with His Majesty's goodness'; in 1773 there was Beattie, who, after a no less pleasant interview with the King spent in the discussion of moral philosophy, received a grant of 200*l.* a year. But although they do not

stand alone, the King's example was an isolated example. The fire of general patronage at which so many had warmed themselves was settling down to ashes, from which there rose in 1760 one last expiring flame to warm one strange figure. Society lavished its last patronage on the eccentric volumes of Laurence Sterne. 'The bawdy blockhead,' said Goldsmith roughly, flew 'to the nobility for shelter.' For to accept patronage was becoming unpopular both with writers and with the public. It was dangerous for the man who accepted it. 'What's his reward?' asked Churchill in 1763, and answered, 'Why, his own fame undone.' So Kelly's *Word to the Wise* was damned because the public had heard that Kelly was in the pay of the Government.

In fact, when patronage went out it went as something discarded in derision. To say that when Johnson died the conditions of authorship were ideal would be nonsense. But certainly the conditions were too good to justify patronage. It is vain to cite Chatterton and Crabbe, for the one died because he had offended possible patrons by his mediæval forgery and because he was too proud to accept a loan from his landlady till his publisher paid him, and the other starved because he was too proud to write for the public, but would only write for himself. Patronage went unlamented. It had adopted literature as a stepson, and literature, when it had outgrown the need of its foster-parent, went forward on its way with that ingratitude of which stepsons are sometimes guilty.

A. S. COLLINS.

THE REDISCOVERY OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

THE present year is the seventh centenary of St. Francis of Assisi, who died at sunset on October 3, 1226, lying naked on the ground in a small cell of wattle close to the Portiuncula outside Assisi, 'going to meet Death with a song,' as his first biographer, Thomas of Celano, says of him. Centenaries, even seventh centenaries, have become frequent in the present day—perhaps too frequent. Few centenaries, however, can claim anything approaching the importance, the world-wide character, the breadth and variety of appeal, that mark the commemoration of the Poverello of Assisi. The most obvious aspect is naturally the religious aspect. It is not surprising to find the Roman Catholic Church treating the year which began on July 31, 1926, as almost equivalent to the Holy Year just ended, and to receive from the Pope an encyclical setting out in the most convincing terms the claim of St. Francis upon the love and devotion of the faithful. Nor is it unexpected that the Guildhouse in Eccleston Square—to mention a different form of religious practice—should be organising a Franciscan celebration this month. It is more striking that the Italian Government should, notwithstanding the Roman question, have proclaimed October 4 a national holiday, and that the head of the Italian Government, H.E. Benito Mussolini, should have issued a Message on the Franciscan centenary, in which he compares Francis with Dante, with Columbus, with Leonardo da Vinci, in the following terms:

Il più alto genio alla poesia, con Dante; il più audace navigatore agli oceani, con Colombo; la mente più profonda alle arti e alla scienza, con Leonardo; ma l'Italia, con S. Francesco, ha dato anche il più santo dei santi al Cristianesimo e all'umanità.

A special series of postage stamps has been issued in commemoration of the centenary, at least two magazines devoted specially to the same subject have appeared for more than a year before the actual year of festival begins, and in numerous centres throughout the whole world plans are on foot for the worthy remembrance of all that Francis of Assisi means to religion, to history, to art. The reason is not far to seek. There are many great saints who

have shown forth in their lives the beauty of holiness. There are innumerable artists who have manifested in their work the holiness of beauty. St. Francis has earned a supreme position by his intuitive, sometimes almost unconscious, combination in the highest degree of the beauty of holiness in his character and personality and the holiness of beauty in his actions and in his outlook upon the world around him. He is, as Mussolini has indicated, a supreme saint, but he is also a supreme artist.

This article does not aim at giving a panegyric upon St. Francis of Assisi. It aims at examining a phenomenon, literary, historical, æsthetic and only incidentally religious—the rediscovery of St. Francis.

Was there a world-wide celebration of the Franciscan centenary in 1826 or in the previous centuries? There was, but only in the sense that successive Popes called the faithful in the Roman Catholic communion in each century to a distinctively religious commemoration.¹ Nor could it be otherwise, for up to the beginning of the nineteenth century St. Francis existed merely as a saint of considerable importance in the Roman Catholic Church, and as the founder of a great and influential order in that communion. In the English Prayer-Book calendar prepared in the sixteenth century after the breach with Rome place is found for St. Benedict, but unfortunately not for St. Francis. When the sixth centenary of the death of St. Francis came round there were no world-wide celebrations, because the whole world outside the Roman Catholic communion thought of him, if it thought at all, as a dead Roman Catholic. It was inevitable that this should be the case. The writings of St. Francis himself, the chronicles recording his life, the exquisite legends which had been woven around his story in the fourteenth century, were in part lost and in the remaining part quite inaccessible to all save the ecclesiastical specialist in the huge tomes of the *Acta Sanctorum* or of Luke Wadding. For example, the *Second Life of St. Francis*, by Thomas of Celano, was practically unknown from about 1266, when all the early legends were proscribed by the General Chapter, until 1806, when its text was edited by Rinaldi and published in Rome. So completely was this important work forgotten, that doubt was thrown upon its existence. To take another example, the priceless *Fioretti*, which has been a joy and an inspiration to countless readers of this generation, was certainly never quite forgotten, but in the first half of the nineteenth century it was

¹ 'We would vie in devotion with Our predecessors, who, whenever a centenary occurred in connexion with his life, lost no opportunity of commemorating him by their apostolic authority and of decreeing festivities in his honour.'—Encyclical Letter of Pope Pius XI., 1926. (Translation published by Burns & Oates and Washbourne.)

known only to the learned, who disputed whether there existed a Latin original of the Italian text. The first English translation of the *Little Flowers* was, as far as I have been able to trace, one by H. E. (Cardinal) Manning, issued in 1864.

It is difficult to define the starting-point of the modern movement, which may be called the rediscovery of St. Francis—by which I mean the movement through which St. Francis has become to the world as a whole what he was, and indeed more than what he was, to Umbria and Italy of the first half of the thirteenth century; more than what he was to them, because while the devotion and love of the twentieth century cannot well exceed that of the thirteenth, the earlier century could not see him from the perspective of 700 years or realise how great a contribution his life and work were to make to humanity.

I should be inclined to take as the starting-point in that movement the work of Karl Hase, professor in the University of Jena, who published in 1856 his book, *Franz von Assisi*, at that time a notable contribution to the knowledge of the subject. An important feature of Hase's book was his treatment of the question of the Stigmatisation of St. Francis, as he was really the first modern writer to embark upon that controversial subject. More important, however, than the intrinsic value of Hase's work was the fact that its translation into French by M. Charles Berthoud attracted the attention of the great French critic Renan, who was himself a devoted admirer of St. Francis. Taking Hase's work as a text, Renan included in his *Nouvelles Études d'Histoire Religieuse* (Paris, 1884) a study entitled *François d'Assise*, which is a classic in Franciscan literature. The amazing insight of Renan is shown by the fact that, while the materials for our knowledge of St. Francis have been incalculably increased since 1884, there is little in his study which would need re-writing to-day, except, of course, from the standpoint of many of us, his rather crude explanation of the Stigmatisation as the result of fraud on the part of the Vicar-General Elias. No one has ever written more beautifully or with keener appreciation about St. Francis, though his tone is that of the patron, not that of the client. Some of his sayings about the saint have become household words. I will quote just a few, to illustrate his outlook: 'On peut dire que depuis Jésus François d'Assise a été le seul parfait Chrétien'—an aphorism which sums up in a few words the theme to which hundreds of pages were devoted by Bartholomew of Pisa in his *De Conformitate*. 'Ce qui distingue François d'Assise en son siècle, et dans tous les siècles, c'est sa complète originalité.' Speaking of the Cantic of the Sun, Renan says: 'Le plus beau morceau de poésie religieuse depuis les Évangiles, l'expression la plus complète du sentiment religieux moderne.'

Again, Renan summarises his inspiration of art in these words: 'Ce sordide mendiant fut le père de l'art italien. Cimabue et Giotto trouvèrent leur génie en s'efforçant de peindre sa légende sur son tombeau.' Renan estimates thus the influence of the Franciscan movement: 'Après le christianisme, le mouvement franciscain est la plus grande œuvre populaire dont l'histoire se souvienne.' Little wonder is it that a Capuchin Franciscan, to Renan's great satisfaction, said of the great liberal thinker: 'Il a écrit sur Jésus autrement qu'on ne doit, mais il a bien parlé de Saint François. Saint François le sauvera!'

Renan was far too acute a critic to be led into the mistake, which many other liberal and modernist critics since his time have made, of failing to recognise Francis as the humble, obedient, devout son of the Roman Church—an uncritical attitude of mind which has quite rightly been condemned by the Holy Father in his recent encyclical.² Renan had the ear of France, and indeed of the whole cultivated world, and so it was natural that his treatment of the life-story of St. Francis should have an immense influence in starting the examination on modern lines of the half-forgotten documents of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

When speaking of the impetus given in France by Rénan to the study of the Franciscan story it would not be right to pass over without mention three of the pioneers of the same study in Great Britain. The versatile pen of Mrs. Oliphant had as early as 1868 been devoted to a life of St. Francis, which had at any rate the merit of awakening wider interest in this country; while about twenty years earlier, in 1847, F. W. Faber had produced a *Life of St. Francis of Assisi*, translated from the French of C. Chalippe. A more important name than either that of Mrs. Oliphant or Faber is that of Ruskin, who took the keenest interest in St. Francis, so much so that he appears even to have considered the possibility of joining the Roman Catholic communion in order to be able to become a member of the third order of St. Francis. In *Deucalion* he wrote of himself as a brother of the third order, and stayed for a long time at Assisi. Thus Ruskin had a part, and no unimportant part, in the rediscovery of St. Francis.

The outstanding name, however, in the rediscovery of St.

² 'How foolish they are, and how little they know the saint of Assisi, who for the purpose of their own errors invent a Francis—an incredible Francis—who is impatient of the authority of the Church, who cares nothing for the teaching of our faith, who is the herald of that false freedom which has been so much vaunted since the beginning of the present century, and is the cause of such unrest in Church and State! Let him, the herald of the great King, teach Catholics and others by his own example how close was his attachment to the hierarchy of the Church and to the doctrine of Christ.'—Encyclical Letter of Pope Pius XI., 1926.

Francis is, of course, that of Professor Paul Sabatier, whose interest in Franciscan studies was largely inspired by Renan. The publication by Sabatier in 1894 of the first edition of his *Vie de S. François d'Assise*—a book which was destined to go into forty-five editions and to be translated into many languages—was an epoch in Franciscan studies. Countless thousands of readers have derived from the writings of Sabatier, and especially from his great *Life*, their first impulse towards interest in the saint, which has frequently developed into a complete surrender to his fascination and charm. It would be idle to deny that there has not been unanimity on the subject of the work of Sabatier, either as regards his whole outlook towards St. Francis or as regards some of the critical positions which he has adopted as a result of his investigations. Sabatier's interpretation of the character and personality of Francis has sometimes not been one which can be accepted unreservedly by those whose outlook is more distinctively conservative and Catholic. He has written with exquisite beauty of style and thought about the Poverello of Assisi, and about the places which have become holy through their association with him. But Sabatier's strength has not lain solely in his command of literary style, or even in his æsthetic appreciation of St. Francis. For forty years he has laboured incessantly in the field of his choice, examining for himself the actual manuscripts, bringing to light documents of vital importance and previously unknown, developing theories as to the interrelation of the various sources, with which many have disagreed, but which none can venture to disregard.

Starting, then, from the publication of Sabatier's *Vie de S. François*, the whole movement for the accurate and scientific study of the Franciscan story has gathered momentum and has spread from one country to another. It is of course impossible to attempt here to record the detailed advances which have been made since 1890. The most that can be done is to point to some of the landmarks and to mention some of the leading investigators. The document known as the *Legend of the Three Companions* had been for a long time known to those who were investigating the sources, though it was all but unknown to any wider circle. In his search for those portions of that Legend of the saint which were believed to be lost, Sabatier made the discovery of the document, now comparatively well known, entitled the *Mirror of Perfection*. He announced that this work was written as early as 1227 by Brother Leo, one of the most intimate companions of St. Francis. The large majority of critics have felt unable to accept so early a date, and think that the date of the MS. has been misunderstood, though Sabatier still maintains that date. But it must not be forgotten that it was Sabatier who

discovered and published for the first time this highly important document, which now, thirty years later, is still a subject of acute controversy and much division of opinion. Sabatier's edition of the *Mirror of Perfection* was the first volume in a series of Franciscan texts, *Collection de Documents pour l'histoire religieuse et littéraire du Moyen Age*, and he followed up the *Mirror of Perfection* with other documents of vital interest to the Franciscan student, such as the *Actus Beati Francisci*, published in 1902. It must not be supposed for a moment that activity in Franciscan study was even at that stage confined to Sabatier and his collaborators or to France. As early as 1885 the College of S. Bonaventure at Quaracchi—a house of the Order of Friars Minor specially devoted to theological and historical research—had begun the issue of the valuable series known as *Analecta Franciscana*, while in 1906 Père E. d'Alençon gave to the world a much-needed critical edition of the two Lives of St. Francis and the *Tractate on Miracles* by Thomas of Celano, a work now unfortunately out of print, but still the only trustworthy edition of those indispensable sources. Thus by the end of the nineteenth century widespread interest had been excited among historical writers both within and without the Order of St. Francis, among writers of the most rigid orthodoxy and those of the most liberal tendencies, and the study of St. Francis, his writings and his life, which had in earlier generations been the province of relatively few, became a field of research, and it may be added an arena of controversy, for some of the most acute mediævalists in all countries. In Great Britain the outstanding worker has been, and still is, Mr. A. G. Little, who has laboured unceasingly at the investigation of the sources for the history of St. Francis, and who has given us an edition of Thomas of Eccleston's *Coming of the Friars to Britain*. Mr. Little has also made special investigations of the Friars Minor in this country, and especially at Oxford.

As might well be expected, the problems of Franciscan sources have had a remarkable fascination for German scholars, and the German universities have poured out a mass of acute and valuable work dealing with various aspects of the whole subject. Among these very numerous works two seem to me of outstanding importance and worth. One is Boehmer's *Analekten zur Geschichte des Franciscus von Assisi*,³ which provides a critical edition of the works to be attributed to the pen of the saint. The other is Walter Goetz's *Die Quellen zur Geschichte des hl. Franz von Assisi*.⁴ This latter work is one of the greatest value on account of its accurate scholarship and moderation of view, and at the time when it was written it was much the most useful

³ Tübingen, 1904.

⁴ Gotha, 1904.

statement of the findings of Franciscan research. If it could be brought up to date in the light of later discoveries and translated into English it would be of undoubted value to British historical students.

It is not the purpose of this article to act as a kind of guide to the study of St. Francis, but rather to indicate some of the main features of the phenomenon which I have described as the re-discovery of St. Francis. The point which I want to establish is that the last seventy-five years, and especially the last half-century, have been remarkable for the creation of what may fairly be called a fresh department or province in historical research, which has engaged the attention of a by no means negligible group of workers in a number of countries, which has resulted in the publication of a mass of books and articles, and which has produced the foundation of numerous societies for the special study of the subject and of many journals devoted exclusively to the publication of the results achieved by these researches. So wide has the subject become that, while a few generations ago it would have been a possible form of specialism to take up Franciscan studies as a whole, it is no longer feasible for any one worker to attempt to keep pace with the study of the whole subject, and it has become necessary for specialism to take place within the subject.

Side by side with this scientific study of Franciscan sources and history has gone the constantly increasing popularisation of the story of St. Francis. Some would doubtless maintain that the whole movement is merely one phase of the outburst of interest in mediævalism. That is no doubt true as far as it goes, but it is far from being the whole truth. St. Francis makes an appeal of amazing freshness to the purely religious instinct and to the æsthetic instinct. There has been an unmistakable and regrettable tendency, especially on the part of those who have made a relatively superficial study of the actual facts of the life and writings of the saint, to go one step further than the safe and legitimate step of discovering that Francis of Assisi has a message for all time and for every generation. That step is to find in him just that message to this generation which fits in best with their own outlook on life. Thus those who stand for a Socialistic theory of life have not hesitated to claim St. Francis as an exponent of Socialism, while those who crave for extreme simplicity in religion have imagined St. Francis as a kind of predecessor of the leaders of the Reformation, or as a man whose theology bordered on Pantheism.

Here, again, the words of the recent Papal Encyclical may appropriately be quoted to traverse this unscientific and unbalanced view: 'The herald of the great King,' writes Pius XI.,

'did not come to make men doting lovers of flowers, birds, lambs, fishes or hares; he came to fashion them after the Gospel pattern, and to make them lovers of the cross.'

Such vagaries of interpretation are only to be expected when the foundation of sound and accurate study is absent. One of the most successful recent attempts to translate the message of St. Francis into the language of the twentieth century is Prebendary Mackay's *The Message of Francis of Assisi*, which has paid due regard to the actual sources, and consequently has not distorted the figure of the saint.

It is clear that it is impossible to account for this ever-widening and deepening interest in St. Francis and his story by the simple explanation that he was a great saint. There have been many other great saints, but it would be hard to point to one who has after a period of several centuries come into his own so completely as Francis. There are scholars who devote themselves to the study of Benedictine monachism or of the Dominican Order, but their work has not up to the present made the appeal either to the student of mediævalism on the one hand, or to the average person of cultivated and intelligent tastes on the other that is made by the work, either exact or popular, of those who are devoting themselves to the Franciscan story. It would be difficult to mention a cult in any way comparable to that of St. Francis except perhaps that of St. Teresa.

There are other aspects of the phenomenon of the rediscovery of St. Francis. One of these is the relation of Franciscanism to learning, especially to theology and to philosophy. I do not suggest that it is a modern phase that the Franciscan Order should have become a learned order. There were signs of a trend in that direction even in the time of the founder, and much more distinctly in the generation following his death. St. Bonaventure, who lived in the generation after St. Francis, acknowledged that he found in the life of St. Francis a likeness to the origins of Christianity, in that the Church began from uneducated fishermen and later included the most famous teachers. It is the investigation of this somewhat extraordinary development which has been and still is another phase of the rediscovery of St. Francis. Increasing attention is being devoted to the philosophical and theological writings of leading Franciscans, of St. Bonaventure, of Duns Scotus, of Archbishop Peckham, of Alexander of Hales, and especially of Roger Bacon. It has been recognised as impossible to deal with the philosophical conceptions of the Middle Ages without taking into account the work not so much of Francis himself as of some of the chief sons of Francis. Another aspect which must be mentioned is the impact of one outstanding episode in the story of St. Francis upon

psychology. I refer, of course, to the difficult problem of the Stigmatisation. This is not the place for a discussion of that question, but it has a distinct bearing upon the subject of this article. Since the time of Hase and Renan the attention of psychologists and of medical men has been given to the problem raised by the narratives of the Stigmatisation on Mount Alverna in September 1224, and, though it must be admitted that there are wide differences of opinion as to the manner and the nature of that occurrence, there has been a considerable measure of agreement that no properly authenticated case of stigmatisation occurred before the time of St. Francis, but that there have been a number of cases since his time which have been the subject of medical examination. The whole subject of the Stigmatisation of St. Francis has attracted increasing attention during the past twenty-five years, and it would be safe to assert that the last word has not yet been spoken upon it, either from the historical standpoint or from the psychological standpoint.

The question of the Stigmatisation brings us to yet another aspect of the rediscovery of St. Francis. A characteristic book appeared in 1924, namely, P. Vittorino Facchinetti's *Le Stimmate di S. Francesco d'Assisi*. After dealing with the testimony of history and the testimony of science, the author devotes a section to the homage of literature and art to the Stigmatisation, and there follows a series of reproductions of artistic masterpieces carefully selected so as to illustrate the development of the Stigmatisation story in art throughout the intervening centuries. This is symptomatic of the interest taken in the influence of St. Francis upon art—an influence which has by no means ceased to operate, but which is still leading to the publication in popular form of some of the greatest works of art of the painters inspired by the Poverello. For example, the Giotto frescoes in the Upper Church of San Francesco have become among the best known mediæval pictures.

Is the rediscovery of St. Francis complete? Has the present age secured, as the result of the patient labours of the succession of investigators from Renan until to-day, a complete picture of the saint, a sure solution of the problem of the Franciscan sources? The most that could be claimed is that some of the necessary materials for an investigation of the subject have been collected. Apart from many subsidiary problems, there remains still one main problem to be solved. That problem, is the exact relationship between certain primary documents—the *Second Life of St. Francis* by Thomas of Celano, the *Mirror of Perfection*, the *Legend of the Three Companions*, the *Actus Beati Francisci et Sociorum ejus*, and the various compilations of admittedly later date. I believe that the problem might be solved by a group of

competent mediævalists—not committed to any solution in advance, but completely open-minded—assembling all the relevant documents and making a detailed examination of them, episode by episode, a minute textual examination as well as an examination of their contents. It is only in that way that a final decision can be reached as to whether, for example, Thomas of Celano made use for his *Second Life* of both the *Mirror of Perfection* and the *Legend of the Three Companions*, or whether all three are derived from some older common source. As in so many branches of study, the difficulty has been, and still is, that the chief investigators have yielded to the temptation of framing a theory of the mutual relationship of the chief documents, and then finding in the documents evidence in support of their theory.

For nearly six centuries there was cherished a pious belief that St. Francis was standing erect in his tomb—alive and ready to issue forth therefrom to preach as before to the faithful. There was also no small element of doubt whether the reputed place of burial did actually contain the mortal remains of Francis. In 1818 permission was given by Pope Pius VII. to the Conventual Franciscans to excavate beneath the high altar in San Francesco, and their research was rewarded by the discovery of the stone coffin containing a skeleton which was authoritatively declared to be that of the saint. The beautiful old tradition was of course shattered by the picks and shovels of the friars, but the story is not without an inward and spiritual significance. From the tomb thus opened in 1818 St. Francis has verily issued forth, and has become as real a figure to the men and women of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries as he was to his fellow-countrymen of the thirteenth century. His rediscovery has followed upon that exposure of his mortal remains, and he has come forth to preach not only to the Italians, but to the whole world. The public opinion of the civilised world recognises to-day in Francis of Assisi, to use the phrase of Benito Mussolini, 'il più santo fra gli Italiani ed il più Italiano fra i santi.'

WALTER SETON.

CORRESPONDENCE

'ROME'

To the Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER.

SIR,—Captain Colin Coote's description of Rome in your September issue will certainly surprise all who have some knowledge of Roman history and Roman life. Will you allow me, as one who, although not a Roman, has lived long in Rome and mixed with people of all classes in that city, to point out a few of the errors into which your esteemed contributor has fallen?

It is unnecessary to dwell on Captain Coote's remarks on Italian politics, or on his comparison between the present Italian Government and with the dictatorship of Sulla, which suggests that he is not quite familiar with the real facts concerning either.

Captain Coote informs us that the Romans of to-day are superstitious rather than religious. It is not always easy to distinguish clearly between religion and superstition, but personally I prefer those forms of what your contributor is pleased to call the superstition of the Romans to certain quite preposterous creeds which have managed to secure large numbers of adherents in the United States and even in this country, or to the unlimited credulity of so-called enlightened communities out of which innumerable fortune-tellers, soothsayers, etc., extract comfortable incomes (see advertisements in the Press). It is true that the Roman question has lost much of its bitterness. But it is not accurate to say that Vatican ecclesiastics would refuse to accept hospitality from a 'Black,' the 'Blacks' being the Vatican party.

That Rome is 'on the road to nowhere' will be denied by anyone who has ever studied the map, a glance at which will show that Rome is on the road to Italian ports whence many steamers sail for such unimportant places as Greece, Constantinople, the Black Sea, Asia Minor, Egypt, and even India and the Far East. Naples, which is reached *via* Rome, is one of the chief ports for Transatlantic traffic. Many readers will be indeed surprised to be told that no one would ever go to Rome on business, or that 'it is hard to imagine why anybody should continue to live there, except archæologists.' Such statements carry their own refutation.

The description of the suburbs of Rome as 'houses built for a population which never came, and is never likely to come,' might have passed muster thirty or forty years ago, but it has not the faintest resemblance to the situation to-day. The trouble with Rome is, on the contrary, overcrowding, and the vast amount of building which has been going on during the last few years cannot keep up with the ever-increasing demand. In

1870 Rome had barely 200,000 inhabitants ; to-day it has close on 700,000. If the population of Rome is certainly mixed (another of Captain Coote's *griefts*), so is that of any other great city. But Captain Coote is perhaps not quite happy in the instances of this mixture which he quotes. The Colonna and Orsini families have been Roman as far as their ancestry can be traced, even if we do not accept the tradition of a Colonna Pope Marcellinus in 304 A.D. ; the Medici, whom he rightly states to be Florentines, have long been extinct, and have never had any connexion with Rome beyond providing occasional Popes and Cardinals, while the Torlonia, whom he also calls Florentines, are of French origin (see *Almanach de Gotha* for 1900), but in any case are among the most recent additions to the Roman nobility. That society is divided into two classes only, the aristocracy and the populace, is one of the usual stock-phrases of those foreigners whose knowledge of Rome is somewhat superficial. Captain Coote forgets the mass of the civil servants and the employees of banks and business houses (all the important banks and business firms of Italy, apart from the local enterprises, have important offices in Rome). The numerous professional men and the clergy nearly all belong to the middle class, which is coming to play an ever more important part in Roman life. To quote but a single instance, in the club to which I belong only a minority of the members are nobles.

I quite agree that there are slums in Rome (what great city is without them ?), but there are also whole quarters of model workmen's dwellings, which are increasing daily in numbers and compare favourably with those of many other cities. No one will deny that the Roman people have their faults, some of them very exasperating. But Captain Coote tells us that their worst fault is their admiration for what he calls *furbita* ; this word simply does not exist in the Italian language, but by his definition of it we suppose he means *furberia*. As it happens, the Romans are probably the least *furbi* of all the peoples of Italy, and take not the slightest interest in *furberia*. They may be unpunctual and often careless and lazy, although I have seen people work as hard in Rome as anywhere else, but they are not *furbi*.

If Captain Coote has only seen one regular football match in Rome it is because he did not attend the innumerable football matches, which are not played all the year round, as well as many other games. The Roman teams have frequently distinguished themselves even in international contests, although they are not so good as some of those of Northern Italy. This and other games are played chiefly by the 'non-existent' middle classes and by the working classes. He also tells us that there is only one racecourse in Rome, and that third-rate. He has evidently never seen the Capannelle course, which is one of the finest in Europe.

It may be that education is not as advanced as could be desired, but the statement that 'it is quite rare to find a servant who can write her own name, and almost unknown to find a cook who can add or subtract,' will come as a surprise to all who have had dealings with Roman servants. Even as regards music, he declares that 'the nearest approach to a school of music is the bagpipe-players who come into the city at certain times of the year, and the choral music.' Has he ever heard of the Santa Cecilia Academy, which has a world-wide reputation, or of the late Professor Sgambati, one of the greatest pianists and piano teachers of the day ?

The writer's disparaging remarks about the Roman Press imply that he has never even glanced at such papers as, say, the *Messaggero*, the *Giornale d'Italia*, or the *Tribuna*, which are as well informed and well written as those of most other capitals, except two or three of the chief London organs. To quote but one instance, the telegrams of their London correspondents on the General Strike last May were recognised by all Englishmen who read them as quite admirable from every point of view.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

LUIGI VILLARI.

The Athenæum, Pall Mall, S.W. 1, August 31, 1926.

THE EGYPTIAN PROBLEM

To the Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

SIR,—In the interesting and suggestive article on Egypt by Judge Marshall there is a misleading phrase that ought not to pass uncontradicted. It is said that 'When war broke out in 1914 the ex-Khedive, Abbas Hilmy, was in Constantinople and failed to return.'

Why did he not return ? The facts are that in July an attempt was made on the life of the Khedive, and eight or nine bullets were put into him. His condition was most critical, and it was impossible for him to travel at the beginning of August ; but he was only impatiently waiting the doctors' permission to return to his country.

On or about September 17, 1914, Sir Louis Mallet called upon the Khedive and informed him that the British Government were prepared to take a residence for him in Italy, and desired him to go there. The Khedive replied that he was about to return to Egypt, to which the Ambassador retorted, 'You will never return to Egypt.' The Khedive then requested to be allowed to reside in England, but this was refused, and as he absolutely declined to live in Italy, he finally went to Switzerland. These circumstances must be on record in the despatches of Sir Louis Mallet, who will not deny them.

How, then, can it be alleged that the Khedive 'failed to return to Egypt,' or, as it was later proclaimed, that he 'adhered to the enemy' ?

The truth is that he was forcibly prevented from returning to Egypt or from living in England, and when, as it appears, it was already decided to dethrone him in September, he had had no opportunity of 'adhering to the enemy,' being almost at death's door.

It is strange that the Khedive or some competent authority has not, up to the present, denied the false stories circulated to justify his arbitrary dethronement or stated the actual facts of the manner in which he was then treated and subsequently despoiled of more than half the value of his properties.

The judge is quite correct in declaring that as long as the present *régime* exists—created by our rash Proclamation of December 1922—it is hopeless to look forward to any solution satisfactory either to Egypt or to Great Britain.

Either a return to the *status quo ante* or a simple annexation is the only rational remedy for the present situation.

I am, Sir,

A. HULME BEAMAN.

Club de Constantinople, Péra.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER



No. DXCVII—NOVEMBER 1926

THE MARTIAL RESOURCES OF SOVIET RUSSIA

CURRENT denunciations of Russia as a menace to international harmony have a familiar sound to the student of history, recalling as they do the later decades of the nineteenth century, when Russia, then under Tsarist rule, was viewed with almost universal suspicion as an explosive element in world politics. A search through the newspaper files of the 'seventies and 'eighties would bring to light numerous editorials which, merely by substituting the word 'Bolshevism' for 'Tsarism,' might be reprinted to-day as apposite comment on Russian policy. Superficially the two things are poles asunder; but extremes often meet, and in exchanging an absolutist monarchy for a Communist despotism Russia is perpetuating her favourite system of minority rule under a new label. It is her incorrigible fondness for extremist

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Communications should be addressed to the Editor of the NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER, 10 & 12, Orange Street, Leicester Square, W.C. 2.

Letters as well as articles will be considered for publication, but letters should be confined to criticism or amplification of articles which have already appeared in the Review. No anonymous contribution is published.

forms of government that makes it her fate to live always more or less in a state of political isolation. Compromise is a term which apparently finds no place in the Muscovite lexicon. It may be that her peculiar status as a half-European, half-Asiatic nation—a political Eurasia in very truth—is responsible for the distrust with which she has long been regarded by her neighbours.

There is nothing to show that the foreign policy of Russia under the Soviet differs fundamentally from that pursued under the Tsars. On the contrary, proof is not lacking that the Soviet Union aspires to a larger share of world influence than was sought after by the old *régime*. Momentarily, it is true, domestic pre-occupations constrain the new rulers of Russia to forego an active foreign policy, save in respect of propaganda. But it is the profound conviction of many who watch the trend of events that if the Soviet system continues to function for a few years longer the world will have to reckon with a resurgence of militant imperialism under the hammer and sickle banner of Moscow.

The purpose of this article is to bring forward new facts which shed light on the martial strength of present-day Russia, with special reference to the navy. The data submitted represent the fruits of careful inquiry extending over several years. Small importance has been attached to the sensational rumours of Russian armaments which are broadcast with suspicious frequency from Helsingfors and Riga, two centres of intelligence which have proved unreliable in the past. There are, however, other sources of a more dependable nature, and the information derived from these has been carefully checked to ensure greater accuracy. Thanks to the dissemination of news from quarters which are sensitive to political inspiration—either from Moscow itself or from the 'White' Russian colonies in the border States—the average reader probably has a somewhat confused notion of Bolshevik military power. He hears, on the one hand, that the 'Red' army has a strength of two million well-trained, well-equipped, and highly-disciplined fighting men, who are devoted to the cause they serve; on the other, that this so-called army is no better than an ill-armed rabble of mercenaries, without training, discipline or moral, who could be scattered to the winds by a few divisions of genuine troops. Needless to say, both versions are wide of the mark. It is manifestly impossible that the successive defeat of 'White' armies under Koltchak, Wrangel, and Denikin could have been achieved by an undisciplined mob of amateur soldiers. It is equally impossible that an efficient 'Red' army two million strong could have been driven back from the very gates of Warsaw by the eleventh-hour intervention of a handful of Polish troops, even though the latter were commanded by the French Marshal Pétain, one of the greatest living strategists.

To arrive at a just estimate of the 'Red' army of to-day it is necessary to consider the situation in the autumn of 1917, when the whole Russian front had gone to pieces under the combined influence of Germany's sledge-hammer blows and revolutionary propaganda behind the lines. For the next twelve months Russia was literally without an army. At least a million men remained in the ranks, but the bonds of discipline had been entirely relaxed; such officers as had not been butchered or driven into exile wielded no authority and only lived on sufferance. So pronounced was the dearth of material that barely one man in five could be properly equipped for field service. Drill was utterly neglected, political meetings were held in lieu of parades, and promotion became conditional on the degree of eloquence with which a man could preach the creed of Bolshevism. This was the state of affairs which confronted Trotsky when, in due season, he became the People's Commissar for War.

Whatever we may think of the man himself, it is impossible to deny him credit for a certain genius as organiser and administrator. Within an amazingly short time he had reduced utter chaos to a semblance of order. His first and shrewdest step was to induce thousands of officers of the old imperial army to take service under the new flag. How he accomplished this is still a mystery. Terrorism played a part, no doubt, but it is inconceivable that personal fear could have impelled all these officers to perform a distasteful duty with the zeal they unquestionably displayed. Be the explanation what it may, Trotsky was able to form his nucleus of an officers' corps—freely diluted, it is true, with private soldiers who had won commissions by their enthusiasm for the revolution. His task was now greatly simplified. The 'Red' army thereafter was reconstructed closely on the model of its imperial prototype, but with certain modifications suggested by war experience. Discipline, reintroduced at first by easy stages, gradually became more Draconic, until in 1921 the death penalty was restored for certain offences against the military code. Realising the futility of keeping with the colours a horde of men for whom there was no equipment, Trotsky calculated the maximum number of divisions he could arm and fit out, and then ordered the surplus men to go on furlough until such time as their services were required. By this expedient the numerical strength of the army was reduced by at least one-half, yet its fighting efficiency was actually increased by substituting a given number of well-armed divisions for a much larger but ill-equipped mob of pseudo-soldiers.

Trotsky's next move was to make good the deficiency in material. There was a great shortage of rifles, artillery, and ammunition, to say nothing of more technical equipment, and

with the national industry in a state of paralysis it was hopeless to count upon domestic sources of production. A brisk trade in arms soon developed across the German frontier, mainly in rifles, machine-guns, and steel helmets, representing part of the surplus German stores which had escaped the vigilance of Allied inspectors. It is believed, however, that the volume of war munitions obtained from Germany was smaller than current reports indicated. Vast quantities of arms and military stores fell into Soviet hands after the defeat of Koltchak and Wrangel. Military equipment has since been acquired by purchase from many foreign sources, to name all of which might be indiscreet. There is no doubt that more than one Government which views Bolshevism with extreme aversion has nevertheless helped unwittingly to arm the Bolshevik hosts.

Trotsky, however, did not propose to depend on these exiguous means of supply. He set about reconditioning the Russian arsenals, placed these establishments under strict military supervision, and soon had part of their plant in working order. To-day there are three State and nine semi-private factories which manufacture rifles, machine-guns, and weapons of light trench warfare. Guns of moderate and heavy calibres are also being produced at the Obukoff and Putiloff works in Leningrad. It is difficult to obtain exact figures as to output, but the fact that Russia is no longer a heavy buyer of war munitions abroad furnishes indirect proof that she is becoming independent of the foreign manufacturer. Previous to his temporary eclipse two years ago Trotsky had formulated a detailed plan of industrial mobilisation for war purposes, and this appears since to have been put into effect. It provided for the expansion of existing armament works, the building of new powder and shell factories and the financial encouragement of private chemists to engage in research and experiment for the improvement of explosives and noxious gas. A special dépôt has been founded at Moscow for the manufacture and repair of tanks. It would appear, therefore, that the munitions problem is within sight of solution. Barring some hitch in present plans, Russian industry a few years hence should be competent to satisfy all the material requirements of a very large military force.

With a population of 133,000,000 to draw upon, the Soviet leaders are free from anxiety on the score of man-power. For the present, however, they are content with a standing army of approximately 600,000 men. Two-thirds of these must be reckoned as first-line troops, fully provided with all requisite equipment, and averaging three years of training. The remaining formations consist of less seasoned men, with an average of two years' training and with incomplete equipment. They are

regarded as a reserve that would be instantly at hand to fill up gaps in the first-line divisions in case of emergency. The maximum strength of the 'Red' army on a war footing is dimensioned solely by considerations of supply. At any time during the next four years a million men, fairly well armed and otherwise equipped, could probably be put into the field at short notice. Any troops additional to this total would be practically unarmed, and therefore count only as reserves. The proportion of officers to men is higher than the ratio in other armies, for one of the objects of Soviet military policy is to provide for an enormous expansion of strength in case of need, and for this purpose an ample reserve of trained officers is indispensable.

The military areas of Soviet Russia, eleven in number, are as follows: Moscow, Leningrad, Volga, Ukraine, Northern Caucasus, Western Front, Turkestan Front, Western Siberia, Red Flag army (Caucasus), Red Flag Fifth army (Chita), and Kirghiz. The following first-hand impressions of the 'Red' army to-day are taken from the notebook of a foreign visitor who had exceptional opportunities for studying military affairs during his sojourn in Russia last year:

The casual visitor, especially if he lacks military knowledge, is liable to gain an exaggerated idea of the Soviet army if he does not go further afield than Moscow. Here one sees only the smartest troops: fine stalwart infantry battalions, splendidly-horsed cavalry, and batteries of well-kept Krupp field-pieces. These may or may not be show troops, paraded to impress the inhabitants of the capital and, incidentally, visitors from abroad; but they are certainly misleading as samples of the army as a whole. At other military centres in Russia I saw many regiments which presented a less imposing appearance. Their physique was poor, their drill slovenly, and their equipment far below the modern standard. Yet they all seemed keen enough, and I observed evidence of good feeling between the men and their officers. The former, being for the most part illiterate, are ripe subjects for the political propaganda which is served out to them daily on a schedule drawn up by the political chiefs in Moscow. As a consequence, they are all fervently loyal to the Soviet. Whether this is true of their officers I was unable to determine. These assured me that the equipment of the army is improving very rapidly. Obsolete artillery and small arms are being steadily replaced by new weapons, mainly of domestic manufacture. Each regiment has its technical units and a defensive gas section. Until recently the artillery was handicapped by a shortage of sights, but I was told that first-class sights of German pattern are now being manufactured in large numbers by two Russian firms. Problems of transport are receiving marked attention by the military executive. A network of new strategic railways is to be built when circumstances permit. Existing means of transport would, in my judgment, enable three-fifths of the standing army to be concentrated at any point between the Baltic coast and the Manchurian frontier in the space of three months. There is, however, a palpable absence of co-ordination between the military authorities in the various areas, in some of which the

decrees of Moscow are as often as not disregarded. This seems to be the principal weakness of the Soviet military system, nor will it be overcome so long as politics are allowed to take precedence over strategy, as is now the case everywhere in Russia.

So much for the land forces of the Soviet Union. By virtue of his office as People's Commissar for War and the Navy, Trotsky was nominally responsible for the welfare of the sea forces no less than for that of the army, yet he does not appear at first to have taken much interest in naval matters. This indifference may have been due to recognition of the fact that a strong and well-drilled army was urgently required if the new-fledged Soviet Union were to survive the attacks of its enemies, both domestic and external. When such an army had been brought into being it would be time enough to think of naval defence. It is just as likely, however, that the special privileges enjoyed by the navy—thanks to its pioneer work in the revolution—rendered it less amenable to the drastic methods by which Trotsky had carried out his army reforms. Long after discipline had been restored in the land forces the sailors of the fleet continued to be a law unto themselves. Having murdered most of their old officers, in circumstances of unspeakable barbarity, they proceeded to elect new ones from their own ranks; but these individuals were mere puppets, devoid of all authority, and liable to be deposed as summarily as they had been promoted.

The sailors lived a life of idleness and debauchery, while the ships, lying at anchor all through the year, fell into such a condition of rust and ruin that few were fit for anything but the scrap-heap. Orders directing the fleet to put to sea for manoeuvres were issued from Moscow from time to time, but they were invariably disregarded on one pretext or another. When Trotsky inquired during the summer of 1920 why steam had not been raised in any major ship of the Baltic fleet for more than a twelve-month, he was informed that the stokers refused to perform work which they held to be degrading and inconsistent with their dignity as free citizens. The climax was reached in March 1921, when the whole Baltic fleet, abetted by the garrison of Kronstadt, rose in revolt and defied the authority of the Soviet Union. This movement was precipitated by a Moscow decree which sought to establish a common code of discipline for army and navy. The sailors received it with contempt. 'As the makers of the Government they felt themselves strong enough, if need there were, to unmake the Government, since in the present seething discontent they could count on the aid of others who, for dissimilar reasons, desired the overthrow of the Bolsheviks,' wrote one observer in Finland.

Issue was now fairly joined between the executive and the

navy, and it is no exaggeration to affirm that for a week or more the fate of Bolshevism hung by a thread. There were men at Kronstadt who counselled an immediate advance over the ice to the mainland, the occupation of Oranienbaum, which was known to be sympathetic, and a march upon Leningrad, to be followed by a proclamation of independence. No one can say what developments might not have ensued had this bold advice been taken. But it was rejected. The insurgents decided to shut themselves up inside the batteries of Kronstadt, which they believed to be impregnable. On the other side the Government, perceiving the danger of a waiting policy, resolved to strike at once, and Trotsky was placed in command of the operation. Having massed his forces, he ordered an infantry attack to be made on the rebel stronghold while the ice still held. The rebels, taken by surprise, offered a desperate resistance, but when the first line of trenches fell they lost heart, abandoned their posts, and fled across the ice to Finnish territory, excepting a hapless few who were made captive and inconitnently shot *pour encourager les autres*.

The way being thus cleared, Trotsky lost no time in applying to the navy those methods of reform which had produced such excellent results in the army. Incompetent officers were dismissed by the hundred, and the men were reminded that any breach of the new disciplinary regulations would be visited with dire penalties. Picked detachments of the 'Red' guards were temporarily stationed in every ship to see that the orders of the executive were obeyed. A board of experts was appointed to survey each vessel, while the dockyards and other shore establishments were overhauled and reorganised. Idle and incompetent hands were sent packing, their places being taken by skilled engineers and mechanics who received pay at special rates. Thanks to these energetic measures, the nucleus of a sea-going force was soon created. By the late spring of 1921 a small squadron made a practice cruise in the Baltic for the first time since the revolution. In the autumn of that year the battleship *Marat*—formerly the *Petropavlovsk*—made her appearance in full commission cruising in the Gulf of Finland, and although her machinery left much to be desired, and, it is credibly reported, she had no ammunition for the big guns, the sight of a great 'Dreadnought' flying the Soviet flag deeply impressed all the riparian States of the Baltic. As a natural consequence, sensational rumours of Bolshevik naval power began to circulate. At this time, also, it was reported, on what seemed to be good authority, that a large number of German naval officers and engineers had taken service under the Soviet and were busily engaged in reconditioning the fleet. That Germans were and are

still working for the Soviet navy is beyond doubt, but inquiry shows them to be few in number. The remuneration offered is too low to attract really able men, and such as do go find themselves treated with contumely by the Russian workmen, whose hereditary prejudice against the German race appears to be as strong as ever. All the evidence which can be obtained tends to show that German influence is a negligible factor in the military renaissance of Russia.

The 'Red' fleet, as at present constituted, makes a formidable showing on paper. Of the ships known to be seaworthy the most powerful are the *Marat* and the *Paris Commune* (ex-*Sevastopol*), sister 'Dreadnoughts' which were laid down in 1909 and took seven years to complete. They are ships of 23,000 tons, with a nominal speed of 23 knots, but it is doubtful whether they can now exceed 17 knots. The heavy armament, mounted in triple turrets, consists of twelve 12-inch guns. There is an auxiliary armament of sixteen 4·7-inch guns, many smaller pieces, and four torpedo-tubes. The complement numbers 1000 officers and men. While these two ships are outclassed by the latest 'Dreadnoughts' of other navies, they are by far the strongest men-of-war in the Baltic, for which reason their relative fighting value is considerable. A third vessel of the same type, the *General Alexieff*, nominally attached to the Black Sea fleet, has been in French custody at Bizerta since 1922. Supporting the two battleships of the Baltic squadron are a number of cruisers. These include the newly-completed *Sovmarkom* (ex-*Svietlana*), of 7600 tons and 30 knots speed, armed with fifteen 5·1-inch guns, the old but still powerful armoured cruiser *Profintern* (ex-*Rurik*), and four smaller vessels, few if any of which can now attain their designed speeds. The lighter forces comprise twenty destroyers of large and powerful type and the same number of submarines, but several of the latter have defective machinery.

When due allowance has been made for its technical shortcomings, the Soviet navy in the Baltic remains a factor of some weight in the European balance of power. Manned by a well-trained personnel, it should be capable of securing command of the greater part of the Baltic, including German and Swedish waters. This point has lately been emphasised in the German Nationalist Press, which contends that the restrictions placed upon Germany's naval forces by the Treaty of Versailles would render her defenceless at sea in the event of a Russian attack. The Treaty forbids Germany to build 'Dreadnoughts,' besides denying her the right to possess submarines. Sweden is also alarmed at the growing power of the Soviet navy, while Finland, Poland, and even the lesser border States, are all striving to improve their marine defences. That the Soviet fleet is some-

thing more than a paper force was demonstrated in July 1925, when a squadron of sixteen vessels flying the 'Red' flag cruised about the Baltic for a fortnight, penetrating almost as far as Kiel Bay, and ostentatiously showing itself off the coastline of Poland, Sweden, and Finland. Gunnery practice took place in the course of this cruise, and judging from the noise made by the squadron, it had an abundant supply of ammunition. On board the flagship *Marat* was the late Michael Frunse, who had succeeded Trotsky as People's Commissar for War, and who died at Moscow in October. The official organ *Isvestia*, lamenting his death, declared that 'he, above all others, was responsible for the marvellous work of reorganisation which has restored the "Red" navy to a commanding position.' The successor of Frunse is Clemence Voroshiloff, a member of the Revolutionary War Council and commander of the Moscow Military District. It remains to be seen whether he is displaying as much interest in the restoration of the naval forces as his two predecessors appear to have done.

Reports from trustworthy sources suggest that the personnel of the navy is still of indifferent quality. Naval science has become so complex an art that its practitioners must be highly-trained specialists of more than average mental capacity. Not less than 2000 officers would be required to operate the Soviet navy at its present strength, but it is doubtful if more than 300 competent officers are available at the present time. In July of last year the lower-deck personnel numbered 23,000, two-thirds of whom were serving in the Baltic fleet. Under the practical system of training which Trotsky initiated four years ago the efficiency of the sailors is reported to be steadily improving. The captain of a Swedish steamer which sighted the Soviet squadron at sea during the summer stated that the ships had been freshly painted and looked very smart. They kept station admirably, and the destroyers were observed to travel at high speed. Four submarines were present. On the whole, therefore, it seems that the new Soviet navy must be taken seriously. Its influence is already visible in the defence budgets of neighbouring States. Poland is seeking, with French assistance, to build up a small but powerful flotilla of torpedo craft and submarines. Finland, having vainly endeavoured to purchase surplus war vessels from Great Britain, is raising a fund for the building of submarines, destroyers, and aeroplanes. Sweden is maintaining her best armoured ships in commission, and at the same time constructing additional torpedo vessels and submarines. The active German fleet will shortly reach the maximum strength permitted by the Versailles Treaty. It has just been reinforced by a new cruiser, and further construction is in progress. On the other hand, a new Soviet building programme is under way. It

consists of two cruisers, four destroyers, ten submarines, and several coastal motor-boats, some of which are building or on order at the Leningrad shipyards. These establishments, which have been entirely re-equipped, now have a capacity of 60,000 tons of shipping a year, a figure that will rapidly increase as new plant is brought into operation. In considering the possibilities of Soviet naval expansion, it should not be overlooked that Russia, at the date of the revolution, possessed large facilities for the construction of warships and naval armament. The shipyards and ordnance factories of that period still exist, and their restoration to the old standard of efficiency is only a question of good organisation.

The ostensible aims of Soviet naval policy were expounded by Trotsky in the following manifesto, published in November 1923 :

The Government of the Soviet Union has now been called on to devote the maximum of attention and care to the efficiency of the naval defences of our country. The Government cannot for a moment forget that the coasts of Soviet Russia are at present inadequately protected. In the White Sea, British and Norwegian trawlers are stealing our fish and our furs; in the Black Sea, the Entente men-of-war are cruising where they list, while in the Pacific Japanese cruisers and destroyers enter our ports as they please and are constantly cruising in our territorial waters. In the event of a new war the greater part of our coast would be entirely defenceless against naval attack. The Revolutionary Military Council, while realising and taking into account the difficult economic position of the Soviet Republics, nevertheless, in the interests of national defence, demands the granting of special credits for the reconstruction and reorganisation of the armed naval forces of the Soviet.

This statement, which lays emphasis on the purely defensive rôle of the Soviet navy, may be compared with the opinion expressed by a correspondent of *The Times* on December 15, 1924.

The real power of the Red fleet is the support it can give to the revolutionary outbreaks prepared and directed by the Communist International in the States bordering on Soviet Russia [he wrote]. Like the Red army, the Red fleet is employed by the International to back its attempts to subvert democratic Governments. The army and the fleet must be ready to follow the Communist with his bomb and the commissar with his propaganda fund.

Without attempting to judge between these conflicting views, we may yet profitably consider the effect of Soviet Russia's naval plans on the general balance of power at sea. The real scope of those plans was first revealed at the Naval Conference held at Rome in February 1924 under the auspices of the League of Nations. The object of this gathering was to bring the naval armaments of other Powers within the framework of the Washing-

ton Limitation Treaty—in other words, to give the principle of warship tonnage restriction a world-wide application. Although the plan miscarried, it served a useful purpose by inducing all the States concerned to avow their naval ambitions. The claims presented by Russia were particularly illuminating. Her delegate, M. Behrens, demanded a capital ship allotment of 490,000 tons, which is at least four times her present aggregate, even if non-effective ships are included. Under pressure he consented to reduce the figure to 280,000 tons, but only on condition that the Black Sea and the Baltic were closed to all foreign warships save those of the riparian States, an arrangement that would involve repudiation of the agreement regarding the Dardanelles which was reached at Lausanne and subsequently signed by Russia at Constantinople. The proceedings at the abortive Rome conference have at least made it clear that any future scheme of naval limitation must, if it is to be effectual, include Russia.

It is quite evident that both the political and economic values of sea-power are well understood by the present Moscow executive. Backed by a powerful fleet, their influence in world politics should be immeasurably fortified. Such an armament would make Russia strategically predominant in Northern Europe, while the reconstruction of the Black Sea squadron would greatly enhance her political prestige throughout the Near East. Previous to the war with Japan, in 1904-05, Russia claimed and exercised control over a wide section of the Pacific. With a strong naval force again based upon Vladivostock she would speedily recover her former weight as a factor in Pacific affairs, in which event the *status quo* which the Washington Treaty sought to perpetuate would be rudely disturbed.

No special degree of political acumen is needed to foresee the far-reaching reactions of a Russian naval renaissance. The strength of the Soviet armies is generally regarded as a question of interest to Europe alone, though the military power of a State whose territory embraces two continents and whose frontiers march with those of half the world cannot properly be dismissed as a matter of purely local concern. Nevertheless, a great navy is the more obvious symbol of world power, for the very good reason that vessels of war express in concrete form the agency by which a State may give effect to its will in regions far beyond its own borders. We may therefore assume that the present symptoms of naval activity in Russia are receiving due attention, since to doubt the fact would be an aspersion on modern statesmanship.

H. C. BYWATER.

ARMY TRAINING IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

THERE is no difficulty in subscribing to the principle that the Army in the United Kingdom must be equipped and highly trained for the purposes for which it is needed. This is simple and obvious in theory. In practice it is full of complications, which appear when we study the evolutionary process leading up to the present situation.

Between the years 1906 and 1914 the mantle of Cardwell, the great army reformer, fell upon Lord Haldane, to whom we must attribute the credit for organising as an 'Expeditionary Force' the troops which, under the Cardwell system, had been withdrawn from overseas garrisons and concentrated in the United Kingdom for two purposes—(1) to provide drafts which, with shortened army service, were required to take the places of men constantly leaving the colours for the Reserve; and (2) to be available as a solid reinforcement in any part of the world where the normal peace garrison did not suffice to deal with the situation. The Haldane Expeditionary Force consisted of a cavalry division, six infantry divisions, Army troops, and certain line of communication units. After the Great War of 1914-18 this force was reduced by about one-third for reasons of economy, although, at the same time, its prospective responsibilities were largely increased by our acceptance of 'mandates' involving the need to maintain order in, and possibly to protect, large areas of additional territory in Africa and the Middle East. Soon afterwards the grant of 'Dominion status' to the Irish Free State deprived the Army of an extensive recruiting ground, valuable barracks, and training areas; and recently, under the Locarno Pacts, we have committed ourselves in certain contingencies (we hope remote) to military intervention in a European war. In connexion with the foregoing points we must also take note of the establishment, in accordance with a recommendation of the Norfolk Commission which followed the Boer War of 1899-1902, of improved facilities for expanding our 'regular' military forces. We now have in the United Kingdom, thanks again to the initiative of Lord Haldane, fourteen Territorial divisions and Yeomanry, all available sooner or later for oversea service in grave

emergencies; but we have lost his 'Special Reserve,' whereby the Regular Army was fed with indispensable drafts in the Great War, and therefore, on paper, we are not in as strong a position for feeding a field army with man-power as we were in 1914.

Then, again, to Lord Haldane must be accorded the credit of developing into an 'Imperial General Staff' the General Staff of the Army, which he found in process of establishment in 1906, at the instance of Mr. H. O. Arnold Forster, his predecessor at the War Office. It was largely due to the influence of this branch of the Army Staff that, at the special Naval and Military Empire Conference of 1909, the delegates from the Empire accepted unanimously the principle of uniformity in army training, equipment, and staff work, which bore fruit during the years 1914 onwards. This brings us to our point, the far-reaching importance of army training, as carried out by the Expeditionary Force in the United Kingdom, because that force is the model upon which so many others are based.

The military authorities who are responsible for setting the pace in its training are confronted with great difficulties, because they cannot forecast the nature of warfare in which the British Army is most likely to participate, possibly in conjunction with allies, and possibly as a nucleus for a larger Army, expanded as it was in the great crisis of 1914. Complicated as this problem has always been, it is now becoming more so. When we consider the wide divergence between military problems in different parts of the world, due to such new factors as air force co-operation (amounting, according to our present policy, to substitution in some areas), and to mechanicalisation of movement, the epithet 'kaleidoscopic' can now, without any exaggeration, be applied to the problem. What, in equipment and training, may suit one theatre of war, such, for instance, as Europe, may be inapplicable to others. Sooner or later the question may arise whether what suits Europe is likely also to suit the East; and here India, which employs, and pays for, the bulk of the British troops stationed abroad, will doubtless claim to be heard on the subject both of equipment and of training. It is possible to quote, as being germane to this subject, the attitude of the South African delegates to the Defence Conference of 1909. A new British training manual was then being discussed. This omitted all reference to practice with the rifle by men standing. The South Africans pointed out that, under certain conditions with which they were familiar, the grass stood so high on the veld that unless men stood up to shoot they could not shoot at all. That was a matter easily adjusted; but supposing that a scheme were to be put forward to cut down the establishment strength of our infantry battalions by 50 per cent. (on the plea that such battalions,

with the aid of mechanicalisation and of weapons firing more rapidly, would gain both in mobility and in fire-power), would not India, where the distribution of British military man-power in considerable numbers over wide areas has hitherto been considered an essential, be likely to raise difficult questions?

Uniformity in training, in organisation and in establishments, is, as we know, the basis of the Cardwell system, under which approximately the same number of units are maintained at home and abroad, the former providing drafts for the latter. We have already upset this system by juggling with geography and laying down the rule that certain units, really abroad, are considered to be on home service. In that connexion we recall to our minds our little army on the Rhine, which obviously must be trained and equipped to meet European conditions. There, though the policy is on a temporary basis, we have to prepare to face contingencies, however remote, that might some day arise under the Locarno Pacts. Here the question of staff work in conjunction with prospective allies must be considered, and a somewhat Gilbertian situation arises. The British Expeditionary Force is very small compared with large Continental armies. If employed at all in the European theatre, it is essential that the most effective use should be made of its activities, as was done in 1914. For such effective use to be made, it is necessary to know the plan of the army with which our little Expeditionary Force is to co-operate. In a tripartite agreement, must the intentions and plans of campaign of both the other parties be known, in order to co-ordinate staff duties and training accordingly?

These preliminary notes suffice to indicate some of the complications which attend the training for war of the Army in the United Kingdom. Since the year 1924 (when the British troops that had been withdrawn from the Irish Free State had had time to settle down in their quarters) the units of our Expeditionary Force have been engaged in certain annual exercises. These have been interesting and progressive in character, and it may be that a few remarks from an eye-witness of most of them will present points of interest to those to whom such subjects appeal.

In 1924 practically the whole of the Expeditionary Force underwent a certain amount of brigade training, and the first three divisions were also assembled for work over ground that was unfamiliar to the bulk of the troops. Foot-and-mouth disease in some areas interfered seriously with the training. In 1925 Army Manœuvres, preceded by brigade and divisional training, were carried out by the whole Expeditionary Force for the first time for twelve years. The training season of 1926 was one of constant disappointments, attributable to the industrial situation, to curtailment of the training grant enforced by necessary

economies, and finally to an outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease which interrupted the training of the troops stationed in Kent. The keynote of all the training during these three years has been a striving after increased mobility, a devising of means whereby issues between opposing forces in war can be determined by 'open warfare,' thus avoiding the monotonous horror of the deadlock, leading inevitably to widespread economic disaster, which occurred on the Western and other fronts during the years 1914-18. It may be said, speaking generally, that the past three years' training of the Expeditionary Force has been based chiefly upon experience gained in the Great War in Europe, and certain difficulties have presented themselves. The units have been necessarily at peace strength. Few of the personnel, and those chiefly to be found amongst the more senior members of the commissioned ranks, can now visualise the huge unwieldy units, at war strength, which these small peace cadres represent, or the difficulty in handling such forces in really mobile warfare. Still less is it possible to form a true picture of the units when brought up to the new war establishments, which remain in a state of flux, in personnel and in vehicles. To take one comparatively small example. In one of the infantry brigades this year the experiment was tried of mobilising the 'headquarter wings' of the component battalions. Some excellent air photographs which I inspected showed that each of these units occupied no less than a third of a mile of road space.

One of the lessons of the Great War was that the greater the mass, the lower will be its mobility. We find this principle exemplified at the opening stage in 1914, and no student of von Kluck's *March on Paris* can have failed to realise the lesson enforced therein. The German plan to envelop the French left flank, using a huge mass of troops for the purpose, broke down definitely when that flank was drawn back. Having so much extra distance to cover, von Kluck's troops outran their supply and maintenance. The Allied victory of the Marne resulted. Then, again, during the concluding stage in 1918 the same experience was gained by the victorious Allied army. The problem of effective pursuit became insoluble for armies of the strength to which by that time they had been developed. Meanwhile, during the intervening years the fronts had been 'stabilised.' No extended movements had been practicable for this long period, which naturally left its impress upon thoughts of British soldiers. The complaint was constantly made to me during the training seasons of 1924-26 that there are still in the Army some traces of this mental attitude, which must be eliminated in order to make room for a true conception of the meaning of really mobile warfare.

The formula guiding those responsible for the conduct of army exercises in the several commands now runs somewhat as follows: 'Preparation for mobile warfare against an enemy as well armed as ourselves.' It is well to note the comparative principle here set forth. Both tactically and strategically the tendency is to increase the speed of movement by 'mechanicalisation.' In strategy the wheeled petrol-driven vehicle has largely increased the mobility of armies at a longer radius from their railheads, provided that operations are conducted in a country suited to the rapid movement of such vehicles. In tactics the caterpillar or whole-track system (as applied to tanks and to artillery 'dragons'), the semi-track (as applied to artillery cross-country cars and to other similar vehicles), and the new Morris 'six-wheeler,' with hind wheels coupled by chains fitted with treads when occasion demands, have solved, to a great extent, the problem of speedy cross-country movement. To these we must add the great tractors, the 'Hathi' and others, which solve the problem of crossing such obstacles as the formidable drifts or river-beds which have confronted our armies in South Africa and in other parts of the world. All this variety—our present-day Army has been styled an Army of 'samples'—point to the need for further trial and standardisation before any type of vehicle is ordered in large numbers. It also emphasises the importance of grasping the idea of relativity, of comparison with the equipment of prospective opponents, set forth in the above-mentioned formula which has been adopted to govern our army training. The question of expense dominates, in these days, the whole situation. No nation can face the purchase, in large numbers, of the latest army mechanical vehicles, especially at a time of rapid progress and development which causes such material to be out of date within a year of its construction. The first quality which these vehicles should possess, therefore, is that of adaptability to civil purposes. This principle is more easy to apply to strategical than to tactical (cross-country) uses, because road movements are involved which apply both to armies and to trade and travelling purposes. The success in civil life of the little 30-cwt. lorry, which first made its appearance with the Aldershot troops in 1924, affords an example. Behind them, measuring backward from the front troops in an army, we have the heavier lorries, possessing similar qualifications. It is when we come nearer to the front, to actual fighting machines such as armoured cars, tanks, dragons and so forth, and to what are called the 'A,' and perhaps the 'B,' echelons of the first-line transport of the fighting troops—all cross-country vehicles, under certain conditions—that the difficulty of adaptability to civil purposes presents itself. This takes us back again to our army

training, and to the equipment that we must supply for the purpose, bearing always in mind, on the one hand, that the units of the Expeditionary Force at home are at peace strength, requiring wide expansion if mobilisation were to be ordered, and, on the other hand, that experiences which are gained during army training in the United Kingdom are spread all over the world by the large drafts despatched annually to corresponding units abroad, and by the annual interchange of units during the trooping season. In addition to these channels for the spread of experience gained in army exercises we also have in this country representatives of the defence departments of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, and of the Army in India. During recent training seasons I have also come across representatives of the new Iraq army, of which the success is so important in connexion with the system of 'mandates.' As an exception to the general rule, I understand, from Press reports, that the Irish Free State army is inclined to look for guidance in military organisation and training to the United States rather than to the British Army.

While the training season of 1926 was noted for many disappointments, it was also marked by considerable developments in mechanicalised mobility. Let us take tanks and armoured cars first, because they combine all the attributes required of a tactical arm, movement, fire-power, protection for personnel, and formidable qualities in close action. The speed of tanks has been constantly increased, both for road and for cross-country movement. There is also talk of increasing their armament, and of reducing what has been called their 'blindness' by giving the driver a better view ahead of the obstacles which he has to negotiate. As far as can be judged from experiments with the present material, the most effective use to be made of tanks in conjunction with other arms is to keep them in hand until an opportunity offers for a really decisive blow, and then to launch them in a massed attack, choosing, if possible, a concealed route of approach to avoid hostile gun-fire. For lack of a special anti-tank weapon in the hands of the infantry, 18-pounder field-guns have hitherto been used as a counter to such attacks. This procedure is very expensive in gun-power, and, after experiment, thoughts are trending in the direction of small mobile high-velocity guns, capable of piercing tank armour, to enable infantry to defend themselves. When working with a rearguard, quick 'punches' by small bodies of tanks have been judged to be very effective, provided that they withdraw, immediately they have fulfilled their mission, before being exposed to gun-fire. The armoured car, the other self-contained mechanicalised arm, has been found most effective for reconnoitring. A need that has

been constantly felt, with all these wide-varying and fast-moving war vehicles, is for some means of improving methods of communicating messages, whether at rest or on the move. Only on one occasion have I seen really satisfactory results. These were obtained by the 'Sharpshooters' (Yeomanry) armoured car company with a privately designed and owned apparatus, which established constant touch by telephone with armoured cars, both at rest and on the move.

The next mechanicalised vehicle of which to take note as the result of the past three years' experience of army training is the artillery 'dragon.' These dragons are of two types: one type carries the gun, and therefore resembles a tank, but without any protection for the personnel; the other tows the gun behind it. Both have the caterpillar, or whole-track, fixed in position, enabling them to negotiate difficult country when they leave the roads. Besides the advantage of speed, these 'dragons' increase the daily radius of action of field and medium artillery by about 300 per cent. or more, without exhausting the detachments. The same applies to the various forms of lorry upon which anti-aircraft guns have been mounted, thus helping to solve the problem of defending from hostile aircraft long columns of troops on the line of march. The system at present under trial is for the anti-aircraft guns, when left behind by a marching column, to move rapidly to the front again, ready to perform their protective duties, these moves being carried out in succession as each gun is left behind.

Such, then, have been the principal developments of the wholly mechanical arms, used in conjunction with others. We are passing through a period of experiment, and next year it is hoped that a completely mechanical force will be tried in order to test its capabilities, unaided by the other arms (infantry and cavalry) upon which the chief reliance has hitherto been placed in the conduct of war. Much will doubtless depend upon the nature of the ground over which the experiments take place. It would be fatal for the British Army, as we have seen, to confine its training to and to base its equipment solely upon conditions obtaining in Europe, because the problems with which it may be confronted cover nearly every sort of country and climate on the surface of the globe. As I write this there lies before me a letter, from a senior Army officer, which contains this passage: 'Just think of the bridging equipment necessary for an army of tanks and mechanically-borne machine-guns!' That remark leads us back to the older arms, which still form the bulk of all armies, infantry and cavalry, both of them capable of negotiating obstacles to movement that are not surmountable by mechanical vehicles.

Mobility, as previously explained, has been the key-word to

all recent training instructions and exercises. With infantry, the slowest arm, and with cavalry, which moves at about twice the speed, the policy has been to increase mobility by reducing the weight carried on the man and upon the horse. The infantryman's load is being reduced by 6 or 7 lb., the load on the horse by about 2 st., thereby increasing the speed and radius of movement and bringing troops fresh into action. These results are achieved by separating the combatants from some of their immediate requirements, which are carried on fast mechanical vehicles, to be brought forward rapidly for long distances when occasion demands. Such vehicles must obviously be capable of movement across country. Various samples have been tried, some embodying the 'semi-track' principle, with wheels in front and caterpillar drive behind, some the all-wheel vehicle. Of the latter type the little Morris 25-cwt. 'six-wheeler' is at present in high favour. I have myself seen these vehicles, each carrying about a ton of load, negotiating obstacles as formidable as any likely to be met with by infantry moving over an average country, including deep sand and steep slopes. The two pairs of hind wheels are so fitted that they can be coupled together by chains of special make, somewhat resembling 'tracks' in appearance, but easily applied and removed. All that is necessary for this purpose is to lay the chain on the ground, drive the hind wheels over it, pick up the two ends, and button them together round the wheels—which, by the way, are all double. The system has the advantages of cheapness and of adaptability to use as trade vehicles. I understand that large numbers are being ordered, without the double wheels and coupling chains required for difficult cross-country movement. These can easily be added for army purposes.

Behind the cross-country vehicle to carry the immediate needs of the troops that are likely to be in action we get the road mechanical vehicles, 30-cwt. lorries, larger lorries, and possibly light railways; and so away to the rear, to railheads, and thence to the base or bases of operations, bearing in mind always that, to whatever extent all this transport is speeded up, the rate of movement of the mass of the army is still that of the man or the horse, increased, perhaps by about 20 per cent., by lightening their loads.¹ For long distances, it is true, the infantry can be 'embussed' in lorries, but conditions are exceptional where such 'embussing' can be effective in short tactical movements. For tactical cross-country operations the present policy is to apply mechanicalisation only to machine-gun units, and to some of the Lewis or other 'light automatics' which are earmarked for

¹ The personnel and mules of pack batteries have marched at four miles an hour during the past three years' training, an increase of over 25 per cent. on the normal pace of infantry.

anti-aircraft protection. It is possible, therefore, to conceive mechanicalised machine-gun formations being attached to tanks and armoured cars in forthcoming experimental exercises.

So much for progress in mobility, in a theatre of war that can be traversed by present-day mechanical vehicles. With such data the student of Empire defence, with the aid of an atlas, can form his own judgment upon the effect of these influences upon the problem. He is not likely to fall into the fatal error that machinery can take the place of man-power in its solution. He will probably see the need of an addition to the formula which guides our army training. The amended formula would run: 'trained to meet an enemy as well armed *and as mobile* as ourselves.'

So much for the new mobility, for which the Army in the United Kingdom is striving, both in strategy and in tactics. There remains the effect of weather upon both. The influence of mud upon military operations has wisely been accentuated by some historians. During the past three years there have been many occasions on which neglect to study the effect of the wind, especially upon smoke and upon gas clouds, has had a strong influence upon the judgment of umpires. I recall to mind an early morning on the Fox Hills when a rearguard acted 'according to plan,' and retired, at an hour previously fixed, after raising a cloud of smoke to cover its retirement. No account was taken of the direction of the wind at the time. The smoke moved faster than the troops, in the same direction, and the men retiring formed dark conspicuous targets against a white background.

Then, again, practical experience gained in army exercises has taught the tactical importance of mist, of bad visibility, and of low-lying clouds. Since the permanent attachment of 'army co-operation' squadrons of the R.A.F. to definite divisions of the Expeditionary Force great strides have been made in knowledge of the value of aircraft to armies for reconnaissance, for registering the results of gun-fire, and, sometimes, for offensive action. The tendency had been to place too great reliance upon help from the air until the lesson that alternatives must be provided was taught by weather conditions, especially those obtaining in this country in the early autumn.

In bringing these remarks upon recent army training in the United Kingdom to a close, it will be as well to take note of the point that, however far the process of mechanicalisation may go in future armies, it will never extend to the man, upon whom success must ultimately depend. Taking the Army as a whole, it can be said that the British soldiers now serving with the colours are above the average, both mentally and physically, of the nation as a whole. The nature of the training which they

undergo, like their strength in numbers, must depend upon our general policy. With wise guidance in such matters, and adequate expenditure on training in 1927 to make up for ground lost in 1926, the Army in the United Kingdom will be well fitted to perform its high rôle as a model for other military forces of the Empire. Its sentiment and traditions are those of the wonderful 'Old Contemptibles' of 1914. Its training is based on war experience.

GEORGE ASTON.

CHURCH AND STATE IN MEXICO

THE religious upheaval which is presently agitating Mexican society to its foundations, and which has resulted in the closing of 20,000 churches of all denominations throughout the republic, has not been precipitated by any recently assumed policy on the part of the Government of President Plutarco Calles, but is rather the outcome of a political vendetta between Church and State, pursued, at intervals, for nearly four centuries. The anti-ecclesiastical measures which the Government is now enforcing date, indeed, from the Constitution of 1857, when the Liberal Party, after a memorable revolution, succeeded in curbing the power of a Church which assuredly usurped a greater degree of temporal authority than was healthy for a community already conscious of the need for a larger measure of democratic control. The causes of the present remarkable situation lie deep in the beginnings of Mexican history. In the whole course of its stormy career the Mexican Union has never experienced a phase of social disturbance so acute, so fraught with grave possibilities to the community, or so intriguing to the student of social affairs, as that through which it is now passing.

The more immediate history of the crisis is sufficiently well known to be dealt with summarily. When General Calles, the victor of Naco, became a candidate for the Presidency in September 1924, he made it abundantly clear in his election address that he regarded the 'sacerdotal caste' as the chief instrument of Mexican degeneration. He denounced it, along with the 'capitalists' and 'foreigners,' as being chiefly to blame for the alienation of the land from the peons. The collective resources of Mexico, he declared, were being ruthlessly exploited by foreign and capitalistic interests, which contorted the laws to suit their private ends, and he laid stress upon the fact that large tracts of Mexico's finest soil and immense treasures in gold and silver were still retained by the '*religios*,' the restoration of which to the people would render their circumstances much more supportable than formerly.

His electioneering policy was, of course, modelled upon that of his predecessor, President Obregon, who had formerly made it

clear that it was his intention to reintroduce the anti-ecclesiastical laws of the Constitution of 1857, which had, indeed, been incorporated in that of 1917. He issued in 1922 a series of manifestos in which he gave it as his opinion that the Catholic Church had been the chief barrier to Mexican progress, and it was obvious that he only awaited an opportunity for aiming a crippling blow at the ecclesiastical power on the occasion of its first infringement of the laws in question.

The anti-ecclesiastical regulations which have caused the present agitation may be summarised as follows:—No foreign priests or ministers of any denomination may function in Mexico. Church ownership of property is absolutely forbidden, and all such property must be regarded as belonging to the State. Religious instruction in the schools is not tolerated, nor is the existence of any religious order, male or female. Priests or ministers may not take any part in politics or hold political meetings. Above all, they are not permitted to criticise the Government, or censure or oppose the constitution, laws, or acts of the Government, or to incite others to do so, either in the Press or by word of mouth. Outdoor ceremonials and the wearing of religious robes, or even of clerical costume, except in places of worship, are forbidden, and periodicals of a religious nature are not allowed to comment upon Government policy or even to print any news concerning the Government. The penalties for the breach of these regulations are severe, and may range from a fine of 500 pesos, or fifteen days' imprisonment, to six years' confinement. Nor is trial by jury in such cases provided for.

In January 1923 Monsignor Filippi, the Papal Nuncio, conducted a service in the open air. President Obregon at once gave orders for his expulsion, and steadfastly refused to accept another Papal Nuncio, deporting Monsignor Carnana, who was appointed to the vacant post by the Vatican. President Calles, in his turn, faithfully continued in his predecessor's policy. In February last he gave orders for the arrest of Archbishop Mora y del Rio, the Primate, on a charge of criticising the Government in the Press. After a brief and far from satisfactory inquiry the Archbishop was dismissed, a step which aroused the strongest misgivings in all sections of Mexican society.

So severe did the repressive measures of President Calles become that the Clerical Party resolved to embrace a policy of passive resistance, including the boycotting of Government activities of all kinds. Its members refused to pay taxes or take out motor licences, and refrained from purchasing any description of taxed goods. In the event, the Government decreed that all places of worship of whatever denomination must be placed in the hands of the municipal authorities as trustees, and that they

should meanwhile be closed in order that inventories of their contents might be taken. General riot and disturbance ensued. For days before the places of worship were closed long queues of the devout waited outside in order to receive absolution, to carry through the baptism or confirmation of their children, or even to be married before the decree took effect. On the final closing of the churches unexampled scenes of disturbance and violence occurred, and many deaths resulted from rioting. Mexico was indeed in such a ferment as was unknown even during her recent years of revolution.

The Mexican Episcopate declared a 'strike' of the priesthood, and proposed to hand over the churches to Catholic committees who would act as trustees. Loyal Catholics withdrew their money from the banks and did their utmost to paralyse Government institutions. Scenes of disorder occurred when military were dispatched to clear the few churches which still remained accessible to worshippers. They opened fire upon those who refused to leave, and wounded many of them. Señor Ortega, the Attorney-General, while attempting to close the Church of St. Catherine, in Mexico city, was mobbed, and had to be extricated from a perilous situation by the fire brigade, who turned their hoses on the infuriated populace. In Pachuca a serious stampede in the church led to twelve persons being trampled to death.

The Episcopate then offered to enter into an 'armistice' or truce with the Government and to refer the matter to a *plébiscite* of the people, on consideration that the anti-religious persecution should be suspended 'for a reasonable length of time.' This President Calles rejected. He claimed that he had the great majority of the nation on his side. He was clamorously supported by the Mexican Federation of Labour, whose processions constantly patrolled the streets between crowds of kneeling Catholics. The President, in refusing the plea for a *plébiscite*, declared that 'the Federal Government will limit itself to act with the required energy to enforce the laws of the country,' and in this he was upheld by ex-President Obregon, who condemned the 'rebellious spirit of the Catholics against the fundamental laws in force.'

At the time of writing the position is one of stalemate. The anti-ecclesiastical laws are still in force, the churches remain closed, and the boycott of Government business continues. Overtures from the Vatican have been dealt with contemptuously by the Cabinet. To all intents the republic is papally ostracised, if not under the express interdict of excommunication. Indeed, the only reason why this has not been carried out is that the Vatican holds that the Government, and not the Mexican people, is responsible for the situation, and does not desire to penalise its own adherents.

The history of the ancient feud between Church and State in Mexico may best be described as a duel between a Clericalism of rather retrograde type and a Liberalism based upon the model of the Democratic Party in the United States, yet typically Latin in its zealous extremism. In 1855 the Liberal Party, then under the leadership of the great Juárez, regarded with a species of nervous jealousy the ever-growing power of the Episcopate and its meddlesome excursions into the realms of lay politics. This jealousy was, indeed, justified, for at the period in question the Church threatened to overshadow the State completely. It owned at least one-fourth of the territory of the entire country, and it can be said without offence that its influence upon the native Indian mentality scarcely made for progress. Not only the large numbers of the priesthood, but its growing exactions and the constant parade of its *al fresco* ceremonials, irritated the more advanced spirits among the Liberal Party, who accused it of mediævalism in thought and custom. The immense treasures of gold and silver plate with which the churches were furnished also excited disgust in the minds of men reared in the new spirit of democracy which had been imported from the United States, and this ostentation was fiercely condemned in view of the wretchedness prevailing among the people at large. This smouldering dislike of ecclesiastical pretensions flared out into active strife, and civil war ensued. In the event the Clericos were soundly beaten, and the victorious Liberals naturally imposed the sternest conditions upon the defeated Churchmen. These conditions were embodied in the Constitution of 1857, which, as has been already stated, is still in force through its incorporation in the more recent Code of 1917.

The main reason for the revival of the anti-ecclesiastical code is probably to be found in the extraordinary vitality of the Liberal tradition in Mexico, which possesses a more lively sense of political continuity than perhaps any similar caucus known to present-day politics. In a word, it is the most conservative body in Latin America so far as its unwritten creed of democracy is concerned, and it has always been a point of honour with its protagonists to adhere with loyal precision to the tenets of its founders. To the Mexican Liberal his political creed is a kind of unwritten Koran, the traditional phrases and slogans of which must not be altered by jot or tittle. Its 'i's' have been dotted and its 't's' crossed generations ago, and its tenets admit of no novel interpretations, save that a mild Communism has been vouchsafed to it as a species of later and perhaps minor revelation. All the same, what is written is written, whatever may fall to be added thereto.

The new Communism, which might almost be described as the revival of native Indian tribalism, has, if anything, exacerbated

the feelings of a section of the working classes against the Church. But the head and front of the anti-ecclesiastical movement is to be found among the upper classes and the intelligentsia. The higher social circles in Mexico have always been Liberal in outlook, the Clericos being recruited to a great extent mostly from the working classes and the rural Indians. But the clash between Church and Government has driven a wedge between those of the proletariat who affect Communism, the trade unionists, and the devout among the labouring population. It is indeed a strange spectacle to behold the somewhat aristocratic free-thinkers among the upper classes, those of the governing caste, who have always been jealous of interference from the Episcopate, standing shoulder to shoulder with the Communists of such pronouncedly proletariat bodies as the 'Crom' in what they believe to be a struggle for political freedom against a retrograde hierarchy.

The Government policy indeed finds its chief supporters in the 'Crom,' the initials of which in Spanish signify the Regional Confederation of Labour, a great trade union to some extent suspect of Bolshevik tendencies. But even this organisation is not united within itself, and a group of Catholic workmen affiliated with it has denounced it as a political body desirous of destroying the Church. A new movement, 'The National Defence League for Freedom of Conscience,' has arisen, the expressed object of which is 'to direct the masses towards a sound attitude in the present religious conflict, and also to teach them the true road to be followed for the welfare of the country.' As an illustration of the policy it advocates it points to the manner in which Napoleon Bonaparte dealt with the French Catholic Church in the Concordat of 1801, by which the French priesthood was virtually transformed into a body of State functionaries, and 'the power of Rome was thereby curbed.' Its manifestos urge a similar policy for Mexico, and its president, Francisco Diaz Covarrubias, has stated that it is allied with the 'Crom.'

The Episcopate has been somewhat hampered in its rejoinders to the Government by the fact that it is not permitted to give voice to its sentiments in the public Press. But in a recent manifesto it has stated that :

It can be shown that President Calles intends to destroy the Church with or without the aid of laws. The present laws were drawn up by an armed group of revolutionists, and all of them are anti-religious and destroy the existence of the Church because they prohibit religious teachings in the schools, submit the clergy to State authority, despoil the Church and all its property, annul the religious vote, do not allow Churchmen to extend their blessings in hospitals and asylums, and, in fact, prevent all appeal to the people by means of the newspapers.

Only Catholics are being persecuted, while the schismatic Churches

which were established years ago with the Government's aid, are unmolested. The Church only wants sincere religious freedom, as enjoyed by all people in the United States.

The statement disavows charges that it is allied with any political faction or with capitalists opposing Labour, and states that although the Labour leaders may have taken sides with the Government a great majority of the working men have not.

Referring to the economic blockade initiated by the National League for Religious Freedom, the statement continues :

We, as well as the Confederation of Labour, deplore the possibility of an economic crisis, but at the same time we are suffering from a religious crisis, and drastic remedies are necessary.

As soon as we obtain religious freedom the blockade will be withdrawn. If it is prolonged it will be the fault of the Government and the Federation of Labour.

In reply to this, President Calles published a lengthy statement in which he made reference to a pastoral letter of the Mexican Episcopate as 'a document full of falsehoods,' which only served to justify the action taken by the Government. The signatories to this pastoral letter had claimed that the Government's policy rendered impossible the ordinary exercise of priestly duties, preaching, the administration of the sacraments, and religious routine in general. The President denies that this is so, or that Government action has even limited the freedom of the priesthood. What he and his colleagues object to, he states, is the commission of 'illicit acts remote from all that pertains to the spiritual.' The Episcopate, he claims, 'invades the spheres of politics and government, and provokes movements of disorder, secretly or openly inciting to rebellion.'

They are animated [says the President] by the fear of losing what they call sacred property, which, since 1857, every Mexican knows to be the property of the nation ; they refuse to hand registers of the priesthood's personnel to the municipal authorities, and pretend to believe that it is the purpose of the Government to make the country non-Catholic, or to give preference to some other religious creed. They have further threatened excommunication to those who obey the laws by surrendering Church property. To stop these selfish proceedings and to elevate the character of the Government and the people, we propose to accomplish the necessary modification of the laws, so that now the fulfilment of the constitution may not be transferred to the personal benefit of anyone, but to the enrichment of the country by the collective use of clerical property.

President Calles proceeds to say that in no other civilised country would the Church be permitted to reserve to itself so much property without being forced to account for it, nor would it be allowed to introduce so many priests of alien origin, who are

inspired by political ideals differing fundamentally from those of the mass of the Mexican people. Nor does he believe monastic orders to be essential to the exercise of religious worship. Most Catholic countries have already expelled these 'for obvious reasons.' 'We have a real curiosity to know,' he concludes, 'what self-respecting Government would tolerate in any country attacks in the churches upon its constitution, its laws and upon its governors.' Catholic parties in politics, he says elsewhere, are not permitted in other countries because of the 'passionate manifestations' they continually arouse. He further refers to the intolerance of the Roman clergy, which has shown itself in continued attacks on Protestant ministers and American tourists, and alludes to a recent incident at the shrine of the Virgin of Guadalupe, when certain priests threatened to murder a body of Americans who wished to inspect the miraculous picture therein. He will continue to resist these 'wicked clergy who desire merely temporal dominion and have forgotten their spiritual function.'

Are the Mexican Catholic clergy at the present time as ignorant and retrograde as President Calles and some Mexican publicists seem to believe? There is no question that their past record is scarcely inspiring. The works of John Roberts Poinsett, Hubert Howe Bancroft, and R. H. Mason prove most conclusively that in the middle of last century the Mexican priesthood was in a most unhealthy condition spiritually.

No system of priestcraft [says the last writer, who had exceptional opportunities for observing the system] could be better calculated than that prevailing in Mexico to pamper ignorance and love of domination in the ecclesiasts at the expense of the community. The many forms of oppression employed by the 'padres' throughout the republic, the cunning with which they wind themselves into private affairs, whether political or domestic, and the degrading espionage maintained by them over the actions of individuals, are alike surprising and revolting to the unprejudiced.

These lines were written in 1851, before the revolution which resulted in the Constitution of 1857; but are they true of the Mexican clergy to-day? In general, they are not. The Mexican priesthood is certainly not ignorant, nor is it oppressive, and the charge of pomposity levelled at it by the Liberals is absurdly strained. On the other hand, the ecclesiastical caste in Mexico is certainly inclined to interfere unduly in political matters. For this it has more than the ordinary excuse of the Christian priest or minister, wherever stationed, that his sacred office entitles him, nay compels him, to act as a critic of the temporal power when it departs from the tenets of public morality. It would, indeed, have been a priesthood dead to all Christian precept and tradition which failed to express its condemnation of recent events in Mexico, and that it has spoken out fearlessly regarding the conditions

prevailing is its most ample justification in the hour of its agony. Had it failed to do so Christendom would have done well to denounce it as servile and impotent.

Nevertheless, in one respect, the Episcopate was guilty of imprudence. In the event, all nations must of themselves work out their own destinies, and this, with all its blundering, and even its cruelties, Mexico is undoubtedly attempting to do. The Church protested too much and too savagely. Its rather hysterical strictures and denunciations from the pulpit acted not so much as deterrents upon political error as disruptive influences upon a scheme of reconstruction under which the utmost was being done, notwithstanding the gravest difficulties, to place the affairs of the country upon a tolerable basis. Its rancour against the Government was unbridled and often ferocious, its officiousness tantalising. So clamorous, indeed, were its protestations that no Government, however poor-spirited, could have failed to take action to put a period to its violent attitude. It was indeed making confusion worse confounded, and it became clear that it was not the priesthood of native origin which was responsible for these censures so much as that portion of it which had been drafted into the Republic from abroad, especially from Spain and Italy. This led to the suspicion, however erroneous, that the foreign padres were the mouthpieces of alien forces, that they were inspired not so much by the Vatican as by those extraneous elements which were seeking to tighten their hold on Mexican natural resources, especially on the oil supply of the country—that they were, indeed, the agents of the 'Señores Petroleras,' or foreign oil barons, who have unquestionably been trying, by means not the most reputable, to introduce into Mexican politics such a spirit of confusion and unrest as might in the end discredit and disarm a Government which had adopted stringent measures to secure the benefits accruing from Mexican resources for the Mexican people rather than for foreign capitalists.

The suspicion was, of course, ill founded, but in the present temper of the Mexican Government, and having regard to the undoubted evils which have arisen from foreign exploitation, it was perhaps not unnatural that a Cabinet hampered by the enormous and complex task of reconstructing the republic out of the ruins of nearly fifteen years of chaotic revolution—a task in which it had not been unsuccessful—should look with impatience upon a propaganda as unreasonable as it was irritating. There was, moreover, another reason for the tireless flow of ecclesiastical rhetoric and the subterranean political caballing by priestly organisations which undoubtedly existed. The Episcopate, aware that the governing caste had decided leanings towards free thought, denounced it as pagan and as desirous of

the overthrow of religion. That there were certainly some grounds for the charge cannot be denied. But its fears that the agnosticism of the official classes would react disastrously upon the great mass of the people were by no means justified. Mexico is preponderatingly Catholic, and will long remain so, and the notion that its intelligentsia and those Labour elements which are apathetic, if not hostile, to religion could succeed in destroying the Catholic faith within its boundaries can only be characterised as equally ludicrous with that which saw in the Episcopate a real menace to Mexican freedom.

In this matter we are indeed confronted with one of those almost burlesque situations to which the Latin psychology is so prone—an extravaganza of zeal, fanaticism and suspicion, in which sentiment has been magnified by ancient rancours into proportions grotesque and unnatural. Both sides are largely inspired by the unreason of vendetta, that bane of the Latin spirit. The Castilian tendency to tilt at windmills is here almost laughably apparent. Martyrs are being made and enormous damage inflicted in a struggle which could assuredly have been obviated by reasonable discussion. The President and his colleagues assume the airs of liberators of the human conscience, and the priesthood, somewhat theatrically, those of martyred saints.

Protestant opinion in Mexico is strangely divided on the question. It is, of course, mostly American, and therefore prone to the enthusiasms of its type. The Rev. Dr. Herbert C. Herring, executive secretary of the Social Relations Department of the Congregational Church of America, who has recently been studying religious affairs in Mexico, is of opinion that Protestantism has 'not enough warmth, colour and mysticism to appeal to the Mexicans.' He interviewed President Calles, who remarked to him that :

We hoped the Church would work in harmony with the Government, but it has continually conspired against us in an attempt to undo the work of the revolution. It has backed every counter-revolutionary movement, and the smallest parishes have become hotbeds of rebellion. Every priest has become an agent of revolt. The hierarchy of the Church of Rome must bow to our will, as it has bowed to that of every civilised nation in the world.

Other high officials of the Government are quoted as saying that the Cross of Christ has been for Mexico a symbol of defeat and shame, that the Church has blocked every movement against special privilege, and made ineffective the work of Juárez, the Abraham Lincoln of Mexico.

The position of the Catholics was also outlined by Dr. Herring,

who declared that their stand was most courageous and must command admiration.

The Catholic leaders I interviewed [he says] had no hesitation in saying that they have broken the laws of the country, but that such resistance was justifiable, because the laws broken were invalid and not based on justice and right, and constituted treason to God and man.

Much Church property [Dr. Herring pointed out] was bequeathed by will, and its seizure by the Government broke faith with the dead. The Church also disputes the charge that it is responsible for illiteracy, and claims that it not only founded the University of Mexico, but also fostered education among the natives, except those who were found to be incapable of profiting by it.

Dr. Herring summarises the situation by asserting that the present upheaval is a struggle between two rival social philosophies, the Church, with its traditions centuries old, and the new philosophy of the larger rights of the masses of the people. 'The attack is not against the Pope,' he said, 'but against the whole idea of a religion that fails to keep pace with the political thinking of the age.'

Bishop George A. Miller, resident bishop of the Methodist Church in Mexico, on the other hand, sides whole-heartedly with President Calles. He says, and his pronouncement is worth quoting at some length: 'That no religious persecution is in progress in Mexico is proved by the fact that this present Latin situation applies to Protestants exactly as to Catholics and is being impartially enforced on all alike,' the only difference being that Protestants are obeying the laws of the land while the Catholics are 'raising a cry of religious persecution in order to gain sympathy for their non-existent wrongs.' 'There is no religious persecution taking place in Mexico,' he proceeds.

The widespread, vigorous propaganda which is under way in the States is to make it appear that the Mexican Government has reverted back to the Dark Ages and is turning upon the Roman Catholic Church the methods so energetically developed by that Church in its treatment of followers of other faiths in all countries where the Roman Catholic Church has control of the situation.

It may be worth while to ask how it has come about that, after three hundred years of Roman control in Mexico, ending in 1821, and a hundred years of dominant influence on the part of that Church in the affairs of government, it has at last become necessary for the best Government that Mexico has ever had to use drastic means in the control of the ecclesiastical situation. There must be a reason, and there is.

The reason is that the Roman Catholic priests in Mexico have openly refused to comply with the law of the land and have persistently meddled in politics. They have now organised an economic boycott, with the openly avowed purpose of bankrupting the country, and thus defeating the present Administration. How long would the United States tolerate the presence and activities of such propaganda?

The Mexican hierarchy differs in one respect from that of most other Catholic countries. It is one of the few whose flock is composed of a people who have as yet scarcely emerged out of barbarism—the native Indian stock. It regards with jealous fear the efforts of the intelligentsia to lead the Indian and half-caste population into the paths of modernity at a quick march, and that these are based on a far too generous estimate of the native mentality and ability is undoubted. A wiser policy might have dictated a longer period of educational preparation for the Indian prior to introducing him to such a very advanced scheme of social reorganisation as that now envisaged by the Government, and especially by the Department of *Fomento*, or Internal Affairs. In the first place, the restoration to the Indian of his traditional communal lands, although in some degree it has not been unbeneficial, has certainly awakened a somewhat dangerous tendency towards Communist ideals. These lands have been taken over by the Government from the *haciendados*, under enforced purchase, at a low estimate of their value, and paid for by bonds materialising in twenty years' time, and the bargain seems only a step to further acts of the kind, calculated to render capital more than nervous regarding its status in Mexico.

Nor does the priesthood look with aught but misgiving upon the labours of certain Government agents among the Indians which have reference to a reawakening of the aboriginal spirit, its art and handicrafts. However innocent these may appear, however interesting their results, they cannot but foster sentiments inimical to that European hegemony which should rightly direct progress in Mexico. To attempt the restoration of ancient temples by native labour, to seek to reawaken a pride in the Aztec past and its art and customs, to instil in the Indian mind the idea that it is the heir of a great native civilisation, cannot but be fraught with serious danger of native retrogression, if not the risk of a relapse into semi-paganism in the case of a people as yet only too primitive in outlook. It is indeed strange that an intellectual class drawing its traditions from Europe should seek in effect to re-establish among an aboriginal population that very system of barbarism which its ancestors laboured so hard to replace by the more exalted philosophy of Christian progress and morality. It is as if the British race in New Zealand were to foment aboriginal feeling and seek the restitution of the native Maori culture. This movement is naturally suspect by the Church, and has been denounced by it with good reason. The priesthood has been charged with retarding Indian progress and with keeping the Indian mind in the chains of ignorance for its own purposes. But it is exceedingly doubtful if any other than the rather symbolical type of faith which it at present inculcates would be

suited to the native mentality, having regard to its present capacity.

A greater spirit of tolerance and sympathy with the difficulties of the Government on the part of the Church and a larger feeling of reverence on the part of the governing classes might easily have obviated the present unhappy dispute in Mexico. It is by no means too late to effect such a *rapprochement* as would preserve the dignity of both and make for an excellent understanding. Were but the clerical hierarchy to adhere a little more closely to its essentially spiritual task, and bring to it a more modern interpretation, suitable to a growing if limited democracy, and the Government to adopt an attitude of larger sufferance towards ecclesiastical traditions which cannot immediately be severed without the most serious spiritual and moral as well as material damage ensuing, pacific conditions might be cemented for at least a generation. The dread is that two opposing bodies of such vastly different outlook, and inspired by such extreme and fanatical views, will not readily be prevailed upon to act temperately. The ideas of the priesthood are dominated by the view of religious infallibility, and the Government believes that the State is paramount in all matters, civil or religious. Meanwhile the republic is torn asunder by the feud, families are estranged, the boycott brings financial disaster to thousands and impedes the progress of reconstruction, the religious life of the country is in abeyance, chaos threatens to return, with the almost certain menace of Communism as a result—all to the enormous damage at home and abroad of the Mexican name and community, a condition which well-wishers of the republic may rather wistfully hope will be amended by the return of a wiser and calmer spirit to the counsels of the contending parties.

LEWIS SPENCE.

REVISION OF THE PRAYER-BOOK

Many people, I fear, to-day fail to realise the very critical character of the period through which the world is passing. There is nothing the country needs so much as another Wesley and Whitefield. . . . I certainly agree with many observers that since the war the manifest forces of Satan have been more conspicuously at large. . . . I believe the electorate is intensely anxious to listen to the men who have sincerely at heart the uplifting of the nation.—THE PRIME MINISTER, February 11, 1926. (*On England*, pp. 195-7.)

IN June and October of this year the English bishops have sat for the purpose of considering a revision of the Prayer-book. That book—already five times revised, namely, in 1549, 1552, 1558, 1604, and 1640—has become a national monument, not only of English literature, but of Anglican devotion. Like the Authorised Version of the English Bible (itself the accumulated result of many previous revisions), it has become a bond of Empire, a link uniting in the sacred language of a common form of worship the English-speaking races all over the world. As the result of its many changes the tone of its devotion strikes a certain middle note as far removed from the rant of the Puritan as from the cant of Catholicism. For whereas its constant emphasis on 'the Bible and the Bible only' and its frequent intervals of congregational response preserve in it a certain stamp of essential Protestantism, on the other hand its appeal to the theology of Augustine and Chrysostom and to the first four General Councils of the Church retains something of the full flavour of primitive antiquity. In that early Church of the first five centuries (Melancthon's *ecclesia quinque-secularis*) there was a marked mingling of the democratic with the aristocratic principle. By the fourth century the State under Constantine had entered into such active partnership with the Church that her bishops wore the purple of the old Roman nobility and became spiritual barons of the empire.¹ The 'prophetic order' of the ministry had not yet (as it has long since) disappeared behind the official order of bishops, priests and deacons. Nor was the theory of Apostolic Succession yet invented to

¹ May I call attention to an article of mine on 'The Coming of the Barbarians' in the *Fortnightly Review* for August 1923?

guarantee any 'validity' for the regular ministry: it only safeguarded from Gnostic perversion the traditional interpretation of Scripture.²

In those days the elements in the Holy Communion were in no sense available for 'adoration,' and the act of consecration was regarded (so it was frequently and expressly stated by popes and fathers) as 'not changing their nature but adding grace to nature.' The elements were described in all the primitive Liturgies, including the later one of Rome itself, as 'figures' (*figuræ*) and 'likenesses' (*ὁμοιώματα*) of Christ's original Flesh and Blood.³ As with the sacraments, so with Ordination. The endless irregularities of 'holy orders,' which continued for the first thousand years of Christendom, were essentially of the same kind as that of 1610, when King James I. made three Scottish deacons bishops without regard being had to priesthood or even full episcopal ordination.⁴

About 450 A.D. the Roman army of occupation left Britain to the mercy of Barbarian invaders, with whose advent civilisation throughout Europe broke down. A new aristocracy, both political and spiritual, was required to meet the new issue. The very language of the liturgies was ere long changed to impress with the gorgeous paraphernalia of feudal solemnity the bewildered minds of illiterate Barbarians.⁵ With the death (*circa* 430 A.D.) of Augustine and Chrysostom, the two chief pillars of Western and Eastern orthodoxy, the best period of the early Church closes, and the Middle Ages—'ten centuries of anarchy and ignorance'—begin. We can even now discern in the difference between the genuine and spurious writings of Augustine the boundary lines of the old theology. The genuine sermons of Augustine are at once truly Catholic and largely Protestant. In the spurious sermons, to which the author Cæsarius had the impudence to affix Augustine's sacred name, we already see the germs of medievalism.

Now it is the former period of a truly Christian creative theology that the English Prayer-book reflects. And that was the result not only of great liturgical knowledge due to the revival of learning, but of a psychological tact following upon that spiritual awakening of Europe which accompanied the rediscovery of the Bible. Consequently the English Church is the

² May I refer to my article on 'The Passing of the Nineteenth Century' in this Review for December 1925?

³ See next note, 4, and consult E. J. Bicknell, *Thirty-nine Articles*, pp. 414, 416-7, 429, 486, 494 (Longmans).

⁴ See Bishop J. Wordsworth's *Ordination Problems* (S.P.C.K., 1909); Dr. Headlam's *Reunion* (Bampton Lectures), pref. to 2nd ed. replying to Dr. Gore.

⁵ See Mr. Edmund Bishop's paper on 'The Genius of the Roman Rite' read at the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster's house on May 8, 1899. Reprinted in Provost Staley's *Library of Liturgy and Ecclesiology*, vol. iv.

meeting-place not only of Luther's interpretation of Augustine's theology but of that recovery of the classic age of the Fathers which was largely accomplished by the genius and labours of Erasmus. And the Prayer-book, as the result of its five revisions, is the joint result of the national experience as it passed through the stormy reigns of Henry VIII. and Mary, the spacious times of Queen Elizabeth, and the reactionary epoch of the Stuarts, settling at last in what Archbishop Tait called the 'moderate High Churchmanship' of the times of the second Charles. Hence the Prayer-book reflects the phases of English devotion at no one stage of our English history. Its theological outlook is essentially national—that is to say, central and free of all foreign or sectarian admixture, whether Catholic or Protestant. Its liturgy is at once original and yet largely a translation of older forms. And of this the Litany (drawn chiefly from Luther and less from Chrysostom) and the Psalter (pruned of its Puritan luxuriance as a version of the Vulgate) afford perhaps the noblest examples of stately, vigorous and commanding English.

The free rendering of the ancient collects, loyal in spirit and yet unembarrassed by any over-close adherence to literalness, seems to me the greatest literary triumph of the English Prayer-book. . . . In the main it is due to Coverdale's Bible and the Prayer-books of Cranmer and his colleagues that we are indebted for the language—so apt, so stately, so tender and winning—in which religious thought and feeling has been wont to find utterance for the last 350 years (Bishop Dowden, *Workmanship of the Prayer-book*, pp. 165-6).

This national monument of English prose, created not only at the most flourishing time of our English history but at the spiritual rebirth of Europe, it is now proposed to revise! Such a revision was undertaken in 1689. The result was, as Bishop Dowden truly remarks, at once 'diffuse and flatulent.' In our own time the New Testament has been 'revised' (1885). Let us give one specimen of the new English based on a total ignorance of the laws of Hellenistic Greek:

2 Cor. iii. 6: 'God . . . made us *sufficient* as [ικάνωσεν ἡμᾶς] ministers of a new covenant, not of the letter but of the spirit, for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life. But [δὲ] if the ministration of death written and engraven on stones *came with glory* [=ἐγενήθη ἐν δόξῃ] . . . how shall not rather the ministration of the spirit *be with glory* [ἐσθλαί ἐν δόξῃ]? For if the ministration of death *is glory*⁶ much rather doth the ministration of righteousness exceed in glory. For verily *that which hath been made glorious* [τὸ δεδοξασμένον] hath not been made glorious in this respect by reason of the glory that *surpasseth*. For if that which *passeth away was with glory* [διὰ δόξης] much more that which remaineth *is in glory*.'

⁶ For the Greek construction (a Hebraism) of δόξα cp. Mk. xiii. 19c. Δεδοξασμένον = 'very glorious' by usual construction, see LXX. Ex. xxxiv. 29, Psalm lxxxvii. 2, etc.

It would be unfair at this juncture to ask too much of the revisers of the Prayer-book. But let us give one specimen of future possibilities in this direction. A prayer for foreign missions concludes with the curious hope that

'the *fulness* of the Gentiles shall be *gathered in* and all Israel shall be saved' (N. A. 84, p. 16).

Now it is the glory of our Prayer-book that, just as the Apostles in quoting the Old Testament reinterpret the old passage by giving it a new setting, so our Reformers by their familiar knowledge of the sacred writings not less deftly and dexterously appropriate to their use the exact language of the New. Whereas the passage above cited not only makes nonsense (for how could 'fulness' be 'gathered in'?), but it is a misquotation from the precise language of the Apostle in Rom. xi. 25.

Is all revision of the Prayer-book, then, to be banned? Far from it. It is to be cautiously revised along the lines and in the temper of the original. Any such theological innovation as destroys the balance of doctrine must be avoided; while the genuine results of true learning are to be utilised along the lines of (1) brevity, (2) variety, and (3) intelligibility. Let us presume to give some examples.

(1) *Brevity*.—Morning and Evening Prayer might well be abbreviated on the lines of the 1872 Shortened Services Act. And, where Holy Communion or the Litany follows, a rubric might allow Morning Prayer to begin (as in the 1549 Prayer-book) at the Lord's Prayer. The Athanasian Creed, since it can no longer be recognised as an orthodox statement of Trinitarian doctrine, might well be confined in public recital to Trinity Sunday. In the Marriage and Communion Services occasional deletion of phrases that are no longer inoffensive to polite ears is all that is necessary to preserve without loss the euphony of the original. In the Ante-Communion Service the Ten Commandments might be abbreviated or find a substitute in the eight Beatitudes, except in Lent and Advent.

(2) *Variety*.—The monotony of Morning and Evening Prayer might be relieved by suitable alternatives to the morning 'Venite,' such as Psalms lxiii., xcii., c. and ci.—all of which appear to have been used either in the worship of the Eastern Church or in the services of the earlier or later Temple. The distribution of the Psalms for each day of the month should in any wise be retained, with a rubrical note intimating (after Chrysostom) that the damnatory psalms are a prophecy, since come true, of the future downfall of the Jewish race. But it seems incredible that on festal occasions, such as Advent, the Reformers and now our revisers have not utilised the psalms corresponding to such an

occasion beginning 'The Lord is King,' and numbered in the Psalter xciii. and xcvi. to xcix. In the evening it is right that after Third Collect additional prayers be chosen corresponding to such modern needs as hospitals and harvest, home and foreign missions, industries and similar things. Here the proposed revision is on the right track. But before it goes further it might be well to ask our best theologians to impart some show of vigour to its jejune petitions and, after getting Messrs. H. G. Wells and Rudyard Kipling to turn the result into more musical English, to banish the whole to an appendix.

(3) *Intelligibility*.—Some of the prayers, collects, creeds, and even epistles and gospels, are verbally unintelligible. For example, in the Exhortation 'dissemble and cloke,' 'sundry and manifold' are neither more elegant nor more suitable specimens of English than 'conceal and hide,' 'several and many.' In the Nicene Creed 'God of [ἐκ] God' and 'of one substance with [ὁμοούσιος] the Father' are poor Latin for the English definition of the Son as 'God proceeding from God' because He is 'of the same nature as His Father.' In the Catechism 'they promise them both by their sureties' needs in explanation the additional words 'repentance and faith.' Sometimes the gospel for the day, as in the case of St. Peter's Festival and for the ninth Sunday after Trinity, ends too soon to complete the lesson conveyed. At other times, as in the case of the twelfth Sunday after Trinity and of Sexagesima Sunday, the epistle makes no sense, beginning in the middle of an argument. And here, what can be more provoking than the faulty translation of the gospel for the ninth Sunday after Trinity—which seems to make our Lord commend 'the unjust steward' for an act of dishonesty and then to recommend His hearers to 'make friends with [ἐκ] the mammon of unrighteousness'? In all these cases the method of retranslation should be to alter only what is manifestly an error while retaining as nearly as may be the music of the original language. We give two specimens:

Gospel for Second Epiphany: St. John ii. 3, 'And when they wanted wine [= ὡς ἐπεθύμησαν οἱ οὖν] the mother of Jesus saith unto Him: They have no wine.' [For 'they' render 'there'; and both correctness and euphony are preserved.]

Collect for Epiphany: 'the fruition of Thy glorious Godhead.' [Render: 'full vision.']

With the Psalter, where large portions are sometimes wholly unintelligible and therefore misleading, more drastic change is necessary. But even here the rhythm of the older version ought in any wise to be retained. We append specimens of the kind of changes that are needed in two of the most difficult psalms in the Psalter:

Psalms lxviii. (6): 'He is the God that maketh the solitary to be of one mind in an house, that bringeth the prisoners into prosperity: but letteth the runagates [renegades] continue in scarceness.' (11) 'The Lord gave the word: great was the company of women that preached it. Kings with their armies fled and were discomfited: and she of the household divided the spoil. While ye lay among your flocks [their banners gleamed] as the wings of a dove: that is covered with silver and her feathers with burnished gold. But when the Almighty scattered the kings in the land: they fell as thick as snow on Salmon. The hill of Basan is a mighty hill: yea, an high hill is the hill of Basan. Yet why mock ye so, ye high hills, at this which is God's hill, in the which it pleaseth Him to dwell? yea, the Lord will abide in it for ever.' (30) 'When He shall rebuke the beast of the reed [even Egypt] and the herd of the bulls [of Ethiopia] followed by their calves, the tributary peoples, trampling under foot the merchandise of silver: yea, when He hath scattered the nations that delight in war, then shall ambassadors unto Him [LXX. πρεσβεις not πρεσβεις, see Vulg.] come out of Egypt: Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God.'

Psalms lxxxvii.—A prophecy of the future Church on earth, the Lamb's bride, dowered with the glory of all the kingdoms of this world—is equally ruined by a faulty translation. Render:

Psalms lxxxvii. (3): 'Very excellent things are bespoken for thee, thou City of God. I will think upon proud Egypt and Babylon: as of them that know Me. Behold ye the Philistines also: and they of Tyre with the Morians! lo, in Sion was each born. Yea, of Sion it shall be reported that every man of them was born there. . . . The Lord shall account when He reckoneth up the peoples: that each one of them was born in her. They shall come with singing and dancing unto Sion and confess: All my fresh springs are in thee.'

These attempts at a new version may well be improved. But they are offered as being made on the lines along which Cranmer himself revised the Prayer-book, especially in dealing with the Psalter, for which he pruned and attuned the version of Coverdale based on the Vulgate. But how shall we deal with the Communion Service? Here we must call a halt and examine the issue in the light of two dangers—viz. from the Ritualists and Rationalists or, as Disraeli called them, the Rits. and the Rats.

In the nineteenth century the English Church had a notable record. From Henry VIII.'s reign to that of Queen Victoria only one see had been created—that of Ripon in 1836. Since Victoria's accession (1837) to our own day, at a cost of some 100,000*l.* apiece, there have been created within these islands seventeen new bishoprics besides thirty-seven theological colleges. Again, whereas outside these islands Georgian England could strictly boast of only two bishoprics, Victorian England has created 129 bishoprics (including twelve archbishoprics).⁷

Yet this startling manifestation of ecclesiastical activity is out

⁷ Canon Bullock Webster in the *Guardian* for August 20, 1926.

of all proportion to the Church's *spiritual* failure as the Church of the nation. Of ordination candidates she is this year short by nearly 5000. Neither her universities nor her public schools—once her main staple of supply—are furnishing anything like their original quota. She is gradually losing her own schools. In the War, in the General Strike, and now in the Coal Crisis she has hesitated and lost the sympathy and strong support of the nation. Intellectually, says the Bishop of Gloucester, the Church is ceasing to count. And this is the cry of other bishops less distinguished than the Bishop of Gloucester. The Anglo-Catholics, whose original movement was created for the salvation of the Established Church, are now calling for disestablishment. But disestablishment in these days may at any moment involve disendowment. What is the cause?

In part, but in part only, it is the insidious increase of Romanism. The 'hidden force' behind the over-multiplication of bishops' sees (which we have just recorded) is quite frankly stated by Canon Bullock-Webster to be the revival of the confessional and of sisterhoods so many in number as to outbid those of Henry VIII.'s day! Yet of the confessional Archbishop Benson wrote:

'In nostros fabricata est machina muros' (*Seven Gifts*, p. 93).

while Bishop Ridding of Southwell wrote that 'no one of the medieval developments' did he believe to be 'so deadly' as the confessional 'both to priest and people.'⁸

And what is the cause of this revival of Romanism? It is democracy. On this subject let us quote a singularly impartial observer:

Few pages in the nineteenth century will be hereafter regarded as more curious than the revival on a vast scale, in a scientific and highly industrial age, of the medieval pilgrimages with all their old accompaniments of visions and miracles. (Lecky, *Democracy and Liberty*, vol. ii., ch. vi.)

He then gives the reason. The French Revolution broke down the authority of the great landowners; and the priesthood, grasping at power, took the side of the ignorant 'in an age in which under the influence of democracy the government of the world is passing more and more into uninstructed hands.' He adds:

If Catholicism has dissociated itself more and more from the intellect of Europe and become more and more incredible to the small class of earnest, truth-seeking scholars it has greatly increased its power of acting on vast ignorant democracies. (*Ibid.*)

⁸ *Anglican Pronouncements upon Auricular Confession and Fasting Communion*, ed. F. J. Jayne, late Bishop of Chester (18.).

Rome's strength, he warns the Governments of Europe, lies (as with Bolshevism) in 'centralisation.' It claims to be 'a State within a State, . . . divine and therefore supreme,' not only in spiritual matters, but political as well. Is not the direct objective of Anglo-Catholicism the same? Hear its leading organ:

A simple *Continental* type of religion is the missionary force which *alone* is capable of converting England. Exclusively *Anglican* . . . methods are a hindrance rather than an asset. I believe that a marriageable priesthood will . . . be less efficient than a *Celibate* priesthood, that facilities for *Communion in one kind* . . . are more likely to produce . . . reverence . . . than in both kinds, that *Exposition* and the *Forty Hours* are immense stimulants, . . . the *Silent Canon* . . . at *Mass* [of more value] than the use of the *Liturgy*, . . . the *Rosary* . . . than regular Bible-reading, *Benediction* . . . than a hearty festal Evensong. (*The Green Quarterly*, p. 124, for the Spring quarter, 1921)

Here is Romanism pure and simple advocated at large by a professedly Anglican publication! No wonder that Dr. Gore is candid enough to admit that a reputation for honesty is regarded as a *desideratum* by the public to-day. At any rate, the above quotation may serve to explain the Anglo-Catholic anxiety for a revision (that is, a reconstruction) of the Prayer-book, especially on the vital question of the Holy Communion. And does this throw no light also on what is happening in the National Assembly to-day? The *Daily Telegraph* tells us that the constitution of the Church

is [being] used with great efficiency by the powerful official element which is virtually in control. . . . Members in charge—a group of constantly recurring *personnel*—are almost certain to prevail. . . . A large proportion of the legislation carried through the [National] Assembly has been directed against the independence of the parochial clergy. (August 18, 1926.)

Says the Bishop of Gloucester:

I look with the gravest apprehension on the proposed tampering with the present system of Patronage. . . . I should distrust both Patronage Boards and Bishops if the opportunity was given to them of interfering with appointments which might be made by patrons whose ecclesiastical views differ from their own. (*Gloucester Diocesan Magazine*, March 1926.)

This, then, is the meaning of the agitation in *The Times* signed by over a hundred of our university laymen under the title of a 'Call to Action.' It is a call to action, not against the Catholicism of the Fathers and Reformers, but against Anglo-Romanism masquerading as the Anglo-Catholicism of Hooker and Andrewes, who repudiated the foundations of all the very tenets for which modern Anglo-Catholicism stands.

It is from this professionalising of the clergy—in large part due, according to the Bishops of Gloucester and Exeter, to the

'seminarist' education of our theological colleges—that the present crisis has in part arisen. And it has weakened the Church of England in her age-long controversy with Rome, which is still, as ever, anxious (in Cardinal Manning's words) to 'subjugate' this 'imperial race.'

Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento !
Hæ tibi erunt artes—pacisque imponere morem,
Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.

Virg., *A.*, vi. 853.

The controversy with Rome to-day has in one respect changed its ground. At the Reformation Rome pleaded in her favour the Bible, the fathers, tradition, antiquity. From that position the Reformers drove her. To-day, says Cardinal Manning, 'the appeal to antiquity is both a treason and a heresy.'⁹ The new keyword, as in science so in theology, is development. By 'development' the Church of Rome, through her infallible Pope, develops as *explicitly* to be believed what is only supposed to be *implicitly* 'latent in the germ' in Scripture. Thus the Immaculate Conception, though not only contrary to the express teaching of Scripture, but attacked by St. Bernard in the eleventh century as a 'presumptuous novelty,' is now (1854) publicly formulated as a capital article of the faith. According to this method of inference by false analogy, Pope Benedict XV. (who has seen the blossoming of the tree) is nearer the original truth than St. Paul, who only lived to see it in the seed.

The founder of this amazing *leger-de-main* was Petau (Petavius) of the sixteenth century. Its modern populariser is Newman, whom Lord Acton truly described as 'that sophist Newman, the manipulator but not the servant of truth.' With this engine of 'development' Newman turned the flank of the Prayer-book position. It would be difficult in the whole range of theological literature to find any language more definitely anti-Roman than the following :

Article xxviii. : 'Transubstantiation or the change of the substance [that is, essence : notice the accuracy of this definition] of Bread and Wine in the Supper of the Lord cannot be proved by Holy Writ but is repugnant to the plain words of Scripture, *overthroweth the nature of a Sacrament* and hath given rise to many superstitions. . . . The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was not by Christ's ordinance *reserved*, carried about, lifted up or *worshipped*.'

Article xxxi. : 'The *Sacrifice of Masses* [that is, the repetition of the Mass by priests without communicants] in the which it was commonly [that is, popularly] said [and is still said] that the Priest did offer Christ for the quick and dead to have remission of pain or guilt, *were blasphemous fables* and dangerous deceits.'

⁹ Cardinal Manning, *Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost*, p. 238 (6th ed., Burns & Oates, 1909).

It has been wittily remarked by Lord Chatham that the Church of England combines Calvinistic Articles with a popish Liturgy. On this point at least the Liturgy and the Articles agree. Witness the rubrics to the service of Holy Communion :

Holy Communion Rubric : 'To take away all occasion of superstition . . . concerning the Bread and Wine it shall suffice that the Bread be such as is usual to be eaten, . . . the best and purest wheaten bread [that is, not wafers¹⁰]. . . . The Communicants should receive the same kneeling. . . . Thereby no *Adoration* is intended or ought to be done either unto the Sacramental Bread and Wine . . . or unto any corporal *Presence* of Christ's natural Flesh and Blood. For . . . that were *Idolatry* to be abhorred of all faithful Christians. And the natural Body and Blood of our Saviour Christ are in heaven and *not here*—it being against the truth of Christ's natural Body to be at one time in more places than one.'

To this last (called the 'Black') rubric demur has always been made. As the Bishop of Manchester remarks, it divides heaven from earth too spatially. Again, in what sense can the 'blood' of Christ be said to be now 'in heaven'? Yet in their main outline the ideas underlying the language are clear. They are as anti-Roman in substance as was the previous language of Augustine and Chrysostom, of Pope Gelasius and Theodoret. Yet Newman by the new divining-rod of Development found them 'patient of a Catholic'—that is, a Roman Catholic—'interpretation' ! It was an impossible act of sophistry. Hence his famous Tract No. 90—misprinted in a first edition as '*Tract No. Go*' !—drove him out of the English Church.

Newman miscalculated. He had drifted so far that he had lost sight of the ever-enduring Protestantism which to this day is the bulwark of the national feeling against Rome. (Canon Wm. Barry, *Cath. Encyclop.*, s.v. 'Oxford Movement'.)

And what of his successors ? Are not they equally miscalculating ? Let us take as one of them Dr. Darwell Stone. He demanded in the National Assembly the use of Reservation, not, as in Justin's day, for the mere purpose of communicating in times of persecution the sick or absent, but for the express purpose of '*adoration*.' That was, he explained, the word that summed up his demand. The whole matter was threshed out in October of 1925 by a committee of experts at Farnham Castle with the Bishop of Winchester in the chair and the Bishop of Gloucester as editor. With what result ? If there were one solitary argument for Reservation left, after its express condemnation by the fathers

¹⁰ Wafers destroy the symbolism of Holy Communion (Bicknell, *Thirty-nine Articles*, p. 486). They were not in use, according to Cardinal Bona, for over a thousand years after Christ.

of the fourth century¹¹ and the reformers of the sixteenth and from its non-observance at the hands of the Eastern Church, it certainly vanishes on reading the reluctant but candid admissions at this conference. And what are some of those admissions? That Reservation comes just twelve centuries too late, that it was originally inextricably connected with the very late dogmas involved in Transubstantiation and the Festival of Corpus Christi, and that it was so inconsistent with the Founder's intention at the original rite that the Bishop of Oxford even objected to the term 'Real Presence.'¹²

The truth is, the whole theory is materialistic. Its 'localism' is expressly refuted by our Lord Himself as being contrary to the spiritual nature of His universal religion.¹³ It is, in fact, founded upon an error and a heresy. The error is founded on that of one obscure passage in a Greek father, that the 'blood' of Christ is to be regarded as the seat of 'life,'¹⁴ whereas the Jews regarded blood only as gore and therefore as a sign of death. The heresy is, as the Bishop of Manchester has clearly pointed out,¹⁵ that the word 'Body' is metaphorical and relative and can in no way be actually correlated to the physical organism of Christ's body, whether as it was on earth or as it is now in heaven.

Thus breaks down the last cobweb in this theological stranglehold. And it is a curious interpretation of the motives of the Anglo-Catholic section of the revisers of the Holy Communion service that they are willing for the moment to content themselves with the 1549 office—an office which Cranmer (its author) expressly revised into its present form precisely because the Roman bishop Gardiner at the time avowed that he could still find his Roman tenets in that First Prayer-book.

Democracy is not only the parent of Romanism, but of Modernism. The man of Doubt has always had a curiously good understanding with the man of Dogma. The man who is ready without inquiry to believe all that authority likes to impose is next-door neighbour to him whose ignorance makes him distrust all truth whatsoever. Plutarch in an earlier age remarked the spiritual affinity between scepticism and superstition. And Coleridge in our own day has asked whether credulity is not

¹¹ 'In times of persecution such a practice . . . was liable to abuse, and from the fourth century onward the Church took steps to suppress it. . . . In the East it was forbidden by the Council of Laodicea in 365.' (Bicknell, *Articles*, p. 504.)

¹² 'Reservation': report of a Conference held at Farnham Castle in October 1925 (S.P.C.K.: 5s.).

¹³ St. John iv. 21-24; vi. 61-63; xvi. 7.

¹⁴ Clement of Alex., *Pæd.* ii. 2, S. 19. This passage misled Westcott on *Hebrews*, pp. 293-4, and on 1 John ii. 7 (p. 35).

¹⁵ *Christus Veritas*, pp. 245-252.

incredulity only looked at from behind! Germany, which was in older days the parent of feudalism and the Mass, is to-day the prolific parent of that Modernism which saps the creeds, explains away the miracles, and worships the shadowy image of Evolution.

In our own day we are glad to see a change. The attack on German science began with Huxley. Professor Bury has since attacked their supposed stronghold in history, Sir Wallis Budge their Assyrian learning, Dr. Headlam much of their freak theology. Harnack, the prince of German modernists, and Haeckel, the German idolater of Evolution, have now had each in their turn to make recantation of their former position. Let us take Harnack first:

There was a time . . . when it was considered necessary to hold the most ancient Christian literature, including the New Testament, as a tissue of deception and falsehood. That time has now passed. For science it was an episode during which she learned much and has much to forget. *The results of my investigations go in a reactionary sense far beyond what one might call the moderate position in the criticism of to-day.* The most ancient literature of the Church is on all chief points and in the majority of details veracious and worthy of belief. . . . The suppositions [*sic*] of the Baur school have now, we may almost say, been generally given up. . . . [There has begun a] *reaction* in the views of the last two decades. I do not hesitate to use the word *reaction*, for things ought to be called by their right names. And in the criticism of the sources of primitive Christianity we are beyond question in the course of a return toward tradition. . . . *The chronological frame within which Tradition has arranged the original documents is correct in all essential points* from the Pauline epistles down to Irenæus, and compels the historical writer to disregard all hypotheses . . . which contradict this framework. (*Chronologie der alt-Christliche Litt.*, tom. i., pp. viii.-x.: Leipsic, 1897.)¹⁶

Now let us hear Haeckel in answer to Dr. Arnold Brass's charge of having deliberately faked the drawings that were supposed to prove his embryological parallels in the upward steps of man's evolution!

To put an end to this unsavoury dispute I begin at once with the contrite confession that a small number (six to eight per cent.) of my embryo diagrams are really *forgeries* in Dr. Brass' sense—those, namely, for which the observed material is so incomplete or insufficient as to compel us . . . to fill in and reconstruct the missing links by hypothesis and comparative synthesis. . . . I should feel utterly condemned and annihilated by the admission were it not that hundreds of the best observers and most reputable biologists [he surely means in Germany only] lie under the same charge. The great majority of all morphological, anatomical, histological and embryological diagrams . . . are not true to nature, but are more or less doctored, schematised and reconstructed. (Haeckel in the January *Münchener Allgemeine Zeitung* for 1909.)

¹⁶ Meyer in the fifth edition of his Commentary on 2 Cor. defends in the preface both the orthodox position and the miracles.

But just as there is a Catholicism that is true and a Catholicism that is Roman and false, so there is a Modernism that is true and in direct conflict with that form of it 'made in Germany.' Take Evolution. The Darwinian form of this doctrine was given up by Huxley in favour of 'saltatory evolution.' To that has now succeeded in Dr. Fairfield Osborn's phrase (Huxley's pupil) 'Creative Evolution.'

In discussing the problem of the Origin of Species as it appeared to Darwin in 1859 and as it appears to-day [said Professor Osborn] the word 'Creation' must certainly be linked with the word 'Evolution' to express in human language the age-long origin of species. (At the Oxford Congress of the British Association, 1926.)

Now 'Creation' is a theological concept, and not one emanating from science at all. Let us take the first chapter of Genesis in the light of modern knowledge, and the result will be in exact antithesis to the theology of Dr. Gore. For example, so far from the Hebrews borrowing the material of their religion from Chaldea, says a distinguished Professor of Assyrian:

The Hebrew story of the Creation as detailed in Genesis i. may be regarded as one of the most remarkable documents ever produced. . . . It is a document essentially Hebrew. . . . The story of the Creation as told in the Bible . . . we have to compare with the now well-known parallel accounts current among the ancient Babylonians and Assyrians. And there may be noted at the outset that, though we shall find some parallels, we shall in the course of our comparison find a far greater number of differences. . . . The Babylonians appear to have believed in a kind of Evolution. (Theophilus Pinches, *The O.T. in the Light of the Hist. Records of Ass. and Babylonia*, pp. 11, 13, 33: 2nd ed., S.P.C.K., 1903.)

Says another distinguished Assyriologist, Sir Gaston Maspéro, late director of the Egyptian Institute:

From the outset Assyriologists have never doubted [as Dr. Gore does] the historical accuracy of [the fourteenth] chapter [of Genesis]. And they have connected the facts which it contains with those which seem to be revealed by the Assyrian monuments. (*Struggle of the Nations*, p. 47 note; cp. pp. 29 n., 63, 66 n.: ed. Sayce, S.P.C.K.)

The site of the miracle wrought by Moses at the Red Sea has been carefully surveyed by Carsten Niebuhr (father of the Roman historian) in the eighteenth century, by Robinson of *Biblical Researches* fame, and by Professor Naville in the last century. It is not to be doubted that the 'sea' was blown back over the sandy lagoons by 'a strong east wind,' revealing a ridge which became a causeway for Israel just north of Suez across what is now a shrunk relic of an old arm of the Red Sea. Again, Tacitus, on surveying the sulphurous plains of Sodom, came to

the conclusion that these once fruitful regions had been blown up by catching fire from lightning (*igne cælesti flagrasse*: *Hist.* v. 7). In the same way Lot's wife was apparently encrusted by a storm of salt from the neighbouring salt-pits. So also Noah's 'universal deluge' is no longer a difficulty when we remember that the flood affected the whole of the then known world, which in those days was confined to the Chaldean plains, that the event is embedded in the tradition of every nation, and that the fact is recorded in one of those ten fragments (*toledoth*) of which the Book of Genesis is ostensibly composed—the Noah fragment or patriarchal narrative, whose world (at the time of writing) was Chaldea. Nor need Joshua's sun cause unusual difficulty. Unquestionably the Hebrew word for 'stand still' means to 'pause.' But what paused? Not the sun, but the light of the sun by refraction, involving such an electrification of the whole atmosphere that the pursuing Joshua had light enough to overtake the fleeing enemy for the space of 'about' a whole day. It is no derogation from the supernatural agency of the record that we allow for its sphere of exercise (what the Germans call) an 'economic basis' in Nature. Indeed, does not the advancing intelligence of the day require—witness Dr. Adami's paper at the late Church Congress—that in the sphere of Nature God and man should meet? Thus does all true religion proclaim, in contradistinction to the flickering glare of Romanism and Modernism, that she is not opposed to the findings of true science or true history. And for this religion the theology of the Prayer-book stands.

A. H. T. CLARKE.

THORSTEIN VEBLEN¹

AMID the flood of superficial writing on industrial problems it is perhaps not surprising that the work of Professor Thorstein Veblen, well known in America, should have been neglected in this country. But more and more the Veblen point of view and even the characteristic Veblen phrases are creeping into the work of English social thinkers such as Professor Patrick Geddes and others of the Leplay House group, whose quarterly journal, the *Sociological Review*, treats of economic problems in a comprehensive way.

Veblen is an American professor of Norwegian origin. He is now over sixty, and has had a distinguished career, having been Professor of Economics at Chicago, at the Leland Stanford University, California, and at Wisconsin University. During the past few years he has lectured at the School of Social Research in New York. He has used his scholarly mind to subject industrial society to a close scrutiny in the light of history, economics, philosophy and psychology. His wide range of knowledge and his extraordinary objectivity make his work interesting and valuable. He writes as one not pleading for any particular side or 'cause,' but concerned with social analysis. He sets out to discover the factors that really matter in the age we live in.

In his view the salient fact of modern society is the conflict that goes on between eighteenth-century law and custom and the ever-developing mechanism of industry. Ideas of rigid status had carried over from earlier feudal times with decreasing force, until, in the eighteenth century, the doctrine of 'Natural Rights' finally conquered and secured sharp, clear, legal definition. The individual citizen advanced from obscurity. Locke, Montesquieu, Blackstone, all played their part in stamping the character of the age. The American Declaration of Independence and the French affirmation of the Rights of Man embody the same spirit. Common to the whole body of ideas is the emphasis

¹ Books by Thorstein Veblen:—*The Higher Learning in America*, *The Nature of Peace*, *The Theory of the Leisure Class*, *The Instinct of Workmanship*, *Imperial Germany and the Industrial Revolution*, *The Vested Interests and the State of the Industrial Arts*, and *Absentee Ownership and Business Enterprise*. (Published by B. W. Huebsch (New York); English publishers, George Allen & Unwin, Ltd.)

on the individual—self-help, initiative, equal rights are aggressively affirmed. Conditions of handicraft and petty trade fitted in admirably with these ideas. Production depended on the skill and dexterity of the individual craftsman, who often marketed his own goods. Trade and industry were not departmentalised, and traffic in merchandise was subsidiary to small-scale industry. Everyone was assumed to be interested in efficient production. Action in restraint of trade sometimes occurred and was condemned, but such action was regarded as exceptional and insignificant.

This eighteenth-century order of Nature, in the magic name of which Adam Smith was in the habit of speaking, was conceived on lines of personal initiative and activity. It is an order of things in which men were conceived to be effectually equal in all those respects that are of any decided consequence,—in intelligence, working capacity, initiative, opportunity and personal worth; in which the creative factor engaged in industry was the workman, with his personal skill, dexterity and judgment; in which it was believed, the employer (master) served his own ends and sought his own gain by consistently serving the needs of creative labour and thereby serving the common good. (*Vested Interests*, p. 35.)

This was the dream of Liberalism as applied to industrial life. Even in its early days the dream and the reality were seen not to coincide. During the Chartist troubles Disraeli took occasion to point out in the House of Commons the obvious shortcomings of 'Natural Rights' unregulated by any idea of social duties. But with the coming of huge trusts, of captains of industry, of the separation of trade from production, these ideas became more and more of a hindrance. In the making of goods there is ever less scope for personal initiative. In business these qualities of self-help express themselves more in a determination to 'rig the market,' to enforce 'businesslike sabotage,' by withholding goods for which there is a demand. Trusts in America and elsewhere habitually limit production and keep their various plants well below their maximum output: the Steel Trust is a glaring case in point. Yet the eighteenth-century principle of 'Natural Rights' justifies a financial corporation in fleecing the community, and will do so until business and industry are regarded as a social trust.

On the productive side a similar drift has occurred:—

Under the new order the going concern in production is the plant or shop, the works, not the individual workman. The plant embodies a standardised industrial process. The workman is made use of according as the needs of the given mechanical process may require. . . . The workman has become subsidiary to the mechanical equipment and productive industry has become subservient to business. . . . (*Vested Interests*, p. 38.)

Mechanical production is a disciplined, regular process, but in business personal initiative is still allowed to interfere with and dislocate the smooth and effective working of industry. Workmen are discharged for business, not industrial, reasons. Under cover of the prevailing code of self-help, individual rights, free bargaining, etc., we are made to suffer from business anarchy. The eighteenth-century point of view embodied in law, custom and opinion needs, so Veblen argues, to be revised and readjusted to fit industrial realities to-day.

The facts, particularly the facts of industry and science, have outrun these provisions of law and custom. The ancient and honourable principles of self-help are as sound as ever; it is only that the facts have quite unwarrantably not remained the same. (*Vested Interests*, p. 21.)

Business enterprise in these modern days is often enlisted against industrial efficiency. All the qualities of the good business man are brought in to prevent production reaching its highest point. What is advantageous commercially need not be advantageous industrially. Salesmanship rather than workmanship is naturally the business standard. Financiers consider markets for goods or money before productive efficiency. Business and financial motives and methods hamper the development of industry as a machine on lines of technical efficiency, and vested interests shelter themselves behind eighteenth-century Liberal principles which no longer apply.

With the idea of the whole world as a huge productive machine ever before him, Veblen sees tariff barriers and customs merely as irritating checks to the production and distribution of goods devised to prevent the industrial mechanism functioning freely. Here, in aspiration at least, he follows Adam Smith and the Manchester school. Where he differs is in seeing that purely unregulated individual strivings can never bring about the perfectly adjusted order of their imagination, and that the struggle of different sectional interests, each wrapped up in its special concern, is bound to hamper the closely interlocked mechanism of modern industry. Brooding over the delicate intricacies of the productive order from a standpoint of world efficiency, Veblen sees the waste and friction caused by individuals who, secure in their 'Natural Rights,' are willing to throw the whole machinery out of gear. Yet in his work the individual's claim to consideration is not ignored. He puts the alternative before us. Either we may sacrifice the individual whose instincts and habits of thought do not fit in with the rigid mechanical order, or we may reject this intense regularisation as running counter to human rights.

Traditional ideas and human instincts may both be obstacles

to industrial progress. So it is important to know how far instincts can gain adequate expression under modern conditions. 'The instinct of workmanship,' remarks Veblen in his book of that name, 'brought the life of mankind from the brute to the human, and in all the later growth of culture it has never ceased to pervade the works of man.'

But in primitive society, when this instinct comes into play, a conflict is set up between workmanship, which demands matter-of-fact knowledge directed to matter-of-fact ends, and the habit of imputing human nature to inanimate objects. The good workman tries to understand the properties of his materials so as to use them, and is not content to regard them as self-directing agents. If a man believes that the spirit of a tree is likely to interfere when the tree is being cut down, this will hamper his cutting. And if he does not see the connexion between a sharp axe and a felled tree the work suffers. Efficiency demands an ever greater breach between animistic ideas and mechanistic ones. The savage begins by believing that all the natural objects about him possess personality; the factory plant ends, in its ruthless pursuit of efficiency, by denying the personality of the workman and using him merely as a lever.

The full force of this conflict of ideas did not come out at once in early society, because the cultivation of crops and the care of animals, both largely given over to women, had to do with growth, nurture, fecundity, which fit in with animistic conceptions. But even here, Veblen urges, a fuller measure of efficiency was prevented, because in place of studying how to improve stock or crops the mysteries of birth and growth were allowed to remain enshrouded in mystery.

Female divinities—Cybele, Astarte, Aphrodite, Isis, Ceres, etc.—belong characteristically to this early agricultural civilisation. The parental instinct reinforced the instinct of workmanship here, for many of these deities are also mothers of the people, but mainly they have to do with the fertility of the crops. Throughout his work Veblen seeks the key to the religious ideas of the period in the existing type of industrial life. When we come to the tool-using stage of handicraft, then all animistic ideas about material come to be an obvious hindrance to its working and use. The germ of later mechanistic ideas may here be seen.

Pastoral life (hunting, herding), as distinct from cultivation of the soil, encourages predatory ideas. The rounding up of herds of cattle is men's work; it has little to do with workmanship; conflicts will occur over grazing lands, with incidental raiding and cattle-lifting. So in place of agricultural goddess divinities pastoral life has a patriarchal religion—a religion inculcating

fierce tribal pride and loyalty. The accumulation of flocks and herds forms the basis of what Veblen calls the pecuniary culture. As soon as the idea of personal wealth becomes the key motive in social life the pecuniary culture has begun. The predatory phase of this culture gave way to the peaceful phase with the coming of modern society, which is based chiefly, if precariously, on peaceful ownership and the arts of peace. But the predatory qualities sleep very lightly. Workmanship under the pecuniary culture is hedged round with ideas of gain rather than serviceability.

The pastoral, pre-industrial, predatory type hands on its characteristics to hunters, sportsmen and aristocrats, who have nothing to do with trade. The rest of the community is divided into industrial and business sections. The industrial training of the mass gives them 'a close and progressively searching recourse to the logic of matter-of-fact in all their outlook on matters of interest whether in industry or in other concerns of life.' But the business man's training 'runs in terms of pecuniary management and insight, pecuniary gain, price, price-cost, price-profit and price-loss, and these men are held to an ever more exacting recourse to the logic of the price system, and so are trained to the apprehension of men and things in terms which count towards a gainful margin on investments and business undertakings.'

Yet although the pecuniary culture of the business man does not directly aid workmanship, and often deliberately hampers it, business rests on production, and therefore business men are interested in increasing the surplus to be drawn from industry. In handicraft days trade and production were joined in the same people, and the interests of both could be looked to. Now, with their separation, business men are often ignorant of industrial processes and needs. The incessant claims of business occupy all their time.

The logic of the machine process is a logic of masses, velocities, strains and thrusts, not of personal dexterity or craftsmanship. Often it is assumed that improvements of machinery are merely an extension of the powers of individual workers. Steam-power was first used to pump water out of mines by means of a lever which had formerly been worked by human muscles. But to use machinery effectively it had to be torn away from its association with handicraft. Mechanism has its own laws, and by the study of these laws steam has been used far more effectively than if it were considered merely as an improved tool extending the reach and power of the workman. All this involves a further separation of industry from business.

Yet the price system of the business world also inclines men

to take an impersonal view. Gains, losses, income, expenditure are considered in terms of price, and there is a readiness to apprehend all facts in an objective and statistical way. Charles II.'s cynical comment that honour in men and virtue in women was only a way of keeping up their price is a commercial standard which naturally leaps to the eye and mind of the business man, to whom, indeed, commercial integrity is often a substantial asset.

Turning to the development of religious thought, we see how, among pastoral peoples, Christendom emphasised subjection to arbitrary authority and so upheld the solidarity and discipline of the tribe. Reverence for law and authority is seen in the phrase 'What God hath ordained.' In the handicraft era we hear more of 'What God hath wrought.' God did not cease to be the Heavenly King, but he was exalted as the Great Artificer—the Master Craftsman. From the revealed word, the dogma, being the fundamental consideration, theological opinion concentrated on the First Cause—a craftsmanlike preoccupation. Gradually the good of man supplants the Glory of God as the ultimate reason for the scheme of things. Providence, or the 'Order of Nature,' as it comes to be more impersonally regarded, works as a most ingenious agency for the serviceability of mankind. The eighteenth century rationalisation of Nature came as part of that great belief in reason which was characteristic of the time. Eighteenth-century thinkers wished to base everything on reason, and assumed a Nature essentially rational in her aims and logic as well as in the technical side of her work. Nobody was so impolitic as to mention earthquakes, plagues, tidal waves, famines, or other natural catastrophes which did not fit into the general benevolence and well-planned craftsmanship of the scheme.

The mediæval faith was largely superseded in the countries which advanced in industrial technology and commerce, while in countries where industrial progress was checked the old faith triumphed over the heretics. Protestantism, the escape from feudal status, the assertion of Natural Rights and the belief in a beneficent Order of Nature are all linked together.

The devout craftsman was inclined to regard any striking success as an act of God, as does the devout agriculturalist who depends on rain rather than irrigation. Only in so far as machine industry dominates do traditional beliefs vanish. The period of handicraft was the golden age of the individual who conceived God in his own image as a Creator. Industrial society has now introduced as rigid a status as the feudal hierarchy from which the craftsman emerged.

No one can escape the standardisation of life, for the routine of industry determines the habits of the community. This vast

mechanism, so impersonal and self-sufficient, induces a practical mechanistic way of regarding life more strongly marked in those who come under the full force of the machine.

Interest in the First Cause has noticeably waned: this belonged to the craftsman era, when the person behind the task loomed large and one naturally turned from the product to its maker. The craftsman holding his finished article in his hand could say proudly, 'I made this!' But in the machine age we cannot detach production in this way. It is the process of manufacture, the turning out of great quantities, which catches our attention, and we are interested more in this mechanism than in any one of the comparatively insignificant products. I remember seeing a big automatic machine installed to turn out sparking plugs for motor bicycles. Long rods of metal were fed into one end of the machine, which cut, shaped and bored them, put a thread inside, then, with a mighty jerk, clamped a thread on the outside so that a nut could be screwed on. When all the operations were finished it dropped the sparking plugs ready made into the machine trough among the oil and metal waste. Because of the various processes involved it was interesting to examine one of these small plugs, but the enduring interest was the machine, which went on turning them out in hundreds as long as rods were provided. The process counted far more than the product. And so it is with our industrial system when we get a 'close-up' view. We cannot feel any individual or personal power behind the mechanism, so we come to regard the working of industry and—by force of example and analogy—the universe in terms of what Veblen calls 'a self-determining sequence of cumulative change.' We accept the 'process view.' But this is not accepted or held without opposition. As Veblen puts it:

Its outcome should obviously be an unqualified materialistic and mechanical animus in all orders of society, most pronounced in the working classes, since they are most immediately and consistently exposed to the discipline of the machine process. But such an animus as best comports with the logic of the machine process does not, it appears, for good or ill, best comport with the native strain of human nature in those peoples that are subject to its discipline. In all the various peoples of Christendom there is a visible straining against the drift of the machine's teaching, rising at times and in given classes of the population to the pitch of revulsion. (*Instinct of Workmanship*, p. 318.)

Veblen often appears like a high-powered Bentham, driven, as it were, by a dynamo instead of by a treadle. He applies a similar utilitarian view to life. Bentham, in the early days of machinery, expressed the idea that society could be geared up in a mechanistic

'reasonable' way and made to run on strictly rational lines. It is true that poetry and the arts troubled him. He could not fit these in very well to his table of satisfactions. But he did his best by calculating that a poem gave the same kind of satisfaction as a good dinner, and that it was reducible to a question of degree. Where Veblen differs is that, with all his perception of the momentum and force of industry, he combines a knowledge of psychology and so of human instincts. He sees that industry may run counter to fundamental needs of personality. In allowing for the human recoil against machinification he stands head and shoulders above those who are merely blind instruments of the machine era. He voices the human criticism of the mechanical order:—

The limit of tolerance native to the race, physically and spiritually, is short of that unmitigated materialism and unremitting mechanical routine to which the machine technology incontinently drives. (*Instinct of Workmanship*, p. 320.)

As the 'process view' drives its way forward, interest in ultimate ends and first causes evaporates. The science of the machine age is impersonal and evolutionary. Personality, if admitted at all, is in the nature of an unnecessary by-product of the process than of deliberate creation. The neglect of creation stands as a tacitly recognised commonplace in all modern scientific theory. Society is working itself free of these concepts of handicraft, though they are sometimes retained for decorative or sentimental reasons.

It came as a shock to me to realise how far theological teaching has drifted from reality when, in Oxford, I attended a course of lectures on psychology. Inadvertently I went into a room on the other side of the corridor, and here I saw a number of divinity students, young men and women, sitting with open notebooks, listening to a little man who was lecturing on theology. He stood at a reading-desk at the end of the room in a gloomy corner, and with his black scholastic cloak he looked like a dusty moth. With a pair of big spectacles balanced on his nose he was turning over the leaves of a yellowed manuscript and reading his lecture in a dry, toneless voice. He was telling the students the number of times the idea of baptism was referred to in Bible verses and whether spiritual or physical cleanliness was meant. The students, looking very melancholy, scratched away at their notes in depressed silence. On the other side of the corridor the psychology lecture-room was crowded with eager men and women. The lecturer was emphasising the importance of personality, which has a special bearing on the problems of our mechanistic age. One felt the interest of the audience growing; in the other room

there was nothing to move, inspire or grip. All the texts had their reality drained out of them.

On industrial efficiency Veblen writes with illumination. He says :

The business men in control of large industrial enterprises are beginning to appreciate something of their own unfitness to direct or oversee, or even to control, technological matters, and so they have, in a tentative way, taken to employing experts to do the work for them. Such experts are known colloquially as 'efficiency engineers,' and are presumed to combine the qualifications of technologist and accountant. In point of fact it is as accountants capable of applying the tests of accountancy in a new field, that these experts commend themselves to the business men in control, and the 'efficiency' which they look to is an efficiency counted in terms of net pecuniary gain. 'Efficiency' in these premises means pecuniary efficiency, and only incidentally or in a subsidiary sense does it mean industrial efficiency,—only in so far as industrial efficiency conduces to the largest net pecuniary gain. (*Instinct of Workmanship*, p. 345.)

I can well imagine the typical business comment on this to be, 'Well, what other standard of industrial efficiency is there besides the pecuniary one?' It is a question honestly asked, and indicates how far the pecuniary standard has blotted all else out.

Ease of production as distinct from rapidity of production, better production apart from bigger production, the well-being of the producer considered as something in itself, not as a means to a productive end—these are lines of industrial research familiar enough in thought to those who know the workshop from within but quite foreign to the business expert who, armed with his 'cost-card,' carries out his pecuniary tests under the impression that he is dealing with industrial efficiency.

In *The Nature of Peace* Veblen approaches industrial society from a new angle. Desiring the efficient functioning of the world mechanism of production, he is an opponent of war, but this does not prevent him indulging in whimsical satire at the expense of the pacifist. He writes :

There are many also with a turn for exhortation who find employment for their best faculties in attesting the well-known atrocities and futility of war. . . . Indeed no equal volume of speech can be more incontrovertible or less convincing than the utterances of the peace advocate, whether subsidised or not. 'War is Bloodier than Peace.' This would doubtless be conceded without argument, but also without prejudice. . . . So that after searching the recesses of their imagination, able-bodied pacifists whose loquacity has never been at fault hitherto have been brought to ask : What Shall We Say ? (*Nature of Peace*, pp. 1-2.)

But, while mere talk of the horrors of war seems to him largely futile, he believes that machine civilisation makes for cosmopolitanism and is opposed to group loyalties carried over

from feudal society. There is a curious parallel here between his view and that of Herbert Spencer, whose comparison of 'military' and 'industrial' society will be familiar.

'Into this cultural and technological system of the modern world the patriotic spirit fits like dust in the eyes and sand in the bearings,' he remarks. It is interesting to find him at one with the early Manchester school on the general pacific character of the industrial era. In reading this book one gets the view that Veblen is too much the pure theorist and does not keep his feet on earth. His enthusiasm for a perfectly adjusted cosmopolitan industrial machine leads him to flatten down national boundaries as if they do not exist. He magnifies the tepidity of factory workers on national questions, a tepidity which soon vanishes in times of patriotic excitement, and he belittles the economic reasons for which statesmen go to war. It appears preposterous to him that they should want their part of the machine to be well oiled and another part to be disused. He regards the whole mechanism as so interdependent that the hope of injuring others without suffering ourselves seems vain.

Perhaps Professor Veblen's most interesting contribution is his *Theory of the Leisure Class*, which has run into several editions in America. In this he presents a detailed analysis of pecuniary standards. Pecuniary emulation is the keynote of the age. This expresses itself in various ways, notably by means of conspicuous leisure and conspicuous waste. A life of leisure is evidence of pecuniary strength, and is aimed at for this reason. Courtesies of every-day intercourse demand no tortuous justification, but beyond these are observances which take time to acquire, and are only to be explained by the value put upon exemption from labour. That King of France who is alleged to have sat in front of the fire and allowed himself to be toasted to death because the servant responsible for moving his chair had failed in his duty was only making an extreme stand for his complete exemption from all menial duties.

Wealth must be in evidence to gain social esteem, and so besides conspicuous leisure there must be conspicuous waste. A big establishment, trained servants who have little to do, all add to the owner's prestige. A wife may serve as a means of impressing acquaintances by her conspicuous consumption of luxuries. Among the middle class, where it is necessary for the husband to devote time to business, his wife's leisure helps to maintain his self-esteem and the esteem of his friends. A characteristic of vicarious leisure is that the wife or servants are taught accomplishments or duties not primarily for their own pleasure, and, however heavy the time may hang upon their hands, they are not expected to make use of it for themselves other than as provided for by

social custom. All this means waste of time, effort and goods, but it demonstrates ability to pay. The fear of losing caste induces emulation and makes people live up to these standards of conspicuous waste and leisure.

Yet the instinct of workmanship is opposed to waste. Tolstoy has written, 'In art, as in life, what does not help, hinders,' and the pull of the workmanship instinct is always against futility and waste. Therefore, to satisfy both the social code of conspicuous waste and the instinct of workmanship, objects must possess some make-believe utility. So we have a whole collection of *bric-à-brac*, the usefulness of which can be demonstrated while its uselessness is obvious. The pecuniary standard of beauty and taste prevents us considering these things purely on æsthetic grounds, and yet as soon as fashion changes their ugliness and futility are revealed. The Victorian drawing-room, with its antimacassars and wax fruits, cannot be thought of without a shudder, but these people were only carrying out the ideas of conspicuous waste to satisfy the pecuniary standards in their day.

Sometimes costliness is directly appealed to as the index of beauty, as in the case of certain pictures; but usually this is too crude except for the *nouveau riche*, and the pecuniary standard is disguised. Expensive flowers from the florist's will be honestly preferred to wild flowers on grounds of beauty, though the wayside blossoms may be much finer. The glaze of a collar or the gloss of a silk hat will be admired, while the gloss of a threadbare sleeve—which has the same intrinsic excellence—is viewed with disgust.

It is in feminine fashions that the constantly recurring conflict between beauty—based on workmanlike utility—and the pecuniary standard of reputability is most clearly revealed. Dresses must be expensive and up-to-date to allow for conspicuous waste. So we have all manner of alterations made, always ostensibly to serve some purpose. When the novelty disappears, the ugliness and futility concealed in the new fashion reveals itself and there is another change. Conspicuous waste demands futility—futility means ugliness: the sense of beauty revolts against this; alterations are made again to satisfy both the standard of conspicuous waste and the sense of beauty. No conclusion, no attainment of the highest beauty, is possible.

Of late years women have asserted their right to self-development and achievement; fashions in dresses and deportment indicate the change. High heels, long hair, the clinging skirt, pinched-in waists were all regarded as beautiful because they enforced a vicarious lesiure on the unfortunate wearers which redounded to the honour of the man who could maintain his

wife and daughters in this fashion. The same principle is evident in the deformed feet of the Chinese ladies, or in the Russian aristocratic custom, referred to in Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina*, of allowing one's nails to grow long and curved so that all work with the hands was impossible. Even with the relative emancipation of women the same pecuniary standards of waste and leisure apply, as they still do, to men; for the walking-stick, the silk hat, the carefully-creased trousers all advertise exemption from labour. Yet in these post-war days workmanlike standards of utility have probably strengthened their hold over both men and women.

In architecture Veblen sees the same conflict between beauty and pretentiousness, between simple utility and conspicuous waste. It is also revealed in the preference for hand-made goods, when the only difference is that the products of machinery are better adapted to the purpose. Because they are dearer we regard them as more beautiful, and even imitate their defects in machine production. So the pecuniary standard of beauty fixes our æsthetic taste. The notice on the gate of Oxford University Park prohibiting the entry of people bearing heavy burdens is a clear tribute to the reputability of conspicuous leisure.

But Veblen pushes his idea of conspicuous waste too far when he tells us how a gentleman will not introduce cows on to his lawn because of the vulgar association of utility. Mr. H. L. Mencken, the American critic, has suggested in this connexion that if while Veblen was philosophising about the suitability of cows on gentlemen's lawns he were to step inadvertently off the path leading through a meadow, he might discover a cogent reason why they are not desired.

A discussion of the 'higher learning' closes his social analysis.

'By those whose habits of thought are not shaped by contact with modern industry, the knowledge of the unknowable is still felt to be the ultimate if not the only true knowledge,' he remarks.

Those of the leisure class with an interest in learning regard life philosophically, those concerned with industry look at it practically. Dr. Johnson, speaking of the idea of the non-existence of matter, said, kicking a stone—'I refute it thus!' To those who deal directly with material and bend it to their requirements this appears conclusive, but to those who think in the abstract it appears not to touch the point at issue. Hence we get two outlooks, one of which is strongly fostered by the industrial process.

Veblen makes typically American—industrial—criticisms of the study of Greek and Latin. Dead languages are cumbersome, useless; they take a long time to learn and their only value is to

indicate that you have time and money to waste on their acquirement. This fits in with his universally applied standards of conspicuous waste and conspicuous leisure.

His criticism here recalls Emerson's admiration for the 'living and virile' speech of workmen at their work. 'If you could cut these sentences,' he wrote, 'the sap would run out.'

American spelling reform goes on similar lines, as does the recent proposal to abandon 'Dear Sir' and 'Yours faithfully' in business letters as a waste of time. 'Modern ideas,' says Veblen, 'are best expressed in modern slang'—which seems unkind to modern ideas. Walt Whitman has sung of the 'barbaric yawp' of America, and it may be that the American 'quick lunch,' besides being a dyspepsia producer, is also a necessity for those who have gradually abandoned all intelligible conversation and are reduced to virile expressive grunts. They have nothing to say, so they eat and hurry back to the office. But this life does not appear especially spacious or lovely. An English newspaper used to publish 'Hints for Dull Diners' for people similarly circumstanced. But—perhaps owing to some people giving yesterday's answers during the lunch hour—the scheme was discontinued.

Veblen advances the scientific abstraction of a perfectly adjusted industrial mechanism which is logical but fortunately not practicable. It is necessary to push these ideas to their logical end, because only so can we get people to see that there must be a compromise between those who would sacrifice humanity for the sake of machinery and those who would scrap machinery and hurl us back to savagery in their zeal for personality. The little efficiency engineer with his scrappy, distorted view of life is too limited and purblind to realise that his perfect universal machine would be a monstrosity. Running through all Veblen's work is a hint of the human recoil, but he does not claim to be a prophet: he is an investigator, and a very dispassionate one. He deals with tendencies, conflicts, impulses that go towards making a rounded, complete, fully-regulated industrial order that will interpenetrate our whole life even more thoroughly than it does to-day. Whether this will allow for free development, for beauty, for art, for poetry, for literature, for all those things in life that some of us still prize, is a problem for the future. But unless these are allowed for, the industrial order, in spite of all its material prosperity, will have an emptiness and a desolation as of a grinning skeleton hung with beads.

R. M. Fox.

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE AND SELECTION

By vocational *guidance* is meant the expert advice offered to a person in regard to his choice of occupation; its aim is to discover the best job for a given worker. The object of vocational *selection*, on the other hand, is to discover the best worker for a given job—in other words, to choose from among a number of applicants the person who is best fitted to fill a vacant post.

Vocational guidance is primarily the concern of the adolescent worker, whereas vocational selection makes the strongest appeal to the employer. It is obviously to the advantage of the young person, at the outset of his career, to choose that occupation in which he is most likely to succeed in after-life. It is equally clear that the employer is the first to benefit by being able to engage the most suitable workers for different occupations on his staff.

In point of fact, however, vocational guidance does not appeal merely to the worker, nor does vocational selection appeal only to the employer. For it is as important to the employer as to the worker that the latter should be engaged in the occupation that best suits him. And it is important not only to the employer, but to the entire community, that the best available workers should be chosen to fill vacant jobs.

It is likewise in the interest of the entire community that the vocational guidance given to its members should be as accurate and reliable as possible. For the restless revolutionist is at heart an unhappy, discontented man; and one of the principal causes of industrial unhappiness and discontent arises from the 'round peg' working in the 'square hole.' I remember once being told by a letter-sorter that at times he could shriek from the anguish occasioned by the nature of his work. He who spends his life at an occupation distasteful to him has to be continually repressing his desires for other work. This repression makes for inefficiency, worry, and physical and mental ill-health, especially in the case of the highly strung or mentally unstable. Such a worker becomes a nuisance to his fellows. He quarrels with his superiors. He is ever drifting from one job to another; and he ends by rebellion against existing social

conditions, to which he attributes his failure. During the war it was often necessary for me to inquire into the past histories of those who had broken down under the mental strain of trench warfare. And I was surprised to find how many men had wandered from one occupation to another, until at length, by this process of 'trial and error' or 'hit and miss,' they had found congenial occupation.

The economic waste and inefficiency which result from such frequent changes of occupation are so obvious that they would hardly need mention were it not for the fact that many employers still pay far too little heed to the extent and causes of their labour turnover. When labour turnover is large—i.e., when a great many workers have to be engaged during any given period, in order to maintain the staff at its normal size—two main reasons will usually be discovered, which are dissatisfaction of the worker with his employment, and dissatisfaction of the employer with his worker. Of these, the former is often ascribable to defective vocational guidance; the latter to defective vocational selection.

An excessive labour turnover means waste of time and money spent in engaging and in training a succession of workers who will never do well nor remain long at the work which is required of them. An excessive labour turnover also prevents the development of a good *esprit de corps*: a mill, factory, or office gets a bad name, and comes to attract a poorer class of workers, if it gains the reputation of too frequently engaging employees to fill the places of those who leave or are discharged.

Parents are often largely to blame for the mal-adaptation of the worker to his work. They may press their children to adopt uncongenial or unsuitable occupations for reasons of social ambition or economic gain: they may regard certain occupations as degrading, or they may count on having influence in others. For these and other reasons they are often singularly blind to the directions in which the capabilities of their children clearly point in the choice of their career, urging them towards occupations for which they are quite unfitted.

If the child yields to such adverse influences, he changes his occupation sooner or later, and it is by no means uncommon for an adolescent to pass through four or five different occupations during the first two or three years of his industrial life. Such changes cannot fail to produce an ill-effect on the young worker. Apart from arousing discontent, they engender in him a feeling of inferiority. He tries one occupation and fails in it; he tries another, and yet a third or fourth, with the same result. How is it possible for self-respect, ambition, or even contentment, to survive?

It might be thought better, and indeed sufficient, to leave

the child to his own inclinations. But this is hardly less dangerous. Too often the choice of a certain vocation is made because other leading school-fellows have made that choice; it is dictated by fashion, imitation, and the force of prestige. Or, again, the child's interests may be fleeting, or he may not understand all that is involved in the occupation he selects. His interests or instincts may relate to one comparatively unimportant factor in making for success in that occupation. Thus a love of adventure is not sufficient to make a good seaman; tenderness will not suffice to make an efficient doctor or nurse; more than an instinct of self-display is needed to produce a successful actress or dancer. Finally, ambitions and interests may point in directions where ability is clearly lacking, in which case failure and disappointment must inevitably be the result. On the other hand, it is of course useless to force the adolescent into an occupation which he is anxious to avoid; he must be persuaded to recognise for himself, and induced to make his own choice of, the career for which by fuller self-knowledge he realises he is best fitted.

Under present conditions the school offers vocational advice which is often little more trustworthy than that given by the parents. The aspect of himself which the adolescent presents to his teacher may be very different from that which he may reveal in his out-of-school life. During his school career he may pass under the notice of a succession of teachers, none of whom, in the over-crowded classes which they have to control, may know him really well. Teachers are already so fully occupied that they have not the time—even if they had the ability and the training—to give a satisfactorily detailed report on the vocational capabilities of each boy or girl of school-leaving age. Such a statement as 'intelligence fair, conduct good,' is of little assistance in the choice of a vocation. Yet little more than this may be forthcoming from the teacher at the terminal school conference which the head teacher, the child, the parents of the child, representatives of the local employment exchange, of the care committee, and of other interested bodies, attend in order to decide on the pupil's future career.

A valuable report has been recently published by His Majesty's Stationery Office entitled *A Study in Vocational Guidance*, and describing an investigation jointly carried out by the Industrial Fatigue Research Board and the National Institute of Industrial Psychology. Its main object was to ascertain the possibilities of more scientifically conducted vocational guidance. One hundred children in the elementary schools of a certain London borough were submitted to an intensive individual study during their last school year. Estimations were carefully made by

trained psychologists of the general intelligence of these children, their special abilities, their educational attainments, their interests, their emotional, moral and social qualities, and their home conditions. Their parents were then given vocational advice and brief reasons for such advice. Two years after these hundred children had left school their careers were inquired into, with the following results.

Eighty per cent. of those who had entered occupations of the kind recommended by their vocational advisers were found to be satisfied with their work, their prospects and their earnings. Of those who had obtained employment different from the kind advised more than 60 per cent. were dissatisfied, and most of the remaining 40 per cent., who expressed satisfaction, appeared to base it rather on the good employers for whom they were working than on the congenial nature of their work. Those children who had been able to accept the advice given them proved to be in receipt of higher wages and to have experienced fewer changes of situation than the others.

This investigation revealed the enormous interest which was taken in the problem by parents, teachers and other officials; all of them readily co-operated in giving what information they could offer. It also pointed to the need for an inquiry as to whether the present methods of selecting children for trade schools, central schools and secondary schools do not pick out those whose abilities are mainly scholastic, missing others who would show high technical, manual, or administrative ability.

Thanks to the generosity of the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust, the National Institute of Industrial Psychology is carrying out a further investigation on a larger scale, in which 600 (instead of 100) children of school-leaving age will be examined and advised, their careers being later followed up and compared with those of an equal 'control' group for whom only the usual current procedure of vocational guidance has been available. Various improvements in method have, with wider experience, been incorporated into this further investigation. With the help of the London County Council a careful medical examination of every child is undertaken. The interview, used for assessing temperamental and other mental characters, has been made more systematic and effective. Careful analyses are being conducted of a large number of different occupations in order to ascertain more accurately the mental and physical abilities requisite for success in them, and to classify them on the basis of technical, social and economic, as well as psychological and physiological, information.

It must not be supposed that the tests which are applied in these investigations to measure the child's abilities—his intelli-

gence, literary and practical, his mechanical and other special abilities, his dexterity, his attention (diffuse or concentrated), etc.—suffice to determine what vocational guidance shall be given him. They form merely a valuable supplement to other sources of information obtained, for example, from the teacher's estimate, the school examinations, home inquiries, and the interview. Experience has shown that none of these other sources can be neglected and that each is capable of being improved so as to yield results far more valuable than has heretofore been possible. In the interview, for example, a list has been carefully prepared of the different temperamental qualities which the vocational psychologist has systematically to look for. Experience has shown how they may each be best revealed. A rating scale has been framed so that each such quality may be assessed in numerical terms, a definite significance being attached to each grade within such a scale. By such means the accuracy and reliability of the interview has been enormously improved.

But even the tests themselves are not to be regarded as a physical instrument capable of giving an unassailable clear-cut measurement of a vocationally important ability. They will indicate whether a given performance of the child is average, fair, good, poor or bad. They must, however, never become the master, but always remain the servant of the vocational adviser. He must observe in what way the child carries out the test, not merely how much of it he performs. The great advantage of the test is that the child is set to *do something* of known relevance to the choice of a vocation. It thus affords information which the interview or school report cannot satisfactorily yield.

Tests have a similar value in vocational selection. But here they can be devised more readily and effectively, as they are employed to reveal the qualities requisite for success in one definite occupation instead of, as in vocational guidance, being used to reveal one or other of the qualities demanded by a vast number of optional occupations. In determining tests for the vocational selection, say of biscuit-packers, it is relatively easy to ascertain what are the desirable qualities to test by observing good and bad workers, by engaging one's self in the work, and by conversing with foremen and supervisors. Wherever possible, a performance test should be devised for a 'manual' job, a written test for a clerical job. The performance test should resemble, so far as possible, the actual conditions of the work, but should be so planned that it is little influenced by previous experience of the work. The former desideratum appeals to the interest of the candidates; the latter makes the results fair to those who have not yet become engaged in the work, by revealing innate rather than acquired abilities. In the case of biscuit-

packing it is easy to devise tests which will assess the accurate placing of objects, the accurate estimation of the number of objects to be picked up to fill an empty space, finger dexterity, size of grasp, observation of defects in material, and so on.

Having settled on the most important abilities required for successful work in a given occupation, and having devised such tests as seem capable of estimating those abilities, the next step in vocational selection is to test these tests by applying them to experienced workers of different efficiency. The best workers may easily produce from 50 to 100 per cent. more output than the worst, and the differences in the quality of their work may be even wider although they have had equal experience. Accordingly, the investigator applies his proposed tests to a number of workers who are independently ranked by their supervisor according to their industrial efficiency. This ranking is later compared with the order of ranking according to success at the tests. The comparison may show that the tests are worthless, or that some of them require modification, that some tests deserve more 'weight' than others, or that they yield a ranking closely corresponding to that of the supervisor. Here is a result obtained in the case of nineteen biscuit-packers; the half-numbers indicate a tie in the ranking:

Supervisor's ranking	1	2	3	4	5	6½	6½	8	9	10
Tests ranking	1	3	4	7½	7½	2	6	16	9	13
Supervisor's ranking	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	
Tests ranking	5	10	11	14½	17	12	14½	18	19	

Special circumstances were responsible for the poor behaviour at the tests of the girl who was ranked eighth by the supervisor. Apart from this case a satisfactory correlation between the two rankings is evident. If the least efficient third of the nineteen workers had been earlier submitted to the tests none of them would have been engaged, as none of them would have been considered to have passed the tests. On the other hand, all those comprised in the industrially most efficient third of workers would have been engaged on the basis of the results of the tests.

Having thus tested the tests, we must now standardise them by applying them on a large scale to the general population, *i.e.*, to persons of the same age, sex and standing as those who are likely to seek an engagement. Thus we come to know what is an average, a poor, bad, fair or good performance by the inexperienced worker. The tests are then ready for use, coupled, of course, with the interview which has been systematised in the manner already described, and must be taken into full account in arriving at a final estimate.

Such tests have been devised in this country by the National

Institute of Industrial Psychology, and successfully employed in practice, for the selection of dressmakers, engineering apprentices, weavers, embroideresses, solderers, chocolate and biscuit makers, box-makers, clerical workers, invoice-machine operators, retail saleswomen, etc. In France, Germany, and Italy they are being employed for selecting tram and motor car drivers, engineers, electricians, opticians, telephone operators, engine drivers, ticket-collectors, and other workers in railways and post offices. In America and elsewhere they have been extended to applicants for various posts in civil service.

If used in the manner described above, vocational tests, whether applied for the purposes of selection or of guidance, have a future value and scope which it is hardly possible to exaggerate. Those who are subjected to them usually far prefer them to the interview. They regard the tests as fairer, less nerve-racking, and more interesting. A nervous candidate can often do himself better justice at a performance test than at an interview; at all events, he has a chance of doing well at each, if he is being observed by a tactful, adequately trained psychologist. The days of selecting a candidate on the basis of intuition or of a good testimonial, or because of his height, the colour of his eyes or hair, the length of his fingers or nails, or the slope of his forehead, chin or shoulders, are rapidly drawing to an end. Combined with a systematically conducted interview, free from prejudice and accident, vocational tests will make vocational guidance and selection less hazardous and increase both the contentment and the efficiency of the entire community.

The value of applied psychology in vocational *selection* has already been recognised by the more progressive employers of labour in this country; they are frequently asking the National Institute of Industrial Psychology to train selectors for them. The measures which will be adopted in the future to secure corresponding improvements in vocational *guidance* cannot be so easily foreseen. It may be that the solution will be found in training and supervising suitable part-time teachers, who can study the requirements of industry, keep in close touch with the child's teachers, parents and school doctor, and specialise in the application of psychology to vocational guidance.

CHARLES S. MYERS.

FIREBALLS AND SHOOTING STARS

FIREBALLS, bolides, meteors, shooting stars, and falling stars are identical phenomena, size being the only distinction between them. They are often vastly dissimilar in their appearances, for they vary in motion, in colour, in brightness, in length of path, and in other details. Some leave streaks of luminous vapour behind them; others emit trains of sparks; others, again, have no appendage, and traverse the sky as mere sparks or little balls of incandescence which display no lingering remnants of their combustion.

The smaller class of meteors is by far the most numerous. Astronomers during their telescopic observations frequently see these tiny shooting stars crossing the field of view. The largest meteors are usually known as fireballs, and their apparitions in the night are among the most startling and impressive phenomena which the heavens present.

It was formerly supposed that when meteors appeared stormy weather would follow. Sailors held this opinion, and looked for a gale of wind to follow a bright meteoric apparition. Virgil refers to shooting stars as the forerunners of unsettled weather as follows:

And oft, before tempestuous winds arise,
The seeming stars fall headlong from the skies,
And, shooting through the darkness, gild the night
With sweeping glories and long trains of light.

This idea, however, does not appear to be well supported. I have sometimes noticed large meteors preceding stormy weather, but a connexion between the two cannot be safely inferred. Coincidences of the kind must often occur and yet possess no special significance; indeed, it is difficult to understand how mere surface winds can be affected or controlled by the flights and combustion of two or three small objects in the upper regions of the atmosphere.

In former times no one considered meteoric objects as of any importance; they were regarded as gaseous exhalations from the

earth, not as objects of celestial origin and character furnishing, in their bright coruscations, the details of an interesting and important story.

The skies in the times of the ancients supplied similar meteoric pictures to those of to-day. Sometimes the heavens appeared to open, and a ball of light descended, illuminating earth and sky, and people looked up with awe and wonder; but such scenes were soon forgotten, because they were mysteries beyond comprehension. We find records of the fall of meteors among ancient writings. Sometimes meteoric stones descended upon the earth, on other occasions an abundant shower of meteors invaded the night; but such events proved more alarming than instructive in times when superstition was dominant and pure scientific study not much cultivated.

Thus in early times there was very little, if any, attempt made to solve the problem of meteoric incursions. Indeed, it was not until the nineteenth century that any serious effort was directed towards attaining a knowledge of these bodies.

No doubt from an early period of the world's history meteoric phenomena were observed in certain forms, but essential details were scarcely noticed by the ancients. Descriptions of such events extend back to about 650 years before the Christian era, and in B.C. 468 the fall of a large stony meteorite was recorded at Ægos Potamoi. It is stated that sixteen falls of aerolites had been recorded during the 1000 years ending 333 A.D. Such events, though apparently well attested, were regarded with scepticism, and certainly could not be explained, though in some cases the objects themselves furnished solid testimony of the claims made for them.

The opinions of certain ancient philosophers in regard to meteors appear to have possessed more than a semblance of truth. Their intellectual powers enabled them correctly to interpret certain mysteries of Nature, though they had few instrumental aids and had acquired little reliable data upon which to found safe conclusions. Thus Diogenes stated that 'falling stars are not emanations or rejected portions thrown off from the ethereal fire, which, when they come into our atmosphere, are extinguished after being kindled. They are rather celestial bodies, which, having once had an impetus of revolution, fall, or are cast down, to earth by its intermission.'

In 1492 on November 7 what was described as a miracle occurred, for just before noon at Ensisheim, in Alsace, there was heard a noise like a peal of thunder, and a confusion of sounds during which a large stone weighing 260 lb. fell in a wheatfield. It was afterwards placed in the church in order to ensure its preservation and enable people to view so wonderful a visitor

from celestial space. A part of this ancient stone remains on view in the same place to-day.

A singular extract from the Emperor Tehangires' memoirs of his own reign speaks of the fall of a mass of metal in India. In the year 1620 a village in the Punjab was the scene of a loud explosion, and at the same time a large meteorite fell from the heavens to the earth. The officials of the neighbourhood hastened to the place where the body had fallen and caused it to be dug up. It was found to be a lump of iron which retained a very heated condition. It was conveyed to the Emperor, who had it weighed and ordered it to be forged into a sword, a knife, and a dagger. Weapons constructed of material from the celestial region were formerly thought to be invaluable as possessing charmed powers.

Humboldt whilst travelling in Cumana in November 1799 witnessed a very abundant shower of meteors. The display was also observed elsewhere, and the character of the visitation proved startling to many people who were in ignorance as to the nature of the event. For some hours the sky in east, west, north, and south appeared to be full of burning embers descending earthwards in threatening aspect as though on the point of reaching the ground and setting fire to buildings and everything of a combustible kind. But the meteors, though apparent in their myriads, seemed to disappear with explosive flashes before they could penetrate through the atmosphere. So the eventful time passed, the shower began to decline, and after a lengthy period of incessant bombardment the meteors had evidently spent their fury. The terrified watchers regained their composure as the flying meteors ceased to traverse the heavens, and the face of Nature soon resumed its peaceful aspect.

This phenomenon aroused the interested attention of mankind, and the subject of fireballs and shooting stars began to receive a little investigation from persons who were engaged either in recording natural events or in speculating as to their character. The years went on, however, without any material advances being made in this department of science. No observations had been made of a suitable description or with a sufficiency of detail and accuracy to enable men to formulate a satisfactory theory to account for the origin of meteoric appearances.

In November 1833, however, there was a splendid revival of the great exhibition of meteors which had been presented in terrestrial skies at the close of the previous century. Throughout the American States the night of November 12 brought a storm of falling stars which rained uninterruptedly from the firmament during several hours on a moonless starry night. The natives of South America were frightened, but there were a few men of

more intellectual calibre who recognised the requirements of the hour and set themselves critically to observe the event in its various features and with a view to learn something, if possible, of its wonderful story. These individuals were the foremost pioneers of this branch of astronomy. They had an unexplored field before them, and a difficult problem to solve; but many mysteries of the skies have been unravelled by the perseverance and far-seeing intelligence of mankind.

The observers of 1833 saw that the meteors of the shower did not fall in an erratic manner from all parts of the sky as though scattered broadcast, but that they had a community of origin, being all directed from one and the same focus situated in the 'sickle' of the constellation Leo. As the hours passed this radiant point maintained its place, evidently participating in the movement of the heavens. This was an important feature, and, in combination with other peculiarities of the shower, it formed a satisfactory basis for future investigation.

Various astronomers in different countries applied themselves to the study of this branch of astronomy; Herrick, Quetelet, and others searched historical records and formed chronological lists of star showers which had been witnessed in former times. As a result of these inquiries it soon became obvious that the November meteors might be traced back for about 1000 years and that displays of maximum abundance occurred at intervals of about 33 years. Professor H. A. Newton concluded that the meteors of this stream 'had a motion along the sidereal year of one day in 70 years.' He also investigated the time of revolution, which by mathematical investigation Professor Adams demonstrated had a period of $33\frac{1}{4}$ years.

Meanwhile Professor Schiaparelli, of Milan, had been observing meteors and had engaged in inquiries as to the nature and orbits of these bodies. He discovered a close agreement in the orbits of the Perseid meteors and the third comet of 1862, and inferred the practical identity of the two systems. A little later he found a similar coincidence in the orbits of the November meteors and the first comet of 1866 discovered by Tempel. The very suggestive approach to identity in the elements of orbit in the two cases enabled him confidently to assume the actual relation of the systems named, and he announced his conclusions in a series of letters which he afterwards published in a volume on the subject.

Astronomers accepted his deductions, and several additional instances of agreement between meteor systems and comets were soon brought to light and strongly supported the new theory.

Meteoric astronomy now acquired special importance. Celestial in origin similarly to comets, meteors were now acknowledged to be the product or the material of those bodies

which upon encountering our air became igneous as a consequence of heat generated by atmospheric resistance.

Baden-Powell, A. S. Herschel, and R. P. Greg worked at the subject in England for many years, and a committee was formed by the British Association to deal exclusively with meteors. This committee continued its activities for about thirty years, and contributed in no small degree to the advancement of this department, as the annual reports of the Association (1848 to 1880) amply testify. When its labours opened the astronomy of meteors was in a comparatively crude position, but when the section terminated its work it had attained a high position as an important branch of the science.

In 1866 a great display of the November meteors recurred and occasioned intense enthusiasm among the many thousands of spectators who witnessed it. The meteors exhibited their maximum of abundance soon after 1 a.m. on November 14, when about 200 per minute were visible to one observer. Thus the conclusions of Newton and Adams were fully verified.

In November 1872 another great storm of meteors forming the *débris* of Biela's periodical comet occurred, and if further corroboration of the cometary and meteoric alliance were needed this event provided it. The meteors came in their thousands on the very night and from the exact direction required by theory, and fully justified the general acceptance of that theory. During the fifty-four years which have elapsed since the great meteor swarm of 1872 invaded our skies there has only happened one really splendid apparition of a similar kind, and that occurred in 1885, when the remains of Biela's lost comet again supplied us with a grand spectacle wherever the firmament was clear. The other shower of November, well known as the Leonids, practically failed us as regards its grander phase in the years 1899 and 1900; but planetary attraction had disturbed the orbit and drawn the meteors sufficiently far outside the earth's path to enable them to escape combustion in our atmosphere.

Meteor streams and comets often experience material embarrassments of this character. Jupiter is a great disturber of them both; comets frequently undergo changes in their time of revolution, and in their inclinations and other orbital elements, because one of the large planets, Jupiter or Saturn, has been sufficiently near them to occasion irregularities of motion.

During the latter part of the nineteenth century meteoric astronomy made considerable advances. The principal meteoric systems were amply studied each year as they returned. The heights, velocities, and radiant points of a great number of individual meteors were calculated. The swifter class of meteors,

such as Leonids and Perseids, were found to traverse our atmosphere at the rate of from thirty-five to forty-five miles per second, while the slowest class, which have to overtake the earth, travel at the rate of eight to twelve miles per second. The swifter meteors average about eighty to fifty miles in height during their luminous flights, while the slower meteors are about twenty miles lower in the air. Very few indeed of the multitude of these objects which are heated in our atmosphere ever fall in a compact form to the ground, and whenever an event of this kind occurs it is invariably one of the slow-moving meteors which is enabled to reach *terra firma*. Not one of the swifter class of meteors, like the Leonids or Perseids, has been capable of withstanding incandescence in sufficient degree to penetrate right through our aerial envelope.

Meteoric showers include the largest fireballs and the smallest shooting stars, which are obviously intermingled in a swarm. An observer may easily perceive this by watching attentively on August 11, which may be regarded as usually the most prolific meteor night of the year. He will then be enabled to view the largest type of fireballs interspersed with the smallest sparks that are visible.

In former times comets, large meteors, and other occasional phenomena were regarded with disfavour as bringing sinister influences. Comets were specially thought to be of ill omen, and at times a good deal of terror was induced by the prediction that a comet might destroy the earth. All such superstitious ideas have long been abandoned, and these bodies are now welcomed as a means of increasing our knowledge rather than considered as harbingers of disaster.

Meteors exist in numbers beyond our conception. They pursue cometary orbits, some of them being of short period, and others may extend out infinitely beyond the confines of our planetary system. A periodic time of two and a half million years has been computed for the third comet of 1902, and there may be meteoric streams which extend their journeys to an equally vast distance. A mathematician once computed that the average number of comets circulating within the confines of our solar system, and always present, reached 5934. Meteoric orbits much exceed the number of comets. Included within one system of meteors there are myriads of particles—in fact, they must number more than the grains of sand on terrestrial shores. Professor Newton computed that the August system alone probably contained 300,000,000,000,000 particles.

I myself have computed that about 100,000,000 of these are consumed every year in the earth's atmosphere, and, though this process of exhaustion has been in operation over 1000

years, there has not been the slightest diminution apparent in the strength of the recent displays.

In the spring months meteoric phenomena are usually somewhat rare; in summer and autumn they are much more abundant. So also in the evening hours one may watch a beautiful sky for a long time and see few meteors, whereas in the small hours of the morning they are frequently displayed in such quick succession that the observer cannot find time to record them in detail.

Meteors, and especially the larger class, are among the natural occurrences which come attractively under the eyes of the public. Fireballs always provide phenomena of surprising interest and engage the attention of all beholders. When one appears—and it is always quite unexpected—the shadows of night are instantly transformed into day, the sky is illumined, and the landscape bathed in a flood of light. A pear-shaped mass of intense lustre, like a powerful electric lamp, is seen gliding slowly across the firmament, and then after a burst of light its glory fades amid a stream of scattered sparks.

Many natural events can be predicted, and the public may be prepared for the observation of them. A meteoric shower may possibly be foretold. But the apparition of a splendid meteor cannot ever be foreseen either in time or place. It may come like a thief in the night unexpected and unannounced. It is apt to present itself at an inconvenient moment or in an unfavourable part of the sky, and at the very instant when the observer is unprepared for such a visitor.

The present year will be remembered for its specially brilliant and abundant examples of fireballs. In the months of September and October they were presented to view with astonishing frequency. 'The man in the street,' as well as the systematic and vigilant watcher of the heavens, was frequently entertained by sky spectacles of striking novelty and beauty. The early autumn is usually somewhat prolific in meteoric pictures, but 1926 has brought phenomena sufficient to gratify the most ardent specialist in this section of astronomy. The newspapers have kept the public well informed on the subject. It must be admitted, however, that the number of people practically interested in observational work and study of this kind is very limited, and that the astronomical world seemingly regards this branch with indifference, though it is certainly one of the most important and promising fields of celestial research.

September 6, 1926, may be said to have signalled the advent of recent meteoric displays. On the evening of that date a great flash startled people in the Midlands, Yorkshire, and adjoining parts. A large fiery object passed over the country and burst

with a dazzling green light, to be followed by a loud detonation and vibrations which alarmed people as by an earthquake shock. The disturbance was transient, but it was vivid and impressive.

No meteorite fell to the ground materially to attest the nature of the phenomenon, but thousands of spectators witnessed its visible features and afforded ample testimony, which, however, was sadly deficient in scientific accuracy and detail.

A large number of descriptions were received from various sources, the total being 273. After carefully comparing them it appeared that the fireball was directed from over the North Sea across Yorkshire, and that after a brilliant flash, which several observers asserted was stronger than sunshine, it disappeared over Derby. Its height declined from sixty to twenty-eight miles during its aerial voyage of 130 miles when travelling at a velocity of fifteen to twenty miles per second.

At various places over which the fireball nearly passed the sound of its explosion or disruption was heard about two minutes afterwards. This would be equivalent to a distance of twenty-five miles on the basis of the ordinary velocity of sound.

Some of the reports received were amusing. One person said that he was satisfied from his study of the facts that the fireball was to be understood as a 'messenger from Mars,' and that if astronomers would make an appointment to meet him he would be glad to give them his services and advice on the subject!

Though fireballs of the magnitude we have been referring to are of the largest kind and invade the night with great light and noise, they are really of small size, probably not more than 1 foot or 2 feet in diameter, and their powers are quickly spent.

A very brilliant meteor which on October 13, 1914, illuminated Yorkshire and occasioned thunder-like reports, fell to earth near Wigan and proved to be merely 33 lb. in weight. Certainly this was a portion of the original mass, but the latter was presumably not enormously larger.

Other fireballs of considerable size and with lengthy paths across the firmament were also observed on September 15, 17, 18, and 20. The one on September 17 appeared in the evening, and was watched by several observers from favourable positions on the east coast. It apparently ascended from the North Sea, and, travelling right across the firmament, terminated its career over Normandy, in France, after a course of more than 500 miles.

Spectators who traced its flight allude to the splendour of the object as it glided through the high heavens like a brilliant electric torch and lit up the sky and sea with magnificent effect.

Another fireball of unusual lustre and striking aspect came from over the English Channel on October 2 at 8.25 p.m. Its motion was directed from south to north, and it slowly traversed

a course of more than 100 miles on a line a few miles west of London, ultimately disappearing with a detonation when only some eleven or twelve miles above the earth's surface in Herts. No fragments of the object were observed to fall or have been found, but it is easily possible for meteoric fragments to descend in fields or unfrequented places and thus escape detection.

Yet another fireball came on October 9 at 10.16 p.m. This fireball has a special interest as being probably a fragment from Giacobini's periodical comet of 1900, the orbit of which was close to the earth on October 9, the date of the fireball's apparition. The direction ($262^{\circ} + 55^{\circ}$) from which the latter came very nearly corresponds with that computed for cometary particles should any of them encounter the earth. This particular fireball was a beautiful object crossing the Midlands and finishing its course nearly over Peterborough. It was remarkable for the intensely dense stream of luminous vapour which it evolved and projected along its course. This remained in the sky for some time, assuming different shapes and showing curious drifts as a result of atmospheric currents in the outer atmosphere. At Braintree, Essex, this peculiar trail was watched through its various phases during thirty minutes and at Stowmarket for twenty-five minutes. The behaviour of the streak during its visible persistency will be studied with a view to find the direction and rate of motion of its various sections.

Past phenomena of similar kind have proved that swift currents differing in velocity and in direction exist one above the other in the higher regions of the air. The flashing fireball of August 26, 1894, left a streak which remained visible for half an hour and moved at the rate of 120 miles per hour, while that of the fireball of February 22, 1909, endured for two hours and, at a height of fifty-three miles, floated to the north-west, a distance of 240 miles! The rate of velocity was therefore identical with that of the previous object of 1894.

Since September 6 last no less than twenty-four fireballs, many of them of striking aspect, have been reported from different parts of the country. This involves a record which must stand without a parallel for a long period. It does not necessarily imply that any special system or shower has been responsible for the abundance alluded to. The objects which have been sufficiently well observed for their real paths to be computed show that they have been directed from a number of independent systems; they have, in fact, been distributed from various regions of the heavens and have had no community of origin or identity of radiation. It is indeed a general tendency of meteoric work to prove the vast number of different showers in action rather than

to claim that comparatively few systems are mainly responsible for meteoric apparitions.

It is certain that every year variations in richness occur in the great majority of meteor streams; and as a natural outcome of the perturbations affecting comets and their systems of meteors new showers are being frequently brought into play, whilst old ones are being drawn away from the earth's orbit sufficiently far to escape encounter.

Though during more than forty years we have not been able to witness a really great meteoric display, we have been enabled to watch several of secondary character. The year 1927 holds out the promise of a fine display, for the periodical comet of Pons-Winnecke will approach very near to the earth's orbit on June 25, and, if the predictions are justified, there may be a plentiful shower of meteors and shooting stars from the southern region of Draco, near the eastern extremity of Ursa Major. Possibly the heavens will give no sign that the earth is traversing a stream of cometary materials. Possibly the firmament may reveal a host of slow-moving meteors descending harmlessly for several hours. June 1927 appears likely to furnish a memorable time in astronomical annals, for the total eclipse of the sun occurs on June 29.

In connexion with the great fireball on September 6 an incident may be mentioned. A section of the London Press stated that a Salisbury Square photographer had, on the night of its apparition, sent up some small gas-balloons containing chemicals to cause much light and explosions. He seemed to claim the Yorkshire meteor as a possible product of his experiment. Such an idea is preposterous to anyone aware of the facts. Compared with the fireball a little gas-bag would be like a penny pop-gun against a 100-ton gun. Let us make another comparison. Colonel Tupman, R.M.A., computed that the great fireball which exploded over Wales on November 23, 1877, caused a noise equal to the simultaneous discharge of a hundred 100-ton guns. The forces of Nature are much too great to be easily imitated by man.

Astronomical photography has proved a valuable aid in many departments of the science, but it has failed with meteors. Thirty years ago it was said to be on the point of superseding the naked eye in recording them, but this has not been realised. Certain observers have been awaiting the attainment of their hopes, but have lost valuable time. One gentleman has persevered for six years in the work and has captured seven meteors! If he had done his best with his unaided vision he could easily have recorded 10,000 meteor paths. Many people have no conception as to the degree of accuracy which the eye may acquire in performing this

work. Radiant points can be found to within a half and even a fourth of a degree of error, and no photographs could do much better, from the nature of meteoric radiation and the circumstances involved in producing diffusion.

Future years will bring about important and unexpected advances in this branch of astronomy. Anomalous features will be accounted for. An undue proportion of fireballs pursue long horizontal flights and enter the air from radiants very low down. This suggests that the objects must have pursued orbits closing in upon the earth, and that their flights were in some degree concentric with the earth's surface like the great meteor swarm of February 1913, which travelled 5650 miles in a path over Canada and the North and South Atlantic Ocean, parallel to the earth's surface and only about forty-two miles above it.

Stationary radiation is another point which theory has hitherto failed wholly to explain. But this will receive satisfactory investigation. There may be earth-revolving streams or meteoric currents pouring in upon the earth in such various directions as to bring about the observed peculiarities. The subject requires mathematical treatment. Observations, too, must be rendered more accurate, and some systematic scheme should be adopted to ensure the proper recording of fireballs. These bodies, their motions and drifting streaks, are capable of teaching us important lessons, but they can only be successfully learnt by ample and exact observation.

W. F. DENNING.

ROMNEY MARSH: AN IMPRESSION

THE wide expanse of Romney Marsh, flat and comparatively bare of shelter, does not at first acquaintance impress the beholder as inviting. It can be terribly bleak; it is frequently swept by fierce winds, and has a monotonous aspect. And yet, for a naturalist at any rate, it has great fascination. The loneliness of its wide stretches of sheep-dotted grass, long since reclaimed from marsh land and criss-crossed every way by dykes, its lines of pollard willows, its scattered reed-fringed marshy pools, the freshness of the air, and the huge open sky above, all lend a charm which to others, except marsh-folk themselves, might well seem inexplicable. But with added experience of the marsh comes a deeper charm, though how much deeper as time wears on with a limited knowledge one cannot decide.

But there are evidently no mean attractions in Romney Marsh for birds of many species, which visit it at nearly all seasons of the year, though by far the greatest numbers come in winter. Geese, ducks, and others crowd in from the north during severe weather; hosts of migrants halt for a time on their passage in spring and autumn; while many of those that nest on its broad expanses and those that are more or less resident well repay a keen and careful study. The open flats are everywhere intersected by dykes or sewers, for the most part too wide for a comfortable jump, that make a straight walk of any length in many directions quite impossible. One sets out with confidence for a given point only to find very soon that one cannot get there—at any rate, by the nearest way. A broad dyke hidden from view at the outset brings one up short, making it necessary to turn off and try again in a new direction. This sort of thing occurs so often that a walk across many parts of the marsh is undertaken with considerable mistrust. Still, the glorious uncertainty does not detract from the pleasure of a good tramp on a fine day with plenty of bird life to observe.

The most common birds on these vast flats seem to be skylarks, of which there must be thousands, and yellow wagtails, though rooks and jackdaws are continually passing overhead, and the ever-present starling scurries busily along or walks about

scrutinising the ground for food. The skylark fills the air with song. In most places where one happens to halt several will be singing aloft almost overhead. Yellow wagtails are surely more numerous here than anywhere in the country; at least, I have never seen so many elsewhere. They flit hither and thither uttering their thin, sweet little call, that is so different from the notes of the pied wagtail and the grey. Their nests, too, are far more easy to find in this comparatively open grass land than in hay or corn fields, which they usually choose for breeding purposes. Few birds vary in plumage more than yellow wagtails. Some cock-birds you will see gleam golden like a fine canary, while others are so dull as hardly to be recognised save by their white-edged tails, that open and shut as the birds alight. In one spot I found a pair of blue-headed wagtails nesting. This is the Continental species, of which our yellow wagtail is an offshoot. It was a lucky discovery, and I trust the brood got away in safety. The blue-headed is by no means common as a visitor, and as a nester even less so.

In dykes that are sufficiently dense with cover of reed or rush, the sedge-warbler lurks and nests. Should it not be singing—it is an inveterate songster—a stone or clod of earth thrown in will immediately start the babbling little ditty, at once harsh and sweet, but easily distinguished from, and much inferior to, that of its cousin the reed-warbler. The latter is also numerous where the reeds grow tall along the military canal, and by the borders of the larger ‘fleets’ or marshy pools and the ‘hoppen pits.’ One may stand and watch them creeping up and down the reed stems like brown mice, quivering from head to foot as they pour out their melody, or flitting from reed to reed still singing as they go.

The reed-bunting is another widespread inhabitant of wet places on the marsh, though it will penetrate at times unexpectedly to comparatively dry spots for nesting. I came upon a pair with a nest by a minute apology for a pool in the midst of gorse and shingle. The northern edges of the wide shingle beach that fringes the marsh are dotted with great masses and clumps of gorse brake in which one finds isolated thorns and elder trees. Not many birds live in these brakes. Blackbirds, thrushes, linnets, and an odd pair of common whitethroats and hedge-sparrows constitute the bulk of the bird population, though partridges—both species, the red-leg perhaps being more numerous—sometimes nest in the thick cover. One generally ceases to be surprised at meeting with birds nesting away from their usual surroundings, but it was rather astonishing to find a pair of turtle-doves building their frail abode in a small thorn in a gorse tangle amidst shingle, and miles from the ‘immemorial elms’ with which

they are often associated. A sedge-warbler, too, was chattering to its mate a few yards away. Herons have been known to build a nest on the ground in just such another bone-dry spot.

When walking over Romney Marsh one is struck by the absence of some birds that might be there in the nesting season, the stonechat and whinchat for example, the red-backed shrike, and the common snipe. Probably the snipe breeds here and there, but I did not meet with it in any likely situation. Perhaps the butcher-bird is also to be found; certainly there are fine thorn bushes and even hedges that should satisfy his needs. The carrion-crow seems to be another absentee. Maybe the keepers have succeeded in getting the measure of him in these districts; if so, it is a wonder. His stealthy cunning generally manages to secure him a sufficient footing in most parts of the country despite the attentions of the keepers. The bearded tit is such a rarity nowadays that its appearance would be almost a shock, and yet how suitable are some of the reed-grown fleets and sewers! Sluggish waters and flat lands are what this bird seems to love, and here are both. Still, it is vain to hope to see the little form clinging to the reeds. Though once here, it has now gone, probably for ever. As would be expected, the coot, moorhen, and dabchick are all well distributed throughout the district. The conspicuous white front of the coot shows up on most of the fleets and big sewers, and its bulky nest may be discovered among the reeds; the moorhen scuttles over the water, splashing the surface as it goes, and jerking its white undertail at the end of its journey like the scut of a rabbit; the dabchick’s rippling, laughing cry issuing from a reed thicket is often the only indication of its presence, as in nesting time it is a bit of a skulker.

One of the most abundant creatures on the marsh in all wet places is the grass, or ringed, snake. If you are walking among rushes or long grass by the edge of a dyke or pool it is sometimes difficult to avoid treading on it. On a hot day by slow and careful going one may come upon it curled up asleep, but once it is really disturbed the speed with which it uncoils and slides down into the water is amazing. Along one stretch of dyke little more than 100 yards in length and thick with cover I saw from forty to fifty grass-snakes glide from the bank. Some of these snakes were of considerable thickness, and, I should say, at least 3 feet to 3 feet 6 inches long, while others did not exceed an adder of normal size. Adders there were too, but in small numbers. Anyhow, small or large, it behoves one to treat them with more circumspection than a harmless grass-snake, which is, to human-kind at least, a mere sheep in wolf’s clothing. At one spot was the nest of a moorhen littered with fragments of eggs, while on

the bank near-by were three dead grass-snakes of medium size. These looked as if their heads had suffered very severely, and I wondered whether it was the end of a minor tragedy. Possibly the snakes, being great lovers of birds' eggs, had attacked the nest, but in the course of battle had been worsted and pecked to death by the infuriated parent moorhens.

Another creature that makes itself evident all over the marsh is the hare. There is at least one pack of harriers in the neighbourhood which meets regularly in the season. Sport should be good, to judge by the number of hares put up during a walk in almost any direction. Some shoot away as if the harriers were already at their heels; others move lazily off and loll along slowly, not deigning to get up speed. If one will keep perfectly still, even out in the open, sometimes a hare will pursue its leisurely way close by, and apparently take not the slightest notice.

The peewit and the common redshank, of course, in suitable places are numerous, particularly the redshank. Both are very noisy birds when disturbed at the nest. Every living thing with any hearing for half a mile round is aroused by the persistent cries of these two birds. They circle about, dashing up and down, hither and thither, with piercing calls of distress, both peewit and redshank, so graceful and powerful in flight, yet both so different. The much-rounded wings of the one contrast strongly with the sharp-pointed pinions of the other. Both indulge during spring-time in a wonderful, fascinating, and almost indescribable nuptial flight.

Of flowering plants on Romney Marsh there is no lack. The shingle beach in many places flaunts a show of vivid colour. Great bushes of broom spread out and creep low to avoid the cutting winds; bright foxgloves flower in masses, though they too are dwarfed by the blast; red sorrel is blooming in big patches, as is also the yellow-horned poppy, while golden flags round the 'pits' and along the dykes make a brave display. A stunted viper's bugloss, the flowers red-crimson rather than bluish-purple, white sea-campion with masses of 'bitter-sweet,' also stretching along the ground, and many other flowers, together with clumps of gorgeous yellow gorse, achieve a regular riot of colour that seems astonishing on ground so shingly and so arid. In hot weather, with the vivid blue sky and the gaseous-looking vapour that everywhere arises from the heated shingle, walking for any length of time over the interminable stones becomes most trying. The local inhabitants wear flat pieces of wood kept in place by straps over their boots after the manner of snowshoes—these are called 'back-stays' or 'beach-pattens'—with which they get over the shingle in fair comfort. This is an art which requires

considerable practice, for the beginner finds that he is apt to leave the backstays behind at almost every step.

The ancient towns of Rye and Winchelsea, each on its sandstone bluff standing up from the plain, keep watch and ward over the western Romney Marshes. In their history through many hundreds of years countless vicissitudes have befallen them. Time and time again have they been harried and burned by the French, who must have been only too glad of a chance to retaliate in some measure for the scenes of desolation and ravage wrought in their own country during the Hundred Years' War. In those days Rye and Winchelsea were not inland towns as they are now. The sea washed the base of their escarpments, and the mouth of the Rother was some miles to the eastward.

Rye is small but compact, indeed crowded. The houses appear to jostle one another for standing room on its hilly slopes. It is a town of many inclines but few levels. Apart from its high street, Rye is composed for the most part of narrow streets and lanes, grass-grown and cobbled, that climb up the sides of the hill towards and around the magnificent old church—the glory of Rye and the culminating point of the town from whatever aspect it may be seen. These streets and lanes are thickly lined with houses in most varied styles of architecture, but in their own way all delightful. Black-and-white, timber-fronted, red-tiled or built entirely of wood, with quaint gables and dormers, low-browed and lattice-windowed, the houses, large and small, mansion and cottage, lie cheek by jowl in charming but somehow not incongruous confusion. Ivy, virginia, and other creepers run riot. Many walls and even roofs are entirely concealed, and the very chimneys do not always escape their clinging attention. Here and there is a house obviously renovated, looking very smart by comparison with its neighbours; but in most cases the repairs and additions have been carried out with taste, and do not unduly clash with the old-world air of Rye. It bears a very foreign appearance, and might almost have been transplanted from Brittany, except for its cleanliness. The very names of the streets have a fascination for a stranger—Mermaid, Watchbell, Wishward, and the rest. They carry one back to the town's early history, to the days when a landing by the French was really to be dreaded, and even to the anxious time of the Napoleonic scare when the Corsican Ogre threatened an instant descent upon us. There are literary associations too, as witness the names of John Fletcher, the dramatist, Thackeray, and Henry James, who made Rye his home for the last eighteen years of his life.

As would be expected, swifts seem to revel in this town built upon a height. Great numbers of them in spring and summer

wheel and scream over the old buildings all day long. But the houses of Rye can ill spare the room for spacious gardens, so birds are not very much in evidence, though to my surprise several lesser whitethroats rattled out a greeting in different nooks where other and far more common species were not heard at all.

Winchelsea, though perched aloft like Rye above the marshes, is very different in appearance and plan. At Rye the clustering houses, each seeking a firm foothold within the bounds, leave but little room for streets. Winchelsea gives the idea of great open spaces; one cannot think of it as a town. And in truth, though a town in its governance, it is a glorified and a very beautiful village. The still fine fragment of what must once have been an enormous church stands in a large open square, which in its turn is surrounded for the most part by houses abiding in their own gardens overhung by trees. Creepers, such as wistaria, clematis montana, and a white solanum, seem to flourish abundantly, and in one garden I saw a magnificent three-stemmed flowering ash (*Fraxinus ornus*) in full bloom. The green woodpecker, goldfinch, and goldcrest greeted one from the seclusion of these trees, which afforded ample possibilities for their nesting. There are but few quaint houses and cottages such as crowd together in Rye. The streets, or rather roads, are wide and laid out in rectangles; the steep, twisting, cobbled lane appears to be unknown in Winchelsea. But truly a comparison between Rye and Winchelsea is unfair—impossible. To each its own undoubted charm.

Beneath Rye on the south and west side is the old harbour. The quay-side bears a look of old age and decay, though trading vessels, pursuing their lawful occasions, still come up with the tide, and boats are still built in Rye shipyards. At low water some feet of mud-banks of a depressing grey colour are exposed, which do not lend a cheerful addition to the scene. The usual flotsam and jetsam inseparable from the quay of a port whose chief glory has departed lie about in picturesque abandon. Here is a rusty anchor long since parted from its ship, there a bit of a vessel's figure-head, a coil of ancient rope, a motley collection of odds and ends. Scores, even hundreds, of tree trunks, some of great size and many in various stages of decay, are piled up in masses at every turn. What can be their ultimate use after such long exposure to the elements? Old warehouses, tall and black-timbered, stand along the quay like sentinels guarding the approaches to the town. Further inland a line of pollard willows on the river bank leads to an ancient windmill which seems to wear a conscious look as though standing for its portrait: at any rate, it has long been one of the most painted objects in Rye. I for one would not alter the uncared-for aspect of the old quay.

It is all in keeping. Indeed, it is more: it is an added attraction. But, on the other hand, the view of Rye from the south, near or distant, is completely spoiled by the ugly rows of small houses erected under the bluff along its whole length. Houses are needed, but these would have been less of an eyesore if roofed with old tiles. As it is, the picturesqueness of the town from this side is largely destroyed.

Not far from the spot where old Winchelsea disappeared beneath the waves in the terrible storm of 1287 now stands the little port of Rye Harbour, where the Rother empties its slow current into the sea. It is a quaint little collection of scattered houses of no particular design. By the wharf we meet with 'William the Conqueror,' a small inn with an imposing, indeed a grandiloquent, name, though what connexion there may be with old Norman William is quite uncertain. Like Rye itself, Rye Harbour has its own conglomeration of odds and ends strewn in delightful confusion. A few decrepit old boats, their days of service long gone by, lie on the shingly beach. One throws up its gaunt ribs pointing to the sky as if in mute protest at a continued useless existence. In slack intervals knots of fishermen in blue jerseys gather on the little jetty and discuss anything under the sun. To a stranger they are not unduly communicative, though no doubt kindly souls. The ferryman, at any rate, who plies between Rye Harbour and Camber is a dear old salt, ear-ringed and jerseyed like most of his fellows, and of a more expansive disposition. Little terns fish in the river towards its mouth with much chattering. Their prey must be very near the surface, as they do not disappear beneath the water when they stoop. They are the fairies among terns. Dainty and delicate in snowy plumage, they seem almost to dance up and down on the wing, so light are they, so graceful in movement. Their nests will probably be found on a shingle bank not far away, but to find them is not an easy matter. Old piles stand up here and there above the water, and barges lie moored in mid-stream; all is in keeping with the wide landscape and huge expanse of sky. The boats have sails of rich colours, ruddy browns in various shades, brownish-yellows, and even one a bright orange.

From time immemorial the old Cinque Ports were the home of smugglers, and the good burghers thrived and grew fat on the trade. In early days smuggling was looked on with toleration, and possibly even connived at, by persons in authority. If not, surely it could have been put down by a sufficient exercise of power and at a comparatively small cost. Be that as it may, the trade became well established and was welcomed by the bulk of the marsh people.

Through defiance of the laws farmer, squire, and burgher got their choice cigars and cognac, hollands and tobacco, the women-folk their ribbons and lace. 'Brandy for the parson, baccy for the clerk,' in those days was sober fact, for many churches on the marsh were used as temporary storehouses for smuggled goods. Midnight excursions and alarms were frequent. Many a dark deed was done and many a hasty escape made from excise officers, who had their work cut out and must have fairly earned their salaries. Honest folk did well to keep within their doors after nightfall, especially when the tramp of horses was heard, else a broken head might be their portion. Richard Barham, rector of a marshland parish about a hundred years ago, has no doubt given us in some of his inimitable *Ingoldsby Legends* a substratum of fact as well as fiction.

The grey rotundity of Camber Castle standing out on the marsh had two subterranean passages, so it is said—one leading to Winchelsea, the other to Rye. Smuggled goods were landed on the beach near the castle, and carried through these passages to be finally distributed at the other end, where ingeniously contrived false floors and hidden cellars formed admirable and unsuspected warehouses. Camber evidently had its uses, though Henry VIII. did not build it for this particular purpose. At the present day it is populated chiefly by jackdaws and stockdoves, which utilise its ivied walls and crevices for nesting sites.

Extensive smuggling was carried on until fairly recent times, but in our more prosaic days it is no longer regarded with toleration, and languishes in consequence. But, on the other hand, sheep-farming flourishes perhaps more abundantly: the grazing is as good as can be found in the country, and the sheep are as fine a breed. The avocation of shepherd or 'looker' is certainly more peaceful than that of smuggler, and fleeces on the whole should be no less profitable than smuggling. The marshes are indeed a fascinating district, though even the most devoted marsh-dweller nowadays would hesitate to subscribe to the opinion set forth in *The Leech of Folkstone* that 'the World, according to the best geographers, is divided into Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Romney Marsh.'

W. WALMESLEY WHITE.

THE HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PREFACE TO WORDSWORTH'S 'BORDERERS'

WORDSWORTH's one drama, *The Borderers*, has had a curious history. It was begun soon after he had settled, in September 1795, with his sister Dorothy at Racedown, and finished in the following year. In June 1797 Coleridge paid them his memorable visit. 'The first thing,' writes Dorothy, 'that was read after he came was William's new poem *The Ruined Cottage*, with which he was delighted; and after tea he repeated to us two acts and a half of his tragedy *Osorio*. The next morning William read his tragedy.' Coleridge's enthusiasm knew no bounds. 'I speak with heartfelt sincerity,' he wrote off to Cottle, 'and I think unblinded judgment, when I tell you that I feel a little man by his side. . . . His drama is absolutely wonderful. . . . There are in the piece those profound touches of the human heart which I find three or four times in *The Robbers* of Schiller, and often in Shakespeare; but in Wordsworth there are no inequalities.' In the lively intellectual circle which Coleridge had gathered round him at Nether Stowey the drama achieved immediate reputation, and through one of the Pooles was offered to Covent Garden Theatre. Wordsworth had not written it for the stage, and he 'had not the faintest expectation that it would be accepted'; yet in the following November he made some alterations in it with a view to its performance. But he was already emerging from that state of mind in which the play had been conceived, and when, before the close of the year, it was rejected by Covent Garden, he put it behind him. He still thought highly of it as a composition;—for had it not won unqualified praise from the greatest of living critics?—and a year later he wrote anxiously from Germany to learn what had become of the only extant copy; but, filled as he was with the optimism of his newly-found faith, he was increasingly reluctant, not only to publish his gloomy drama, but even to circulate the manuscript among his friends. Josiah Wedgwood, probably through Coleridge's intervention, was allowed to read it, but Lamb could not get so much as a sight of it. 'I would pay five and forty thousand carriages,' he wrote in 1800, 'to read W.'s tragedy, of which I have heard so much and seen

so little.' During twenty years of intimate friendship that indefatigable literary enthusiast Crabb Robinson 'never heard Wordsworth allude to it,' and when he came upon a reference to it in Cottle's *Recollections*, and wrote to make inquiries, Mrs. Wordsworth gave him little encouragement. 'The tragedy is in existence,' she replied; 'but say nothing about it, lest its destruction should follow.' But in 1842 Wordsworth found it among papers which had lain unregarded for nearly half a century. With that weakness for one's offspring natural to humanity, even when they are not all one might wish them to be, he could not bring himself to destroy it, and he rightly felt that he rather than his executors should decide its fate. He revised it with some care, making, however, no changes either in the conduct of the story or the composition of the characters, and published it in a volume entitled *Poems Chiefly of Early and Late Years*.

The days were long past when a volume from Wordsworth was greeted with shouts of derision. His fame was now assured. The reviewers as a whole treated *The Borderers* with respect, if not with enthusiasm. But it was little read. The mere lover of poetry was satisfied, as he will always be satisfied, with a greater or smaller selection from the poet's undoubted masterpieces. Pious Wordsworthians did not find in it the true milk of the word. Soothed by the moral edification of his later work, they read their poet backwards; and if they were puzzled and not a little distressed by his 'immortal' ode or the *Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey*, they could hardly be expected to sift the grain from his still wilder oats. *The Borderers* was almost ignored until M. Legouis, in his masterly *La Jeunesse de Wordsworth*, called attention to its value as illustrating a stage in the poet's spiritual evolution. Students of the poet to-day, though they vary both in their estimate of its intrinsic merits as poetry and in their interpretation of its significance, are fully agreed as to its importance as a document for his biography.

The general stages in the growth of the poet's soul, from uncritical enthusiasm for the French Revolution to reasoned conviction, from conviction to doubt and to renunciation, and from renunciation to the building up of a new faith upon the wreck of the old, can be traced with sufficient clearness in *The Prelude*: the actual chronology of the later stages of that growth has been the subject of much conjecture. Wordsworth returned from France (December-January 1792-3) an ardent revolutionary. The first great shock to his moral nature came from the declaration of war between France and England (February 1793); but so deeply rooted was his devotion to the ideals of liberty that he could rejoice in the victory of France against his beloved country (September 1793), whilst at the celebration of English successes

he 'fed on the day of vengeance yet to come.' The Reign of Terror (September 1793-July 1794) brought him many nights of anguish, and shook for the time his faith, but with the fall of Robespierre (July 1794) his hope revived; for his 'trust was in the people' and 'in those virtues which [his] eyes had seen,' and he once more looked to the future 'with unabated confidence.' But when the French 'became oppressors in their turn' he received a moral shock deeper than the first. In attacking the liberty and the property of other peoples France seemed to him to be a traitor to her own root principles. He had staked his all upon her faith, and he felt that she had betrayed him. In recoil from the Revolution he became a whole-hearted Godwinian. He had before accepted such of Godwin's tenets as were compatible with revolutionary ideal—his humanitarianism, his condemnation of war and of the criminal law, his necessitarianism: now he embraced the creed in all its implications, in its exaltation of reason at the expense of the passions, and of the individual against the collective will, in its insistence on the right of each man to reject all general rules of conduct and act in each situation as his independent reason prompted him. Under this tutelage opinions took the place of faith, feelings, instincts,

till round my mind

They clung as if they were its life, nay more,
The very being of the immortal soul.

It was a state of mind not without its value to him. He now saw for the first time the real harm that can be done in the name of custom and written law and moral sentiment, though conventional society is always blind to it; and so, probing beneath the surface, he learnt much of truth. But at the same time he fell into deadly errors. His heart had been 'turned aside from Nature's way.' He denied the fundamental natural instincts and passions, and the obligations and sanctions which go with them; and the nature that he denied took her revenge. Reason itself began to crumble before the restless analysis which his mind applied to the whole moral problem. Reason, he argued, may tell us the difference between good and evil, but whence comes the moral obligation to choose one rather than the other? A man 'rebellious to acknowledged law,' because he sees through its evils and hypocrisies, may ask and find no answer, and yet act himself 'as selfish passion urged,' so that he becomes, in fact, 'the dupe of folly or the slave of crime.' Thus the way of reason led him to an *impasse*, wherein 'sick, wearied out with contrarieties,' he 'yielded up moral questions in despair.' From this, 'the last and lowest ebb' of his soul, his recovery was gradual. He owed it partly to the return of happier circumstances, partly to

the companionship of his sister Dorothy, and, later, to the guidance of Coleridge; it was not completed till towards the close of the year 1797. So much we learn from *The Prelude* and other sources. The question arises, What stage in his development is represented by *The Borderers*? If we can form a firm opinion on this point, light may be thrown upon the actual processes of his mind, not only then, but also in the obscure preceding years.

Let us first take a rapid survey of its plot. The scene is laid on the English border in the reign of Henry III., a time analogous to the French Revolution, in that the absence of established law and government gave men liberty to act on their own impulses. Here a band of freebooters, formerly crusaders, are led by the young idealist Marmaduke to a life of active benevolence, so that

aged men
Have blessed their steps, the fatherless retire
For shelter to their banners.

But they are filled with apprehension at the influence which Oswald, a late recruit to their band, has already gained over their 'confiding, open-hearted leader.' They recall Oswald's haughty bearing in Palestine, where ugly rumours were afloat of some dark deed he had committed in early life; they know, too, that he hates Marmaduke, for Marmaduke has saved his life, and 'Gratitude's a heavy burden to a proud spirit'; and they suspect that his 'perverted soul' is plotting against their 'much-loved captain.' Oswald has had a strange past. As a young man he had embarked for Syria under a captain to whom he was bound by close ties of intimacy, whose daughter¹ had exacted from him a promise never to desert her father; but, persuaded by the crew that his old friend has designs on his honour, he has left him on an island to starve, only to learn afterwards that his victim was innocent, and that the crew had tricked him into this crime in order to be rid of a master whom they hated. On hearing the news the captain's daughter goes mad and dies, and Oswald is beside himself with remorse, but at length he recovers his self-possession in the acceptance of a philosophy that regards all human feelings as weakness, and recognises no authority outside the promptings of his own reason. His pride and restless energy throw him once more into a world of adventure where he can act out his new philosophy.

Impelled by hatred and jealousy, Oswald conceives a plan for reproducing in Marmaduke his own history. Marmaduke loves the beautiful and innocent Idonea, sole prop of her aged father

¹ Allusion to the captain's daughter is only found in the early manuscript: it was omitted from the published text, probably to avoid too unnatural a symmetry in the stories of Oswald and Marmaduke.

Herbert, who has returned from the Holy Land, blind and helpless, to find himself ousted from his barony. Oswald suborns a beggar woman to inform Marmaduke that Idonea is in reality her daughter, bought by Herbert from her to wait hand and foot on him, and that Herbert, despite his saintly show, is in reality an abandoned scoundrel, who now intends to sell Idonea to the old lecher Lord Clifford in exchange for supporting his claims on a barony to which he is merely a pretender. Oswald manages the interview with the beggar woman so skilfully that Marmaduke, who trusts him implicitly, sees no loophole for doubt; and when he brings forward other evidence to prove that Idonea is herself no unwilling agent in the filthy bargain Marmaduke feels the foundations of his life sinking beneath him, and foresees his own ruin. At a time when Idonea is separated from her father, Oswald offers Herbert his guidance over the lonely moor, and there easily convinces Marmaduke that it is his moral duty to execute justice on so hardened a criminal. Again and again, under the alternate arguments and taunts of Oswald, Marmaduke attempts to kill Idonea's father; again and again, though he interprets Herbert's utterances of piety and devotion to his daughter as the rankest hypocrisy, and his own pity for Herbert's helplessness as mere weakness, he cannot bring his hand to the deed; at last he resolves to leave his victim to the ordeal of Heaven: if Herbert is innocent Heaven will guide him to safety. Then Oswald, under the impression that his purpose is now achieved, reveals his own past story. At first Marmaduke is all sympathy with him, and execrates the ship's crew who had gulled him into the murder of an innocent man: but when Oswald extols them for the service they have done him in freeing his soul from the conventional trammels of pity and remorse it dawns upon him that he too has been entrapped. Finally Oswald openly avows Herbert's innocence, and calls upon Marmaduke to profit by his own unwitting action and become his fellow-labourer in enlarging man's intellectual empire. Towards this great goal his present shock of revulsion from his crime was a necessary but only a transient step:

We need an inward sting to goad us on.

But Marmaduke's whole nature revolts against the hideous crime into which he has been led. Hoping against hope that Herbert may be yet alive, he rushes off to seek him, and when he learns the worst is for a time bereft of sense. But sanity returns to him, and he breaks to Idonea the news of the horrible part he has played in her father's tragedy. In the meantime the beggar woman, horror-stricken at the awful results of her deceit, makes a full confession to the troop of Borderers, who seize Oswald and kill him, still unrepentant. Marmaduke, entrusting Idonea to

the care of his friends, leaves their fellowship for a life of solitary expiation.

It is an ingenious, improbable story. But though Swinburne was shocked at its 'morbid and monstrous extravagance of horrible impossibility,' it is no more horrible or impossible than many an Elizabethan tragedy of blood and vengeance before which he never quailed. The prime weakness of *The Borderers* as a drama lies, not in the plot viewed in itself, but rather in that plot's unsuitability for making clear the central idea on which the poet is working. Its chief incident, Oswald's desire to reproduce his own fate in that of Marmaduke, befogs rather than elucidates our understanding of his character. For, it might be argued, if Oswald's motive was hatred and a jealous love of power, he would never act in such a way as to lead the object of his hate to share with him his intellectual supremacy and that freedom from all conventional codes of morality on which his supremacy is based. The plot could easily enough have been fitted to either of two widely divergent conceptions. Without any moral casuistry Oswald could be presented as a villain who, conscious of his own misery and the degradation that had followed on his crime, is led by hatred and envy of one more fortunate than he to drag down his rival to his own level, or, on the other hand, he could be presented as a genuine but deluded enthusiast for the intellectualism that he professes, who ruins a man he loves by the desire to share with him his own vaunted freedom. Wordsworth's conception was far subtler, and he had not the dramatic genius necessary to convey it; hence an ambiguity results such that even so acute a critic as Professor Garrod is 'not sure that the term villain' (as applied to Oswald) 'does not beg the question.' That Coleridge, in his admiration for the poetry with which the play is full, and for those 'profound human touches' which are certainly to be found in it, overlooked this flaw is easily understood. He knew the circumstances which led Wordsworth to its composition—had in his own way passed through something of the same mental experience; and it would be natural for Wordsworth to preface his recital of the play with a few sentences which would give a key to its interpretation, even if he did not actually read to him the explanatory essay which he had written at the time of its composition.

This essay, which is referred to in the Fenwick note dictated by Wordsworth in 1843, has long been regarded as lost. It has lately been found in a manuscript volume in Mary Hutchinson's (Mrs. Wordsworth's) handwriting, prefixed to a copy of the play as it was revised for the stage in 1797.² From the other contents

² The manuscript is in the possession of Mr. Gordon Wordsworth, to whose generosity I am indebted for permission to make use of it for the purposes of this

of the volume—the bulk of *The Prelude*, Books i., ii., and *The Old Beggar* (published in 1800 as *The Old Cumberland Beggar*)—it is clear that the copy was made at least not later than the summer of 1800, when Mary Hutchinson visited Dove Cottage. It contains some corrections in a darker ink, in Mrs. Wordsworth's later hand, which show it to be one of the copies used for revision in 1842; and a comparison of the text with the published version fully bears out the poet's statement that, though the drama was revised with some care for the press, no alteration was made in the conduct of the story or the composition of the characters. The essay, which is of deep interest, not only in its elucidation of the play but also for the acuteness and profundity of its psychology, runs as follows:

'Let us suppose a young man of great intellectual powers yet without any solid principles of genuine benevolence. His master passions are pride and the love of distinction. He has deeply imbibed a spirit of enterprise in a tumultuous age. He goes into the world and is betrayed into a great crime.—That influence on which all his happiness is built immediately deserts him. His talents are robbed of their weight, his exertions are unavailing, and he quits the world in disgust, with strong misanthropic feelings. In his retirement, he is impelled to examine the unreasonableness of established opinions; and the force of his mind exhausts itself in constant efforts to separate the elements of virtue and vice. It is his pleasure and his consolation to hunt out whatever is bad in actions usually esteemed virtuous, and to detect the good in actions which the universal sense of mankind teaches us to reprobate. While the general exertion of his intellect seduces him from the remembrance of his own crime, the particular conclusions to which he is led have a tendency to reconcile him to himself. His feelings are interested in making him a moral sceptic, and as his scepticism increases he is raised in his own esteem. After this process has been continued some time his natural energy and restlessness impel him again into the world. In this state, pressed by the recollection of his guilt, he seeks relief from two sources, action and meditation. Of actions those are most attractive which best exhibit his own powers, partly from the original pride of his own character, and still more because the loss of authority and influence which followed

article. That the version of the play preserved in it is that which was prepared for dramatic representation is proved by the stage directions which it contains: e.g., act iv., sc. 1, *a desolate prospect—a ridge of rocks rises at the bottom of the stage, an old chapel on the summit of one of them. . . . Herbert enters in the depth of the stage much exhausted; he crosses the stage with difficulty.* Like many of the Wordsworth manuscripts, the essay is very inadequately punctuated. I have added stops where they seem to be necessary.

upon his crime ³ brought along with it those tormenting sensations by which he is assailed. The recovery of his original importance and the exhibition of his own powers are therefore in his mind almost identified with the extinction of those powerful feelings which attend the recollection of his guilt. Perhaps there is no cause which has greater weight in preventing the return of bad men to virtue than that good actions being for the most part in their nature silent and regularly progressive, they do not present those sudden results which can afford sufficient stimulus to a troubled mind. In processes of vice the effects are more frequently immediate, palpable and extensive. Power is much more easily manifested in destroying than in creating. A child, Rousseau has observed, will tear in pieces fifty toys before he will think of making one. From these causes, assisted by disgust and misanthropic feeling, the character we are now contemplating will have a strong tendency to vice. His energies are most impressively manifest in works of devastation. He is the Orlando of Ariosto, the Cardenio of Cervantes, who lays waste the groves that should shelter him. He has rebelled against the world and the laws of the world, and he regards them as tyrannical masters; convinced that he is right in some of his conclusions, he nourishes a contempt for mankind the more dangerous because he has been led to it by reflexion. Being in the habit of considering the world as a body which is in some sort of war with him, he has a feeling borrowed from that habit which gives an additional zest to his hatred of those members of society whom he hates and to his own contempt of those whom he despises. Add to this, that a mind fond of nourishing sentiments of contempt will be prone to the admission of those feelings which are considered under any uncommon bond of relation (as must be the case with a man who has quarrelled with the world), and ⁴ the feelings will mutually strengthen each other. In this morbid state of mind he cannot exist without occupation, he requires constant provocations, all his pleasures are prospective, he is perpetually in[vok]ing ⁵ a phantom, he commits new crimes to drive away the memory of the past. But the lenitives of his pain are twofold, meditation as well as action. Accordingly, his reason is almost exclusively employed in justifying his past enormities and in enabling him to commit new ones. He is perpetually imposing upon himself, he has a sophism for every crime. The *mild* effusions of thought, the milk of human reason are unknown to him. His imagination

³ Manuscript reads crime and.

⁴ and not in manuscript.

⁵ invoking: a hole in the manuscript makes this word partly illegible.

is powerful, being strengthened by the habit of picturing possible forms of society where his crimes would be no longer crimes, and he would enjoy that estimation to which, from his intellectual attainments, he deems himself entitled. The nicer shades of manners he disregards; but whenever upon looking back upon past ages, or in surveying the practices of different countries in the age in which he lives, he finds such contrarieties as seem to affect the principles of *morals*, he exults over his discovery, and applies it to his heart as the dearest of consolations. Such a mind cannot but discover some truths, but he is unable to profit by them, and in his hands they become instruments of evil.

'He presses truth and falsehood into the same service. He looks at society through an optical glass of a peculiar tint; something of the forms of objects he takes from objects, but their colour is exclusively what he gives them; it is one, and it is his own. Having indulged a habit, dangerous in a man who has fallen, of dallying with moral calculations, he becomes an empiric, and a daring and unfeeling empiric. He disguises from himself his own malignity by assuming the character of a speculator in morals, and one who has the hardihood to realize his speculations.

'It will easily be perceived that to such a mind those enterprizes which are most extraordinary will in time appear the most inviting. His appetite from being exhausted becomes unnatural. Accordingly he will struggle so ⁶ to characterize and to exalt actions little in themselves by a forced greatness of manner, and will chequer and degrade enterprizes great in their atrocity by grotesque littleness of manner and fantastic obliquities. He is like a worn out voluptuary—he finds his temptation in strangeness, he is unable to suppress a low hankering after the double entendre in vice; yet his thirst after the extraordinary buoys him up, and supported by a habit of constant reflexion he frequently breaks out into what has the appearance of greatness; and in sudden emergencies, when he is called upon by surprise and thrown out of the path of his regular habits, or when dormant associations are awakened tracing the revolutions through which his character has passed, in painting his former self he really is great.

'Benefits conferred on a man like this will be the seeds of a worse feeling than ingratitude. They will give birth to positive hatred. Let him be deprived of power, though by means which he despises, and he will never forgive. It will scarcely be denied that such a mind, by very slight external motives,

⁶ Manuscript leaves blank space for a word here.

may be led to the commission of the greatest enormities. Let its malignant feelings be fixed on a particular object, and the rest follows of itself.

'Having shaken off the obligations of religion and morality in a dark and tempestuous age, it is probable that such a character will be infected with a tinge of superstition. The period in which he lives teems with great events which he feels he cannot controul. That influence which his pride makes him unwilling to allow to his fellow-men he has no reluctance to ascribe to invisible agents: his pride impells him to superstition and shapes the nature of his belief: his creed is his own: it is made and not adopted.

'A character like this, or some of its features at least, I have attempted to delineate in the following drama. I have introduced him deliberately prosecuting the destruction of an amiable young man by the most atrocious means, and with a pertinacity, as it should seem, not to be accounted for but on the supposition of the most malignant injuries. No such injuries however appear to have been sustained. What then are his motives? First it must be observed that to make the non-existence of a common motive itself a motive to action is a practice which we are never so prone to attribute exclusively to madmen as when we forget ourselves. Our love of the marvellous is not confined to external things. There is no object on which it settles with more delight than on our own minds. This habit is in the very essence of the habit which we are delineating.

'But there are particles of that poisonous mineral of which Iago speaks gnawing his inwards; his malevolent feelings are excited, and he hates the more deeply because he feels he ought not to hate.

'We all know that the dissatisfaction accompanying the first impulses towards a criminal action, where the mind is familiar with guilt, acts as a stimulus to proceed in that action. Uneasiness must be driven away by fresh uneasiness, obstinacy, waywardness and wilful blindness are alternatives resorted to, till there is an universal insurrection of every depraved feeling of the heart.

'Besides, in a course of criminal conduct every fresh step that we make appears a justification of the one that preceded it, it seems to bring again the moment of liberty and choice; it banishes the idea of repentance, and seems to set remorse at defiance. Every time we plan a fresh accumulation of our guilt we have restored to us something like that original state of mind, that perturbed pleasure, which first made the crime attractive.

'If after these general remarks (I am asked⁷) what are Rivers's⁸ motives to the atrocity detailed in the drama? I answer they are founded chiefly on the very constitution of his character; in his pride which borders even upon madness; in his restless disposition; in his disturbed mind; in his superstition; in irresistible propensities to embody in practical experiments his worst and most extravagant speculations; in his thoughts and in his feelings; in his perverted reason justifying his perverted instincts. The general moral intended to be impressed by the delineation of such a character is obvious—it is to shew the dangerous use which may be made of reason when a man has committed a great crime.

'There is a kind of superstition which makes us shudder, when we find moral sentiments to which we attach a sacred importance applied to vicious purposes. In real life this is done every day, and we do not feel the disgust. The difference is here. In works of imagination we see the motive and the end. In real life we rarely see either the one or the other; and when the distress comes it prevents us from attending to the cause. This superstition of which I have spoken is not without its use; yet it appears to be one great source of our vices; it is our constant engine in seducing each other. We are lulled asleep by its agency, and betrayed before we know that an attempt is made to betray us.

'I have endeavoured to shake this prejudice, persuaded that in so doing I was well employed. It has been a further object with me to shew that from abuses interwoven with the texture of society a bad man may be furnished with sophisms in support of his crimes which it would be difficult to answer.

'One word more upon the subject of motives. In private life what is more common than when we hear of lawsuits prosecuted to the utter ruin of the parties, and the most deadly feuds in families, to find them attributed to trifling and apparently inadequate sources? But when our malignant passions operate the original causes which called them forth are soon supplanted, yet when we account for the effect we forget the immediate impulse, and the whole is attributed to the force from which the first motion was received. The vessel keeps sailing on, and we attribute her progress in the voyage to the ropes which first towed her out of harbour.

'To this must be added that we are too apt to apply our own moral sentiments as a measure of the conduct of others.

⁷ I am asked: *I have supplied these words to fill a blank space in the manuscript.*

⁸ Rivers. The names given to several of the leading characters were altered in 1842: in the version that follows this *Essay* in the manuscript Oswald is called Rivers, Marmaduke Mortimer, and Idonea Matilda.

We insensibly suppose that a criminal action assumes the same form to the agent as to ourselves. We forget that his feelings and his reason are equally busy in contracting its dimensions and pleading for its necessity.

‘A TRAGEDY.

“Of human actions reason though you can,
It may be reason, but it is not man;
His principle of action once explore,
That instant 'tis his principle no more.”

POPE.’

In 1843 Wordsworth stated that *The Borderers* was written to preserve in memory those transitions of character which he had witnessed during his residence in France; this essay fully corroborates the statement. He was impelled to write it by the desire to analyse, and if possible explain, by the light of his own experience, those types of character which had brought the Revolution to disaster—men who, like Oswald, used their power for the gratification of their own passionate hatred, and with a cynical contempt for conventional morality erected a philosophy of their own to justify their evil deeds, so that in their hands even truth became an instrument of evil; and, in a second degree, men like Marmaduke, who are led into crime abhorrent to their very natures by playing upon their sentiment of public duty. In his first dismay at the collapse of the Revolutionary ideal he had laid the blame solely upon man's passions, and had sought an escape in the pure intellectualism of Godwin: now it dawned upon him that the worst excesses of the Revolution were themselves justified at the time of their perpetration on Godwinian principles. ‘Imagine,’ as M. Legouis has said, ‘Godwin's arguments for the necessity of extirpating all the human feelings read in the light of '93; conceive his condemnation of all traditional rules of conduct interpreted by aid of the wholesale executions decreed by the *Mountain* in the name of public welfare, or, in other words, of the greatest amount of human happiness, and *The Borderers* acquires a meaning . . . it reflects a reality which it is only too impossible to deny.’

And so Oswald becomes at once a mouthpiece and an exposure of Godwinism. He is not, indeed, the perfect Godwinian, for he is using the doctrines of Godwin, not to promote the general good, but to justify his own evil passions. But that is just Wordsworth's difficulty. A philosophy of life which bears no relation with actual conditions has for him no real value. Human nature must be reckoned with, not as it might have been, but as

it is. Man is not a mere machine whose reason can calculate a good which he will inevitably proceed to turn into action. His reason will always be in some measure affected by his passions, and passions are of widely different kinds. Hatred is innate in him as well as love. Oswald's lust for power is as natural as Marmaduke's pity and benevolence, and power is far more easily manifested in destroying than creating. ‘A child will tear in pieces fifty toys before he will think of making one.’ Thus reason, at the mercy of the passions, cannot fail to be put to dangerous uses, among the most dangerous of which will be that by its agency men of simple, unsuspecting character will become the tools of those abler but less scrupulous. In a state of society such as is depicted in the play, such as Wordsworth had himself witnessed in France, reason is the willing handmaiden of crime. While men like Oswald are at large, isolated acts of virtue, the redressing of a few obvious wrongs, avail us little; it is idle to lament open acts of violence; and the alacrity with which we rush to avenge them is a mere anodyne to thought. We are only scratching the surfaces of things:

The deeper malady is better hid,
The world is poisoned at the heart.

To this despairing cry from Marmaduke Wordsworth saw for the time no answer; but though he was soon to rise above the pessimism which is the dominating note of *The Borderers*, there was much in its teaching which remained for him permanently true. Professor Garrod thinks it odd that Wordsworth should enunciate, so late as 1842, ‘the conception that “sin and crime are apt to spring from their very opposite qualities, and that, a crime once committed, there are no limits to the hardening of the heart.”’ ‘The first part of the thesis,’ he comments, ‘is Godwinism . . . the second part is an addition of Wordsworth, and either part is wholly false.’ But in the first part, though it might perhaps be better expressed, Wordsworth's meaning is surely both clear and unimpeachable, *i.e.*, that a man may be led to commit a crime by a specious appeal to those instincts and feelings which are in general productive of the noblest actions, as Marmaduke was tricked into the murder of Herbert by appealing to his sense of justice and the public good, as many a revolutionary was led to acts of violence at which he was afterwards appalled. The second part of the thesis is false enough, as Professor Garrod has abbreviated it. But to the categorical and obviously false statement that ‘a crime once committed there are no limits to the hardening of the heart’ Wordsworth added the words ‘to which they may carry their slaves.’ The conception of Marmaduke, who revolts from his crime as soon as he realises its enormity, and devotes the

rest of his life to remorse and expiation, is answer enough to Mr. Garrod's misleading version of Wordsworth's statement: the conception of Oswald, who is the slave to his own passions, and bolsters himself up in crime with a perverted understanding, is Wordsworth's own illustration of his meaning, a meaning supported by the searching analysis of Oswald's character which he has provided in his prefatory *Essay*.

Critics of *The Borderers* have paid some attention to its literary ancestry, and have pointed out its debt to the romantic novels and plays of the period, to Schiller's *Robbers*, the self-appointed scourges of tyranny, to casuistical villains like the Marquis in Mrs. Radcliffe's *Romance of the Forest*, to Godwin's *Caleb Williams*, in which 'an atrocious crime is committed by a man previously of the most exemplary habits.' Professors Campbell and Mueschke, in a careful and suggestive study, have recently developed this relation still further, and shown that the æsthetic on which the tragedy is based aims definitely at appealing through the traditional modes of terror and sentimental pity then in vogue: to terror, in the use of all that paraphernalia that is the property of Gothic romance—the lonely storm-swept moor, the ruined castle with its dungeon, the foaming torrent and howling tempest; to sentimental pity for undeserved suffering in the stress laid on Idonea's innocence and devotion, and Herbert's saintly old age. The conformity of *The Borderers* with prevalent literary taste explains, doubtless, how much that to us appears forced and melodramatic seemed to Wordsworth and to Coleridge no unfit background for a work of profound spiritual import. But the prefatory *Essay* suggests, at least, discipleship to a greater master. It should not be forgotten that Wordsworth was already an eager student of Shakespeare; and we can well believe that his special devotion to *Othello*, which he recorded some years later, went back to the time when he was writing *The Borderers*. The reference to Iago, and the subtle analysis of Oswald's Iago-like motives, which, as Wordsworth suggests, are 'unintelligible to all but careful observers,' indicate clearly enough that throughout the composition of his play *Othello* was at the back of his mind. He was probably unconscious of the extent to which he was drawing upon his great forerunner. Like Iago, Oswald plots the ruin of a man of free and open nature, who trusts him implicitly and has every claim upon his gratitude and affection; and, like Iago, he effects his ruin by undermining his faith in those who are dearest to him, and by driving him to destroy them; Oswald's real motives, like Iago's, are hatred of the good, lust for power, a loathing engendered by envy that one whom he feels to be his intellectual inferior holds a higher place in the world's esteem than he; like Iago, he bolsters himself up with a philosophy of his

own, of which the main features are a cynical contempt for all human feeling and for the claims of conventional morality; like Iago, he uses as his tool a woman who is ignorant of the terrible part she is playing in the tragedy; and as in *Othello*, the woman so employed is the main agent in his final discomfiture. *The Borderers* owed far more to *Othello* than to any other influence outside the poet's own experience. The immeasurable distance which separates Wordsworth's dramatic achievement from Shakespeare's is explained by this crucial difference in their presentation of their subtle villain. While neither Iago nor Oswald can be said fully to understand himself, Shakespeare understands Iago, and makes him alive and real to us; whereas Wordsworth, for all his mastery of Oswald's complex psychology, is unable to bring him to life in the play. Shakespeare has no interest in Iago's philosophy, except in so far as it is a part of Iago: Wordsworth is really more interested in Oswald's philosophy than in Oswald; at one time intent on his philosophy, at another on his character, he has not the dramatic skill to fuse the two, and as a consequence we are left uncertain how far Oswald really accepts his philosophy himself, and how far he is actuated by motives diametrically opposed to it. *Othello* needs no commentary: Wordsworth's intention in *The Borderers* is not completely understood till we have read his exposition of it in the *Essay*.

Wordsworth seems himself to have realised that his conception of Oswald was more complex than he could handle dramatically; thus the element of superstition in his mind, developed with penetration in the *Essay*, is only perfunctorily suggested in the play; it is not made a vital part of him, or worked into the fabric of his being. The character of Oswald, as Wordsworth conceived it, was, indeed, subtler than Iago's; and if Iago is one of Shakespeare's most notable triumphs we can hardly be surprised that Wordsworth failed in his harder task. It was always his fate, in his more ambitious writings, to attempt something more difficult than his great models, and thereby to court artistic failure. In *The White Doe of Rylstone* his conception is more profoundly spiritual than Spenser's in *The Faerie Queene*; in his vast unfinished epic of the human mind he strives to overpass Milton. A mere comparison of *The Excursion* with *Paradise Lost* is from some points of view ludicrous enough, but Keats thought it worth making, and did not on all scores give the palm to Milton: *The Borderers* is dismissed by the majority of readers, and still more by students of Wordsworth who do not read it, as almost negligible, yet to Coleridge it seemed 'absolutely wonderful,' and it was after listening to its recital that he recognised its author as dowered with one of the noblest attributes of poetic genius—a profound insight into the human heart. To the penetrating

critic there is, in truth, something more impressive in the very failures of a great poet than in all the easy successes of smaller fry.

In the light of this *Essay*, corroborated by Wordsworth's Preface to the published edition of the drama, it is difficult to accept the theory lately advanced with great ability by Professors Campbell and Mueschke, that 'its initial æsthetic impulse was the remorse that his abandonment of Annette Vallon had aroused in him.' For in the first place we have no direct evidence as to the state of Wordsworth's feelings towards Annette at the time he wrote *The Borderers*. He had been separated from her three years before by the force of circumstances, and not by his own will. Letters written by Annette to him and to Dorothy some months after his return to England take for granted that their separation is only temporary; and it is at least probable that in September 1794 he went as far as Paris in an attempt to reach Orleans, and was only turned back by realising that his presence there would be a danger not only to himself but also to her and to her whole family; in September 1795 he was still in correspondence with her, and there is no reason for believing that he had given up the idea of rejoining her as soon as the end of the war made it feasible. The fact that Godwinian philosophy, to which he became a convert early in 1795, rejected marriage proves nothing. Godwin was himself married twice. Moreover, Godwin had repudiated all human affections as unreasonable, so that we have no more justification for supposing that as a Godwinian he ceased to care for Annette than that he had ceased to care for his sister Dorothy. Professor Campbell calls attention to the stress laid in the play upon the sanctity of the paternal tie, but surely it is somewhat fanciful to find in the aged Herbert's relations with his daughter, who was the sole prop of his helpless old age, a reflection of Wordsworth's feelings for the baby he had never seen; whilst remorse, if it were his dominant mood at the time, would more naturally be associated with thoughts of the mother than of their infant, and he would have been led to a plot which gave him some scope for expressing it. In the statement that *The Borderers* is 'the result of a clash between Godwin's philosophy and his own bitter and searching personal experience' Professors Campbell and Mueschke are undoubtedly correct: in their limitation of that experience to one element in it they seem to throw over all the evidence in favour of pure hypothesis.

'The whirligig of time brings in his revenges,' and after years in which Wordsworth's poetry has been mocked for its lack of passion his whole development is now explained by the psychology of sex. Critics will always differ in the stress they put on the influence over

his mind of his love for Annette, and in the view they take of his omission of all but covert allusion to the episode when he came to record his soul's evolution in *The Prelude*. It may well be that that experience had a far deeper influence upon him than he himself realised when he looked back upon it ten years later. But it should not be forgotten that he wrote *The Prelude* expressly for Coleridge, from whom he had no secrets; and it is certain that a distorted account of the most critical period of his life would have been neither acceptable to Coleridge nor worthy of the confidence of their friendship. The poet who wrote *The Prelude* was not the older Wordsworth who thought it his duty to conceal from the world facts which might prejudice its opinion of the value of his message; regrets for the reticence of the later Wordsworth should not confuse our understanding of the earlier. Despite the new psychology, man is an infinitely complex being, and is capable of being stirred to the depths by other impulses than those of sex. Other men than Wordsworth have been devoted to public causes whose triumph or disaster has affected them personally as profoundly as the most intimate occurrences in the narrower circle of their homes. Wordsworth had given his heart to the Revolution—he was ready to give his life for it—and its tragic failure was a blow beneath which he almost sank.

This *Essay* on *The Borderers* throws a valuable light on that obscure period, the first stage in his recovery. It should also settle for us, once for all, his prime intention in composing his tragedy, and so enable us to date more accurately those stages in the evolution of his mind which immediately preceded it. For it is not only clear that his complete subservience to Godwin was over, but also that he was already emerging from that moral apathy which followed his renunciation of Godwinism. In the drama itself the outlook is still gloomy enough: the *Essay* is the work of a man who has recovered his interest in moral questions, and is at least striving to reach the light. All this points to the conclusion that his renunciation of France in favour of Godwinism must be dated early in 1795, and his renunciation of Godwinism, with its consequent despair, some time during the same summer. His sister tells us that his life in London during the months preceding his settlement at Racedown had been 'altogether unfavourable to mental exertion'; and exertion was needed to rouse him from his moral apathy. But the return to a simple country life, with frugal fare and plenty of outdoor exercise and large spaces of undisturbed leisure, was the best means to revive his spiritual energy. His love of Nature was reawakened; it quickened his emotions and brought him moods of calmness; though still 'dead to deeper hope' he yet 'had joy in her,' and

joy, as he was later to recognise, both heals the spirit and gives it vision. At the same time reunion with his beloved sister renewed his confidence in those simple natural affections whose value Godwin had discounted. But though, in such conditions, the cold Godwinistic creed had no hold over his heart, he was still unable to cast it entirely from his mind. Acute memories of the pains and miseries that he had suffered, when his 'strong disease' was at its height, flooded in upon him. He realised that he had himself but lately passed through that mental state which made colossal criminals of some of the revolutionary leaders. Had fate been less kind to him, he might himself have become a Marmaduke, if not an Oswald. The psychology of crime acquired a morbid hold over his imagination. He had watched it at work in that hotbed of theory and action created by the Revolution, where in the name of reason all natural human feelings were violated, so that blasts

From Hell came sanctified like airs from Heaven,

and where, in reality, the forces that found outlet were not set in motion by this much vaunted reason, but by the most violent of human passions,—a 'region,' indeed,

Where passions had the privilege to work
And never hear the sounds of their own names.

Wordsworth realised now the moral casuistry that lay at the root of all this; but he could not as yet see his way clear of it. He re-read Godwin in a more critical spirit, 'hoping though not expecting to find the work much improved in the second edition'; but, though his attitude to it was widely different now from his former acceptance, there was much of its argument that he could not controvert. It is true, he saw, that reason may be abused by evil and misguided men, but that does not impugn its right to ascendancy. It is true that emotion cannot be eliminated from human nature, and is, indeed, the main source of our strength and happiness, but that does not give it rights against the reason. And what is the moral sanction which justifies us in applying our own moral sentiments as a measure to the conduct of others? For in different individuals the forces of reason and emotion combine or react one against the other in widely different ways. Between those two forces, antagonistic, often mutually destructive, in society, as he had seen it about him, some reconciliation must be effected. But how? To this tormenting problem he could find, as yet, no satisfying solution.

But the cloud that darkened his intellect and depressed his heart was soon to lift. After that notable morning in June 1797, when he read *The Borderers* aloud at Racedown Cottage, his

friendship with Coleridge ripened apace; and in almost daily intercourse with that

capacious soul

Placed in this world to love and understand

he learned how to resolve the discord. A year later he gave triumphant expression to his new faith in the *Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey*.

E. DE SÉLINCOURT.

SOME STRANGE BOOK-COLLECTORS

ACCORDING to the psychologist, the collecting of books, like the collecting of any other objects, is rooted in the acquisitive instinct. True, the instinct may be modified by various factors—the love of beauty, the love of learning, the love of the past; but the foundation of the book-collector's delight is the desire to possess. If the book that he acquires is obtained for less than its real value, or if it be the only copy in existence, and so one that no other collector can possess, his joy is correspondingly increased. Hence the patient eagerness with which he peruses the new catalogue on his breakfast-table, spends long hours in the sale-room, or turns over the shabby volumes on the old-book stall. Though his hopes have been a thousand times disappointed, though his rival has again outbidden him by a few shillings, though his ardent telegram speeds on its way once more to receive the cold reply 'Already sold,' he never despairs of some great find to reward all his persevering care. To such book-lovers other mundane affairs are but secondary considerations. We have their prototypes in Chaucer's poor scholar, in Parson Adams, in Mr. Shandy, and in Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck. But among book-collectors in real life there have been others whose zeal so outran their discretion as to border on folly, and others again who, in their passion to acquire books, did not shrink from the most odious of crimes. It is with some of these singular bibliophiles that I propose to deal.

An amiable and eccentric book-collector, whose chief fault lay in his utter lack of discrimination, was Antoine Marie Henri Boulard. A notary by profession, he rose to a high position in Paris, where he held the office of *Maire* and served as a member of the *Corps législatif*. His merits as a scholar and linguist received general recognition, and many honours and distinctions were conferred upon him. On his retirement in 1808 he devoted all his time and energy to book-collecting, and soon the name of 'Père' Boulard was on the lips of the Parisian book world. At auctions and in the bookshops his face was familiar. Not only familiar, but welcome, for wherever he went he bought books in enormous quantities. His acquisitive instinct was satisfied

with their possession, for it was beyond the powers of mortal man to read, even casually, the numerous volumes which he purchased. For the most part they remained unopened and piled in stacks, until they filled to overflowing the five houses in which they had been deposited. On the death of Boulard the collection of between 600,000 and 800,000 volumes was dispersed. Much of it was worthless and was sold as waste paper; the rest was disposed of at a series of auctions which lasted from 1828 to 1833, and caused a disturbance on the Parisian book market which was long remembered.

A more mysterious personage was the Chevalier D'Eon. Like Boulard, he followed the law, adopting the profession of advocate, in which his father had gained distinction before him. Turning to politics, D'Eon soon attracted attention, and in 1755 was sent by Louis XV. on a secret mission to Russia with the design of winning the consent of the Russian Court to the nomination of the Prince de Conti as King of Poland. It is said that D'Eon, for the better execution of his plan, assumed the garb of a woman, in which disguise he became reader to the Empress Elizabeth. His aim being achieved, D'Eon returned to Paris, and was again entrusted with a mission to St. Petersburg. On this occasion he figured as a man, and was said to be the brother of the lady who had served as reader to the Empress in the preceding year. D'Eon loomed large in the European diplomacy of his day, and stood high in the favour of his royal master, with whom he carried on a secret correspondence. In the end, however, this was his undoing, for it awakened the jealousy of Madame de Pompadour. Owing to her influence he was deprived of his post as Minister at the Court of Great Britain, to which he had been appointed in 1762. An attempt to challenge the credentials of his successor merely led to his being declared an outlaw. Some years later there was much discussion about the sex of D'Eon, and in 1777 an action to recover a bet which had been laid on the subject elicited from Lord Mansfield the decision that D'Eon was a female. A few months after the trial he made his peace with the French Court and returned to France. Strange to say, one of the conditions laid down was that he should wear female dress, which he did to the end of his life. In 1784 D'Eon obtained leave to go to England for the purpose of bringing over his library. Instead of doing so, however, he settled in London, where he remained until his death in 1810, when a *post-mortem* examination proved him to have been a man.

The mystery which enveloped D'Eon was exploited in 1791, when, to satisfy his need of money, he sold his collection of rare books and manuscripts. A catalogue was issued in which D'Eon was referred to throughout as a woman. It made mention of the

valuable dictionaries, the French, Greek, Latin and English printed works, and the Oriental writings acquired by 'her' on her travels, and also announced the sale of her mahogany library furniture, her drawings and works of art, her swords and jewels, and her whole wardrobe as captain of dragoons and French lady of fashion. However, the sale never took place, for public sympathy was aroused by this unusual catalogue. A subscription was opened and realised 465*l*. It is characteristic of D'Eon's passion for books that, in spite of his straitened circumstances, he immediately devoted a part of this sum to the purchase of a collection of editions of *Horace* amounting to five hundred in all. The natural consequence was that in 1793 he was once more in difficulties, and this time, no kindly subscribers intervening, he was forced to dispose of a part of his library.

Whatever may be thought of the Chevalier D'Eon's action in applying the money collected for him to the purchase of books, it was at any rate his own and the precious volumes were honestly come by. This cannot be said of another French bibliophile, the Abbé Emile Chavin de Malan. He belonged to the Benedictines, an order justly famed for its pursuit of learning, and as he had the best credentials from ecclesiastics of great eminence, the Bibliothèque Nationale, the Bibliothèque Sainte-Geneviève, and other Parisian libraries readily gave him access to their shelves so that he might have ample material for his *Histoire de Don Mabillon et de la Congrégation de Saint-Maur*. The Abbé was not only a scholar, but also a bibliophile, who, as he explained to his acquaintances, devoted all his savings to the collection of the works of Don Mabillon, of his friends, and of those sharing his opinions. For this excellent purpose he claimed to have made heavy sacrifices and undergone severe privations. Such was the confidence reposed in this enthusiastic scholar that the authorities of the Bibliothèque Sainte-Geneviève gave him the keys, so that on Sundays and holidays he might concentrate on his great life-work undisturbed by ordinary mortals. After his death, however, some misgivings were entertained and an inquiry was made. The investigation of the Abbé's modest collection showed that he had indeed not laboured in vain. It contained 269 volumes, in addition to numerous drawings, autographs and manuscripts, all of them the property of the State. Nor did this represent the full extent of the Abbé's activities, for many works he had disposed of to the booksellers or presented to his friends. It appeared that he was in the habit of concealing the origin of the books, either by tearing out the stamped title-pages or by pasting his delicate *ex-libris* over the marks of ownership. The scale on which Chavin de Malan had appropriated books may be gathered from the present which he made to another abbé—the works of Denis

le Chartreux, seventeen folio volumes, handsomely bound in goatskin. During his lifetime Chavin used to sell his 'duplicates' to the bookseller Demichelis, who also purchased the Abbé's entire library after his death. From him the rarest works were eagerly bought by eminent French, English, and American bibliophiles. When the return of these books to the shelves of the libraries which were their true home was afterwards demanded, difficulties naturally arose. Demichelis pleaded that he had acted in good faith, and collectors who had secured treasures dear to their hearts were not readily inclined to part with them. Looking back, one can only feel amazement at the negligence of the library authorities which made such depredations possible and even failed to notice them after the event. Nor is it easy to understand how a person who posed as a poor scholar and yet was able to bestow rare volumes on his friends and to sell duplicates to bookdealers could for so long go free from suspicion.

The generosity of Chavin de Malan is the one redeeming trait in his character, and even this is lacking in the case of Count Libri Carrucci della Sommaia, one of the most notorious book thieves the world has ever known. A Florentine by birth, he became a licentiate of law and doctor of natural science at the early age of seventeen. Attention was drawn to him by a number of scientific treatises, and when only twenty years of age he was made Professor of Mathematics at Pisa. For political reasons he left Italy and settled in Paris, where he soon rose to the highest positions. He became Professor of Mathematics at the Collège de France, edited the *Journal des Savants*, and was made a Knight of the Legion of Honour. At the same time he acquired a reputation as a bibliophile and was well known in the second-hand bookshops and sale-rooms of Paris. A scholar of undoubted ability, with a wide knowledge of books and manuscripts, Libri seemed admirably suited for the post to which he was appointed in 1841. An official commission had been nominated to make an inventory of the contents of the French public libraries, and Libri was made secretary. The opportunities which now presented themselves, however, proved his downfall. In virtue of his position Libri was able to demand that any books and manuscripts that he might wish should be sent to him; nor was any serious attempt made to check their return. The chaotic political conditions then prevailing in France also told in Libri's favour, and when accusation after accusation was brought against him he merely snapped his fingers at those who made them. It is impossible to say when he first began to make these raids on the libraries of Paris, and especially on those of the provinces, and to dispose of his spoils to the booksellers. However, the impunity with which he had carried on these shady transactions

inspired in him a boldness which threw all caution to the winds. In 1847 he declared himself tired of collecting and entered on negotiations with the Library of Turin and with the British Museum for the sale of his great collection of manuscripts, which was ultimately bought by Lord Ashburnham. The same year other sections of the Libri collection were sold by auction in Paris, but as many of the volumes had been carelessly left with the stamps of French public libraries clearly visible the scandal could not be ignored. On February 4, 1848, a charge of misappropriation was brought against Libri, who had in the meantime fled to England, taking a large part of his treasures with him. From London he conducted a long controversy, and defended himself with much skill. He could prove that many of the books in his possession were genuine purchases, and among these were some which had been purloined from French public libraries during the ferment of the Revolution. So plausible were Libri's arguments that many of his friends retained their confidence in him. However, in his hasty flight he had left behind him damning evidence. In his workshop, where he employed an Italian craftsman to fake old French bindings and give them an Italian air and also a forger to insert spurious marks of origin, large portions of collections from French public libraries were found in the very process of transformation. Even so, on account of the lack of a catalogue in many libraries, it was difficult to establish beyond all doubt the extent of Libri's depredations. Nevertheless, there was ample evidence to justify the sentence of ten years' hard labour which was passed on him in 1850, this entailing also the loss of all his dignities and official positions. Libri, who had become naturalised in England, refused to accept the decision tamely, and attempted to have the case reopened. For a decade the matter was keenly discussed, and it was not until 1861 that his appeal was finally rejected. Towards the end of his life Libri returned to Italy and died at Fiesole in 1869. Between the years 1850 and 1868 he disposed of large quantities of books, some anonymously and some with his name attached, at sales in London.

It is not clear what were Libri's original motives in removing books from the French public libraries. Was he primarily actuated by the love of old books and beautiful manuscripts, and did the idea of coining them into money only suggest itself later, or was he from the first bent on the ruthless exploitation of this rich gold mine? The inwardness of his actions we shall never know, but the more charitable explanation is perhaps also the more probable.

At any rate, Libri stopped at theft; others, in their passion for books, have not scrupled to plunge even deeper into crime.

A notable example of this is Johann Georg Tinius. He was the son of a poor shepherd and was born in 1764. As he early displayed great ability, considerable interest was taken in his career, and he was enabled to enter the University of Wittenberg. Having completed his studies there, he took holy orders, and in 1798 became the pastor of Heinrichs, in Thuringia, whence he moved in 1809 to Poserna, near Weissenfels. Tinius had a passion for books, and by degrees accumulated a library of 17,000 volumes. In his eagerness to acquire learning he spent far beyond his means, and to make good the deficiency entered on the path of crime. It was his custom to offer snuff containing a strong narcotic to travellers in mail-coaches and to plunder the victims when the drug had overpowered them. Owing to the Napoleonic wars Germany was then in a state of extreme disorder, and that perhaps explains why Tinius for so long was able to commit these robberies unchecked and unmolested. Who would suspect the modest, retiring, country clergyman, the man with a blameless reputation as a father and a pastor? Like others, Tinius was emboldened by his success. On January 28, 1812, a wealthy merchant of Leipzig named Schmidt was visited by a stranger, ostensibly for business purposes. Having taken the pinch of snuff offered him by his client, Schmidt fell into a stupor, and while in this state was so badly injured that he died a few weeks later. The stranger disappeared, taking with him bonds worth 3000 thalers, which he cashed the same day at a bank, calmly waiting half an hour while the transaction was completed and even returning to get a receipt for the sale. The criminal was not traced. On February 8, 1813, another murder took place at Leipzig under similar circumstances, the victim this time being a widow. However, the murderer was disturbed in the act of robbery. He fled, but was recognised by the maid as he was hurrying down the stairs. It was the venerable Tinius. With the consent of the ecclesiastical authorities he was arrested, and inquiries were set on foot which led to his trial in March 1814. The misdeeds of this singular individual, who, though he had a fortnight's warning, neglected to remove the traces of his previous crimes, were now gradually brought to light. The trial, however, was not ended until 1823. Even then the evidence was not flawless, and as Tinius steadfastly protested his innocence his sentence was light. He was publicly unfrocked and condemned to twelve years' penal servitude. His library, the loss of which he afterwards bitterly lamented, was sold by auction at Leipzig in 1821. Fourteen years later, having completed his sentence, he was set free, only to find himself, an old man in the seventies, boycotted by his family and shunned by his friends. With the aid of a pittance of 25 thalers a year from his former

parish and with the scanty sums that he earned by writing for the booksellers he eked out a miserable existence, until in 1846 he died in abject poverty. The case of Tinius, as will be readily understood, made a great sensation, and long after his trial legend was busy with this strange man. Such was his learning that he was reputed while in gaol to have composed a Hebrew dictionary from memory.

Even more dangerous than Tinius was the Spanish bibliophile Don Vincente, who for sheer ferocity is a unique figure in the annals of book-collecting. He belonged to the monastery of Poblet, near Tarragona, which possessed a valuable library, the gift of one of the last Kings of Arragon. During the troublous regency of Queen Christina of Bourbon the monastery was robbed of its treasures. Don Vincente betrayed to the plunderers booty that was to their taste, and availed himself of the confusion produced by this incursion to appropriate numerous books on which he had cast a longing eye. From other monastic libraries which met with a similar fate about this time he acquired still more books, and ultimately set up as a bookseller at Barcelona. He loved his books with a savage intensity and led a wretched life rather than part with them. As far as possible he sold only works of minor importance; the rarer books he watched like some old dragon holding guard over its hoard. Sometimes, however, impelled by dire necessity, he would sell one of his treasures. But woe betide the purchaser! Within a few hours he was dead and the book was restored to Don Vincente's shelves. These murders were a source of perplexity to the authorities of Barcelona, nor were they explained until the arrest of Don Vincente for his last crime. In 1836 the valuable library of a lawyer was sold by auction at Barcelona. It contained one work which was said to be unique—a book printed by Lamberto Palmart and published at Valencia in 1482. Don Vincente's heart was set on procuring it, and at the auction he offered every penny that he had. But another bookseller, Augustino Paxtot, outbid him by 14 pesetas. His dearest wish thus denied him, Don Vincente was seized with a paroxysm of fury and lost control of himself. There were strange happenings in Barcelona the following week. It became dangerous to enter Paxtot's shop, for in those few days no less than nine respectable citizens who had done so were found murdered. Whatever the motive, it was evidently not robbery, for their money was untouched. In the meantime Paxtot's house caught fire, and he himself perished in the flames. Then it was that people recalled the peculiar conduct of Don Vincente at the sale. His house was searched, and the cunning maniac proudly showed his treasures to the judge charged with the investigation and explained their arrangement. It was by a

mere chance that the judge came upon the artfully concealed *incunabulum* which had been the death of ten men. Don Vincente was placed under arrest, and, when further proof of his crimes was forthcoming, confessed his guilt. It is said that he first demanded a guarantee that his library should not be dispersed, pointing out that his intention had merely been to preserve from destruction the rare productions of bygone ages. He was particularly concerned lest anything should befall his beloved books; as for his own fate, he was indifferent. Books were all in all to him, and though he claimed to have given his victims absolution, whenever possible, before murdering them, their death seemed to him a comparatively small matter. All men must die sooner or later, he thought, and the moment of annihilation was of minor importance; but rare books were on a different plane—they were the praise of God. The advocate who defended Don Vincente pleaded that the monk could not justly be put to death, as he was so obviously mad. Further, he sought to prove that the evidence was not conclusive. Of all the books on account of which Don Vincente was charged with murder several copies were known to exist, and even of Lamberto Palmart's book, supposedly unique, a second copy was to be found in a Parisian library. How, then, could it be maintained with certainty that the copy discovered in Don Vincente's collection was the identical book purchased by Paxtot at the sale? As he listened Don Vincente suffered such agony as he had never known before, not because he foresaw that the ingenious arguments of his advocate were destined to fall on deaf ears, not because he perceived that he must inevitably die, but because he realised that the book for which he had murdered ten innocent men was not the only copy in the world. Again and again he repeated to himself: 'My copy is not unique; my copy is not unique.'

HERBERT WRIGHT.

OLD ACCOUNTS AND INVENTORIES

THERE is nothing which throws more light on the habits and manner of life of our ancestors than the accounts of their expenditure and the inventories of their possessions. It is a material which ripens with age. The accounts and inventories of to-day are but of slight interest to any but their owners; those of a hundred years ago are only a little more attractive. When, however, we go back for four or five centuries we seem suddenly to have entered into a new world. Values, purposes, and details of expenditure are all in a different proportion, and however much the aims and methods of domestic life may in essence remain the same, they have in appearance undergone a radical change. On the one side we find a greater simplicity and a lack of comfort which, judged by the standards of to-day, seems almost barbaric. On another side we encounter what appears to be a superfluity of extravagance and a stately splendour in the midst of incongruous surroundings. The mid-fifteenth century labourer, with his 4*d.* a day wages, might be ill-housed and roughly clad, but in normal times could obtain an abundant sufficiency of food; for him the gravest risk was the sudden fluctuation of prices, when wheat might be 1*s.* 1*d.* a bushel one year, and within a year or two, through an unlooked-for dearth, rise to 3*s.* 4*d.* At the other end of the social scale the nobleman kept a great table for his numerous household, and went splendidly dressed, whilst in his mansion or castle, if there was a lack of what we should regard as comfort and convenience, there was no failure in point of magnificence.

The contrast between the social life of the present day and that of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries was in great measure due to the difference in the machinery of life. Communications, travel and traffic, if less difficult than is sometimes supposed, were not easy. Commerce had but lately passed out of the inter-communal into the international stage. The operations of finance were still of a rudimentary character, and banking, so far as it existed at all, did nothing for the assistance of the ordinary man, who was without any of the advantages of an organised system of credit. So all were for the most part dependent on their own tangible resources: the countryman grew his own food

and was furnished for his other needs by local industries. For the townsman life was more complicated, but in England the towns were usually so small that for most purposes they were easily supplied from their own neighbourhood. The great land-owner, if he did not literally eat up his rents, had to husband them to meet forthcoming expenditure; he had little opportunity for the investing of superfluous income (except by the purchase of more land), and as a rule could only accumulate his wealth in the shape of rich cloths and silver plate, the latter of which, at all events, could be turned readily into money in case of need. To such causes were due alike the greater simplicity of life and the apparently extravagant profusion in the display of wealth.

It is natural that old accounts and inventories should most commonly have to do with the affairs of well-to-do people, since they alone had more money than was needed from day to day, and could alone accumulate any quantity of goods and chattels. In the early wills of agriculturists bequests were commonly in kind: 'to each of my godsons a measure of barley; to my wife three bullocks and three cows; to the church a teg sheep.' Bequests of money were probably small in amount: 'to the high altar of my parish church 4*d.*; for tithes forgot 2*d.*,' and so forth. In the will of a wealthy London citizen the monetary bequests might amount to 200*l.* or 300*l.* besides other things of value. Even in the noble's will the actual amount of money disposed of might, according to modern standards, be inconsiderable. The Earl of Oxford in 1513 disposed by his will of 2100*l.* in ready money, but the total value of all his goods was over 8000*l.* A century earlier Henry, Lord Scrope of Masham had only 1000*l.* or so in money, but very much more in plate, jewels, books, and rich cloths.

Even more remarkable than his will are the inventories of Henry Scrope's possessions, taken after his condemnation for treason in 1415. In his London house, Scrope's Inn, on the Thames side near Baynard's Castle, he had over 2500 ounces of gold, silver-gilt, and silver plate worth upwards of 400*l.*, which might correspond in value to as much as 10,000*l.* at the present time. In Yorkshire he had still more—gold vessels weighing 480 oz., besides silver and silver-gilt plate to the amount of nearly 5000 oz.; and there is reason to suppose that the inventory was not complete. Some of the most precious things were of a religious character, like the image of the Virgin a yard high, with two images of St. Peter and St. Paul of the same height, and of St. John the Baptist, all of silver-gilt, which he had bequeathed to the high altar at York Minster. But the secular plate was not less remarkable for the great number of vessels, bowls, pots (some holding a gallon), cups, and other articles.

The largest things were two ewers of silver-gilt, each of them chased with a scallop and with a lion on the stopper, and each of them weighing over 30 lb. There were fifteen large pots and numerous cups, many of them richly chased and enamelled. There was one cup which stood on three lions and had seven crabs in green enamel on the cover: the crab was a Scrope badge, adopted from the supposed origin of the name, *scroubz* = a crab. Others were engraved with mottos like '*Souveniez de moi*' and '*Pur l'amour soit done.*' The plate, however, represented by no means the whole of Scrope's wealth in movable goods. There were great quantities of cloths and tapestries, arras and other hangings, nearly sixty costers (strips of tapestry for the sides of tables and beds), over twenty coverlets and twenty-nine curtains, with nineteen pieces of arras and fifty-seven pieces of worsted, besides testers and celers for beds, and bankers and carpets for benches and tables. A peculiarity is the number of copes, of which the late dean of Scrope's chapel stated that his master had possessed 120; most of them had probably been acquired in order to be bequeathed to churches. The Earl of Oxford a century later similarly disposed of over sixty copes. Some part of Scrope's rich cloths was perhaps only 'in store,' and the most costly, which were often richly embroidered, may have been for display, but much was no doubt intended for use. Still, these, like the plate, were in part in the nature of an investment, and the contrast between ancient and modern customs is marked when we find that whilst Scrope had movable goods to the value of at least 5000*l.*, he had barely 1000*l.* in money, which appears to have been out on loan with London merchants.

In contrast to this extraordinary wealth of articles of luxury comes the almost pitiful list of the furniture in Scrope's London hostel. Nine joined stools, three forms, a little cupboard, a pair of trestles and four press-boards, together with three old tables, two pairs of trestles and an old chest in the hall, make up the regular furniture, except for a few more chests, some tubs, and the kitchen utensils. The kitchen utensils were valued at nearly 5*l.*, and the rest of the furniture, apart from the chests, at less than 10*s.* The chests were the most important, as the only means for the safe storing of valuables; the one in the hall was worth 5*s.*, and another iron-bound chest was priced at 6*s.* 8*d.* There was not a single chair, and the whole of the furniture must have been of the plainest description. It is probable that in this respect the inventory was imperfect, but in any case it is unlikely that Scrope's furniture was attractive in appearance or useful.

Trestle-tables were the common furniture of a nobleman's hall then and long afterwards, though dormant or fixed tables are also sometimes mentioned. The rough wooden furniture, it must be

remembered, was not seen in the ordinary way; carpets covered the tables (foot-carpets for the floor were as yet rare), and bankers and dorsers (cushions for seat and back) made stools, forms, and fixed benches more comfortable. The walls, at all events, were bright with tapestry of arras or humbler hangings of striped cloth. Similarly, in the chambers the actual bedstead was unimportant, and its comfort and show depended on its appurtenances. Scrope's best bed in London was of red and black striped tartarin, with celer, curtains and cushions to match; its value was 40*s.*

Apart from the richness and profusion of the hangings, cushions and carpets, Scrope's house can have been little better furnished than that of a fairly prosperous London citizen. Richard Gurmyn, a Londoner who was condemned for Lollardy in this same year 1415, had household goods worth 21*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*; he had a little silver valued at 5*l.* and some arms valued at 27*s.*; he had some clothes, of which the best was a furred gown worth 13*s.* 4*d.*, linen valued at a little over 2*l.*, two costers worth 1*s.* 4*d.*, and a quantity of pewter; his best bed, of embroidered worsted, was valued at 13*s.* 4*d.* The furniture properly so called consisted of a chair 6*d.*, a joined stool 2*d.*, a foot for a round table 1*d.*, a press-board 3*d.*, a pair of bed-boards 6*d.*, a writing-board 1*d.*, two chests 3*s.*, and a spruce chest 6*d.*, whilst two old chests and 'divers trash'¹ were thrown in at 2*d.*; so the total was worth only 5*s.* 3*d.* Yet Gurmyn was a man of some means and had 164*l.* owing to him by various persons. Of Gurmyn's furniture we have probably a complete list; and, even if the inventory of Scrope's furniture was imperfect, there does not seem to have been any very marked difference in furniture between the house of the citizen and the house of the nobleman. Some forty years later a London rector left the furniture of his rectory to his successors; it consisted of a trestle-table, a chair, a cupboard and some bankers and dorsers in the hall, with beds and a press in two chambers; another item was the glass windows, which were then rare enough to be counted part of the furniture. The furniture which a Cornish vicar bequeathed in like manner a hundred years later was somewhat better, and included a great joined table with settles, benches, forms and stools, which were carved, and a great joined bedstead, besides the wainscot in the hall.

Some indication of what the ordinary furniture of the fifteenth century cost when new can be obtained from the accounts for the refitting of the Coldharbour at London for the Lady Margaret

¹ This illustrates how inventories often supply information on the history of words. 'Trash' is here used familiarly in its secondary meaning of 'rubbish'; but the earliest instance given in the *Oxford Dictionary* is a hundred years later:

Beaufort in 1485. The house had been used for the College of Heralds, and when Henry VII. gave it to his mother it was much in need of repair: the roofs, the walls, the doors, and the windows all required attention; the locks were broken and the keys lost, and all fittings had to be replaced. Fresh furniture was also needed; one joiner supplied a table and a pair of trestles at 6s. 8d., seven stools for 9d. each, two stools for the chapel at 2s. 8d., and 'a close chair for my lady' at 5s.; another joiner supplied two beds ready made for 4s. 8d., and a table and two trestles for the chamber of my Lady Elizabeth (afterwards Queen of Henry VII.) for 3s. 4d. Other beds were made in the house by a carpenter, who charged 1s. 6d. for timber and 1d. for nails. A dressing-board of elm for the kitchen, 12 feet long, cost 5s., and an ashen table for the ewery (where the ewers and table linen were kept) cost 5s. 6d.; the last item was rather expensive, but only 1s. 6d. was paid for the table in the porter's lodge and 23s. 4d. for six dormant (or fixed) tables. There were many other items, such as cole (perhaps a black paint), yellow ochre, and red moty (whatever that was) to colour the walls; racks and shelves for the kitchen; wooden bowls, trays and pails: a great bowl cost 2s., three trays for the wine-cellar 6d. each, a pail 2d., and a small bowl 2d. The usual price for a new key was 3d., and for a hollow key 4d.; but two great keys for the wine-cellar door cost 16d., and two spring locks, each with two keys, for the larders 2s. The glazing of the windows was perhaps the most costly of all the repairs; two glaziers were employed, and their bills came to over 7l. Venetian, Normandy, Dutch, and English glass were used; the two first cost 6d. a foot, the Dutch 4d. to 6d., and the English 5d.; quarrels of English glass cost 1d. apiece. Some of the glazing was of an ornamental kind; there was 'florysche,' or ornamented glass, in the great chamber, two panes with the arms of my lord and my lady in my lady's chamber which cost 3s. 9d., and a scutcheon with the arms of my lady in a window by the waterside, which cost 1s. 8d. Another interesting detail is of glass for the little window where there was a lattice and two irons to set pots with herbs in; so window-boxes were not entirely unknown in the Middle Ages. The total expenditure on the repairs at Coldharbour on this occasion was 88l. 18s. 2d., a very substantial sum if translated into its modern equivalent.

As regards the actual furniture, it is clear that at Coldharbour we have to do only with the ordinary fittings and articles for everyday use; no doubt there would have been other things of more luxury, and from the nature of the account there is no mention of the hangings, tapestries, and cushions on which the comfort of the house so much depended. When a few years before Edward IV. had lent Coldharbour to his sister Margaret,

Duchess of Burgundy, tapestries were supplied from the royal wardrobe together with a travas and curtains of green sarsenet for the chapel.

If we had a full inventory of the contents of Coldharbour in Lady Margaret's time we should no doubt find that it was well provided with hangings and upholstery. To take a somewhat humbler instance, we find in the list of heirlooms at Stonor in Oxfordshire a few years earlier that there were hangings of black say (a fine cloth) for the hall, of striped purple and green cloth in one chamber, and of striped red and green say in three other chambers; in the last chambers there were hangings for the beds to match. The use of paper for wall coverings was not common till much later; and in the absence of wainscot striped cloth was the most usual covering for less important rooms, or where arras could not be afforded, till far into the seventeenth century. Other heirlooms at Stonor included two plain chairs and a turned chair with cushions of grey skin; the chairs were no doubt articles of some value, and no other furniture properly so called was included amongst the heirlooms, though cobirons and andirons for the hearths appear together with a variety of kitchen utensils; there were also two coverlets, one of which was embroidered with pots and ostrich feathers. The Stonors were a family of wealthy squires, and their house was probably fairly representative. It compares favourably enough with the house of a Worcestershire squire a century later, in whose parlour the furniture consisted of a drawing joined board, a joined sideboard, a cupboard, two joined forms and eleven joined stools; a large Turkey wrought carpet worth 3l. added a touch of luxury, and there were also two cloth carpets and some other things: the whole valuation for this room was under 9l.

In the country districts habits changed slowly, and even in Elizabeth's reign the London satirist could refer to the country gentleman's son who skipped about among the bears and dogs at Paris Garden till his satin doublet and silken hose were like his father's hall—

Stinking of dogs and muted all with hawks.

But much earlier the houses of wealthy people elsewhere were increasing in luxury and comfort. Of the London house of Edmond Dudley, the unpopular Minister of Henry VII., we have what seems to be a full inventory taken at the time of his downfall in 1509. This house was at the corner of Walbrook and Candlewick (or Cannon) Street. Even here in the hall there were only a hanging of old arras at the high dais, a cupboard, a long board with two trestles, two joined forms and a closh-board covered with green cloth; closh was a sort of parlour ninepins, played

perhaps with pieces of ivory. In the great parlour, besides the furnishing of the fireplace, there were a wicker screen, a table, three joined forms, a cupboard, and a French chair. French chairs also appear in some other rooms, but most of the furniture consisted of coffers, cupboards, trestles, tables and joined forms. The hangings were mostly of striped buckram, though there was some tapestry and arras (which belonged to the great parlour) put away in the wardrobe or store-chamber. In several rooms there were window curtains of green say, and in the great chamber curtains of white sarsenet. As usual, there was a great quantity of silver plate, in this instance over 1650 oz.; the most notable article was a standing cup of silver and gilt, chased and parcel enamelled with images of kings, which weighed 89 oz. The principal beds were of white fustian, fringed with gilt wooden bells, and of embroidered baudekin; others were of blue or red sarsenet, of crimson cloth of gold and green and crimson satin, and of black and yellow damask. Heavy and gorgeous hangings were then and long afterwards the necessary appurtenances of a bed, whilst the furniture for daily use might be in comparison rude and plain. Still, in Edmond Dudley's great chamber, which was the principal living-room, there were cushions of crimson and blue velvet, of purple velvet and of crimson damask. Most of the carpets, cloths, and coverlets were, however, not out of the ordinary. The silver consisted chiefly of cups, pots, cruets, goblets and spoons, whilst the plates and dishes were pewter, though there were glasses and bottles 'of beyond-sea making.'

It is a defect in the inventory of Edmond Dudley's possessions that no prices are given: still, it is of interest as representative of the house of a man of good position if not of the first rank. His grandson, Robert, Earl of Leicester, was a much greater personage, and we are fortunate to possess full inventories of his household goods both at Kenilworth and at Leicester House in London. The former is unpriced, though we have a summary valuation elsewhere; for the latter we have two separate inventories made after his death in 1588 and 1590, both of which are priced. There is also a priced inventory of his lesser house at Wanstead. The total value of his goods at the three houses (he had more elsewhere) was just over 7000*l*. Allowing for the difference in the value of money, this is a very large sum. But when we find that Leicester owed 35,000*l*. to the Queen and as much more to other persons, against which he had only 2196*l*. owing to him—and that in great part desperate—the evidence of wealth is somewhat tarnished. Leicester in his will stated that he had lived always above any living he had, and died he knew not how many thousand in debt.

Leicester's Kenilworth inventory is one of the finest documents of the kind which we possess. Sir Walter Scott made use of it for his description of the splendours of Kenilworth, and took from it the superb brazen chandelier formed like a spread-eagle, with twenty-four branches and adorned with images very finely and artificially done; and also the gorgeously magnificent salts, one ship fashion, framed of mother of pearl, and another in form of a swan in full sail. There was also an image of St. George, of wood painted and gilt, in which the horse's tail was managed to hold a case of knives, with another case for oyster knives in the breast of the dragon; unfortunately all the knives had been lost.

The 'inventorye of warderopp stuffe, hanginges, and other furniture of howsholde' at Kenilworth was taken in 1583. It begins with the hangings: there were 140 pieces of tapestry with subjects from Bible, classical and later history, together with other pieces of flowers and beasts, and of hunting and hawking. There were also twenty-seven pieces of leather-gilt hangings and a small number of less valuable materials. The 'bedsteads with their apparell' forms one of the longest items; there were fifteen principal bedsteads, eight sparvers (canopied beds), five slope beds and a few others. One of the most remarkable of the bedsteads was:

A fair, rich, new standing bedstead of walnut-tree, all painted over with crimson and silvered with roses, four beasts and ragged staves, all silvered, standing upon the corners. The tester, celer, double vallance and bases of crimson velvet richly embroidered with cinquefoils of cloth of silver, with my Lord's arms very richly embroidered in the midst of the celer and tester, supported with the white Lion and Bear, silver, lined through with red buckram. Three bases and double vallance fringed with a deep fringe of crimson silk and silver. Five curtains of crimson satin of 14 breadths, striped down with a bone lace of silver, and a little small fringe of crimson silk and silver round about the curtains: lined through with white taffeta sarsenet.

Some of the other bedsteads were scarcely less splendid, and, like the sparvers (which were mostly of walnut), all had curtains and counterpanes to match. Beds (116 feather beds), linen quilts, blankets, sheets (167 pairs), counterpanes and pillow-beres (or pillow-cases) were in proportion: one pair of pillow-beres was richly wrought with flowers, beasts, and ragged staves in frets of gold, silver, and sundry coloured silks. The valuation of the bedsteads and bedding at Kenilworth was given in 1588 as upwards of 1070*l*.

Chairs, cushions and stools were the next item. Thirty-seven chairs are described: most of them had long cushions and stools to match; they were valued at 92*l*. Other items are carpets

(some of Turkey work), pictures, musical instruments, cabonetts, chessboards, weapons, books, chests, close-stools (twenty-four) and andirons. There were thirty-six tables (some of inlaid maple), fifty-four stools, and thirty-four forms. In the hall were six tables and fourteen forms, long and short; all this last furniture was valued at only 25*l*. In conclusion we have inventories of the silver plate, of glass and pewter vessels (both in great quantities), an abundance of napery, the ordnance and munitions—including twenty-one guns, seventy-six corslets and 175 callivers or hand guns.

The inventory of the earl's goods at Leicester House (its site is now covered by Essex Street and Devereux Court, near the Temple) was equally remarkable; the total valuation here was 3198*l*., but this included some plate and possibly other articles which five years before were at Kenilworth. The plate weighed 2600 oz. and was valued at 627*l*. At Leicester House the contents were valued room by room, and thus, with the aid of evidence from other quarters, it has been possible to restore in some part the plan of the house. The great chamber over the hall had five large pieces of hangings, a long table of walnut, another trestle-table, an old court cupboard, five forms, two joined stools, a chair covered with green cloth and six stools to match, an instrument with sundry stops in it (perhaps a virginal), a pair of andirons and a map of the world: the total value was only 12*l*. odd, and this was the chief sitting-room of the house; thus mere furniture was still of little value. In Lady Leicester's chamber there was a bedstead of walnut with tester and curtains of scarlet laced with silver and gold; the other furniture, except for the hangings, was again insignificant, and the bedstead and its appurtenances accounted for more than half of the total value of 51*l*. The rooms assigned to Leicester's brother, the Earl of Warwick, were perhaps the best furnished; the contents of his bedchamber, closet and dining-chamber being valued at 109*l*. 8*s*. 10*d*.: the bedstead was again the most costly article; it was a walnut sparver with hangings of carnation velvet and green cloth of silver, embroidered with bears and ragged staves—the Warwick badges. In all the better rooms of the house the principal furniture was of walnut; but in the low gallery there was a sweet-wood table standing upon four bears; sweet-wood was a lauraceous timber which had lately been introduced from the West Indies. In this gallery there were also six Venice chairs with stools, but they were very old and worth only 3*l*. 'Very old' is a qualification which appears frequently in the inventory. Analogous to this is the description of six cushions of black and purple figured satin as 'made of an old gown of my lady's'; fifty years later another Lady Leicester proposed to refurbish a

bed with the lace off the footmen's coats. After all, even Elizabethan splendour had its sordid moments.

At Kenilworth there was no apparel which had to be accounted for. But at Leicester House the earl had thirty doublets, twenty-seven cloaks, five gowns, four cassocks and twenty-two hats and caps, besides twelve pairs of top-boot hose. Four doublets of satin and gold and silver lace with hose to match were worth 10*l*.; the best cloak, of black velvet richly embroidered and lined with cloth of gold, was put down at 20*l*., a gown of velvet and sable at 15*l*., and an old nightgown of tuft taffeta furred with fox at 5*l*.; the total value of the apparel was 193*l*.

Two remarkable items in Leicester's inventories are the armour and the pictures. The arms and munition at Kenilworth were chiefly ordnance; but at Leicester House there were 100 cuirasses, fifty-seven corslets, nearly 400 morions (light steel helmets), seventy-six muskets, 372 callivers, 442 black-bills, and 280 bows, besides other articles in less quantities. The total value of the armoury at the two houses was nearly 1000*l*., and with such a formidable equipment we can realise how it was still in the power of a great noble to stir a dangerous rising like that of Leicester's stepson, the Earl of Essex, in 1601. But some of the armour was no doubt intended for the Queen's service, like 'the galleon *Leicester*,' which in 1588 had been 'so sore shaken with fight' (presumably against the Spanish Armada) that she was valued at only 250*l*.

Of pictures, one with another, Leicester had nearly 200, besides fifty or sixty maps. Many of the pictures were portraits either of the earl and his relatives, like his wife and son, the Earl of Warwick and Sir Philip Sidney, or of Queen Elizabeth, the Prince of Orange, the French king, and other notable persons. Some, however, were subject pictures, such as 'a butcher and a maid buying meat' (by Hubbard) or of 'Venus and Cupid menacing her with a dart,' or 'an old man looking at his book and a lady by him enticing him from it.' Some others were historical or religious. A very low price was put on them; in 1585 the whole of the pictures at Leicester House (there were eighty-one) were valued at no more than 10*l*., though two years later a less number were set at 15*l*. At Kenilworth forty-four pictures were valued at 17*l*. 7*s*. 6*d*. The highest price for any picture was a portrait of Lady Leicester at 2*l*.; many of them were lumped together at 10*s*. or 2*s*. 6*d*. apiece. The valuation seems absurdly low, but no great prices were given for pictures; Hubbard (a painter of whom little is now known) got 12*l*. for a portrait, which might be tolerable, but Leicester's brother-in-law, Sir Henry Sidney, paid the painter, one Arnold, only 4*l*. 6*s*. 10*d*.

for a portrait of himself (though the curtain to protect it cost 15s.) and no more than 3*l.* for the pictures of 'certain noblemen.'

Leicester's pictures were probably not collected as works of art. Apart from the plate and the hangings, there is indeed in these inventories little evidence of artistic tastes other than a love of display. Still, at Leicester House there were some things intended for recreation; besides virginals, a chest of viols, and a bandore in a case there was a 'great instrument made like a wainscot cupboard,' which was all broken. There were also virginals, viols, and bandores at Kenilworth. Of more interest are the 'pair of playing-tables² of bone, with hinges and clasps of ivory' (priced at 30s.), and 'a billiard-table with the tools appertaining and an old cover of buckram' (priced at 3*l.* 6s. 8*d.*), which were both at Wanstead. At Kenilworth there were four chessboards and a pair of tables of bone. One of the chessboards was of ebony with checkers of crystal and other stones, laid with silver and garnished with bears, ragged staves and cinquefoils of silver; the men likewise of crystal and other stones, one set mounted with silver and the other in gilt. This last is of interest, since it may possibly be the same as the fine chessboard with men of crystal and ivory which the Duchess of Somerset bequeathed to Sir Orlando Bridgeman in 1674; the duchess was daughter of Leicester's stepson, the Earl of Essex. The Earl of Leicester is reputed to have had a library of some value, and a few of his books are preserved at Lambeth and the British Museum; but, except for a tattered copy of Foxe's *Acts and Monuments*, in the inventories we get only 220 books, large and small, worth 10*l.*

In the record of the Earl of Leicester's goods we have a remarkable illustration (though not without some incongruities) of the wealth and splendour of an Elizabethan noble. They were perhaps under-valued at 7000*l.*; though when in 1590 his goods at Leicester House were for the most part seized in payment of a debt to the Queen they were valued at only 478*l.*, and were ultimately sold for 545*l.*³ That, however, was a forced sale, and the prices in the principal inventory of 1588 are also misleading, since they relate in many instances to articles that were old and worn. Had Leicester's wardrobe, for example, been all new, it would probably have been worth much more than 200*l.*

In the accounts of Leicester's brother-in-law, Sir Henry Sidney, we have better evidence as to what fine clothes really cost in the reign of Elizabeth. The furrier charged 10*l.* for furring Sir Henry's gown of black satin with lynx, and 5*l.* 10s. for furring a short gown of purple damask with Spanish fox and white

² Backgammon boards.

³ In 1590 the plate, armour and wearing apparel, which in 1588 had been valued at over 1600*l.*, were not included.

lamb. In one year the cost of 'my lord's apparel' is put down at 97*l.*, and in another year he paid 6*l.* for sweet-gloves and knacks, and 35s. for handkerchiefs and socks, and in a third 25*l.* 6s. 8*d.* for ten pairs of silk stockings. Sir Henry's son, the famous Sir Philip, as a youth had a gown of grogram furred with coney at a cost of 13s. 4*d.*; later on in one year he spent 66*l.* 13s. 4*d.* on silks and stuffs, 105*l.* on a gold chain, and 4*l.* 10s. 4*d.* on other apparel; his shoemaker's bill for a year was 4*l.* Sir Philip's younger brother, Robert, had six pairs of hose in 1576 when he was a boy of thirteen; four pairs of white hose cost 8s. each, a pair of short crimson hose 7s., and a pair of white silk hose 25s.; a year or two previously two pairs of knit hose for him had cost only 1s. 6*d.* On the occasion of his sister Mary's wedding Robert had a costume made of four yards of white tuft taffeta, four yards of white jean fustian, black velvet at 25s., white satin at 13s. 4*d.*, white sarsenet at 6s., carnation velvet at 20s., and carnation satin at 15s.; the whole cost, with the making, was 33*l.* 2s. 6*d.* His velvet hat with a white feather and murrey garters cost 40s. Articles for everyday use were less expensive; a French cloak of black velvet 11s. 10*d.*, a white satin doublet 13s. 10*d.*, a Spanish cape of black satin 20s. 5*d.*, a doublet of carnation velvet 16s. 4*d.* Lady Mary Sidney, Sir Henry's wife, paid 17*l.* 13s. 4*d.* for a gown of velvet with petticoat and kirtle, whilst 14½ yards of russet wrought velvet for another gown cost 13*l.* 10s. Her expenditure for one period of two or three years included—velvet 8*l.* 5s. 6*d.*, damask, taffetas, satins and sarsenets 69*l.* 19s. 3*d.*, woollen cloth 4*l.* 16s. 4*d.*, lace 2*l.* 3s. 10*d.*, sowing gold and silver silk 5*l.* 12s. 3*d.*, and sundry necessities (gloves, squirrel bells, etc.) 3*l.* 7s. 3*d.* When she presented the Queen with 14 yards of velvet the bill came to 14*l.* 12s. 6*d.* On the occasion of the marriage of Sir Henry's daughter Mary to the Earl of Pembroke 57*l.* was spent on apparel and furnishings for her and her husband, whilst two pairs of silk hose for her cost 6*l.* When she was a small girl her pinnars for half a year cost 3s. and her gloves 4s.; but fringe to trim a gown cost 25s., and when she and her sister Ambrosia had gowns of purple and white pirlled mockador with petticoats of frisadore the cost was 6*l.*

Sir Henry Sidney's accounts also furnish us with information as to the cost of furniture. A Spanish bedstead of joiner's work for Philip Sidney cost 16s. 6*d.*; for twenty-four joined stools and three square tables with frames the price was 4*l.* 3s. 6*d.*, two close-stools for my lady and Mr. Philip cost 18s. 8*d.*, a pair of virginals 4*l.*, and a set of viols 10*l.* 10s. Twelve pieces of arras containing 526 ells cost 80*l.*, and six arras cushions with skins for lining, feathers and the making 3*l.* 19s. 3*d.*; eleven carpets, one being of Turkey work, cost 44*l.* These prices, like the inventories,

suggest that the appurtenances were much more costly than the actual wooden furniture. One other item was the eight-wheeled coach, covered with leather, which was bought in Germany, and with harness for four horses cost 42*l.*; it had to be uncovered in London and made higher at a further expense of 8*l.* 10*s.* This purchase was made in 1576; it was only twelve years before that William Boonen, a Dutchman, had brought the first coach to England for the Queen's use.

It is easy to realise that dress for State occasions was an expensive item in Sir Henry Sidney's accounts. Ordinary materials were not extravagant in price; but silks and satins were costly, and silk stockings, a luxury but lately introduced, were out of all proportion to the prices of the present time. It was only in 1560 that Queen Elizabeth was presented with a pair of black knit silk stockings, which pleased her so well that henceforward she would wear no more cloth stockings. Henry VIII. had worn only cloth hose, and Sir Thomas Gresham had given Edward VI. a pair of long Spanish silk stockings as a great present. Apart from other circumstances fine woven goods of all kinds were naturally expensive at a time when they were made by hand labour. Against this must be set off their greater durability; these costly clothes were not worn a few times and then cast aside, but might even be handed on from one generation to another. So when in the fifteenth century a London mercer apologised to Dame Elizabeth Stonor for sending her sarsenet at 5*s.* a yard, he explained that he did so because he thought it most profitable and worshipful for her, 'since it shall last you your life and your child's after you, whereas harlatry of 40*d.* or 44*d.* a yard will not endure two seasons.'

Dame Elizabeth Stonor had 38 yards of green sarsenet with 20 ells of holland (at from 1*s.* 4*d.* to 2*s.* 8*d.*) and a piece of green buckram for lining price 6*s.* 8*d.*, so that the total cost of the material came to 11*l.* 10*s.* At other times the Stonors bought tawny satin at 10*s.* a yard, damask at 8*s.*, green sarsenet at 3*s.* 4*d.*, fine green double satin at 12*s.*, and a tippet of fine double black velvet for 11*s.* The Stonors were wealthy country gentlemen, and Dame Elizabeth herself was the daughter of a rich London merchant; still they were not at all to be compared in rank with the Sidneys. Allowing for this difference, there does not seem to have been any very marked change in the cost of fine clothes between the reigns of Edward IV. and Elizabeth. Magnificence in dress was as common in one reign as the other, and Sir William Stonor had demi-gowns of chamlet and of black puke lined with green velvet. Clothes for everyday use were of a homelier sort, and the Stonors, who were great sheep-graziers, had broad cloth, russet and kersey, woven of their own wool in the

neighbouring town at a cost of 1*d.* or 2*d.* a yard. Shoes were also made locally and were cheap; Sir William Stonor had a pair of long boots to the knee for 11*d.*; his wife had two pairs of shoes and two pairs of galegys or pattens for 1*s.* 8*d.*; shoes for their children cost 2*d.* or 3*d.* a pair. A pair of hose for one of Dame Stonor's daughters cost 2*d.* and a cap for her only 2½*d.* Long hose of russet kersey for a servant cost 1*s.* 4*d.*, and 11*d.* was paid for his shirt and breeches, and 5*d.* for his shoes, whilst a yard and a half of tawny cloth for his gown cost 2*s.* 3*d.*, and a yard of black russet kersey for his doublet 1*s.* 4*d.* For Henry Scrope's clothes at the beginning of the fifteenth century we have no prices, but he had a furred Parliament robe of scarlet which he bequeathed to his heir, a scarlet mantle furred with miniver, and furred gowns of blue and scarlet. The cost of dress for humbler persons at this same time is illustrated by Richard Gurmyn's worsted doublet worth 2*s.*, russet cloak at 3*s.* 4*d.*, and two hats 1*s.*; but even Gurmyn had gowns worth 13*s.* 4*d.* each.

If dress in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries was for people of rank costly and splendid, food was abundant and cheap. The weekly household bills of Edmund de Stonor in 1378 were normally from 2*s.* to 5*s.*; but when as sheriff he had to entertain the judges the expenditure in one week rose to over 4*l.* In that week good beer cost 2*s.* for a quarter cask, beef, mutton and pork 5*s.* 1*d.*, eight capons 3*s.* 1½*d.*, four geese 1*s.* 3*d.*, four sucking pigs 2*s.*, various spices 10*s.* 6½*d.*, and 23¼ gallons of wine 16*s.* 3½*d.* Just a century later Dame Elizabeth Stonor's account-book shows 24*s.* 3*d.* spent on Christmas fare—namely, eighteen geese 6*s.* 9*d.*, twelve capons 4*s.* 2*d.*, six dozen larks 1*s.*, two dozen great birds 1*s.*, six plovers 6*d.*, ten woodcocks 1*s.* 3*d.*, four geese and two capons 2*s.*, eggs 2*s.* 4*d.*, two dozen chickens 2*s.*, four capons 1*s.* 4*d.*, half a pig 1*s.* 10*d.* We do not know for how many persons all this food was provided, but no doubt at Stonor, as in the house of Chaucer's franklin, 'it snowed of meat and drink.' About the same time the board for a yeoman's wife was 1*s.* a week. The yeoman's wife had probably plain fare, but the Stonors had many luxuries like wine and spices. For the funeral feast for Thomas Stonor in 1474 there were provided a pound of saunders (an Oriental produce), an ounce of saffron, 3 lb. of pepper, ½ lb. of cloves, ½ lb. of mace, a sugar-loaf, 3 lb. of raisins, 3 lb. of dates, ½ lb. of ginger, 1 lb. of cinnamon, and 4 lb. of almonds. This was a great feast for all the gentry, clergy and poor men of the neighbourhood, and the quantity of food provided may help to explain why the funeral cost 74*l.* There is no mention of either wine or beer at this feast, though no doubt there was abundance of both. Wine was drunk by the country gentleman almost as commonly as beer, and was laid in by the pipe or hogshead. Red and white wine both cost

33s. 4d. a hogshead; this was probably common French wine from Gascony. But the Stonors also bought better wines like Romney and Malvesey; a butt of the former cost 3*l.* 6s. 8d. The wine was brought from London to Stonor (near Henley) by barges on the Thames; the carriage for a hogshead was 8d. The Stonors also obtained much of their fish and their spices from London; 100 oysters cost 2d., 600 herrings 4s.; these prices seem absurdly low, even after allowance for the difference in the value of money. Spices and similar luxuries were out of proportion expensive; 2½ *lb.* of sugar cost 2s. 2d., ½ *lb.* of ginger 1s. In another account of the early fifteenth century 2 *lb.* of pepper appear at 2s. 2d., ½ *lb.* of sugar at 2s., ¼ *lb.* of cinnamon 8d., 4 *lb.* of rice 6d. Wines, grocery and spices were still costly items in Sir Henry Sidney's accounts; a hogshead of claret cost him 4*l.* 1s. 6d., and three tuns of claret, one tun of sack, and one tun of Malvesey and methe 56*l.* 5s. 8d. Spices were still so costly that after the capture of the great Spanish carrack in 1592 Queen Elizabeth took for her share the pepper (724,802 *lb.*), for which she had an offer of 80,000*l.*, but was advised to hold for an advance of 10,000*l.*

Sir Henry Sidney's accounts do not serve to show the cost of an ordinary household, since in his official position he had numerous servants to maintain; but as Lord President of Wales the diet of his household was 15*l.* to 20*l.* a week; elsewhere the expenses of his private household seem to have been only half as much. Sir Philip Sidney's diet at Oxford for seventy-two weeks was 48*l.* His brother Robert's battels and commons for five quarters averaged 2*l.* 7s.; but he often had meals abroad, when he paid 4d. for breakfast and 8d. for supper. When Robert Sidney spent five weeks with his tutor at Ewelme his board and lodging cost 12s. 6d. a week; the board of his companion, Griffin Whitfield, was 6s. a week. Allowing for the difference in the value of money, the cost of food was still very modest as compared with the expenditure of a gentleman of rank on his clothes. Robert Sidney's total expenses at Oxford during one year were 57*l.* 12s. 6d.; this did not include anything for dress, but included some 6*l.* spent for Griffin Whitfield, together with such charges as wood and coals for nine weeks 1*l.*, washing for a quarter 4s. 4d., carriage of his trunk and apparel from London 2s. 4d., and books 2*l.* 8s. 8d. When he left Oxford he had 15 cwt. of stuff and books, the carriage of which to London cost 35s. Philip Sidney whilst at Oxford had an allowance or stipend of 80*l.* a year; after his return from his foreign travels this was increased to 210*l.* (but other payments on his behalf were sometimes made in addition). Robert Sidney's stipend after he left Oxford was 100*l.*; when he was abroad in 1580 he outran his allowance and got a sharp

rebuke from his father, who told him that if he could not frame his charges after the proportion appointed he would have to come home. These allowances were not illiberal. Sir Henry's own private income was somewhat under 2000*l.*, and, even if his government of Ireland had not been so chargeable to him, would have been barely adequate to his rank. The Earl of Leicester's rent roll at the same time was given as about 5000*l.*; he had other resources, but perhaps it is no wonder that he died many thousands in debt.

The administration of the domestic finances of an Elizabethan noble would form an interesting subject. Sir Henry Sidney's accounts afford us some illustration. At the head of the staff was the receiver-general, who was a gentleman of the household and a man of good social position. Sidney's receiver, Hercules Rainsford, acted also as treasurer for his master when Lord Deputy in Ireland, and his account for a single year was then as much as 12,000*l.* Under the receiver-general came the local receivers for the estates in Kent, Sussex and Hampshire, and in Lincolnshire and Rutland. Under the local receivers there were bailiffs and farmers, and at Penshurst there was a steward of the household. In Sidney's time the transmission of the net income from the local receivers to the receiver-general would have been easy, but in the fifteenth century the receivers-general for Lord Cromwell or Sir William Stonor seem to have made annual tours of the estates to collect the revenues and to inspect the accuracy of the accounts of their subordinates. The whole net income was administered by the receiver-general, who had not only to meet all the expenses of his subordinates in the maintenance of the household, but to provide for his master's personal expenses. There was no such thing as a private banking account, and when Sidney required money he had to apply for it to his own receiver; so we get such entries in the accounts as 'livery of money to the Lord Deputy and to the Lady Mary,' 'alms,' and 'offerings'; and even, 'to your Lordship to play at Tables with my Lady, which your Lordship lost and gave to her' (20s.), or 'by your Lordship lost in play' (24*l.* 10s. 2d.); entries of this kind are pretty frequent. Sidney himself kept a sharp oversight of the accounts, which had to be presented periodically for his approval; important items were only paid after he had issued his warrant to the receiver, and he would often give direction as to the time or manner of payment: 'An by me to be payd in October 1577. It should have been expressed for what garmentys this stuff was taken and for whome. Let thys be payd as above is written' (Sidney seems to have marked his displeasure by striking out the odd shillings and pence). His ordinary entry was 'Syened and aloued by me'; but that his review was no formal thing is shown

by such a comment as 'I know not thys nor allow it.' Even Lady Mary had to certify her accounts, so we find such an entry as 'Exd. and due by me M. Sydney' with 'Aloued H. Sydney.' The care which Henry Sidney showed in the management of his private affairs justifies him in his defence of his financial administration in Ireland. But it may be doubted whether many of his contemporaries showed an equal care.

C. L. KINGSFORD.

THE ILLUSTRIOUS DEAD

WHEN the great die the generous public cries out for Westminster Abbey. It becomes every year more and more clear that generosity must find other forms of expression.

Too many of us lack the sense of proportion. It is touching and uplifting to remember and commemorate the honoured dead ; but it is not unkind to discriminate.

There is the parish church—often bare enough. There is the county cathedral—solemn and beautiful outside, but almost devoid of things of beauty inside. Finally we have the Abbey and St. Paul's—one already overcrowded. There has been so much controversy on the question of the memorials in the Abbey that we may well take that thorny question first. If one's memory serves, monuments erected by Act of Parliament can only be removed by the authority of another Act of Parliament. Such monuments are part of our history, and no sane person would desire to see them removed. Some were undoubtedly part of our history, but part of our history that nobody likes to remember. Moreover, throughout the eighteenth century there was a habit—better, perhaps, described as a 'fashion'—among the oligarchies of England of commemorating their families almost at their pleasure. Although the county cathedrals and abbeys might have been thought sufficiently honourable for most of these respectabilities, nobody appears to have thought of them : it must be the Abbey or nothing.

The question of the county cathedrals comes later. In the meantime it is clear that if the living representatives of the families in question desire, for any reason, the removal of a monument, the dean can have no reason for withholding his consent.

There are two theories—or perhaps it would be more apposite to say 'mental attitudes'—on this point. The first is that of the devout with strong family feeling who would savagely resent the bare suggestion. The second (also tenable) is that if—or rather since—they never had any claim to a monument, the sooner it is removed the better for the family honour. There would be nothing sacrilegious in this. The monument need not be

destroyed, unless it is conspicuously hideous. This would be for the family to decide. Otherwise it might be transferred to the county cathedral, or to the market-place of the county town, or to the village church, or to the castle chapel if not too small.

The question of morals was raised not long ago. Ought a dead man to be either buried or commemorated in the Abbey whose life has been flagrantly reprehensible? Without putting forward one's own views, let us remember what Huxley replied when urged to secure a place in the nave for George Eliot. In substance he wrote: 'Anywhere else you like, and any honour you please: none can be too great. But the Abbey is not a Pantheon: it is a Christian church.' On this he elaborated a courteous but firm refusal. The question was raised again recently in the case of two poets. Each of these was an astounding genius. Without entering on an examination of their distressing lives, imagine their own anger at the thought of being intimately associated with the house of God. After looking at the question from every side and listening to much declamation from time to time over a period of thirty years, one has arrived at the conclusion that nobody cares. Instead of 'nobody' let us say 'not enough people to constitute an influential public,' and instead of 'cares' let us say 'cares rationally.'

As regards the future the county cathedrals are of the first importance. If one remembers rightly, there are from thirty to thirty-five of them. There are also abbeys: some, like Bath, already overcrowded; others, like Selby, empty—naturally enough, since the old building was destroyed by fire some twenty years ago. Here, then, we have space enough for several centuries of pious commemoration—that is, if we take warning from Westminster and do not admit too many respectabilities who are nothing but respectabilities.

Nobody ought to grumble at the exercise of their powers by the deans in the cases of Westminster and St. Paul's; and the former is one of the three 'peculiar' of England. In the case of the county cathedrals we cannot be quite so sure, judging by the results. Are the laity really so stingy as to offer nothing worth accepting? Are the deans all omniscient? The question is worth putting, because as the law stands at present the internal condition of a cathedral, its beauty or its hideousness, depend entirely on the caprice of one individual—the dean. We shall remark similar conditions prevailing in country churches, where the incumbent may be ignorant or learned, wise or stupid, sensible or insensible to beauty: the remedies against him are so cumbrous and expensive that in practice they are hardly ever pursued. In granting to the incumbent a position of so great authority the law adds the proviso that the authority is to be

exercised 'so that the church may not be defaced or disfigured by the caprice of the laity.' This is common-sense; but who is to protect the laity against the caprice of the rector?

At this point we arrive at a remarkable conclusion. In days gone by the country rector did not know much outside his professional studies, but he was the only educated man in the parish. The fine arts lay outside his life, and their application to church decoration would have been denounced as impious, or, worse, popish! (We have also to consider that many people, rectors and congregation alike, really dislike things of beauty.)

To-day the conditions above noted are reversed. It is the laity who travel, who study, who follow the fine arts. The clergy are mostly too poor to do these things, as the natural result of their altered circumstances. Unhappily they are, only too often, too self-satisfied to profit by the experience of the laity. Would it not make things very much easier all round if one appeal were allowed by law?—say to the bishop, whose decision would be final. To take a concrete impersonal example, one has known altar lights angrily denounced as 'popish.' It may be so; but the superb altar lights of St. Paul's might be cited as a precedent. The ugly word 'popish' is only used as a term of violent reprobation. If people really feel so bitterly as that, it does no good to persist, however disappointed the would-be donor may be. In such a case a wise bishop would send for the would-be donor and say, 'We are all greatly obliged by your kind thought and generous offer. You are perfectly right from the artistic point of view. That large chancel does want breaking up: it cries for altar lights. Perhaps you will agree with me that to make a gift perfect we should consider what people like rather than what we feel that they ought to like. There is nothing uncanonical in what you offer, and it is within my competence to command that it be accepted; but what then? You would only be giving a vast amount of annoyance to innocent people, who may be ignorant—are, in fact, ignorant—but who are also the congregation. You would add to your generosity by withdrawing your offer and waiting for happier days.' Thus we should avoid brawls and broils. To conclude: in country parishes it is surely hardly sensible to leave the decision in questions of the fine arts to people who are mostly ignorant of them.

All this time we have been considering country parishes only. The case is very different in suburban parishes. Here we shall find churches not more than half a century old, and beautiful with everything that piety can prompt and taste express and money procure. The reasons are obvious. The congregations consist of substantial people, well-travelled, well-read, well-informed, and accustomed to deference in their respective businesses. Such

congregations will not endure to be pooh-poohed and bullied. No wise incumbent will be guilty of such folly. The result is that we see how much the laity will do when they are reasonably treated. Perhaps the most thorny question of all is that of public monuments to the illustrious dead when not erected in churches or cathedrals.

'The finest site in Europe' is the boastful way in which we are accustomed to describe Trafalgar Square. We may readily admit that it is a fine site: the question is what have we done with it. The central column is correct. It is true that a column is an ugly object, but it is imposing. Decorated columns are, if possible, uglier than others, but as the symbol of a hero's work and a nation's gratitude a column is a correct expression. (Incidentally we owe the undulating turf of the Green Park to Trafalgar Square. The rubbish from the square formed an excellent 'bottom' for the park.)

After the Nelson column we have the Gordon statue—rugged and simple like the man, and, artistically speaking, a noble piece of work. That is as much as we can say in praise. It is clear that, what with the lions and the fountains, the square may now be said to be full. Yet we have added an equestrian statue of King George IV. and two heroic statues, one of Havelock and the other of Charles Napier. No single one of these is appropriate. To begin with, the statue of a monarch ought to stand alone. The King undoubtedly deserved a statue, if for no other reason than the services which he rendered to the fine arts, but to erect the statue as one of a group and to place it obscurely in the back line is indecorous. He was dazzlingly handsome in his youth as well as a consummate horseman; but nobody ever saw the George IV. of Trafalgar Square. If King George V. would give orders for the removal of this work of art to Windsor, or elsewhere, at his royal pleasure, he would set a notable, beneficent, and much-needed example.

One pedestal remains unoccupied. As to the remaining two, any attempt to lay hands on them would be received with the usual invective and declamation. It is just worth noting, however, that there are signs of a more rational temper prevailing in the future. The statue of Sir Charles Napier, for instance, is colossal, but hardly impressive; whereas the statue of Lord Napier of Magdala was, and is, one of the finest equestrian statues to be found in any capital. Yet it has been removed from Waterloo Place. True, it was to make way for a national memorial; but the principle is now established that, given a sufficiently cogent reason, there is nothing wrong, or disrespectful or shocking, in moving a statue. What should we call 'cogent reasons' in ordinary cases?

1. Ugliness; as when a statue affronts rather than celebrates the famous dead. It does not follow that a statue is ugly in every position. Thus we may see statues that would be impressive when viewed from the distance of, say, one hundred and fifty feet in the open air. They would be out of place in a small chapel.

2. Inappropriateness. Imagine Dr. Johnson's feelings, for example, if he could return to life and contemplate the statue to himself in St. Paul's Cathedral.

The most beautiful, as well as the most appropriate, statue in London is that of Queen Victoria, by H.R.H. the Princess Louise, outside Kensington Palace. Here we have perfect pose, perfect position, perfect workmanship, and perfect loveliness. Why not more such statues? We need not be wedded to our uglinesses and our awkwardnesses.

For combined ugliness and inappropriateness perhaps the statue of Cromwell deserves the prize. As a consummate leader of cavalry he ought to be on horseback, but he is on foot. He was a man of violent and domineering temper, but his attitude is that of a man about to say grace. He is represented carrying a Bible, although he was the only one of our rulers who deliberately desecrated the house of God. He had a great sense of the grandeur and importance of England. It is true that the sculptor has given him a lion for a companion, but it is an animal about as alarming as a poodle dog.

As to site. Apart from the stricken field where Cromwell was always victorious, the defection of the City of London was the principal cause of the Royalist defeat. It may be doubted whether the City of our time would have been much interested in the question, but, however that may be, Westminster Hall was chosen. As a ruler of England his place was with the other rulers of England; but the Irish Party would not suffer that. So we have a statue ugly, inappropriate, and, worst of all, ridiculous. Why cumbereth it the ground?

Baron Marochetti's King Richard I. is an excellent illustration of the value of the principles ignored in the case of the Cromwell statue. It has been derided in my presence as 'the sort of thing that impresses a schoolgirl.' It may be so; but it impresses a good many other people as well.

If we owe *Cœur de Lion* to Marochetti, we owe Beaconsfield to Boehm; and it is the only statue in Parliament Square worth a second look. The equestrian statue of the Duke of Cambridge in Whitehall is martial and magnificent. It has the grand air of authority which was His Royal Highness's birthright. The stately Duke of Devonshire in Whitehall Place would look noble anywhere. We English are the meekest people on the face

of the earth when it comes to questions of the fine arts. We endure to have 'Paris' thrust down our throats; but let any candid person ask himself if we have any reason to be ashamed of London when he is contemplating the peddling banality of 'Jules Simon' opposite to the Madeleine, or the gigantic horror of 'Gambetta' in the garden of the Louvre.

The two girls shaking hands in a small garden on the right bank close to the Pont de l'Alma are intended to represent France and Belgium, but they look as if they were playing at 'Here we go round the mulberry bush'!

To conclude, then, London has a fair share of indifferent statues, but not more, probably, than other great cities. The question is whether these are sacrosanct. One would say not—whether they are placed in the open air or in sacred edifices.

WALTER FREWEN LORD.

LORD CARDIGAN'S VINDICATION

THE Crimean War was *sui generis*. It had an atmosphere all its own, and one difficult to realise by those whose knowledge of campaigning is bounded by experience in, or by the perusal of narratives of, the recent Great War. The Commander-in-Chief, Lord Raglan, had been nearly forty years continuously at a desk before he embarked on the Eastern expedition. The united ages of the senior officers 'came to something terrific.' The tactics employed were at times almost incredible. At the crisis of the Alma the British Commander-in-Chief crossed the river in front even of the skirmishers and under a hot fire. *Restituit rem*; but his action was hardly the tactics of the days of steam and electricity. A few days later the Allies made a flank march round Sebastopol, which has been irreverently described by a later age as 'Harry Tate's strategy.' Once more the British Commander-in-Chief and a small staff were in front. Emerging, alone and unescorted, from a wood, they trod on the tail of the Russian field army. It may be mentioned, too, that Lord Raglan, with his memories of the Peninsula and Waterloo, had an awkward habit of referring to the enemy as 'the French.' The rank and file were condemned to use the razor and wear the stock in the most unsuitable conditions; warm clothing, when it arrived, was viewed askance by authority as unsoldierlike in appearance. Discipline was Draconic; for, although Sir Evelyn Wood has placed on record in his reminiscences that serious crime was almost unknown, Alison tells us that 3000 floggings were inflicted during the campaign. The electric telegraph was a novelty, and was used sometimes in a novel way. The Commander-in-Chief was once awakened at midnight on the receipt of a cable from the Secretary of State for War which read: 'Captain Jarvis has been bitten by a centipede. How is he now?' Administration, as is well known, was at an appallingly low level. We fought the Alma without a single ambulance, and we had some 2000 casualties. War correspondents had scarcely any recognition, but were yet afforded a licence of extraordinary extent. Gortschakov used to say that Russell was the best spy the Russian secret service possessed.

Unreality—the offspring of a lack of imagination engendered by forty years' peace, by *laissez faire*, by the Manchester school, by the Great Exhibition, and the Universal Peace Society—had made men unaccustomed to war and to what war meant. The despatch which sent Lord Raglan from Varna to the Crimea, when read in draft form to the Cabinet, 'sent the whole lot of them to sleep.' Queen Victoria, when the war was dragging to a close, was anxious concerning the future of the German Legion, and in writing to the Secretary of State for War used the following curious phrase: 'As the Queen fears (*sic*) peace is now pretty certain to be concluded, she is very anxious to impress upon Lord Panmure the question of the German Legion.' During the war we were so short of troops that Lord Palmerston wrote frantically to Lord Panmure conjuring him to 'get as many Germans and Swiss as we can. Let us get men from Halifax. Let us enlist Italians. . . . Do not let departmental or official or professional prejudice and habits stand in our way. . . . We *must* have troops.' The Press strenuously urged the raising of a Legion in America, and *The Times* ended a powerful article with these words: 'If the Americans can show us the way to take Sebastopol, we should be quite ready to learn, and give them every credit for the lesson.'

It can hardly be wondered that this spirit of unreality affected some of the senior officers at the front. Admiral Dundas had a number of cows on board his ship for the benefit of his wife and her maids. Lord Cardigan, the commander of the Light Brigade, used to sleep on board his yacht in Balaklava harbour while his brigade was suffering the discomforts of camp life three miles away. His lordship was constantly late for the 'stand to' at dawn, and on the day of Balaklava the Light Brigade was taken into action by the next senior officer. At Inkerman Lord Cardigan was so late that, in order to avoid unnecessary publicity of the fact, the part played by the Light Brigade was practically ignored in despatches. Perhaps the incident which most truly reproduces the atmosphere of the Crimea is the following. After Inkerman, which was fought on November 5, 1854, Lord George Paget, commanding the 4th Light Dragoons, asked for permission to retire. He had been less than two months in the Crimea, but he gave as his reasons that he had only recently married, that he had arranged to retire before the declaration of war, and that now, as the cavalry were not likely to be actively employed in a Crimean winter, he proposed to settle down for good. His brigadier saw no objection. The divisional cavalry commander, Lord Lucan, warmly approved. Lord Raglan not only saw nothing odd in the request, but wrote the grant of leave in his own hand, asked Lord George to stop to dinner and wished

'George' *tout court* the best of luck. Meanwhile, however, the public at home was wakening to a sense of the sufferings of the soldiers on the Chersonese. Lord George got a frigid reception. Clubland looked oddly at him. He was cut in Pall Mall. Lord George Paget was the most astounded man, and the angriest, in England. Stung to the quick, he made a determined but ineffectual attempt to live things down. And then, like the brave and sensible soldier that he was, he applied to go back to the Crimea, and his application was granted.

To get a parallel to the transaction we shall have to consider a cavalry regimental commander applying to retire in 1914 after the First Battle of Ypres. We shall have to believe that Hubert Gough saw nothing odd in it, and that Allenby warmly approved. To complete the nightmare we must picture to ourselves Sir John French asking the cavalry C.O. to dinner, writing the leave with his own hand, and then chaffing the uxorious applicant as 'Billy' or 'Jack.' Imagination, indeed, boggles badly in the task, but, unless we can school our imagination to grapple with it, we can never understand the Crimean War. And even then we shall completely fail to comprehend it unless we realise that for superb courage, fortitude and resolution the achievements of the sailors and soldiers, officers and men, who held England's honour in their hands from 1854 to 1856 have never been surpassed even in the annals of our race.

Undoubtedly to the man in the street to-day the Charge of the Light Brigade is the outstanding incident of the Crimean War, but, though the general facts of it are common knowledge, the circumstances and details of it are not so well known. The feature of the war was that the Allies, besieging Sebastopol, were perched on a triangular upland of which the apex and two sides were washed by the sea while the base looked down upon a plain, or rather two valleys, some 800 feet below. This low country was of importance to the British, for nicked out of it was the tiny cove of Balaklava which formed the British base. To cover Balaklava a line of redoubts had been erected on the causeway, which, separating the two valleys, ran at right angles to the ridge overlooking the plain. These redoubts were garrisoned by Turks and were armed with some naval 12-pounders lent by H.M.S. *Diamond*. Behind the redoubts, and tucked up underneath the ridge which rose to the plateau, was the British cavalry division under the Earl of Lucan. Beyond the valleys were hills and mountains, and somewhere beyond them was a Russian field army.

At dawn on October 25, 1854, the Russian field army climbed over the horizon. Four of the redoubts on the causeway were quickly seized, and the Russians then sent a huge mass of cavalry

towards Balaklava. A detachment from it was checked and driven off by the 93rd Highlanders, the 'Thin Red Line' of history. The main body practically collided with the Heavy Brigade, sent to help the 93rd; was charged by it and driven in confusion down the North Valley. A mile and a half away it re-formed behind twelve guns in line.

To Lord Raglan and his staff, watching from the heights, the Russian position now appeared like an immense narrow horseshoe with the open end pointing towards them. The right of the horseshoe was formed by the Russians on the causeway; the arch was formed by the defeated cavalry re-formed behind the guns; the left consisted of another mass of Russians on the hills forming the far side of the North Valley. Some movement amongst the Russians led Lord Raglan to imagine that they were abandoning the redoubts and were taking with them the captured guns. Annoyed that any British pieces should become Russian trophies, he sent Captain Nolan to Lord Lucan with a written message that the cavalry should advance at once and 'prevent the enemy removing the guns.' The message was construed as meaning, not the British naval guns in the redoubts, but the twelve Russian guns nearly a mile and a half away down the North Valley. Lord Lucan ordered Lord Cardigan to carry out the task with the Light Brigade, engaging to support with the Heavy Brigade under his own leadership.

Led by Lord Cardigan in person, the Light Brigade moved down the valley in three lines. The pace was at first a trot, for, with horses in poor condition and with nearly a mile and a half to go, a steady advance was essential—at any rate, till the goal was neared. Actually, and contrary to the accepted legend on the subject, the 'charge' was never sounded. Nor did Lord Cardigan, once his brigade was in motion, by trumpet, voice or signal, issue any order or command. Erect on his charger, alone, without speaking, without gesture, without even once turning in his saddle, he picked out the central flash of the Russian battery, steered on it as his mark, and showed his officers and men 'the straight, honest road, the way down to the enemy's guns.' Before 50 yards had been traversed the brigade came under fire. Captain Nolan was instantly killed while in the act of galloping furiously across Lord Cardigan's front, with what object can never be accurately known. Automatically the pace now grew faster, and, in spite of Lord Cardigan's desire to keep his brigade well in hand till the last moment, it swept forward at a constantly quickening rate. Before half the distance had been crossed the casualties were becoming terrible. To the watchers from the plateau there was visible in the first line a constant lateral extension and contraction, as men and horses were

knocked over, and the survivors steered clear of them and then closed in immediately. But there was no check in the pace, and the movement observed had all the precision of a piece of machinery. Some eight minutes had now elapsed since the advance had begun. Lord Cardigan, followed by the remnant of the first line, was close upon the battery and moving at a pace estimated at 17 miles an hour. The Russian guns now fired a salvo which blasted most of what was left of the first line to destruction. Lord Cardigan was, however, untouched, although the wind of one shot was so fierce that for the moment he thought he had lost a leg. His charger swerved violently, but Lord Cardigan at once regained control, jammed in his spurs, and forced his way through the interval between two guns. He was the first man to get inside the enemy's battery.

The din and confusion were indescribable. A pall of smoke hung over everything—lifting, eddying, and descending in the most baffling manner. Guns were roaring, there was a continuous crackle of musketry, and close at hand could be heard shouts, screams, and the sound of blows. Lord Cardigan sped on past limbers and tumbrils, and soon found himself almost entirely isolated and facing a large body of Russian cavalry standing at the halt some 80 yards away. Before he could check his course the distance had been reduced to a mere matter of twenty paces or so. The thickest of the smoke was now behind, and in the comparative clearness a Russian cavalry officer recognised in the gorgeously caparisoned English hussar a former chance acquaintance of an English drawing-room. He ordered some Cossacks to capture the Englishman, and a scuffle ensued in which Lord Cardigan was slightly wounded by one Cossack and nearly unhorsed by the lance of another. There was nothing to be done but to get out of this position as quickly as possible, and Lord Cardigan turned his horse and galloped back towards the Russian battery, asking himself the question 'What's to be done now?'

That such a question was necessary was owing in part to that spirit of 'unreality' which characterised the Crimean War. When Lord Cardigan started on his task he does not seem to have had any definite scheme in mind, or if he had, he did not explain it to his subordinates. Beyond directing Lord George Paget to render his best support with the third line, there is no evidence to show that he conveyed anything to the other commanding officers but an implied 'follow me.' So 'unreal,' indeed, was the whole episode, that Lord Lucan afterwards stated that he never gave Lord Cardigan an actual order to 'attack' at all, but merely to 'advance,' and he expressly put his opinion on record that Lord Cardigan 'should have halted his squadrons so soon as he found that there was no useful object

to be gained, but great risk to be incurred.' Lord Cardigan did not, however, interpret the order given to him in this sense; and he was the last man in the army to do so. He did, indeed, point out to Lord Lucan the obvious risks involved, but on hearing from his superior that 'it was Lord Raglan's positive order' he composedly accepted what he thought was his martyrdom. It was this belief which doubtless minimised in his mind the necessity of entering even into a brief explanation of what the Light Brigade was to do in the event of its reaching the guns. He considered that for some reason or other his brigade was to be sacrificed, and that it was most unlikely that either he or any useful fragment of it would ever reach the goal. And, now while galloping back from the Russian cavalry towards the guns, he was probably the most astonished man in the Crimea—astonished to find himself in the enemy's position on a sound charger and practically unscathed himself.

The disconcerting fact was that he was alone. His isolation was due to the fact that of his first line, of four weak squadrons, the greater part had been practically blown to pieces by the Russian salvo or knocked over in the advance, although some survivors had actually thrust through the guns on either side of Lord Cardigan. A small residuum had got past the guns on one flank or the other, and with splendid courage had dashed forward into the unknown. Of the second and third lines the bulk had swept round the guns and had passed out of sight. Lord Cardigan could, therefore, see nothing of his brigade but swarms of wounded men, mounted and on foot, slowly making their way back up the valley. One thing was clear. The Heavy Brigade was not coming down in support, and Lord Cardigan even thought it possible that his own third, or supporting, line might have been detained by Lord Lucan so as to avoid a useless sacrifice of it. He had himself rigidly refrained from turning in his saddle during the advance, and he was thus unable to tell with certainty how much of his brigade had followed him. So numerous were the wounded stragglers moving up the valley that Lord Cardigan concluded that they must be all the survivors of his first line. In these circumstances the brigadier thought the best thing to do was to follow up the stream of retiring wounded. And thus it happened that a few minutes later, when Lord George Paget got back to the starting place with the remnants of the brigade, after incredible fighting and adventures, the first person to greet him was Lord Cardigan. Utterly surprised, Lord George involuntarily exclaimed, 'Why, Lord Cardigan! weren't you there?' There was a titter from the bystanders, but Lord Cardigan at once answered, 'Wasn't I, though! Here, Jenyns, you saw me in the guns?' This was Captain Jenyns,

of the 13th Light Dragoons, a survivor of one of the front line regiments, who corroborated his chief's statement, and the incident was quickly forgotten.

Afterwards in the cavalry division the general feeling was that Lord Cardigan had led the field brilliantly and had merely the bad luck to be 'thrown out,' in a good run. His return from the charge had indeed been rather of the nature of anti-climax, but that could not obliterate the fact that he had shown the way to the guns in first-class style. Unfortunately, however, Lord Cardigan was invalided home not long afterwards. He returned to England to find himself the idol of the people and the lion of London society. He was wine and dine right royally by private individuals as well as city corporations. A vain, ambitious, arrogant, and rather unscrupulous man, Lord Cardigan allowed his head to be turned by the adulation and flattery poured out round him. Worse still, in his speeches he ignored the services of others and left his hearers under the impression that the greater part of the glory of the charge was due to himself alone. The columns of *The Times* soon began to tell of his vagaries in London, and his statements were much resented by his comrades in the Crimea who were still bearing the burden and heat—and cold—of the day at the front. What had previously been mere faint murmurs began to gain in strength, and finally these culminated in definite accusations made in public by one of his own cloth.

Serving on the staff of the Commander-in-Chief at the time of the Charge of the Light Brigade was a young cavalry officer, Lieutenant the Hon. S. J. G. Calthorpe, of the 8th Hussars. He was a nephew of Lord Raglan, and was acting as an aide-de-camp to his uncle. Along with the Headquarters Staff, Calthorpe had watched the famous charge from the edge of the plateau, and had followed it with absorbing interest, for his own regiment was one of the units taking part in it. From what has been said at the beginning of this article it can readily be believed that no one bothered much about censorship during the campaign; and young Calthorpe made a point of regularly sending home long and well-written letters describing and criticising the various operations. For this work he had considerable literary aptitude, and, being behind the scenes, he had, of course, interesting 'inside' information. These letters were collected in book form and first published in 1856. At that time Calthorpe was still a regimental officer of some eight years' service and Lord Cardigan was Inspector-General of Cavalry. This difference in rank between the two officers lends a certain piquancy to what follows, and throws an interesting sidelight on military discipline of those days.

Calthorpe had overheard Lord Cardigan tell Lord Raglan how his horse swerved violently at the Russian salvo, and this led him to commit himself to the statement that Lord Cardigan's charger had galloped to the rear, carrying his rider with him, before the battery had been entered. Lord Cardigan was, not unnaturally, extremely irritated at what was, to say the least of it, a reflection on his horsemanship, and he immediately got into communication with Calthorpe on the subject. The latter, however, refused to alter the statement, and, although friends on either side intervened, a wrangle unseemly and undignified ensued. The book, of course, had now received a huge advertisement, and a third edition appeared in 1858. In it there was added a footnote which, when it is remembered that the author was but a major and the victim the Inspector-General of Cavalry, leaves the present-day reader rather breathless. Calthorpe asserted that in what he said in the text he was relying on statements made to him by officers who took part in the charge, and added the words, 'but as the excellence of Lord Cardigan's horsemanship is proverbial, the idea that his horse ran away with him is no doubt erroneous.' As Calthorpe still maintained that Lord Cardigan never entered the battery, and as the words above given in inverted commas were followed by a mark of exclamation, the only explanation of Calthorpe's words was this—that Lord Cardigan's courage had failed him at the last moment and that he had galloped from the field.

Lord Cardigan's young days had been those of duelling. He had been 'out' himself and had winged his man. But those days were now no more, and he had escaped conviction for felony by the hollowest of technicalities when he was tried by his peers. He was rather at a loss as to how he should proceed in the present circumstances, but he did, quite rightly, represent to Horse Guards that his honour had been publicly impugned, and he demanded that Calthorpe should be brought to court-martial. The reply was that his remedy was to bring an action for the publication for libel. Several years had, however, passed in a continuance of the wrangle, which every day grew more sordid and detrimental to the discipline of the Army, and especially of the cavalry. The case now came into the hands of the lawyers, and affidavit was piled on affidavit by either side. It is significant that whereas Lord Cardigan was able to bring the evidence of survivors of the front line to prove that he had entered the battery, his opponent had to rest his case on evidence from the other lines in rear. And it is significant of Calthorpe's mentality that he actually put in an affidavit from a young officer of his own regiment—of the third line—to say that Lord Cardigan had never ridden in the charge at all.

In 1863 the Earl of Cardigan (now retired) obtained a rule calling upon Calthorpe (now commanding the 5th Dragoon Guards) to show cause why a criminal information should not issue against him for libel. The case came up for judgment in the Court of Queen's Bench on June 10 before the Lord Chief Justice and three other judges, and is of interest rather from the legal than the military point of view, for the ultimate decision was based upon technicalities. Mr. Serjeant Shee opened the case for Lieut.-Colonel Calthorpe in an immensely long speech, which can, however, be sufficiently summarised by saying that he resisted the rule and urged its discharge on the following grounds:—(1.) That the court, by granting a criminal information, never assists a party who, prior to his application, has retaliated upon his accuser. It was of course easily proved by counsel that Lord Cardigan had tried to retaliate on Colonel Calthorpe. And (2) that all further publication of the book had been stopped. This card had been concealed up counsel's sleeve, but he now played it with ostentatious confidence. A point, however, of enormous importance to Lord Cardigan was this. Colonel Calthorpe had now definitely declared himself satisfied that the Earl of Cardigan did actually enter the Russian battery, although he still firmly maintained that Lord Cardigan had retreated prematurely. The admission made such a vast and obvious difference that it was ruled that, by thus partly shifting his ground, Colonel Calthorpe could not be allowed to sustain the charge of premature retreat in a new form.

The layman will turn with relief from the technicalities, quibbles, precedents, and legal jargon of counsel to the summing up of the Lord Chief Justice. He began by stating clearly that the passage in Lieut.-Colonel Calthorpe's book complained of contained a most serious libel on the Earl of Cardigan. He gave as his opinion that the footnote in the third edition conveyed, and was intended to convey, an imputation that the Earl of Cardigan was wanting in personal courage in the discharge of his military duty, and this, he stated, was 'most libellous.' He regretted that Lieut.-Colonel Calthorpe had not made a more gracious retraction—where he had retracted. And he declared that, looking to the position of the parties, it was a matter to be made the subject of a criminal information unless some special cause were shown to the contrary. His Lordship then went on to say that the admission by defendant that the unpublished copies of the last edition had been destroyed entirely cut away the ground from the rule, and had this circumstance been known when the rule was moved for, it would not have been granted. In that circumstance the rule must be discharged, but without costs.

In other words, Lord Cardigan was nonsuited on a technicality. Upon the whole the upshot of the litigation was that ostensibly, and so far as concerned the immediate impression of the public, Lord Cardigan was clearly the gainer. Colonel Calthorpe had been forced to eat his words as regards Lord Cardigan not entering the Russian battery, although, on the other hand, the case gave a very wide publicity to what had been till then not generally known—*i.e.*, Lord Cardigan's rather unfortunate exit from the fight. The case excited enormous interest, and, coming as it did at a time when two other cavalry commanding officers were rather unpleasantly in the limelight, it brought the question of Army discipline to the fore. The Press was almost universally on Lord Cardigan's side, and in the Army Colonel Calthorpe's action was generally condemned. It was felt that the criticism by a junior officer who from a distance had watched the charge in perfect safety, and whose knowledge of it was gained entirely from the accounts of others, required considerable discounting. Nothing could alter the fact that Lord Cardigan had led his brigade, straight as a die, down the 'Valley of Death.' There was, too, a vindictiveness and venom in Calthorpe's behaviour which had offended fair-minded people. As we should say to-day, 'It wasn't cricket.'

F. E. WHITTON.

THE INFLUENCE OF ACTORS UPON PLAYS

It is interesting to remark the common habit of glorifying the past at the expense of the present. It extends to every department of life. Complaints often arise that the girl of to-day is a wretched creature when compared with the blameless maiden of the 'fifties. The young man of 1926 is a sink of dissipation and inanity, compared with whom his forbears were as gods. Modern ideas, conventions, and morals are disparagingly compared with the more rigid standards of the past; and altogether we gather the impression that the old days were the good ones, quite oblivious of the fact that the disease has been chronic for centuries and that the Victorians sighed for the early Georgian days quite as sincerely as unwilling modern Georgians sigh for the glories of the Victorians. And so it is not unreasonable to expect that the general consensus of opinion as to the influence of actors upon plays will at first be that nowadays there are no actors; that if there were, there would be no plays fit for them to act in; and that the stage is on the decline, like everything else.

Certainly everyone can remember the great stage figures of the past, figures so outstanding that they have given their names to their own epoch of stage history; and, equally well, nobody knows which actors and actresses of our own era will be remembered in fifty or sixty years' time. Only one thing is certain: that whoever is then remembered will be regarded with far greater reverence than is now the case. 'Distance lends enchantment to the view,' and never more truly than when that distance is measured in time, and not in space. This particular point is of small importance, however. The great and time-honoured actors of the past did exert an influence upon the plays of their day; but so do some modern actors. What we really have to consider is, therefore, not so much whether actors do or do not influence plays, but whether, and why, they influence them to a greater or less extent than of old. And in discussing this point we have to remember that there are many new forms of theatrical art. Some of these have no artistic parallel or prototype in the past; but they cannot be excluded from the consideration of this matter.

Before embarking upon any endeavour to form an opinion it

is well to remark some of the vast differences between the stage of the present and the stage of the past. Everything changes, as we know; but there are some changes which have affected the stage in such a subtle manner that those unconnected with it would at first not realise them. Take, for example, scenery and lighting. The advances made in these two arts, the setting and lighting of stages, are enormous. We realise this, to some extent, from the front. There need not be improbable entrances; rooms on the stage need not necessarily be square or oblong; and the sun need not inevitably shine directly through where the ceiling should be. Doors and windows can be reasonable in number and intelligent in location. Rooms can be of any shape, and recessed at will. The sun can be made to shine through any desired window, and throw natural shadows. The surroundings and exterior of stage rooms can be indicated by back-cloths dropped, or screens erected, on the stage side of doors and windows. The quality of the lighting can be almost incredibly varied, and in fact there is practically no natural scene which cannot now be reproduced upon a stage. Now all this may seem hardly relevant; but consider for one moment the influence of these changes, not upon actors, but upon playwrights and therefore upon plays. In Shakespeare's time it was so obviously impossible to produce the desired effects that scenery was entirely dispensed with. This cheapened production, avoided long waits between scenes, and had certain advantages, not the least of which was that the actors had nothing to rely upon except the genius of the dramatist and their own abilities. They could not rely upon artists and electricians to remedy their defects. But when scenery had become a *sine quâ non*, when dramatists were compelled to write plays which had to conform to the innumerable limitations forced upon them by the inadequacy of stage machinery, the situation was altered. Plots were often affected by these considerations, and stage writing was rendered a thousand times more difficult than at present, because all these limitations had to be borne in mind. Modern inventions, too, have helped playwrights. In order that a character may deliver himself of some important sentence, it is no longer necessary for another character to be dragged on to the stage, and got off again—often a very difficult matter to arrange convincingly. The telephone now solves the problem, for the actor can call up the other party, bring out the required phrase, and ring off. The existence of trains, motor cars, revolvers, radio, aeroplanes and the rest, also help playwrights to create new, or apparently new, plays, as a moment's cogitation will show. The dictaphone has played a prominent and indispensable part in at least one recent play, and gramophones have also been introduced to carry out important dramatic functions.

Aeroplanes have not yet been flown on the stage, but their existence enables a playwright to move his characters about from place to place with a velocity which thirty years ago would have been preposterous; while a triumph of stage engineering made possible the success of *The Whip*, where a horse-race was actually run on the stage of Drury Lane Theatre, and on some provincial stages as well.

I will go no further here into the question of modern inventions and stage appliances and their effects upon plays, though they are vast. Lighting alone is a large subject, and, whilst most of us find little to complain of in the London theatres, it is nevertheless a fact that American theatres are infinitely better equipped in this respect, and that hardly one London theatre has a lighting set which would be regarded as up-to-date in New York.

Another great difference between the present-day stage and the stage of the past is that acting has become socially 'respectable.' It has its academies and schools, it has its Knights and Companions, and it is received everywhere with acclamation. Noble doors which, a few decades ago, would have remained disdainfully closed now fly open to welcome the latest star; and stage and society mingle most agreeably in the pursuit of pleasure, and most successfully in the service of charity. The passion for stage notoriety, so strong in even the most demure and unadventurous bosom, need no longer be suppressed. To perform in public is no longer a social blemish: the actor may even use advanced language, or undress, or simulate intoxication upon the stage without loss of caste. And, most remarkable of all, he may accept cash rewards for such services, and be thought none the worse of in consequence. All this is in many ways excellent, though, as always happens when the bonds of prejudice are relaxed, there is a tendency to react from one extreme to the other. But the effect of this has been to flood the stage with recruits of every social grade and every degree of competence, so that the competition for employment, always severe, has become desperate. It may indeed be said that no actor or actress, no matter how prominent and no matter how well established in public favour, is irreplaceable, so vast is the supply of new talent.

A third and very material difference between present conditions and those obtaining thirty or forty years ago is the virtual disappearance of the actor-manager. There is no doubt that a well-established and successful actor-manager did exert a very powerful influence upon the stage of his day for the good and sufficient reason that dramatists—who, like other people, have to make a living—were compelled to write plays containing a part for the actor-manager himself. It would clearly have been useless to submit to Sir Herbert Tree a manuscript which did not

provide an opportunity for him personally. The same applied to all the other great actor-managers whose names we can all remember. There are few actor-managers left now, and those who still continue in business are hardly numerous or powerful enough to exercise much influence over modern plays. Some are very versatile, so versatile, in fact, that they can adapt themselves to almost any kind of part with profit to themselves and pleasure to the public. Mr. Donald Calthrop is an example, for he is an artistic success in Shakespeare, comedy, farce and revue; but there are not many like him. There is at least one syndicate of actor-managers—Tom Walls and Leslie Henson, Ltd.—which has exerted a distinct influence of recent years by making a policy of presenting, at the same theatre, plays of the same character played by much the same artists. They have found that they can supply a class of entertainment which the public enjoys, and so they very wisely adhere to that class; and I do not suppose that they would so much as consider the production of another type of play, even if it were a masterpiece of its kind, except perhaps at a different theatre with different artists. They are thus influencing plays at this moment because they are an established and successful management and therefore attractive to authors; and, as no intelligent author would submit to them any play foreign to their policy, there are no doubt a number of plays now being written in their particular 'idiom.' So far as can be seen, this syndicate will still be producing similar plays at the same theatre in ten years' time, and if this is so they will be able to claim that they have established a type of play representative of public taste in the early twentieth century. The Gilbert and Sullivan operas constitute a standard of public taste at another period of stage history; and there seems to be a certain vague affinity between the two cases. The style of opera produced by Gilbert and Sullivan was obviously successful, and the d'Oyly Carte management succeeded for years in preserving the association between these two and in establishing the Savoy tradition in spite of many difficulties. It is rarely easy to make people work together, especially when large sums of money are involved, and when the people concerned are artistic geniuses the task becomes almost superhuman. The Savoy partnership eventually foundered, I believe, as the result of disagreement over a carpet. The Walls-Henson combination may break down over a bootlace; but so long as it can maintain its policy of the past three years it will exert an increasing influence upon plays and enjoy a prosperity which nobody will grudge. Another parallel between the Gilbert and Sullivan partnership and the Walls-Henson syndicate is that the operas of the former and the plays of the latter all involve much the same set of actors and

actresses. There was a Grossmith part in each of the Savoy operas, just as there is a Walls part in each of the Aldwych farces. As the cast of the first Savoy opera influenced its successors, so has the cast of the first Aldwych farce influenced its own successors.

But most plays nowadays are presented neither by actor-managers nor by associations of actor-managers, but by a new race of super-impresarios who either conceal, or are concealed by, syndicates of an essentially financial character. The financial aspect of theatrical business is such as to make roulette and chemin-de-fer look like trustee investments; yet money can always be found, especially for revue and the lighter forms of theatrical entertainment. And this is where all kinds of influences creep in, not all of them associated with the theatre; and it is here that it is fitting to mention the producer, whose influence upon everyone connected with the theatre is now enormous. It is the producer who casts a play—perhaps in consultation with the author, perhaps not. It is the producer who arranges the stage settings, and the lighting, and all the etceteras; and it is the producer who controls every movement of every person on the stage. We see actors and actresses moving about on the stage, sitting down, standing up, lighting cigars or cigarettes, and generally behaving as though they were doing all these things quite of their own volition. So they may be; but it is much more probable that their every posture, every movement, every inflection, and every gesture has been arranged by the producer.

I once attended a number of rehearsals of a 'straight' play, for which I had written some incidental music. The producer and the author were present all the time, and I do not suppose that on the opening night there was one gesture or inflection employed which had not been demonstrated by the producer. Hardly one was left as the actors and actresses themselves had originally intended. One of them would speak a few lines: the producer would intervene, saying, 'Just one moment. Now, try it like this——' and repeat the lines with a new inflection. Another would enter, at his cue, and cross the stage. At once the producer would stop him with, 'Half a minute. Remember the state of mind you are in. You are in a great state of excitement, bursting to come in and tell everybody all about it. How about this?——'; and then he would carry out the entrance himself, cross the stage, and demonstrate the exact spot on the stage on which the actor should begin to speak. After each suggestion he would turn to the author with raised eyebrows, seeking approval, which was nearly always given, and sometimes amplified as well. In the rehearsal of a single act

there were not less than a hundred suggestions, and every one of these had to be remembered by the actors and actresses when that act was rehearsed again the next day. It certainly seemed to me that the producer's suggestions almost without exception improved the rendering of the play; and it was also clear that the actors and actresses were not so much concerned with acting as with doing exactly what they were told. Some received far fewer suggestions than others, because their ideas were more in accord with those of the producer, but by the time the dress rehearsal was reached the whole company were in an advanced state of nervous exhaustion. Those actors and actresses had very little influence upon that play, although it was a 'star' cast. As one of them—a fine old actor—remarked to me: 'Things have indeed changed. When I was young an actor was allowed to interpret a part in his own way. If he was a poor interpreter, he was a failure; if good, he was a success. The point is that he used to succeed or fail on his own merits. But now' (and here he spread out his shapely hands) 'we are all *marionettes*.'

This is indeed true. In that sentence the old actor epitomised one of the essential differences between old times and new. The multiplication of stage appliances has not only left the playwright freer than of old; it has contributed to the domination of the actor by the producer. Few actors are experts in lighting, in period costumes, in scene-shifting, in the achievement of mass effects, in the harmonisation of colours, and in the thousand and one other possibilities and actualities of the modern stage. And when they are acting they cannot see themselves, nor can they see the stage as a whole and note the *tout ensemble* as it will appear to the audience. Only a person outside the cast can do that; and as that person must be allowed to know better than any of the actors whether the effect of a grouping, or an entrance, or an exit is right or wrong, and to correct it, it follows almost inevitably that the outside person will establish an ascendancy over those he directs. It is the realisation of this that has led to the fall of the actor-manager and the rise of the producer. The Trees and Wyndhams have gone. In their place we have the Deans and Fagans; and in another sphere the Charlots, Cochrans, de Courvilles, and de Bears.

Now, although the government of the stage as a whole has passed from those who actually appear before the public, there are actors and actresses of such personality that they cannot help influencing the particular plays in which they are acting. Mr. Henry Ainley is one; Miss Irene Vanbrugh is another; and in the musical comedy world a good example is to be found in Mr. W. H. Berry. There are a number of other artists who could

be mentioned; but whilst they influence plays in which they are for the moment engaged, they do not exert any influence upon plays as a whole, because there is now so little consistency in play management. There is far more consistency in revue management, and because of it some revue artists have come to exercise influence upon the class of revue presented by their managements. Everyone knew what to expect in a Cochran revue 'with' Mlle. Delysia, just as one knows what to expect in a Charlot revue 'with' Miss Beatrice Lillie and Miss Gertrude Lawrence. These artists remained for so long with these managements that authors and composers had to study them in order to submit material with any chance of success. I do not know, but I should think it very improbable that these artists receive hints and instructions from producers, except in numbers involving chorus effects. In much the same way the George Edwardes management standardised a certain type of musical comedy, and his artists produced a definite effect upon pre-war musical comedy writing.

The great trouble to-day is the kaleidoscopic syndicates and managements which rise and fall on every side. Wherever a stable management is found with a policy, there almost invariably are artists producing an effect upon plays. The tendency seems to be to settle on a play, cast it from amongst the actors and actresses who at the moment are 'resting,' and try it out. If it is a failure it is taken off and the company disbanded, the actors feeling that a few weeks' salary is better than nothing, the author believing that the producer is to blame, the producer convinced that it was a feeble play, and the financier thinking that after all racehorses are best. If it is a success, however, it is kept on as long as it will draw, or until the theatre lease speculators force it to come off; and then the company breaks up just the same. Some may be retained if they happen to suit the new play; but perhaps the management is tempted by a big offer for the remainder of their lease, so they let their theatre for a year and retire from the risky business of production to the comfortable enjoyment of a profit rental. The actors and actresses thus cast upon the world then seek employment with other managements, and the better-known succeed. The others sink out of public view—some for a time, some for good.

If immediately on finding that they had a success managements began to look round for a play of a similar character, containing parts for most of the actors and actresses then working for them, it seems likely that they would repeat the success which has attended this kind of policy in many instances. The ideal combination is one which embraces not only actors and actresses, but also author, composer, and producer as well. If any such

combination produces a success the chances are that it can produce another; and an intelligent management will strain every nerve to prevent any of the component parts from breaking away. This is nothing more than standardisation applied to theatrical business, and it is only by standardisation that actors can influence the plays of their time.

There are of course many obstacles in the way of any kind of standardisation. One is the tremendous increase in the number of stage aspirants, and the social or financial influence which some of them control. All of us must have seen leading ladies whose prominence cannot have been the unaided reward of artistic merit; and we are led to wonder whether that prominence was one of the conditions upon which the production was financed. And we can surely remember instances where a producer's social aspirations have caused him to sacrifice art upon the altar of snobbery. Another obstacle is the outcry which immediately follows any suggestion which can be interpreted as advocating the 'standardisation of art.' It is impossible to go fully into this question here, because, for one thing, art must be defined, and then follows an argument of the ways in which art is capable of any sort of standardisation. And, as no five people would probably agree upon a common definition, the whole task would be profitless. I will therefore content myself by saying, on this score, that such standardisation as I have indicated does not militate against the cause of art, but rather advances and develops the artistry of all concerned; and this view is surely vindicated in ample measure by the existence of the Savoy operas and the manner of their creation and original presentation.

Before drawing to a close I should like to refer to an entertainment which has already taken hold on discerning people, and which will, I hope, prove to be the first of a series. Mr. Nigel Playfair is rightly associated with artistic productions, whose success has overthrown a number of theories. Nobody a few years ago would have expected that anyone could 'draw the town' as far west as Hammersmith. Still less would they have believed that the town could have been so drawn without the aid of a star of surpassing splendour. Mr. Playfair has done it, and that he has succeeded is the best possible testimonial to the discernment of the British theatre-going public. He does not go in for display, or complicated effects of scenery or lighting. He eschews the risen and resplendent star, and creates instead a firmament of his own, which scintillates most agreeably. And he has no recourse whatever to imported talent. There is hardly a dull moment in *Riverside Nights*, while there are many so exquisitely enjoyable that they could be seen pleasurably over and over again. The actors and actresses can not only act; they

really can sing, which is a far more unusual achievement than is commonly supposed. Mr. Playfair has, in fact, nearly all the ingredients required for establishing another tradition, more akin to that of Gilbert and Sullivan than anything that we have seen since. If *Riverside Nights* is in due season followed by another show of a similar character, utilising much the same cast, then we shall find his actors and actresses beginning to produce a definite and abiding mark upon contemporary musical entertainments. And it will be a mark of which our generation will have cause to be proud—a mark, moreover, which is sorely needed in the world of post-war musical entertainments. There is no light musical show which can be said to be a standard of our generation. All the great musical comedy successes come from America. It is bootless to complain of this, because they mainly succeed, and as long as they do this they will be followed by more from the same Transatlantic stable. There is nothing against them, except that they are not English, and if we can do nothing more creative in the modern English theatre than put on American plays posterity will draw the natural conclusion that our age was sterile, uninventive, and essentially imitative, and that our actors and actresses could only play parts that had already been successfully created in New York. The brilliance of Mr. Coward will very possibly be remembered, but because the sensation of one decade becomes the commonplace of the next I do not know whether his plays will edify anybody in a few years' time. The point is that very few actors and actresses to-day are contributing to the production of anything like a standard of modern English theatrical art. It is not by any means their fault, for their influence has without doubt been immensely reduced by the multitude of new influences which are now operating in and around the theatre; and this sterility of artistic conception is far more apparent than real. It is because we believe in the existence of English creative artists, and because we do not want future generations to get an unnecessarily low impression of contemporary players, playwrights and musicians, that we are grateful for *Riverside Nights* and for the earnest it gives of equally good, or better, things to come.

And now what conclusions can we reach on the main question regarding the influence of actors on plays?

Has it diminished? Yes, certainly. But it has not disappeared; and it can be felt—in isolated cases, often; in the mass, rarely. The born actor will always be noticeable; he will rescue a bad play from ruin and invest a mawkish character with an amazing credibility. But he cannot influence contemporary plays unless he is carefully and intelligently managed; and the chief care of many modern managements is not so much to foster

and develop their actors as to placate and satisfy their backers. And who can blame them?—for though backers are plentiful they are timid and easily frightened away; whereas actors (of a kind) are as numerous as the sands of the sea, and as timid as hungry lions!

REYNELL J. R. G. WREFORD.

CORRESPONDENCE

MAHATMA GANDHI AND THE CHARKA

To the Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER.

MISS CORNELIA SORABJI in her article ¹ paints a picture of Gandhi as having adopted the rôle of saint because he felt that a Mahatma was the right appeal for India at the moment. She describes him as a successful lawyer and man of the world, seeking, by virtue of the saintliness ascribed to him as the result of sedulous advertisement by his disciples, to enforce on a nation certain radical social and political reforms. This man of the world, who made a fortune as a barrister, offers India Swaraj, provided Indians take to spinning.

The conclusion of the whole matter, says Miss Sorabji, is—Puzzlement. She brushes aside the possibility that Gandhi believes hand-spinning can bring economic salvation, and we must accept her dictum that Gandhi knows perfectly well that Indians have never been a nation of spinners.

Then, why spinning? If we assume Gandhi is a man of the world, there must be method in this seeming madness, some trace of reasonableness in this apparent ineptitude.

The reason for the adoption of spinning as the sole spare-time occupation, as the only franchise in the political world, is to be sought in the structure of what Gandhi, in his effort to unite India, seeks to modify, perhaps to destroy, namely, the stratification of Hindu society by caste.

Caste, in its last essential, is occupation. Risley tells a story of the Parsis, the community to which Miss Sorabji belongs, which indicates the intimate connexion between caste and occupation. When the Parsis first came to India the only occupation permitted to them was the drawing of toddy from the palm. Similar instances could be multiplied indefinitely. Nesfield thought that occupation was the sole explanation of caste, and Risley, Gait, and Senart have accepted this partly, but insist more on the racial element in caste formation. To the illiterate, however, caste simply connotes occupation, and, what is more important, occupation also connotes caste.

Now even the Brahman, to whom no occupation in the ordinary sense is permissible, may spin, and in fact should spin, his sacred thread. Gandhi has therefore selected an occupation already blessed by holy usage, and he seeks to enforce this occupation on the nation in the sure and certain hope that it will do for Hinduism what the symbolic commensalism of the sacrament did for Christianity. He cannot abolish caste, but by giving India a common occupation he seeks to lead India to a consciousness of spiritual unity, transcending caste consciousness.

It is interesting to notice that Gandhi in the first instance attempted to attain his end more directly by preaching Hindu commensalism as

¹ 'Mahatma Gandhi,' *Nineteenth Century and After*, September 1926.

opposed to caste commensalism. He very soon, however, gave up this policy as being premature, but he has never ceased to teach that the untouchable is also a brother.

Those who know rural India will realise that the cult of the *charka* will react on the Moslem community too, for caste and occupation still have a stranglehold on the lower Mohammedan classes.

Viewed from this angle, the *charka* ceases to be the *ridiculus mus* of the scoffer, and there can be no doubt that its effect is being felt. But Gandhi and his followers were guilty of grave miscalculations: they tried to rush India, and India cannot be rushed. The promises of Swaraj by a certain date if spinning became universal were based on miscalculations of the extent to which symbolism in occupation could react on caste consciousness. The tea-garden coolie episode was a test of how far the *charka* could grip the people, Assam being no doubt chosen as the field of battle, because intensive propaganda was here possible, because the coolies were conveniently grouped and were working directly for the hated Britisher. Miss Sorabji is wrong in stating that the agitator who lured the coolies away from tea estates arranged also for a strike in the steamer service: Government stopped the free provision of steamers by a junior civilian, an Indian in charge of the Chandpur sub-division, and the situation was actually saved by the fact that the crews and masters of the steamers were Moslems, not yet in the net. Had these crews sided with Gandhi and continued to convey across the Padma the tea-garden coolies as they arrived at Chandpur, the results might have been very different. It was only after the exodus had been completely checked that a strike on the railway was arranged which had certain repercussions on the steamer service.

The whole *charka* campaign is intended to be a preparation for mass civil disobedience, which Gandhi feels is only possible if Hindu-Moslem differences are solved, and if the obedience of Hindu society as a whole can be claimed and enforced with the same certainty which lies behind the pronouncements of the caste *panchayat*. Mass civil disobedience, if complete, would bring government to a standstill and result in the withdrawal of the British, which is the ultimate goal. The Reform Scheme at its best can only give Dominion Government within the Empire, and this does not satisfy Gandhi's conception of Swaraj.

How far Gandhi is a spent force it is difficult to judge; he has challenged the caste system, and, in the present condition of India, must fail. But the whirr of the *charka* will echo down the ages, and, in combination with the pressure of modern conditions, may at last attain its end.

Calcutta.

J. McPHERSON.

Communications should be addressed to the Editor of the NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER, 10 & 12, Orange Street, Leicester Square, W.C. 2.

Letters as well as articles will be considered for publication, but letters should be confined to criticism or amplification of articles which have already appeared in the Review. No anonymous contribution is published.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER



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THE PROBLEM OF EMPIRE WELFARE

IN February, 1924, after the conclusion of the Imperial Economic Conference, *The Nineteenth Century* published an article in which I attempted to state the position in relation to Empire trade. I have again gladly availed myself of the hospitality of these pages to set out in brief form my impressions of the more essential factors in Empire economic development.

The predominating note of the Imperial Economic Conference of 1923 was insistence upon the importance of markets for the products of Empire agriculture if Empire development was to be accelerated. This view was expressed not only by Australia, but by several of the Prime Ministers of other Dominions. The general feeling was well summed up by General Smuts when he said: 'You cannot fairly claim that the Dominions should in very large numbers take immigrants from these Islands, and at

the relatively favourable position maintained by British goods in the markets of the Empire. Though Great Britain has failed in a serious degree to maintain her position in many foreign markets, yet in most Empire markets she still holds the ascendancy.

It is not necessary to emphasise the importance of Great Britain to the Dominions as a market and also for defence. This idea has always been in the forefront of Empire politics. It is most essential, however, that there should be a clearer realisation of the importance of Empire trade to Great Britain. It is not sufficient for leading men alone to understand the possibilities of Empire trade. It is necessary for every British citizen to attain the same realisation and to grasp the bearing of the problem upon his own everyday life and that of his fellows.

Unlike any other empire in the world's history, the British Empire is to-day broadly based upon democracy. Not only does the democratic principle find expression in every self-governing portion of the Empire, but it has also been made clear that in every other part some form of democratic government will be adopted so soon as their development warrants such action.

It therefore follows that we are concerned with the welfare of the whole of the people of the Empire rather than with the profits of individuals or of separate classes of the community. Our plans for the development of Empire trade must be based upon the idea of the maintenance and improvement of the standards of living of all Empire peoples. The idea of a national standard of living has taken the firmest root in Australia and in New Zealand. It profoundly expresses the thought of large masses of the people of Great Britain. It may perhaps be claimed that it is in a particular degree a British Empire ideal. It should not be forgotten that the trade union movement found its first full expression in Great Britain, and that, in the early days of the development of both Australia and New Zealand, a considerable proportion of their incoming population was drawn from the ranks of British trade unions. There can be no doubt that the growth of a national sense of responsibility for the standard of living of the whole people is due in large measure to the educational effect of the trade union movement.

A high standard of living, however, is dependent in the last resort, not upon the holding of ideals, but upon the methods which are adopted for their attainment. This is a simple truism which, though it has not always been recognised, has become of greater significance during the last few years as a result of the increasing competition from foreign countries. It is probable that some of the Empire countries have been prone to rely either

upon their past industrial supremacy or on the natural fertility of their developing resources. To-day we must realise that the preservation of the standards of living within the Empire will depend upon a concentration on increased efficiency, both in the industrial and agricultural spheres.

The achievement of efficiency in production involves the application of science, both to primary and secondary industries; the cheerful co-operation of employers and employed; increased efficiency in transport, by cheaper and swifter carriage; increased efficiency in distribution by eliminating unnecessary factors; and, lastly, the study of the new methods of publicity whereby a people may be educated in the facts of Empire and may come to understand the need for exercising a voluntary preference for Empire produce.

In brief, the production, the trade, and the purchasing power of the Empire must be organised. The organisation of agriculture, of industry, and of distribution is, in the main, a question for the trades concerned to handle. The spirit of individual initiative and of co-operative enterprise will in many fields secure greater progress than any action that Governments can take. Some forms of Government action are, however, necessary in order to facilitate organisation, and there are also certain lines of progress which must depend primarily upon Government. It is obviously not the duty of any individual or private organisation to survey the whole field of economic development and to lay plans for the future. The vast undeveloped resources of the Empire require to be surveyed: it is essential to obtain accurate knowledge as to the openings for trade within the Empire; further, we must ascertain what we do and can produce and where we do and can dispose of our production. Here is work for the Governments of the Empire to undertake, and it has been towards co-operation in the solution of these problems that the economic side of the Imperial Conference has directed attention.

It is, I believe, generally acknowledged that the work of the Conference has been upon practical lines, and that effective steps have been recommended which should do a great deal to promote the efficiency of production and trade. The research resolutions certainly indicate a greatly increased appreciation by Governments of the value of scientific research as applied to agriculture and to industry. We are at last visualising how scientific results obtained in laboratories can affect the health and prosperity of our peoples. We realise that, as an Empire, we are only at the commencement of what can be accomplished by this means. Science properly applied will increase the fertility of our soils,

improve the quality of our flocks and herds, and make possible the utilisation of lands in the tropics now rendered almost uninhabitable by disease-bearing insects. Scientific research is as important in industry as in agriculture. When it is realised, for instance, how small are our Empire oil resources, the value of recent research work on fuels can hardly be overestimated. If we can obtain and maintain a leadership in the application of science to agriculture and to industry, we shall do a great deal to protect our producers from foreign competition.

Economic research is not less important than scientific research, and the Conference devoted a great deal of consideration to some economic problems. For the first time in the history of Imperial Conferences the question of industrial standardisation received attention. It was realised that much could be done in this direction towards the reduction of waste, of effort and of money. The Empire consists of a quarter of the land surfaces of the earth and contains a quarter of its population. It is therefore obvious that Empire co-operation in the fixation of industrial standards must have an important effect upon Empire trade. Under the general head of economic research can also be placed the resolutions of the Imperial Economic Committee. This body has already proved its value, and will become of increasing importance both to the producers and consumers of the Empire. The recommendations of this Committee have led to the creation of the Empire Marketing Board, a body which, apart from its work on behalf of scientific and economic research, is developing the art of publicity for the purpose of educating the people of Great Britain as to the economic meaning of the Empire.

On the whole it may be said that the deliberations of the Conference and the statements made by the Empire Prime Ministers have made it clear that there is a determination to lay the foundations afresh for a more effective inter-Empire co-operation in economic problems. The Empire has fairly started upon the organisation of its trade, and if the reports and recommendations which have been evolved during the last month are carried into practice, and the progress in thought is translated into progress in organisation, the economic development of the British Empire will be accelerated, with beneficial results not only to the welfare of all the peoples of the Empire, but eventually to the prosperity of the whole world.

There is, however, one most important question which must be asked: Will organisation prove sufficient? Can our economic problems be completely solved by means of science, efficiency,

and education? All the progress that has already been made and that can be made along these roads can also be accomplished by foreign countries. Before the war Germany was acknowledged to have made in applied science much greater progress than the British peoples could show. The efficiency of American industrial organisation still remains to be achieved in our own industries. Even when we have been successful in applying on an efficient basis the results of science, of economic research and of publicity to our problems, we shall still have a thorny problem to solve. I have already referred to the standards of living within the Empire. It must be clearly realised that this is an ideal which some of our peoples will never surrender.

Efficiency is essential if a high standard is to be possible; but can we rest assured that efficiency alone will suffice to maintain our standards?

To-day our producers must meet intensified competition from countries which do not share the ideal of securing their national standards of well-being and who care little for the amenities of life for their working people. They must also compete with the products of countries with different civilisations, whose economic standards are in no way comparable to those which we have established and are determined to maintain. Lancashire cotton goods are difficult to sell in face of Japanese competition; the fruit of Australia must meet the competition of currants produced in Greece or the sultanates of the Levant; and it may happen that the Empire wheat-grower will be faced with great surpluses produced in Russia.

Are the countries of the Empire to meet this competition unarmed?

Australia has already made her decision, and by means of a tariff system maintains in Australia a fair standard of living. Within the framework of this system she has also established the principle of preference, whereby British industry is protected. How effectively Australia assists British trade will be seen when it is realised that in 1924-25 actually 26,000,000*l.* worth of British goods entered the Australian market duty free, but would have been dutiable had they been of foreign origin. British goods receive on an average about a 12 per cent. *ad valorem* preference over the foreigner.

So far as the trade of Great Britain is concerned, it is entirely a question for this country to determine whether her own standards of living are to be protected from unfair competition. The need may, however, also arise for her to determine for herself whether she will join with the other Dominions in safeguarding Empire standards of living from competition based on sweated labour and what methods she will adopt to this end. Much as the

Dominions may desire to see Great Britain adopt this principle, it would clearly be out of place for them to urge what methods she should adopt.

The people of this country can hardly realise the extent to which the Dominions watch the trend of opinion here on questions affecting Empire trade. The British Labour Party Committee's Report on the 'Importation of Sweated Goods,' for instance, was received with great interest in Australia. The various proposals that were made from time to time in this country, such as those for the bulk purchase of Empire goods, are keenly debated overseas, and there has been keen disappointment in the fact that the Anglo-German Commercial Treaty appears to preclude any action through import licences to assist Empire trade.

If, however, the spirit that has animated the present Imperial Conference finds expression in action, each portion of the Empire will in its own territory and conjointly with the other Governments, seek to progress along the road of science, the road of efficiency, and the road of education. As we advance along these roads we shall develop the idea of consultation to place the Empire's brains, energies, and resources at the service of the development of our great common heritage. Yet we must not forget that it is possible that unfair competition may defeat all that we are striving to accomplish, and therefore in conclusion I would only say: Let us not forget to take thought for the morrow.

STANLEY M. BRUCE.

THE UNITED STATES AS SEEN BY AN AMERICAN WRITER

THE human mind, dazed and somewhat terrified by the crowd of facts and fancies in this tumultuous world, has devised a cunning method whereby it may find a way through so much confusion without undue loss of time. It is the method of 'generalisation'—which is a way of classification, or arranging together, as one gathers many packages together and calls the collection a grocer's shop. Concerning this process the philosophers and logicians have written many subtle theories, explaining it as a very clever stroke of the human intellect, which is only possible in the highest races of men.

But generalisation is often only the clumsiest rule-of-thumb method, a mere matter of convenience to save us from analysis and careful thought, which is really no saving in the long run. Thus it has happened that a very hasty generalisation termed 'religion' has often put St. Thomas Aquinas in the same class with African witch-doctors, or even recorded the history of the Inquisition as a part of the story of the Gospel of Christianity. Politicians find themselves under the hasty journalists' heading of 'statesmen'; the composers of jazz perchance get into the music-books with Beethoven and Mozart; while *The Birds* of Aristophanes may go down in history, side by side with *Charley's Aunt*, in a chapter on 'comedy.'

But of all unexpected and inconvenient and misleading results of the method of generalisation the most hasty and unreasonable is the placing of the works of Theodore Dreiser in the list of 'novels.' Of all ridiculous exhibitions of classification this generalised thing called 'fiction' or 'romance' is the most unscientific and confusing. It has allowed Lord Macaulay's *History of England* to escape being reviewed amongst 'the latest fiction,' and condemned the romance of Mary Queen of Scots or the wild adventures of Alexander the Great to the dusty historical shelves with ponderous treatises on mediæval land tenures or the incidents of knight-service. Such classification ignores the fundamental facts and attaches undue importance to the trivialities on the surface.

The works of Theodore Dreiser, by some mysterious whim of the fates, are being discussed in those columns of the newspapers which are specially devoted to the assistance of young ladies in choosing their next week's novel from the circulating library list—as they are assisted in the choice of hats a few pages further on. There is some excuse for the mistake, because Mr. Dreiser's books are so absorbing in the way of emotional excitement that they would be an ample explanation for a reader being found in a railway-carriage at Exeter when he should have got out of the train at Reading. In the way of sheer excitement—judicial executions, surgical operations, murder, *dénouements*, climax and sensation at large—he can give long odds to the ordinary professional purveyors of such circulating library fare. But all these things are mere trivialities beside the main structure and purpose of Mr. Dreiser's work.

It is a complete lack of judgment to describe such books as *An American Tragedy*, or *The Genius*, or *The Titan* as novels, or put them in 'the latest fiction' column. There are few parts of a journal where they would be less appropriate. It would be far more accurate to include Thomas à Kempis and St. Augustine amongst the psychological romances. Mr. Dreiser's earlier work, though already it has the germs of his later maturity, might perhaps be placed with the normal 'fiction' when the editorial mind was carelessly preoccupied. But the three later books mentioned above are of another class altogether.

When one searches round for some more fitting companion or comparison for this author, it is Charles Darwin who first comes into the mind. If one wanted to find a companion book to put beside *An American Tragedy* (as Turner asked that a Claude picture should be hung beside his own Venice scene in the National Gallery) it is the *Origin of Species* that seems the most palpably appropriate choice; and the most fitting mate for *The Genius* is the *Descent of Man*. The more one considers it the more fitting they become, both in subject and in manner.

There may be some who will say that it is useless waste of time to see paradoxical likenesses between these two books of science and two fictitious romances. To whom it may be answered that the mind which cannot see the spirit of wildest romantic adventure in Darwin's search for the origin of species or the beginning of man does not know what adventure is.

But whereas Darwin was searching for the origin of species and the first rudiments of the human species in particular, Mr. Dreiser is looking to the other end of the story, desiring to know, not its origin, but how it will finish. Every line he writes is full of an insistent desire to discover that most fundamental and ultimate of problems, asked so quickly and answered so confidently

in the Scottish Shorter Catechism: What is the chief end of Man? That is the urgent question which is on every one of Dreiser's pages, if we search closely. But, unlike the Shorter Catechism, he is not so sure of the answer, for he is a sceptic who is soaked with doubt of every philosophy and every religion.

All his great characters—except, perhaps, Jennie Gerhardt—are pictured in the urgent pursuit of some end which they never reach, and Mr. Dreiser would seem to tell us plainly that he does not imagine they could have reached it if he had continued their stories for ever. Thus, Frank Cowperwood, having captured a fortune beyond avarice and many mistresses beyond compare in the United States, is left on the last page of *The Titan* seeking in Europe for greater fortunes and more perfect loves. This book is in the middle volume of his *Trilogy of Desire*—of which the third is not yet written—and thus it ends:

And this giant himself, rushing on to new struggles and new difficulties in an older land, for ever suffering the goad of a restless heart—for him was no ultimate peace, no real understanding, but only hunger and thirst and wonder. Wealth, wealth, wealth! . . . A new-old urgent thirst for life, and only its partial quenchment. In Dresden a palace for one woman, in Rome a second for another. The lives of two women wrecked, a score of victims despoiled. . . . And he resigned, and yet not—loving, understanding, doubting, caught at last by the drug of a personality which he could not gainsay.

On the last page of this book Mr. Dreiser—in a postscript, as it were—faces his own soul with this ultimate question: What means all this fever called life? And, being both an artist and a wise man, he can find no answer to his problem.

What shall we say of life in the last analysis—'Peace, be still'? Or shall we battle sternly . . . in order that the strong become not too strong or the weak not too weak? Or perchance shall we say (sick of dulness) 'Enough of this, I will have strong meat or die!' and die? Or live? . . . Canst thou fix thine eye on the morning? Be glad. And if in the ultimate it blind thee, be glad also! Thou hast lived.

It is as if the author of *The Titan* had not so much created Frank Cowperwood, but had rather been dragged through his pages by that ruthless financier and still more ruthless lover. And on the last page of this astounding career Mr. Dreiser, when it is all over, seems to stand breathless, demanding impatiently to know whether it was worth all this fury of living. Whether it was madness or wisdom, Mr. Dreiser throughout his books goes on asking that question with louder and more searching inquiry. And in his last books he seems more uncertain of the answer than in the first. For he is a far-seeing artist—it is only the scientist who is so short-sighted that he can see the end. He clearly does not know; for

when Jennie Gerhardt was without ambitions she was no happier in the end than Cowperwood ; and when we say good-bye to her on the last page :

Before her was stretching a vista of lonely years down which she was steadily gazing. Now what ? She was not so old yet. . . . Days and days in endless reiteration, and then—— ?

Guy de Maupassant, in one of his prefaces, explains how a story should be written. It should start without a beginning, and end without an end ; because such, he infers, is the truth of life, and a story should be cut from the living texture. Surely he was wise. The curtain should go up on a plot that has been plotting since time began and should fall on a plot that will go on to the end of time. That is the way Mr. Dreiser plans his works. They are true to life, making of it an unending scroll. Mr. Dreiser puts his tales on the road of the eternities.

One could go through all the rest—Sister Carrie, Clyde Griffiths, Eugene, one and all searching for something, love, money, happiness of one kind or another. That is, of course, the theme of almost every book of fiction. Wherein Mr. Dreiser differs from the ordinary is that he writes not a word of hope of a successful end to the search—except in Jennie Gerhardt, who stands somewhat lonely among Dreiser's creations, a balanced figure of sweetness and tenderness without anger against any, without envy, almost without desire for herself, though she desires much for others. Does this author suggest that here alone is safety and sanity for the human mind, to be without desire or hope, just a creature of balanced proportions that does not crave for what is beyond the grasp ? It is impossible to give an answer, for Mr. Dreiser is so sceptical that he seems even to disbelieve his own discovery of the truth.

So Dreiser is the complement of Darwin in that he is completing the romance of life which began with a search for origins—which Mr. Dreiser has made a voyage for the discovery of ends. But that is not the only link. There is a close likeness in the methods of the two men. They both proceed by the piling up of fact on fact, distrusting the sufficiency of any one or two of them to prove their case, relying only on a huge mass of evidence that will eliminate the possibility of error.

Mr. Dreiser has been accused of an endless repetition of detail. There is a very important reason for this, which goes to the root of his aims and his method. He is (in his later and greatest books, at least) only incidentally concerned about individual human beings, as the ordinary novelist is interested in the characters of the tale. Darwin was not directly concerned in the separate species, but rather with the great mass of organic life of which

they made the total sum. So Dreiser looks at the whole rather than the parts. It is the fundamentals of the whole human race which concern him, and his individual characters, even the greatest of them, are only puppets in the great shadow show of life. There is Cowperwood, for example ; almost half *The Titan* is the story of his relations with his second wife. Yet the curtain goes down, and the author does not even trouble to tell us whether there was a divorce. What did she matter ? What did Cowperwood matter, the Titan himself ? Both are mere specks of the vast drama of finance, and politics, and corruption, and intrigue, which together made up those clumsy geographical generalities called Philadelphia and Chicago.

Again, there is Clyde Griffiths, the main person (one cannot use the word hero in this case) of the longest book, *The American Tragedy*. For 800 large pages of closely printed type this youth is minutely followed in the few years of his life which the story covers. His endless relations with women are stated with the detail of a law report. Everything or everybody that comes near him, whether it be a fashionable hotel or a factory or an evangelical mission, is described and analysed with the precision of an architectural draughtsman. An English critic, one of the gentlemen who write 'novels of the week' columns, has committed himself in print to the statement that Mr. Dreiser could have told the whole story, like any other respectable novelist, in the ordinary humdrum 75,000 words. If, indeed, the story were only the never ending affairs of what Clyde was pleased to consider his heart, then this critic has understated his case. Love such as Clyde knew it can be written up in seventy-five words without the odd thousands. It has even been done with taste and feeling, with the aid of a first-class comedian and an efficient beauty chorus, in two or three verses of song in a musical comedy.

But the critic entirely failed to measure the vastness of the structure. He mistook a few trees for the whole wood. What surely interested Mr. Dreiser in Clyde Griffiths was that he was a figure behind which to draw the gigantic background of a great part of the life of the United States of America. For example, the author takes Clyde to Lycurgus, one of the smaller manufacturing towns. He uses him to focus his literary light on the factory—an anthill of moving figures without the intelligence of the ants. Dreiser, in a description of amazing power, sums up the collar factory workers as 'clocks,' mere dummy figures, without life of their own, the puppets of the machine—mere wheels within wheels, and cranks of the whirling mass. Then he sends Clyde to dine with his wealthy uncle, the owner of the machines, and the whole scene behind becomes a noisy crowd of dull-witted people who have little to do but spend money—it is

the picture of a Margate beach of millionaires. Again, there is a great criminal trial, reported almost *verbatim*. It is an ugly story of officers of the law making the great goddess of Justice into an electioneering move and a Press 'stunt.'

Clyde Griffiths, in the foreground of this vast picture, is like a speck of dust being danced in the sunlight and shadow. He himself, a pathetic figure of degenerate humanity, could have been drawn in a very few words from Mr. Dreiser's masterly pen. But that great background of the United States of America—that vast set of circumstances that created Clyde—is one of the most gigantic things in literature. That picture needed every word of the 800 pages, and only a genius could have accomplished it in less than 8000. The book is called *An American Tragedy*, but one has an insistent suspicion that Mr. Dreiser means us to understand that it is the tragedy of America, and if the downfall of Clyde could have been got into 75,000 words, it needs far more to tell of the tragedy of over 100,000,000.

One could have said almost the same concerning *The Titan*. Frank Cowperwood, with his millions and his mistresses, is only the decoy duck of the story, though his adventures alone are irresistibly exciting. I confess that fiction has generally been a dull thing to me: I could never feel much interest in the love affairs of Kensington or the ambitions of Hampstead while the history books could offer me the melodrama of Catherine of Russia, the loves of Mary of Scotland, or the adventures of Julius Cæsar and Napoleon Bonaparte. It seems such an unimportant thing to read of a hero who robs a bank when one can turn to the true stories of men who robbed continents. The normal novelist is only concerned with the small pawns of life. History is the stage of kings and queens and knights and bishops and their castles. But the life of Mr. Dreiser has the qualities of the real thing, on the scale of panoramas.

In *The Titan* we have a gigantic canvas of those amazing social units of the American cities of Philadelphia and Chicago. Before this great background strut and gambol the figures of Cowperwood and his wife and scores of their friends and enemies—bankers and bosses, manufacturers and mistresses, the political scum (who seem to be mainly Irish Catholics) living by the keeping of brothels and the buying or selling of votes. Every figure has the breath of real life, and many of them are people of significance as individuals, although against the great background of Mr. Dreiser's picture they are mere dots.

Take that exquisitely delicate sketch of the Hon. Chaffie Thayer Sluss, Mayor of Chicago, an earnest church-goer, whom, for reasons of finance and municipal politics, it was unavoidably necessary to entrap into the meshes of an engaging lady of slight

morals but more wealthy intellect, specially engaged by the opposition to betray the Hon. Sluss into the hands of his rivals. The picture is a thing of delight, etched with acid on the steel plate of irony. The mayor is hopelessly trapped and becomes a lump of abjectly perspiring acquiescence:

Pity the poor earthling caught in the toils of a moral law. In another country, perhaps in another day, another age, such a situation would have been capable of a solution, one not utterly destructive to Mr. Sluss, and not entirely favourable to a man like Cowperwood. But here in the United States, here in Chicago, the eternal verities would all, as he knew, be lined up against him.

That is irony in the grand manner, worthy of the masters. Here is another picture of Chicago. It is the hour of the afternoon recreation:

As far as the eye could see were carriages, the one great social diversion of Chicago because there was otherwise so little opportunity for many to show that they had means. The social forces were not yet clear or harmonious. Jingling harnesses of nickel, silver, and even plated gold were the sign manual of social hope, if not of achievement.

A civilisation that reached its highest achievement in the mountings of its horse collars! It is a gibe worthy of Heine. And so the great procession of Chicago life passes before the reader, as Balzac drew his *Comédie humaine*. There is much in common in the methods of Dreiser and the great Frenchman. Probably the former has not drawn any individual portrait quite so deliciously as (let us say at a venture) Cousin Pons or Cæsar Birotteau and his wife. But then Balzac never made a whole city breathe as Dreiser has done with Chicago in *The Titan*. Balzac did something approaching it in *Les Employés*, but that only painted one class of the town, the bureaucrats and ministers; while in *An American Tragedy* and *The Genius* we have a greater picture which seems a gigantic reproduction of a large part of America.

Here we see one of the most interesting facts about this author. While he never ceases to be a story-teller, who is a continual excitement to his readers, he is also a historian of the most valuable kind. He puts back his scene in Chicago to the 'nineties of last century; and well-informed Americans say that his characters are drawn, in detail, from real life. For example, the presentation of the great Telescope, as an advertisement for the donor, is said to be a statement of fact, not fancy.

At that very moment, in 1893, the late President Wilson published a text-book of his nation's history. To read *The Titan* is to get all the details which the political historian left out. One would go further and say that the novelist has drawn a picture in

the true proportions, while the historian has gravely distorted it. Mr. Wilson finished his book with the amiable rhetoric which is customary in the political world where he was afterwards to rise so high. He admits political corruption, of course—it is impossible to endeavour to conceal the sun on a clear summer day. But the last sentence of his little history runs thus: 'The century closed with a sense of preparation, a new seriousness, and a new hope.'

That is the fluent way the politicians write; but there is no such fraudulent optimism about this novelist historian. In *The Titan* 'the new seriousness' is expressing itself in public meetings that have all the elements of the pothouse. Which of these two has proved right? 'The new hope,' if one reads the almost daily reports in the London papers, has now expressed itself in the unexpected guise of bandits and armed bootleggers who have terrorised the country. Only a few days ago *The Times* published the fact that the United States Post Office had just asked for tenders for a hundred armed cars to be used in protecting the mails during transport. It is clear that the serious preparations and new hopes have not been as fruitful as Mr. Wilson believed; while in Mr. Dreiser's more accurate history the bandit and bootlegger are the inevitable sequel of the corruption of the 'nineties.

The foreigner must always hesitate to criticise another nation. But we are entitled to accept the conclusions of an American critic. Mr. Dreiser's picture of the United States (in endless detail which can scarcely be misinterpreted) is accepted by his fellow-citizens, for they have at last, after many years' consideration, hailed him as a master of his craft; and they would scarcely offer their belated laurels to a perverter of the truth.

During the whole 800 odd pages of *An American Tragedy* there is scarcely one trace of any life which could, in the most generous mood, be described as cultured. The story starts with a half-hysterical, half-fanatical street evangelist meeting, and it ends with another of the same kind. They express the mentality of an undeveloped humanity which is still in the grip of the simpler emotions. And between these two displays of primitive superstition the main figure of the book, Clyde Griffiths, wanders from one stratum of social refuse into the next. He becomes 'bell-hop' at a huge vulgar hotel where the top scum of society spends its wealth; he passes to a great factory of animal 'clocks' called the workers, where that wealth is made. There is not a trace of decent culture anywhere—not an ideal higher than a church bazaar. Dull self-seeking everywhere; sheer vulgarity at every turn or (worse still) dull mediocrity.

It is the same through so much of Mr. Dreiser's work, except

in his great picture of *The Genius*, where one great artist heart and a few kindred souls are surrounded, as in a besieged camp, by very much the same uninspiring crude material conditions that brought Clyde Griffiths to ruin. It is impossible to ignore the fact that Mr. Dreiser is the prophet of a world of the mind where the soul is of supreme account, striving to be heard in a grosser world where the almighty dollar is alone important: in other words, one is driven to believe that Mr. Dreiser has a purpose.

Whereupon some of the highest of the high-brow set will indignantly protest that he is not so bourgeois as to have anything so vulgar as a 'purpose,' being merely a great artist. A lot of tedious nonsense has been written on this matter of art for art's sake—mainly by those who devote more time to talking about art than to creating it. There has never been any great art without a purpose. Of course, most true artists have refused to waste their time over many of the dull fads and fancies of the social reformers and political adventurers and religious fanatics, having the far greater purpose of teaching mankind to seek for beauty before anything else. Some artists of the more fantastic sort have even set out with the stern 'purpose' of proving that the most important idea in the world is to admire a cube. However, the Cubists have now turned out to be of less importance than they themselves estimated; their purpose was entirely trivial.

Art without a purpose is of no more lasting value than promiscuity in the affairs of sex; so to say that Mr. Dreiser has a purpose is to affirm that he is the greater artist. It is just because he is so full of enthusiasm for the finer tones and vibrations of life that he is worried by the blatant discords of the philosophy of the dollar and the industrial and financial machinery which is the temple of its worship.

For it would seem that Mr. Dreiser regards the artist as the climax of life. Even when he draws the great financier Cowperwood, he makes him an artist at heart and a financier by reluctant necessity. But the social and economic constitution of America—a much more important constitution than the one they amend at Washington—has laid down the rules of life; and the greatest of these is that if one desires to be protected against the evils of existence one must be rich. As Cowperwood himself said, 'I haven't seen many troubles in this world that money wouldn't cure.' He found he was mistaken, of course; and it seems certain that Mr. Dreiser is anxious that his readers should also be impressed by the insignificance of materialism and banking accounts as the ultimate standard of life.

One cannot detect any definite political propaganda in Mr. Dreiser's books. He is certainly too conscious of the individual

soul to be tempted by any Socialist Utopia. He realises that there may be no solution of the troubles of modern society yet in sight. That is why he is so immeasurably bigger than the economists and politicians, with their petty fads by which they hope to move mountains. Mr. Dreiser is continually putting before us the problems of social intercourse, and with dramatic pathos he as persistently evades us when we seek for an answer.

There is one problem of life which above others haunts Mr. Dreiser on all his pages. As his unfriendly critics put it, he is obsessed by sex. There is not one book in which the plot is not full of it. It ruined Clyde; it was Jennie Gerhardt's fate. Cowperwood and Eugene Witla were pursued by the eternal feminine as wolves follow their prey; they were both great men who could be hypnotised for such trivial reasons that it is impossible to decide whether to call their love affairs a gamble or use that very similar word which is usually applied to the spring-time evolutions of joyful lambs. They were both great men—yet the easier were they blown like bubbles of soap.

So in the main this charge against Mr. Dreiser is true. He is obsessed by the problems of sex. But it has been already suggested that Mr. Dreiser is only completing the great work that Darwin set out to do by discovering the origin of species. Now it is necessary to remember that when Darwin wrote his great book on *The Descent of Man* he gave it a sub-title, *Selection in Relation to Sex*, and devoted 600 pages out of 900 to the discussion of the problem of sexual selection.

It is surely possible that Mr. Dreiser, when he comes to discuss the end of man, may have just as sound and purely scientific a reason for being 'obsessed' by sex as Charles Darwin had when he was searching for the beginning. There is much evidence that both men were right in their judgment and in the correct proportion of their analysis. It may even be true, as the Christian theologians would have us believe, that man became evil by the wiles of woman. At least, it is not for them to charge Mr. Dreiser with their own obsessions.

The Genius is probably the most complete study of the elements of sex that has been written. One hesitates to decide whether it is an amazingly good story or a scientific text-book. The conflict between Eugene, the subtle, refined, delicately minded artist, whom the street corner preachers might call a rake and a sensualist, and Angela his wife—uncultured, narrow, honest with every quality that goes to make a conventional purity—this is one of the great character drawings of fiction. The whole subject is entirely beyond the possible space of this paper; but it may be asserted that Mr. Dreiser undoubtedly wants his readers to realise the disagreeable fact that Eugene's life came within an ace of

being wrecked by a good woman. There is nothing of the blatant crude gospel of 'free love' in his statement, but almost a note of pathetic regret that the ways of the world are so paradoxical that this creature of the spirit, Eugene, should have had so much wearisome wrestling with the cruder material world around him. Here is one passage in which he draws his hero in the country:

high up in air his boyhood dream of beauty, a soaring buzzard . . . and moods of his boyhood days came back to him—his love of winging butterflies and birds; his passion for the voice of the wood-dove—there was one crying in the still distance now. . . .

And then, once more, that shadow of regret that Eugene must so soon return to the cities, where the butterflies and the wood-dove would inevitably be dethroned for more urban beauties that were so much more disturbing and unbalancing to that gentle soul.

There is something very like this in Mr. Dreiser's other obsession—his agnostic suspicion of religion. Once or twice he is full of venom and bitterness, as, for example, in that tremendous confession of faith—or want of it—at the end of *The Titan*, when he turns from Cowperwood, left in the arms of his most beautiful and cleverest new mistress, and speaks to his readers direct:

The world is dosed with too much religion. Life is to be learned from life, and the professional moralist is at best but a manufacturer of shoddy wares. . . . Rushing like a great comet to the zenith, his path a blazing trail, Cowperwood did for an hour illuminate the terrors and wonders of individuality. . . . In a mulch of darkness are bedded the roots of endless sorrows—and endless joys.

Note how the bitter beginning is merged at the end into the hypnotism of mystery—the essence of all religion. The writer of that is not a man scornful of religion, but rather one who cannot find a faith that is wide and generous enough to contain his hopes and fears. There is an immense sympathy, beneath its subtle sarcasm, in those closing scenes of *An American Tragedy* where the Rev. Duncan McMillan and the pious street-preaching Mrs. Griffiths play so big a part. The plot has worked itself up to the titanic proportions of a Greek tragedy. The centre figure of it all is in the condemned cell: his family shrunken with moral shame and physical starvation, his wealthy uncle and his household faced by the horror of social ostracism, and all around the slime of self-seeking lawyers, sensational journalists, and a public to whom eternal justice has become another 'movie' show. Into this scene of pain and disaster beyond measurement enters the condemned man's evangelist mother; and Mr. Dreiser sums it all up in one tremendous line: 'this American witness to the rule of God upon earth.' That is a stroke of majestic irony; and to one reader, at least, it seemed that the social system of a

Western continent and a world-wide religion of the East were alike shaken to their foundations by the shock.

Finally, there is the matter of Mr. Dreiser's literary style. We have been told that he has no style at all—nay worse, 'it is simply abominable'; and so on. One can only in amazement refer the critics to the books. The man who wrote the murder scene in *An American Tragedy* has clearly a command of his pen which can only be measured with the exquisite skill of an Australian in throwing his boomerang—it is unerring. There is scarcely a line in the book which does not explain a character or an event with complete clarity. Is there anything else to be asked of style; or are we to have a 'style for style's sake' added to the cant about the objects of art?

Where so many of the critics have gone astray is in imagining that Mr. Dreiser could have told the tale of a degenerate youth, or of an American business city, in the language of an idyl. The delicacy of Catullus or Shakespeare, the rhythm of Dryden or Ruskin, would have been as useless and futile in drawing the picture of Chicago in the 'nineties as they would be ridiculous in draughting a conveyance of real estate. One does not use the language of the pastoral in telling the tale of a millionaire who snatched his mistresses as he did his stocks and shares. One does not write of American industrial magnates as if they were sylvan deities, or of modern Western life as if it were the glades of Arcady.

What the critics have overlooked is the obvious fact that when Mr. Dreiser has a beautiful thing to draw, then his style is a thing of beauty also. He once desired to tell of an altogether good and tender woman, and he wrote a whole chapter on 'the spirit of Jennie Gerhardt.' Then he used a style that is a thing of delicate delight that George Borrow or Richard Jefferies would have envied:

Where the sunlight was warm and the shadows flecked with its splendid radiance she delighted to wonder at the pattern, to walk where it was most golden, and follow with instinctive appreciation the holy corridor of the trees. . . . She was looking with uplifted face at a far-off cloud, a red island in a sea of silver. 'Just supposing,' she said, 'people could live on an island like that.' Her soul was already up there, and its elysian paths knew the lightness of her feet. . . . A humming bee hummed, and a cow-bell tinkled, while some suspicious cracklings told of a secretly reconnoitering squirrel. Keeping her pretty hand uplifted in the air, she listened until the long soft notes spread and faded and her heart could hold no more. Then she arose. . . . The wonderful sea of feeling in her had stormed its banks. Of such was the spirit of Jennie.

But there is passage after passage, whenever his subject is beautiful, where Mr. Dreiser's style is beauty itself. Would he have done well to draw Chicago millionaires in the technique of

Giotto, or the sordid inhabitants of Lycurgus as Botticelli drew a Venus rising from the sea? Could the conversation of a New York drawing-room have been written convincingly in the exquisite dialogue of George Meredith or after the manner of an eighteen-century salon of France? Mr. Dreiser, being a great artist, suits his style to his material with perfect skill.

G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR.

THE PHILIPPINES

THE world policy of the United States is a curious mixture of impertinence, idealism, and guilelessness. She likes to teach, but has herself troubled to learn few lessons from the maturer wisdom and experience of Europe—above all, of Great Britain. The time, however, is ever drawing nearer when she will find that she must cease to preach and lecture, and instead must sit at the feet of those who have centuries of statecraft and colonising lore ingrained into their being. After the colour question, her outstanding problem to-day is neither Prohibition, Europe's indebtedness, nor pugilism, but the future of the Philippine Islands—her one important colonial venture. Few citizens of the United States realise the importance of the issue, for the number who have taken the trouble to ascertain the facts is negligible. To most of them the islands have only been the subject of passing interest, as a theme for political bosses endeavouring to steal a march on one another. Every schoolboy in the United States knows that Admiral Dewey captured Manila in the year 1898, but apart from that occurrence all is impenetrable darkness.

To the Englishman, however, the problem of the islands should be a matter of supreme interest, for the situation of present-day India—to compare great things with small—is in many respects analogous to the situation in the Philippines.

Most questions of nationality have their roots in history, and in the Philippines America has received a legacy of Spanish—not misrule, but lethargy. Magellan had landed at Mindanao and Cebu; some forty years later came the permanent settlement of Cebu by Legaspi, who had sailed across the Pacific from Mexico with a fleet of ships. Then in succession garrisons were planted on Luzon and Mindoro. Hosts of friars flocked to the islands and gradually usurped the functions of the State officials. The islands became one of England's lost possessions, for in theory she received their surrender after the seizure of Manila by a naval and military force in 1762, but peace terms two years later handed them back to Spain. From that time till their capture by the United States the history of the islands is a tale of lamentation and woe. Rebellion was ever incipient in a land over much

of which Spain held only a nominal sway. She tried to exercise control through turncoat tax-gatherers, extortionate and immoral friars and military press-gangs. In the southern islands the Sulu pirates roved at will, and occasional Spanish treachery and slaughter only goaded them to bloodthirsty revenge; their hand was against every man, and all civilised shipping ran serious risks from attack by their mosquito craft, until in the year 1876 concerted action by the Great Powers forced Spain to station an adequate naval force in the islands. Only one Spaniard stands out as a genuine ruler and administrator—General Arolas, who at the latter end of Spain's *régime* subdued the warlike Moros by a system of sternness tempered with justice and common-sense.

Apart from the inhabitants of the city of Manila, which, like some whited sepulchre, was gay and civilised with the bright abandon of some old city of Spain tinged with half Oriental splendour, the civilised islanders—usually called Filipinos, native Christians, who number seven-eighths of the whole population—eked out a scanty existence as agriculturists. It was only the richness of the soil that enabled them to live at all, for they held their lands from the religious corporations on tyrannical conditions, hunted and hounded by bailiffs who were a species of unordained priests. Of the priests and friars even the Spaniards themselves could not speak with restraint. They were recruited in Spain from the very lowest of the people, and the effect of this system was as apparent in the nineteenth century Philippines as it was in the Palestine of the prophet Samuel. The religious corporations acquired wealth, but did not bestow charity: their members were often habitual drunkards, idle vampires, or begetters of illegitimate children. One example of the effect of their dealings will suffice. Their fees for performing marriages were so extortionate that many Filipinos found themselves obliged to dispense with the luxury of this sacrament, and immorality received a direct incentive. Neither Church nor State had any educational ideas. Spain's colonial motto has always been *Divide et impera*: she held the Philippine tribes aloof from one another by keeping from them the knowledge of Spanish, which would have served as a common language.

To carry out this travesty of administration Spain had officials—and in considerable numbers too. Taxes were raised; but how was the money spent? Not in public works, but in graft and speculation. A resigned headquarters exercised a few salutary checks: it could despatch culprits who overstepped the normal limits to some pestilence-ridden province, and could keep all officials circulating rapidly from station to station so that their thefts in any one place might not be of such magnitude as to call for serious notice from the home Government.

This was the heritage into which America entered. Geographically the islands are about equal in extent to Great Britain. Less than a dozen are of considerable size; of the remainder, about 3000 in all, two-thirds are inhabited. Ethnologically the native peoples are as various as the number and shape of the islands they inhabit, though they have as their common basis either negro or Malay blood crossed occasionally with Mongol or Spaniard. The three outstanding tribes are the Visayans, Tagalogs and Ilocanos, numbering in all some ten million souls—Christians after the fashion that passed muster with Spanish friars, civilised in varying degrees, but educationally deficient. In 1919, after twenty years of American occupation, only one-third could read or write in any language. They are not tribes in the sense in which one normally uses the word—a sense that connotes a wild or wandering existence: yet they each had, and still have, a distinctive clan feeling, distinctive aims in life—a line of demarcation such as separates in our own islands the city dweller from the agriculturist, but without the balance which with us enables apparently opposing interests to be reconciled without bitterness. The remaining tribes, numbering about one million souls and occupying half of the whole territory, are either pagan, usually termed *Igorots*, or Moslem, the latter being also divided into mutually antagonistic tribes, though all are known under the Spanish name of Moro (or Moor). For it was the Spaniard who in these Pacific islands stemmed the Moslem advance as it spread over the East Indies and was turning northward towards Japan—one of history's dramatic touches, for it was Spain, too, who, centuries before, laid herself across the path of the Moslem invasion of Western Europe.

For governing a country thus constituted America had no previous training, and yet she achieved remarkable results. Her system of government has changed from time to time, and falls roughly into five periods. From 1898 to 1900 it was purely military rule, and rightly so. The surrender of the islands took place at a time when a considerable revolt against Spain was still seething, and native opportunism saw in the change a possibility of regaining something of its old power. In addition, many parts of the islands had never been properly subjugated by Spain. Piracy in the south and head-hunting in the north were still the pastimes of many of Spain's so-called subjects. America had the innate Anglo-Saxon objection either to the peaceful majority being at the mercy of a lawless minority or to the world at large finding weak spots in her colonial administration. Her military methods had to be ruthless, in order to ensure a lasting peace. It was here that General Pershing learned much of the knowledge of war and military organisation that was afterwards to be put to a

higher test. When peace was finally secured there came the era of the so-called Philippine Commission, which lasted from 1900 to 1907, with Taft as the first civil governor. This was the golden age of American administration.

The form of government was that which exists in those British Crown Colonies which have not yet advanced further than the chrysalis stage, where the officially selected Executive is paramount in finance, law-making and administration. It is true that from the very outset the proclaimed intention was to prepare the Philippines for self-government. That, however, was no novelty. There are always those who make such prophecies, advance and believe in such hopes. Did not a Governor of Madras as long ago as 1824 write: 'We should look upon India, not as a temporary possession, but as one to be maintained permanently until the natives shall in some future age have abandoned their superstitions and become sufficiently enlightened to frame a regular Government for themselves and to conduct and preserve it'? Such prophetic utterances are usually based on the assumption that it shall be 'Not in our time, O Lord,' and this basic idea detracts much from their underlying good intentions. The men who made India in the nineteenth century realised, however, that the self-government of a European country cannot be translated into identical terms when dealing with the wholly different set of circumstances to which the Orient gives birth. It is otherwise to-day, when democracy tries to take a hand in the direct administration of far-off lands. The error into which Macaulay fell when he thought that to educate Indians on British lines would produce beings comparable to Victorian Liberals is being re-enacted on a tragic scale. The transmutation that is involved in passing from the ideas of the West to those of the East is overlooked, and 'self-government' is regarded as the same in essence whether Britain, Egypt, or India is in question.

In the Philippines the same faulty premises were assumed, but more swiftly, because American democracy realised its power of interference more promptly, and American politicians recognised that here was a new battle-cry—useful and, at least to the American citizen, harmless. As for the Filipino himself, what mattered it? So in 1907 a change was made: a popular assembly was given a hand in the making of laws, but the Governor and the Commission still remained there as a vital force and an ultimate arbiter. They were an effective Upper House in control of the Executive: it was Crown colony government emerging into a higher form of existence, as has happened with many British Colonies. The golden age still continued, because the old spirit was still alive and the new Governor Forbes realised that the time was not ripe for permitting experiments. In this view he knew

he had the support of the Government at home, but much depended on the local handling of the situation.

In the year 1913, though no change was outwardly made in the system of government, the Democratic Party, which had come into power, prepared the way for the final plunge in its choice of Mr. F. B. Harrison as Governor and in the instructions which it gave to him. Filipinisation of the Executive and of the administrative services, which under his predecessors had operated only in the less responsible posts, was now to be introduced at the top.

Three years passed. The doctrine of self-determination was permeating all classes in America. The ideals of President Wilson were abroad, and, as no one in the States cared particularly about the Philippines, it was not difficult to be self-righteous. It was about this time that Sinn Fein's earliest effort—the outbreak of Easter 1916—had made a noise abroad and had echoed loudest in the United States. America's views about Ireland—born of politics for the most part, not of ideals—were well known, and she could not afford to have her own method of governing the Philippines—admirable though it was from a practical point of view—held up to criticism. So in August 1916 a Bill known as the Jones Law was passed at Washington, the effect of which was to put the coping-stone to the edifice of which Governor Harrison had been laying the foundations. With the exception of the Minister of Education—a curious exception to European eyes—and the Auditor, the entire Executive was to be nominated and controlled by a native Parliament. The two excepted posts, along with the governor-generalship itself, were to be filled by Americans appointed by the Home Government. Fortunately enough, wisdom still remained—thanks, doubtless, to the uncertainties of the war that was raging in the Old World—to keep the navy and army under American control, an army composed of 7000 native scouts of the finest material and of 4000 American troops, a navy with a magnificent base at Cavite. The usual paper safeguard of allowing the President of the United States, on the recommendation of the Governor-General, or Congress without any such recommendation, to veto local laws was included. In essence, however, the control of legislation and supply had passed to a local Senate and a House of Representatives. The Crown colony had been given dominion status.

The effect of the change made in 1916 can be best seen by considering America's early achievements. She was extremely fortunate in the fact that her first administrators enjoyed prolonged terms of office such as are never vouchsafed in the United States itself, where party, and not a permanent civil service, really administers. For instance, Mr. Dean Worcester was Secre-

tary of the Interior from 1901 to 1913, Dr. Heiser Director of Health from 1903 to 1915.

The work fell into two parts—one the improvement of justice, education, agriculture, and public health in the civilised parts of the islands; the other the opening up of the little-known interior inhabited by savages or by tribes but a step removed from the barbarous.

As regards the former, ecclesiastical rights were swept away by a payment of seven million dollars negotiated through the Papal See. Certainty of land tenure was established by a system of land registration; the technical side of agriculture was taught and elementary schools spread broadcast. Leprosy, rampant in the islands, especially amongst the civilised Filipinos, was controlled, segregation practised, and the most up-to-date treatment of the Anglo-Indian clinics investigated and adopted, or even improved upon. American doctors and nurses devoted themselves in particular to this self-sacrificing work. Manila had a proper sanitary system introduced, and through her slums wide streets were driven to let in light and air. Seamen, instead of dreading the effects of a stay in the port, found things improved out of recognition. In the interior even greater achievements stand out. Hundreds of miles of road with rest-houses at intervals were made, and the obligation was imposed by law on the natives of working for ten days a year on their maintenance. Where roads were not needed, trails were opened. Great feats of engineering were effected in the mountain districts. Proper courts to replace primitive justice were established. Education and manual instruction went hand in hand, for many schools were built by the native tribes themselves under American supervision. English was taught as a common language. Government shops were opened where the native could purchase goods and sell his own products for reasonable prices; handicrafts amongst boys and girls were encouraged. The devotion to duty of the American provincial officials has not been surpassed in any of Britain's own Colonies, and the safety of all was ensured to enable the work to proceed by constabulary recruited from tribes who a few years before were head-hunters, moulded into perfect discipline by ex-officers of the American army.

The picture is inspiring, especially in the less civilised parts, where Spanish misrule, with its lasting ill-effects on character, had not been felt. Unfortunately the pagan and Mohammedan Philippines were not vocal. The Filipino (the Christian inhabitant) was the talker—or rather the small percentage which had education. He was the Bengali Babu, the voice to which democracy succumbs—full of fine and cheap sentiments, a past-master in political tactics, an admirer of men

such as Lincoln, believing that he himself is such another, but forgetting the centuries that go to build up national character. An enthusiast for education, quick in book-lore, he found an opening as teacher in the new American schools, for it soon became impossible to obtain any save a small number of recruits from the States for the work. The courts of law, too, afforded ample scope for the pleader apt at making the worse appear the better cause.

Unfortunately America's own political methods at home afforded a pattern too ready at hand for those who wished to achieve political success. The *cacique* became the political boss: he was often a moneylender, and this gave him a tremendous power in a land where borrowing and gambling go hand in hand. Usually he was a *mestizo*—a half-breed—Malay with Spanish or Chinese blood. The Eurasian of India has never achieved the unenviable notoriety which the Hispano-Malay has attained. The combination of cunning and verbosity gave the *caciques* a power out of all proportion to their numbers or their following.

One has only to consider the type of people whom they led to realise how easy was the task of leadership. In these semi-tropical islands Nature has done so much in giving food, clothing, and shelter that there is little need for men to work hard. The thrifty man is an idler; the gambler, on the other hand, a hard worker, because he has to get more ready money to pay his debts and to finance his amusements, his quail-fights, and so forth. All are meaningless liars, and their only sense of shame is that of being discovered. They are irresponsible and open-handed. They have the self-respect of the Oriental and his hatred of ridicule. Much of the power of the household rests in the women. A curious mixture indeed—half Celtic in type, half Oriental, ready to let another do their thinking, and to follow fearlessly his lead. Yet, though all Filipinos have traits in common, they are not a people. Tribal antipathy may be slurred over momentarily, but it is not dead. 'The Malay has always been a provincial.' The Filipino Christian treats the Igorot and Moslem, even though the latter may be as highly educated and civilised as himself, with contempt, while the Moro holds the same views of the Filipino as the frontier chieftain does of the Bengali: 'A pack of little scribes and clerks and deputies who had sat in the American schools till their sharp slave's wits and their glib slave's tongue had learned a mass of writing and of chatter.'

It may be that the United States Government, quite apart from its own ideals and its own political wire-pullers at home and the growth of a national party in the islands, found the Philippines an inconvenience owing to the difficulty experienced in

recruiting suitable Americans to carry on the work of the early administrators. The system of recruitment was somewhat different from that with which we in this country are familiar in connexion with the Indian and Colonial Civil Services. Save for medical posts, entry was by means of a qualifying examination held simultaneously in the principal American cities. The types of candidates sought were accountants, surveyors, and teachers, whose training did not presuppose a university education. The starting pay was about \$1200. Fortunes could not be made, but generally speaking a man could maintain himself and a family comfortably, and the State periodically granted him the cost of passages to the home country. The drawback in this American colonial service, as in the American home service, was that there was no pension scheme, and with the business openings that existed in the States it was no wonder that candidates were not numerous nor always of the best type.

In an article written in an American monthly in the year 1912 I analysed this difficulty of recruitment: I attributed it to fear of Filipinos being brought in, to the absence of domesticity, the separation from family ties, the lack of the type of news that the American daily journal dishes up for city consumption, and, above all, to the danger of the service becoming a mere pawn in the games of political parties. The result was that those who entered the service did so without any thought of making it their life work: it was merely a matter of seeing the world, and the administration was rapidly becoming a 'government by tourists.' The idea of service which animates the Indian or Colonial civil servant was dying out. In the article I endeavoured to combat these fears, and in doing so disclose how unexpected must have been the *volte-face* of the American Government four years later. I stated that Filipinisation would only be at some indefinite future date, and that the process would be gradual as posts fell vacant. Even when it became a realisation there would still be scope for the American: there would be reserved 'advisory positions of suitable salary and dignity like those in which English colonial administrators have done some of their most distinguished and indispensable work.' The actual outcome took on quite another complexion.

The Jones Law had set up two native Houses, but had left what could have been made an effective check in the hands of the Governor-General. Finance was supposed to be protected by the after-check of the American auditor. The new constitution, however, as often happens, turned out very differently from what its authors intended. The pious preamble: 'Whereas it is, as it has always been, the purpose of the people of the United States to withdraw their sovereignty over the Philippine Islands and to

recognise their independence as soon as a stable Government can be established therein,' was avidly seized upon.

A purely formal board of control composed of the Governor-General, the President of the Senate, and the Speaker of the Assembly became in effect the real Executive of the State, and in addition swayed the Legislature. Governor Harrison became a tool in the hands of his two colleagues: it was not solely his personality that was at fault; he was merely interpreting what he conceived to be the wishes of his political chiefs. The entire service was speedily overrun with Filipinos, who had little or no qualifications for the functions they were asked to perform. Americans were got rid of or found themselves placed in such an intolerable position—either starved for want of funds or their recommendations ignored—that they sent in their resignation. The power of the purse was used to the full: what mattered it if at some remote date an American auditor would challenge the expenditure? A National Bank was set up financed by the State: its directors were the leading politicians in power. From the taxpayers' money thus advanced the directors made loans to themselves for gambles in hemp and sugar. A South Sea Bubble comprising a new railway and luxurious hotel was blown and burst. Ultimately this accommodating bank became the sole repository of the State funds.

While the course of finance ran thus social services were bound to suffer from lack of money. In 1913 the death rate was 19 per 1000; by 1918 it had risen to 40. Cattle disease rioted unchecked. The leprosy settlement broke down, and no attempt was made to pursue the preventive policy that had been initiated with such success. 'The Bureau of Science became a veritable morgue.' The teaching of English was discouraged in favour of Spanish, and the official language of both Houses was conducted in the same tongue.

Bribery and peculation became commonplaces in such a state of affairs, and the old evils of land tenure and opportunities for legal procrastination and inequitable mortgages were easily revived by abolishing the land registry and requiring all land matters to be dealt with by the courts of justice. The police force became demoralised. Things generally seemed to be slipping back into the old Spanish rut. At the same time, steps were taken to create a good impression in the United States by the diversion of part of the taxes to an Independence Fund, which was used for maintaining propaganda in the States of the same type as Sinn Ireland. The intellectual and cultured revolutionary is a greater asset to his party abroad than in the rough and tumble of intrigue at home. He can gloss over such crudities as murder and injus-

tice: his after-dinner cigars and wine make his listeners glow with fraternity and realise the full stature to which their host's nationhood has attained. It mattered not that a few years later the American auditor disallowed the Independence Fund expenditure, and the politicians had in future to finance these activities from their own pockets: the object for which it had been created was all but achieved.

But not quite. Uncle Sam was being hit in his vital spot—his pocket. The United States Government at last realised in the year 1921, when a change in the home Government brought about Governor Harrison's retirement, that the Philippine Government was practically bankrupt and that the States were likely to be called on to bolster up this new-fledged dominion. President Harding hurriedly sent out a commission composed of a distinguished General, Leonard Wood, who had in the early days of the occupation acted as governor of the Moro province, and Forbes, an ex-Governor-General. This commission at once realised that hard cash was the first thing requisite to stem the rot that had set in, and Congress voted the necessary sum as a stop-gap. The commission found in effect that Governor Harrison had acted with great laxity in his control over the essential interests of the country and had allowed legislation to be passed which was contrary to the intention of the Jones Law. They recommended a more gradual devolution of power to the Filipinos with a view to ultimate complete self-government. And, having made these recommendations with his colleague, General Wood found himself in the position of being asked by the American President to accept the governorship and carry them out. His investigations had shown him how far things had gone, but this did not deter him from entering on a thankless task.

From October 1921 he has striven to achieve the impossible, maligned by propaganda abroad, hampered by intrigue and misrepresentation in the islands. The American police officers who endeavour to bring delinquents to justice are constantly accused of crimes themselves in order to place the governor in a bad light as a supporter of criminals. The House of Representatives refuses to vote him money for a suitable staff, so that he has been compelled to draw on army officers whose pay is not at the mercy of politicians; and thus he is accused of militarism.

Attempts have been made to prevent him using the Government steam yacht—an essential mode of transport in a land composed of innumerable islands—by withholding funds on the ground that all his cruises are luxury voyages. Bills are passed setting up a 'Calamity Fund,' to be appropriated to some undefined object, or providing for the remission of half the State revenues in order that the governor, by exercising his veto, may

bring himself into unpopularity with the populace. His determination to fulfil the promises consistently given to the Moros that they shall not be left without American protection has brought on him the bitter hatred of those who protest against partition and clamour for a Philippine republic one and undivided. His efforts in this direction would, however, have been useless but for the extraordinary influence for good wielded by an American Alvarez, who sacrificed his career, and eventually his life, in the self-imposed task of championing the cause of the Moros, a sacrifice which they rewarded by a half-mystic hero worship.

The situation in the islands to-day is one of extreme difficulty. The Governor-General, well-nigh unaided, is attempting to hold back a catastrophe. The pagan islanders are in constant fear of oppression which they are too weak to withstand; they see only a frail barrier between them and their Filipino governors. The Moros have petitioned General Wood calling on him to save them from the ruin with which they consider themselves threatened. The Jones Law took from them the special decentralised mode of government through headmen devised for their territory in 1900 and gave them a system of government and taxation which they do not understand. In the meantime, part of the taxes raised from them by the Filipinos is being used for an independence propaganda from which the Moros have wholly dissociated themselves. The Moros have, in fact, carefully considered what their line of action is to be if the grant of autonomy or 'home rule' is given to the islanders. If for the Moros one reads Ulster, for the Filipinos the Free State, and for the United States Great Britain, one gets a clear understanding of the position. The Moros ask that the islands which they mainly inhabit—Mindanao, Palawan, and Sulu—be left as an American dependency and that after a lapse of fifty years they be given the option of joining in with the rest of the Philippines. If this request is refused and the heel of the numerically superior Filipino is to be placed upon them, then they have made a solemn declaration that they will set up an independent sultanate and fight things out. At present they are practically unarmed, but gun-running from Borneo has always been a lucrative employment in times of trouble.

The hostility of the Igorots and Moros to the Filipinos is not purely historical or sentimental. It is the pride of races who have in many respects preserved a primitive purity of morals, have escaped the vices to which contact with civilisation often lures the Malay, and have maintained a tradition of bodily strength and courage that is so often the mark of the seaman and mountaineer. Women and even girl schoolchildren are fair spoil to the Filipino: the primitive native, on the other hand, keeps the honour of the family unsullied and exacts swift revenge from

the spoiler. The few Americans who have studied the problem are aware of the danger and its serious aspect for American good faith. 'For us to attempt to coerce the Moros into submission to Filipino rule,' says one, 'would be as unprofitable as for the British Government to coerce the people of Ulster into accepting the rule of Dail Eireann.' The problem is now reminiscent of Ireland, now of Egypt, now of India. Such writers bitterly complain of the American absence of either a Colonial Office or a colonial policy. They contrast the consistent lines followed by all British parties in dealing with colonies and dependencies—it were well that they could say the same for England's past historical Irish policy—as compared with the 'ferment of uncertainty which makes the Philippines a toy of America's domestic politics'—or again, looking at the problem from the social side, a Filipino says: 'If Americans were content to keep entirely away from Filipinos as the English do from the natives in India, it would be far happier for both, and the race feeling would not be so much noticed.'

And there is another aspect, too, which leaves America undecided—the strategic position of the Philippines. America's huge commercial interests in China are comparable to those of Britain in India, the Far East and Australia. Not to put too nice a point to it, can she afford to have a hostile Philippine bar between herself and China any more than Great Britain can risk a hostile Egypt? Holding Manila, she keeps one of the keys of the Pacific and of the Asiatic coast, and she lies opposite the back door into Japan—Japan, whom, despite all official *démentis*, she looks at with ever-watchful eyes. British Borneo, Singapore itself, and Hong Kong are within striking distance; remote, however, is the possibility of any danger or difficulty here. And if, impelled by some freakish altruism, she were to leave the Philippines to-morrow, where would Philippine independence be, with Japan across the northern strait waiting for outlets for her surplus population and products? It would in such circumstances be a mere empty dream.

When America took over the Philippines she paid Spain \$20,000,000 in respect of debts due by the islands to the Spanish Government. She proclaimed at the outset her intention of preparing the Filipinos for self-government. Her acts and aims were genuine. But the best of intentions must give way to the cold reason of facts, and the one undeniable fact of to-day is that the American Government could no more grant complete and absolute freedom from interference—civil, naval, military, or international—to the Philippines than could Great Britain to Ireland, either North or South.

G. C. DUGGAN.

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE PERSIAN GULF

THE civilisation of the Persian Gulf dates with the dawn of time (it is beyond Babylon and Assyria, Egypt is by comparison modern); and it is said by some that here will be found the origin of man.

The Gulf lies in the centre of the ancient world.

The legendary site of the Garden of Eden is at the junction of the Tigris and the Euphrates.

It is believed by some that the black-haired people of China came from the borders of the Gulf. It is probable that the founders of Egypt crossed Arabia and the Red Sea. It is certain that the Phœnicians did; the ruins of their city of Gerrha, opposite Bahrein, are there to this day.

The waters of the Persian Gulf were a busy highway before the Mediterranean ever floated a keel. Sennacherib sailed upon 'the great sea of sunrising'; and Nearchus, Alexander's admiral, was familiar with the many great ports which have disappeared long ages ago, swept under by the sand of time and the desert.

For 400 years before ordinary history the Chinese traded with Basra, and from Basra sailed Sindbad the Sailor on his seven amazing voyages.

For many thousands of years nations and civilisations have risen, conquered, and faded into oblivion in these once fertile regions, and for a brief space England steps upon the stage now barren and desolate.

The position of England in the Persian Gulf is unique in world politics.

Without owning a square mile of territory on either of its shores, or even possessing one of its barren and inhospitable islands as a base, she has for generations borne burdens there which no other nation has ever shouldered except in the capacity of sovereign; she has undertaken duty without dominion; she has kept, and keeps, the peace amongst people who never have been, and are not, her subjects; she has policed waters over which she has no formal authority, and she has kept an open

market in those distant ports equally to all the merchants of the world.

This she has done for some 300 years without the aid of the strong waters of Geneva and Locarno and without even a mandate from the League of Nations. Such was the position down to 1914.

It was undisturbed by the Great War. The passage of the great armies which in the end defeated their ancient enemies failed to ruffle the 'pathetic contentment' of the inhabitants of either shore: fishing, pearling, trading, went on as before; while the usual struggle for existence became slightly less arduous owing to the influx of so much British shipping, and the coal contractors made fortunes.

The substitution of oil for coal in most of the navies of the world, and the invention of the internal combustion engine using heavy oil or petrol, entirely altered the contentment of the oil-buying nations of the world. The murmurs of Mosul are hardly extinct; oil diviners are distinctly busy over wide areas in the Middle East; and, as far as the British Fleet is concerned, Mr. Winston Churchill moved Cardiff and Swansea to the Anglo-Persian Oilfields and the port of Abadan, on the Shatt-el-Arab, down which the Tigris and the Euphrates still continue to pour their waters into the Persian Gulf.

In fact, I believe it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the peace of the world may well have been stated to lie at the mercy of a single pipe-line from Ihrwaz, in the Persian hills, to Abadan.

I now propose to describe how England came to find herself in this position.

'Ever since Almighty God commanded Adam to subdue the earth,' wrote Sir Francis Drake, 'there have not wanted in all ages some heroically spirits which in obedience to that high mandate, either from manifest reason alluring them, or by secret instinct enforcing them thereunto, have expended their wealth, employed their times, and adventured their persons, to find out the true circuit thereof.'

Probably the earliest record of our transactions in the Persian Gulf is a letter in Latin and English, of which I will give the English version, as, amongst other reasons, I conceive it to be one of the most delightful of passports ever written even in the harmonious language of that time.

Elizabeth by the Grace of God Queene of Englande, &c. To the Righte .
Mightie, and right Victorious Prince, the Great Sophie, Emperour of the
Persians, Medes, Parthians, Hireans, Carmanians, Margians, of the people
on this side and beyond the river Tigris and of all men and nations

between the Caspian Sea and the Gulfe of Persia, greeting, and most happy increase in all prosperitie—By the Goodnesse of Almighty God it is ordained, that those people, which not onely the huge distance of the lands, and the invincible widenesse of the seas, but also the very quarters of the heavens do most farre separate and set asunder, may nevertheless through good commendation by writing, both ease and also communicate betweene them, not onely the conceived thoughts and deliberations, and grateful offices of humanitie, but also many commodities of mutual intelligence.

Therefore—whereas our faithful and right-beloved servant Anthonie Jenkinson bearer of these letters is determined by our licence favour and grace to pass out of this our realme and by God's sufferance to travel even into Persia and other of your jurisdictions: we minde truly with our good favour, to set forward and advance that his right laudable purpose: and that the more willingly for that this his enterprise is onely grounded upon an honest intent to establish trade of merchandize with your subjects and with other strangers traffiking in your realmes. Wherefore we have thought good, both to write to your majestie, and also to desire the same, to vouchsafe at our request, to grant to our said servant Anthonie Jenkinson, good passports and safe conducts, by means and authoritie whereof it may be free and lawful for him, together with his familiars, servants, carriages, merchandize and goods whatsoever, through your realmes dominions jurisdictions and provinces freely and without impeachment to journey, go, pass, repass and tarry so long as he shall please, and from thence to return whensoever he or they shall think good.

If these holy duties of entertainment and sweet offices of natural humanitie may be willingly concluded, sincerely embraced, and firmly observed, between us and our realmes and subjects, then we do hope that the Almighty God will bring it to pass that of these small beginnings, greater moments of things shall hereafter spring, both to our furniture and honours, and also to the great commodities and use of our peoples.—So it will be known that neither the earth nor the seas, nor the heauens, have so much force to separate us, as the godly disposition of naturall humanitie and mutual benevolence have to join us strongly together.

God grant unto your Majestie Long and happy felicitie in earth and perpetual and heaven.

Dated in England, in our famous Citie of London The twenty fifth day of the moneth of April in year of creation of the world 5523, and of our Lord Jesus Christ 1561, and of our reigne the third.

So began our long connexion with the Persian Gulf.

The lengthy and, in those days, perilous journey was undertaken apparently for one of Sir Francis Drake's 'manifest reasons,' and no one knows how he got there, but it was possibly through Russia and down the lower part of the Volga and then overland again, as there are records of an Englishman who tried to reach Persia that way travelling approximately on the arc of a great circle.

These small beginnings, however, were not very favourable, as our Mr. Jenkinson, travelling in dry goods, after having been lent the Emperor's own slippers to walk over the sacred carpet to the presence, was asked by the Emperor Tāmâsp if he was a

Gaur, an unbeliever, or a Mohammedan. He replied that he was a Christian, and that Christ was the greatest of prophets. He was told to go; and we gather that he went, and stood not upon the order of his going, being followed by a man sprinkling sand behind him to cleanse the pollution of his exit.

Shah Abbas the Great, the successor of Tāmâsp, was, like his great contemporary and neighbour in India, Akbar, more tolerant to all beliefs, and granted to Sir Anthony Sherley, of the county of Sussex, and his brother Robert, who arrived in Persia *viâ* Baghdad, a *firman* whereby he threw Persia open to Christian merchants of all nations, exempted them from the jurisdiction of ordinary Persian authority, and provided for the safe custody of their property in case of death.

Thirteen years later, in January 1613, Robert Sherley sailed again from Dover in the King's ship *Expedition* to cover the long journey by sea, but, after being delayed off the south coast of Arabia by a storm which lasted for twenty-eight days, and having survived an attempt by a rebellious governor to capture the ship at Gwadar, at the entrance of the Gulf of Oman, he finally landed in September on the coast of Sind, and after visiting the Moghul Emperor of India, Jehangir, at Ajmir, he made his way once more overland to the capital of Shah Abbas. It would appear to have been quicker in those days to have walked all the way.

We had by now a definite standing in 'trade of merchandize' with Persia, while concurrently the power of the East India Company was steadily growing and spreading its tentacles up the Gulf.

The 300 years' struggle between the maritime Powers of Europe in these waters had begun. The Portuguese, who also represented Spain at this time, had already acquired what they regarded as a firm footing at the entrance of the Gulf, and they held the island of Hormuz and the town of Gombroon on the mainland; and there the merchants of the Middle East came, secure from piracy, from the exactions of the tax-gatherers and customs collectors, and the rapacity of local governors, quietly to enjoy their barter in what was for that time a place of settled order and government.

Shah Abbas the Great, returned from his conquest of Qandahar, his complete defeat of the armies of the Turk before Baghdad, and his subjugation of Tabriz, naturally turned his eyes to this emporium of wealth which had settled itself on the sea border of his empire. The Shah, in his wisdom, understood the value of sea-power, and again, in his wisdom, turned to England.

With the East India Company he agreed that the booty should be divided equally between the English and the Persians, that the existing fort of Hormuz should be made over to the

English with all its contents, that the customs should be divided equally between the English and Persians, and that English trade at Hormuz should be for ever duty-free, if the Company would undertake to assist him by sea with the capture of that island and the town of Gombroon. In about three years negotiations were speedily settled, and in February 1622 a squadron consisting of the *London*, *Lion*, *Dolphin*, *Jonah* and *Whale*,¹ and four pinnaces appeared off the island, which surrendered in April; Gombroon was taken and renamed Bandar Abbas.²

It is hardly necessary to say that Shah Abbas forgot his promises, but at the same time he also forgot his lesson in sea-power; and since those far-off days England has almost without interruption maintained a squadron, first of the East India Company and then of the Royal Navy, in the Persian Gulf—the most continuous, we believe, in all her history.

It may be of interest to note in passing that as Spain was not at war with England at this time complaints were addressed from the Spanish to the English Crown. After some negotiation redress was refused to Spain; but the Company, in consideration of having their fault condoned, had to pay King James I., and the Duke of Buckingham, as Lord High Admiral, a matter of 10,000*l.* each.

So the taking of Hormuz hardly enhanced the fortunes of the East India Company—at the moment.

In due course news of the war between England and Holland reached the Persian Gulf, and in 1654 a Dutch squadron of five ships attacked the English squadron off Bandar Abbas.

It was a somewhat regrettable incident; the *Endeavour* was sunk and the *Falcon* and about thirty prisoners captured. 'The Dutch,' says the historian, 'were most of them drunk and knew not what they did; the English, I think, were little better, if not worse.'

The effect of this alcoholic event was grave, and for thirty years our power and prestige were seriously affected. One of the first Fellows of the Royal Society, Dr. John Fryer, visited Bandar Abbas in 1677, and he then found 'the Hollanders absolute in the spice trade,' and he credits a report that on one occasion the Dutch deliberately burnt four shiploads in order to force the merchants of Persia to accept their own valuation of the other two in harbour.

¹ We do not recollect 'repeat' vessels with the last two names.

² Followers of Mr. Alan Cobham's recent flight to Australia will recall that he used Bandar Abbas as a stopping-place on his way out.

Things, however, slowly began to right themselves. The Company's chief agent—we imagine that he might almost have been a lawyer—succeeded in proving to the Shah that, because Dutch William had ascended the throne of England as William III., the Dutch had no ruler at all and were not worthy of his Imperial Majesty's condescension, and he also persuaded him to pay a visit of State to the English factory at Isfahan.

There is an old Eastern proverb which runs:

With patience and perseverance and a bottle of sweet oil the snail at length reaches Jerusalem.

Many bottles of sweet oil were doubtless expended, the snail eventually got there, and the Dutch failed in their attempt to crush it.

The only other nation at this time which endeavoured to found a continuous trade in these waters was France; her efforts, however, were not serious, and in 1677 we find our Dr. Fryer reporting at Bandar Abbas that

The French have as little to do at this Port as in other places; and were it not for the credit of their Interpreter, who gets good profit by wine (he being privileged with a wine press for that Nation as well as the other European nations), they could not subsist; but Monsieur makes an outside, lives retiredly and without more business than to visit and be visited (which courtesy passes interchangeably among the Christians as well as natives) and lounges his time away.

Indeed, we do not blame him: it is a pestiferous climate.

The Company's agent was allowed to go to the hills because 'Death hath been so familiar in those parts, caused by ill aire staying so long in it at Gombroon.'

During the next 100 years there is little to record. Our trade ebbed and flowed, the flow being on the whole considerably stronger than the ebb. The Portuguese finally disappeared from the Gulf, and by 1760 the only Dutch settlement left was that on the island of Kharag, at the northern end of the Gulf. This factory had been established by an amiable Prussian gentleman called Baron Knipphausen, who had served in the army of his own country, also that of France, and finally in the employ of the Dutch East India Company: he is described by the historian as 'a liar and a loose-liver.' His carelessness as to nationality is emphasised by the fact that he proposed to import eighty Chinese families to his island.

To defend his factory he built a large fort mounting forty-six guns, the ruins of which can still be traced; but he did not last, and with the failing of his virile personality came the capture of his island and the end of Dutch commerce in the Persian Gulf.

With the elimination of foreign competition the troubles of

the Company were not, however, ended; piracy was rife, and in 1771 we find the Agent and Council clamouring for a strong expedition to be sent to suppress Karim Khan, the pirate leader. The Company's Court of Directors in London thereupon passed the following order:

If all efforts to put an end to the piratical views of the Persians and other Powers in the Gulph, and to procure reparations of injuries, without having recourse to arms, shall prove ineffectual, you are to present the same to the Presidency, that they may lay it before the commanding officer of His Majesty's ships in the East Indies and endeavour to obtain such protection and assistance as the circumstances of the case require.

So the Royal Navy first came upon the scene. In May 1775 H.M.S. *Seahorse*, commanded by Captain George Farmer, arrived at Bushire from Maskat and Bombay with orders from his commodore, Sir Edward Hughes, 'to assist the East India Company in any place where he should happen to be, where the Company had any settlement or factory, if it was requested by the Company's servants.'

With Captain Farmer sailed one Horatio Nelson, midshipman in His Majesty's Fleet. Of his service in Eastern waters Lord Nelson himself said: 'Nothing less than such a distant voyage could in the least satisfy my desire of Maritime Knowledge.' But he returned to England an invalid.

It was not surprising. The *Seahorse* left Bushire on July 15 with a convoy for India, she arrived at Maskat on July 31 with her crew in bad straits; men fell on deck, frequently from sheer exhaustion, and the sick list was over fifty.

The reverberations of Napoleon's earthquake caused tremors even in the Persian Gulf. His arrival in Egypt and his known ambitions of Eastern empire gave rise to the gravest anxiety, and in 1800 we find Captain Malcolm writing from Isfahan:

Those rascals the French will persuade the Turks that they are their best friends before they are done; and if they succeed in establishing themselves in Egypt on any terms we must look to every quarter, and to none with more care than the Persian Gulf.

The chief trouble was the 'tip and run' raids of French squadrons on commerce: in one year Calcutta shipping was estimated to have lost 300,000*l.* But with the capture in 1810, by a naval and military force from India under General Abercromby, of Mauritius, which had been used as an advanced base, the operations of the French were at an end.

It is not the purpose of this paper to detail the many expeditions made by Great Britain in dealing with piracy, or her

prolonged efforts in the suppression of the slave trade—efforts made in direct contravention of her commercial interests and her popularity with the Mohammedan population of the Gulf—but rather to trace the struggle with the maritime Powers of Europe in this business of 'trade of merchandize.'

In order, however, to make clear the ascendancy reached by Great Britain in these waters, it is necessary briefly to refer to the native events in the first half of the nineteenth century.

The concentration of Great Britain on the defeat of Napoleon in Europe, and on the shattering of his visions in Turkey, Persia, Arabia and Afghanistan, together with the internal troubles which faced the East India Company in India, inevitably caused the relaxation of our sea control of the Persian Gulf, the recovery of which cost much in lives and money. Piracy became rampant.

Up and down the Gulf a perpetual terror reigned, and villages on the coast were burnt, their wretched inhabitants massacred, trading vessels of all descriptions and nationalities were plundered and sunk, their crews and passengers tortured and shot, while from his arm-chair a benevolent Mr. Duncan, Governor of Bombay, prohibited the officers of the Indian Marine from firing first when approached by a threatening Arab vessel.

As the Qawasim, the largest organisation of piratical tribes, possessed some sixty-three large vessels, a huge fleet of small craft, and some 19,000 men afloat, the position of the Company's officers was somewhat difficult.

Various expeditions, growing in size as the larger political questions settled themselves, were despatched to restore order, culminating in a force of three vessels of the Royal Navy, six of the East India Company's marine, and an army of over 3000 men, including a company of European artillery, the 47th and 65th Foot, and a battalion and some details of native Indian infantry; it was joined by a squadron of two ships and 600 men from the Sultan of Oman, the whole being under the command and political control of Sir W. Grant Keir.

Decisive results were quickly obtained, which ended in the complete submission of all the Arab chiefs on the pirate coast, and on January 8, 1820, a general Treaty of Peace was signed and agreed to.

In the name of Allah, the Merciful, the Compassionate.—Praise be to Allah, who hath ordained peace to be a blessing to His creatures. There is established a lasting Peace between the British Government and the Arab Tribes, who are parties to this contract on the following conditions:

Article I.—There shall be cessation of Plunder and Piracy by land and sea on the part of the Arabs who are parties to this contract for ever, . . .

We think it may be of interest to note that the slave question

was dealt with at the same time, for Article IX. of the Treaty reads :

The carrying off of slaves, men women or children, from the Coasts of Africa or elsewhere and the transporting them in vessels is plunder and piracy, and the friendly Arabs shall do nothing of this nature.

In 1834 a hitherto blameless tribe, called Bani Yas, ran amok—probably owing to the short-sighted policy of reducing the Gulf squadron to two vessels ; but the *Elphinstone*, one of the Company's ships of war, engaged and defeated the pirate squadron of six vessels, recovered fifteen captured vessels, and adjudged and collected a fine of 10,000 rupees.

With this little episode came the end of all piratical adventures in the Gulf, the pirate coast came to be known as the Trucial Coast, and in 1853 the six chiefs came to a final agreement—an agreement which stands to this day, and which has had a lasting effect on the settlement of affairs in the Persian Gulf, as it put them under the control of the chief local representative of the British Government.

This Treaty is still in active operation, and in 1923 I was privileged to attend a Durbar at Bahrein, where the power and prestige of the Political Resident were well exemplified. Sheik Isa, ruler of the Bahrein Islands, was growing old. His various tribes were constantly getting at loggerheads with each other ; the situation on his pearl banks was becoming difficult, and he was generally losing control. Backed only by the moral authority of Great Britain, the Resident deposed the old sheik and put up his son in his place. The only display of ' force ' was the presence of some half-dozen men of a native Indian regiment as a guard of honour to the Resident and the captain of one of His Majesty's sloops stationed in the Gulf, who was his guest.

While settlement on the southern shores of the Gulf had been obtained without much difficulty, Persia, taking advantage of our troubles in the Crimea, had insulted the British Minister at Teheran and occupied Herat.

The Minister was withdrawn, a short but decisive war followed in which Persia speedily collapsed, and British influence became supreme, not only on the Persian shore of the Gulf, but also in Turkish Iraq. It might appear that, with the signing of these treaties, and of others which in later years amplified and extended their scope, British influence was secured.

GUY COLERIDGE.

(To be continued.)

TOKYO

EVEN to the transient visitor, who spends but a few days in the Japanese capital, the extraordinary mixture of East and West, of ancient and modern, of old-time leisureliness and present-day bustle, is at once apparent ; but it requires more than a mere stay of a week or two at the curiously grotesque Imperial Hotel, with its entirely artificial atmosphere, to obtain anything approaching a real perception of Tokyo and its component parts.

The tourist sees the Marunouchi district, with its fine, modern eight-storied buildings of reinforced concrete and its smooth, asphalted roads and paved sidewalks, which seem strangely out of place in a country renowned for its devastating earthquakes and upset all his preconceived notions of Japan as depicted in picture-books, in colour prints, and on egg-shell china—a land of cherry blossom and flowers, of diminutive houses and gaily-clad maidens.

If, as is probable, he visits some of the more famous shrines and temples, or is taken to see the principal parts of the city, his first shock at finding the commercial district of Marunouchi so unlike anything expected by him will be partially alleviated, especially if the visit is carried out in the spring or summer, when the flowers are in bloom and the Japanese women and children have discarded their dull, drab-coloured *kimono* of the winter months for brighter and more attractive apparel. The solemn grandeur of the ancient Shinto and Buddhist edifices, with their air of calm, dignified composure, and the natural beauty of the parks and landscape gardens, with their flowering trees and shrubs, are in as strong contrast to the noise and bustle of the busy streets in the commercial and industrial sections of Tokyo as are the groups of laughing children and the gaily-coloured *kimono* of the girls, both large and small, in contrast to the crowds of business men in their very unromantic foreign-style clothes, hurrying on foot or in private cars to their offices.

Contrasts such as these are plainly visible to the passing visitor, but the impressions gained by him cannot but be superficial ; for Tokyo, on account of its history and of its stran

mixture of East and West, is unlike any other capital city in the world, whilst its immense size, roughly computed at 100 square miles, its population of over 2,000,000, and its varied aspects make it impossible for even the most ardent and energetic sight-seer to obtain personal knowledge of more than a small fraction of it.

As cities go, Tokyo has not a very long history ; but without a brief examination of its past its present position and condition are hard to understand.

Five hundred years ago the site of the present city was largely marshy ground, interspersed with shallow lagoons, the only houses in the vicinity being those of a small fishing village known as Yedo, meaning ' estuary gate.'

In 1456 a warrior named Ota Dokwan built himself a fortress near by, and nearly a century and a half later the famous Japanese soldier-statesman Hideyoshi, recognising the military value of the position, took possession of the castle. This was really the genesis of the present-day Tokyo, for shortly after Hideyoshi's death, followed as it was by the inauguration of the Tokugawa Shogunate, Iyeyasu, the founder of the new *régime*, made Yedo his capital ; and although the Emperor and his court remained at Kyoto for another 250 years, the seat of government has been at this ' estuary gate ' ever since, the name being changed to Tokyo (meaning ' Eastern Capital ') the year after the Emperor's restoration to power in 1868, at which time the Imperial Court was transferred there from Kyoto.

During the two and a half centuries of Tokugawa rule every feudal lord in the country was obliged to pay an annual visit to the Shogunate capital, and, as many of them left members of their families there permanently, Yedo soon developed into a flourishing castle town with distinctive features of its own, many of which, despite constant conflagrations and occasional calamitous earthquakes, are retained to this day. Thus, even now, the city of Tokyo may be said to surround the Emperor's main palace, within its double line of moats and great stone walls, on the site formerly occupied by the Shogun's castle and, prior to that, by Ota Dokwan's fortress.

From the artistic point of view Tokyo may be accounted fortunate to possess this vast inclosure with its fine old grey walls and broad moats, their solemn grandeur enhanced by great stretches of grassy slopes and spreading trees and magnificent old gateways ; yet, for a modern city, it has its disadvantages, as the inner grounds, which comprise many acres of land, being private, act as a great deterrent to the improvement of communications, for these grounds are situated in the heart of the city, where, for practical purposes, the main arterial thoroughfares should run.

Long detours have therefore to be made, and intercommunication is hampered accordingly.

This palace, with its extensive grounds, may be regarded as the seed from which Tokyo has grown. Round this, in Tokugawa days, clustered the houses of the noblemen and their armed retainers, and, as a natural consequence, merchants and their families settled themselves round about to provide for their wants, and these in turn attracted others. Provision also had to be made for the entertainment and amusement of all classes of the community, and many of these ancient forms of pastime and diversion exist in the Japanese capital to this day.

The increasing population of the city made it necessary to find land on which to set up shops and dwelling-places, and it was but natural, therefore, that in process of time reclamation work was carried out, until, little by little, the marshy ground had all been drained off and the shallow lagoons filled up, whilst in their place solid ground covered with buildings sprang into being. In consequence of their origin, the low-lying sections of the city are still much subject to flood in the rainy season, and many hundreds of houses are inundated yearly, much suffering, accompanied not infrequently by loss of life, being caused in consequence, despite recent improvements brought about by modern engineering.

It must not be imagined, however, that Tokyo is composed entirely of low-lying ground. Certain sections of the city, it is true, are but little above sea-level, and these parts, like the great industrial city of Osaka, which is sometimes called the Venice of Japan, are intersected by a great network of canals connected with the Sumida river. The greater part of Tokyo, however, is undulating, and the present-day residential quarters of the city are mainly on high ground. Parts of these were formerly outlying villages, which, by the gradual outward extension of the city limits, have in the passage of years become linked together and welded into one great urban district. The semi-rural appearance still retained by these sections of Tokyo is one of the great attractions of the Japanese capital, and, thanks to the abundance of trees and foliage throughout them, pleasing and picturesque vistas are abundant. Although persons who are content to judge Tokyo by its business quarter and to go no further afield profess to see nothing attractive in the place, it has, in fact, a very real charm which, for those who live in what might be called the suburban districts, has a strong appeal. Moreover, although imperfections and inconveniences still exist in plenty, great improvements are in progress under the guise of earthquake restoration plans.

The difference in appearance between the crowded business sections of the city and the tranquil semi-rural residential districts lying to the north and north-west, for example, is particularly

marked. Varied styles of architecture, many of them grotesque and entirely out of keeping with the general aspect, are perhaps the main feature of the business section, and there is a superficial air of Westernisation about the buildings and the people in the streets. All this, however, changes as soon as the quiet of the suburban districts is reached, small, picturesque Japanese-style wooden dwellings taking the place of the great eight-storied reinforced-concrete office buildings and of the three-storied stucco-fronted atrocities, which are such an eyesore in many parts of the city. The people, too, seem to be different, for instead of the commonplace figures clad in foreign clothes are men, women, and children dressed in *kimono*, which impart to their wearers a much more comely and attractive appearance, and not infrequently lend an air of quiet dignity even to the plainest featured amongst them; yet many of these men in silk or cotton *kimono*, strolling leisurely by themselves or with their children in the evening hours, are the same as were seen earlier in the day arrayed in ill-fitting foreign clothes, hurrying through the crowded streets of the business sections; for it is customary in Tokyo, as in most other cities in Japan, for the men of the upper and middle classes to work by day clothed in the garments of the West, and then when the day's work is over to hurry home and change into the looser and more comfortable dress of the country. From an economic standpoint this custom is bad, as it necessitates complete sets of two kinds of clothing, Japanese and foreign—an expensive luxury; yet there is no denying the fact that the former is much more suitable for the Japanese style of house with its absence of furniture, whilst the latter is more practical for modern office work. Nevertheless, it presents an economic problem which time and change of habits alone can solve.

It is when changing into his native dress in the evening that the Tokyo city worker, like the bulk of his countrymen in all walks of life, takes his daily bath. The more well-to-do have their own private bathrooms in their houses, but the majority of the people proceed to the public bathhouses, where, for the payment of a small monthly fee, they can sit immersed up to the neck in great sunken baths filled with water at a temperature of about 110° Fahrenheit, a heat which is unbearable for most Europeans. As it is only the very poorest who cannot, and do not, avail themselves of this luxury, it is probably not much exaggeration to say that 99 out of every 100 Tokyo citizens bathe daily, and, as the majority of these use the public baths rather than private ones of their own, it may well be claimed that one of the most striking features of Tokyo, as compared to London or any Western city, is the great number of bathhouses.

These places of ablution are generally divided into two—one

half for men and the other half for women; but there is no privacy in them, for all the men bathe together in one big bath, and all the women do likewise. The water, however, is kept reasonably clean, as all soaping and rinsing is done before getting into the bath itself.

In former days men, women, and children all bathed together, and even now in up-country districts, especially at the hot springs, the sexes are intermingled; but in Tokyo and the larger Japanese towns and cities this practice has been practically abolished by the police.

To the Western mind the idea of such promiscuous bathing is apt to imply indecency and immorality; but, speaking from personal experience, it may be stated most emphatically that, as practised in Japan, there is no suggestion of immorality or impropriety in it. On the contrary, the Japanese is apt to regard the Westerner as low-minded for seeing anything immoral in men and women performing their ablutions together in this way.

Morality is, after all, a comparative term, and, despite assertions to the contrary, the Japanese, as a race, are probably no more immoral than others. The licensed quarters in Tokyo and elsewhere may be considered as proof of national immorality, yet against this must be set the fact that street soliciting, which is all too common in Piccadilly and Leicester Square, is looked upon as a sign of very low morals by Japanese visiting London, and is entirely absent in Tokyo. Similarly, although the system of licensed prostitution is disgusting to our minds,¹ yet a Japanese is genuinely disgusted, and his moral sense shocked, if he sees a man and a woman kissing each other, an act which he regards as essentially sensual and indecent, and one of the principal occupations of the cinematograph censor in Japan is to cut out all the kissing depicted in the American and European films which flood the country.

Many other instances could be quoted to demonstrate the difference between Western and Japanese views regarding morality, but those noted must suffice. The margin between amusements and morals, however, is often so very slight, and both are so closely connected with the social life of any great city, that no description of Tokyo would be complete without showing how the two tend to merge in the everyday life of the Japanese capital. The question of entertaining friends may be taken as a case in point, for here the *geisha* steps in.

The *geisha* occupies a position in the social life of Tokyo, and of Japan generally, that is by no means unimportant. Primarily,

¹ A movement for the abolition of licensed prostitution is rapidly growing in Japan, and is strongly supported by the vernacular Press. It is generally predicted that the system will be abolished within the next decade.

of course, she is a trained entertainer, and her main function in life is to add a touch of beauty and gaiety to what might otherwise be a dull evening party. Although individual *geisha* are not above trading their virtue and becoming mistresses of wealthy admirers, there is a strict moral code amongst these singing girls which keeps them from trespassing on the preserves of their unfortunate sisters in the licensed quarters by indulging in promiscuous intercourse of this nature.

Quite apart, however, from the question of morality amongst *geisha* as a class, it is unfortunately true that individuals amongst them exert at times a feminine influence on infatuated patrons which makes itself felt both in the social and political life of the country; and, by virtue of its being the premier city of Japan and the seat of government, in no place does this hold more true than in Tokyo.

Important political matters are discussed and big business deals concluded in the seclusion of a private room in a *geisha* restaurant in the presence of some favoured singing girl, and cases are on record to show that decisions have at times been swayed by the influence of one of these fair entertainers, many of whom make a point of knowing the ins and outs and the subterranean intrigues which play so great a part in the game of politics in the Japanese capital and country at large.

In view of the not unimportant part played by *geisha* in the social life of Tokyo, a certain significance is attached to the fact that these dancing girls, as a class, are said to be deteriorating in quality. The reason for this appears to be mainly attributable to the growing independence of women in Japan, the spread of education, and the increasing number of new occupations that are being thrown open to women. Girls who might formerly have become the pick of the *geisha*, finding they can have greater freedom and make better money in these new openings, turn to them readily, and *geisha* recruiters have therefore to be content with inferior material to train as dancing and singing girls. Figures recently published by the Social Welfare Bureau of the Japanese Home Office show that, in addition to 6,000,000 women farm-workers and 1,000,000 female operatives in factories, there are no less than 1,100,000 'business women,' by which term is meant women employed on work other than purely manual labour. Of these last, 50 per cent., or over half a million, are employed in Tokyo. Women workers in Japan are, in fact, found in almost every walk of life, to an extent unknown in any other Oriental country. All the Tokyo trams and omnibuses have girl conductors, and even a few women taxi-drivers are to be seen plying their trade in the streets of the capital. All the big Tokyo offices employ women typists and stenographers as well as large

numbers of young messenger girls, whilst nurses, teachers, waitresses, maid-servants, and women shopkeepers and assistants have to be counted in many tens of thousands in the capital city of Japan.

Apart, however, from this growing independence of women having its effect on the quality of the *geisha* as a class, there is now a tendency on the part of the married men to spend more of their free time with their families than was customary in former days, when men in search of amusement and relaxation generally sought for it in the company of a few chosen companions at some restaurant, where there were *geisha* to entertain them with dancing and singing and with the light banter which was part of their training. This changing tendency appears to be attributable largely to the fact that the Japanese wife of former days was in most cases uneducated and had little or no knowledge of outside affairs. Her conversational ability was therefore exceedingly limited, and, as love marriages were practically unknown, her companionship was not very exhilarating. Since the institution of compulsory education in Japan for both sexes, however, woman's mental outlook has been greatly stimulated, and her interest in outside matters has increased to a considerable extent. Love marriages are still the exception rather than the rule; but in consequence of this increased education the Japanese wife has become a much better companion for her husband, who does not, therefore, feel the same necessity as formerly for seeking diversion elsewhere. Incidentally, the *geisha*, like most other 'commodities' in Japan, has become a very expensive luxury.

The young bachelor, of course, like the young 'blood' of every country, takes an occasional spree with his friends, and regards a *geisha* party as the natural outlet for his high spirits; but the tendency is for the married man to spend more time with his family or at his club, and in Tokyo even the big business dinners, which are a great feature in Japan, and which formerly were never considered complete without the presence of a number of *geisha* to entertain the guests, are now very often held at some foreign style restaurant or club without any *geisha* present.

The cinema, which is exceedingly popular in Tokyo and Japan in general, has also had its effect in reducing the popularity of *geisha* as a means of entertainment and relaxation, and draws immense crowds of men, women, and children. The majority of the films exhibited are foreign productions, something like 90 per cent. being American. Unfortunately, although many of them are excellent, a large proportion of them are calculated to lower the much-vaunted 'white' man (and woman) in the eyes of the Japanese masses, who, knowing no better, are apt to judge the

Western nations by the very dubious morals displayed in the pictures thrown on the screen.

To the Westerner the Japanese-made films have but little attraction, as the movements of the actors are as a rule too artificial, conforming, as they generally do, to the stereotyped classical style of the Japanese drama. A change, however, is noticeable, and one or two first-class films, conforming to the Western school of acting, have been produced in the past few months.

Like the cinema, the radio has had its effect on the social life of Tokyo, and since the inauguration of broadcasting in the spring of last year approximately a quarter of a million receiving sets have been installed in Japan, the main portion of these being in Tokyo. In every part of the city, even in the poorest and most unexpected quarters, aerials are to be seen projecting above the house-tops, and it is one of the many curious contrasts found in the Japanese capital that in the small back streets of the city it is by no means uncommon on a hot summer night to come across a small group of scantily-attired men, women, and children gathered around a loud speaker, listening attentively to the strains of some Italian opera or other classical music emanating from its depths.

Considering the great difference between Western classical music and Japanese music, it is surprising to find how popular the former is becoming in Japan. The fact, however, remains that in the past two or three years Tokyo has had the good fortune to hear a number of the world's leading musicians, such as Heifitz and Kreisler, to mention but two, and to listen to several good Italian and Russian opera companies and symphony concerts, and in every instance the theatres and concert-halls, at which the performances were given, have drawn full and enthusiastic houses, young students being particularly conspicuous by their presence.

The increasing popularity of Western music is not, however, confined to attending occasional special foreign performances such as these. The Ueno Musical Academy and other similar institutions in Tokyo and other parts of Japan are now turning out some very creditable singers and musicians amongst the Japanese themselves, and public concerts, both indoor and outdoor, by these artists are increasing in number and popularity, whilst gramophone shops do a roaring trade in records, not of 'jazz,' but of classical music.

In painting and sculpture, too, Western-style art is coming into fashion, though in most cases this is to be deplored, as the pure native art of Japan is of so high an order and so wonderfully attractive that it would be an irretrievable loss, not only to Japan herself but to the world in general, if ever it was forsaken in favour of some other.

Western literature is also having its effect on Japanese writers and authors. All the leading Western classics have been translated into the vernacular, and have been read and re-read to such an extent that they have influenced the thought and style of Japanese literary men to no small degree. Tokyo bookshops abound with these translations and with Japanese novels and magazines containing articles and stories influenced by them.

Just as the cinema and the radio and Western art, music, and literature are having their effect on Japan and its capital, so also are Western sports and outdoor games of all kinds. Twenty years ago Japan was virtually unknown in the international world of sport, and the youth of the nation took little or no interest in Western athletics. *Jujitsu*, fencing, and archery were widely practised, and wrestling, though limited in participants, drew immense crowds of spectators and worked up great enthusiasm amongst the people at large. Football, tennis, baseball, golf, and other similar pastimes were, however, but little known, yet now baseball is as popular and universal in Tokyo and the urban districts of Japan as cricket is in England, whilst tennis is increasing rapidly in popularity throughout the country, and the names of several Japanese players come automatically to mind whenever men talk of the Davis Cup competitions. Cricket has never taken on in Japan, and football, unfortunately, has never had the same appeal to the Japanese as baseball, though there are a few good Rugger teams which would prove tough propositions for some of the best British teams. In swimming Japan has created more than one world's record in recent years, and, perhaps most significant of all, a Tokyo girl distinguished herself in August this year at the International Women's Olympic Games at Gothenburg, creating several new records. Golf is but one more Western game which is being taken up with enthusiasm by Japanese, and three good courses now exist within a radius of twenty miles from Tokyo, whilst ski-ing and mountaineering draw no small number of devotees from Tokyo and are increasing rapidly in popularity, especially since some of the Imperial Princes have taken to Alpine climbing.

One interesting outcome of this new and rather sudden enthusiasm for Western sport and athletics is that only a few months ago the Minister of Education decided that it was having a deleterious effect on the purely scholastic work of the schools, colleges, and universities of Tokyo and other centres of education, and issued a warning that athletics must not be allowed to interfere with the more serious work of the student body. He was strongly criticised by the vernacular Press for his attempt to curtail outdoor games and sport, and certainly it would be a great mistake to discourage them, though possibly his action was merely meant

as a warning against unduly magnifying the value of athletics at the expense of scholastic training.

Taken on the whole, however, the bulk of the Tokyo populace has simple tastes in the matter of recreation and amusement. Western sports and games are still confined mainly to the students and upper classes, and though the cinema, the radio, and the gramophone attract large numbers of enthusiasts from all sections of the community, the old pastimes of the people at large have lost but little of their attraction, most of these being of an æsthetic nature, such as flower-viewing and moon-viewing, the cherry blossom season being the main occasion for the former, whilst the beautiful harvest moon brings out the moon-viewers in their thousands.

Visits to shrines and temples, to street night-fairs, a very attractive feature of Tokyo, and to the great modern department stores, larger, and in many ways finer, than anything to be found in London, also afford a cheap and extremely interesting form of entertainment to many tens of thousands all the year round, whilst the New Year and the cherry blossom season are the great times for merry-making and family excursions. Much *sake* is imbibed on these last two occasions, and, as the Japanese have particularly weak heads for alcohol, a great deal of drunkenness is a prominent feature at these times, though for the rest of the year the people as a whole are remarkably sober and well-behaved.

In many ways the foreign resident in Tokyo is better placed than his brethren in Kobe and Yokohama to mix with the people of the country and to establish social relations with them, for the foreign community of the capital is smaller and more scattered than those of the two 'treaty ports,' where the foreigners live close together and keep very much to themselves, mixing but little, or not at all, with the native inhabitants, except in the transaction of business. The foreign resident of Tokyo is, however, labouring under a false delusion if he thinks that, by establishing friendly social relations with a handful of business men or officials in the capital, he can regard their views on the topics of the day and their way of living as typical of the Japanese as a nation. Unfortunately the majority of foreigners in Japan are handicapped by the intricacies of the language, which necessitates their confining their circle of Japanese friends to those who speak English, which is generally synonymous to those who are at least partially Westernised. Pleasant as these friendships undoubtedly are, they only afford a foreigner the chance to learn the views and the ways of the Westernised, or semi-Westernised, Japanese, and these are as unrepresentative of the bulk of the nation, which is still mainly agricultural, as is Tokyo, with its increasing number

of sky-scrapers and its foreign-clad business men and officials, unlike the towns and villages of Japan as a whole.

This unfortunate language difficulty is the main barrier to social intercourse between the bulk of foreigners in Japan and the native inhabitants of the country, and it is due to this impediment that one of the chief complaints in foreign diplomatic and society circles in Tokyo is that the same faces are seen at every social function and the same couples are frequently paired off at half-a-dozen dinner-parties or banquets in succession. In London, Paris, or Berlin, or in any of the other European capitals, the language of the country forms no such barrier, and the foreigner, be he diplomat or business man, has little difficulty in extending his circle of friends if he wishes to do so; but in Tokyo he is, in most cases, handicapped and restricted by the lack of a common medium of conversation.

Happily, however, most educated Japanese have at least a smattering of English, and, even though it may be insufficient to enable them to carry on proper conversations in it, it is generally sufficient to allow them to use it as a vehicle of expression when necessary, and the Englishman or American in Japan is therefore very much better off than might be imagined from what has been written above, as he can generally, when in difficulties, find someone with sufficient knowledge of English to understand him. This is particularly true of a city like Tokyo, with its multitudes of business men, officials, and students, most of whom have learned English at one time or other.

Summing up all that I have written, it may be said that Tokyo is a city of strange contrasts, with an enigmatic element about it. Whether we look at the varying styles of architecture, the transportation system, the lay-out of the different sections of the city, or the dress and customs of the people, or whether we observe the varying degrees of efficiency to be found in the management of the public and private enterprises of the metropolis, or note the mixture of religious fervour and indifference, or study the views expressed by the vernacular Press, by publicists or by lecturers, it is impossible to avoid being struck by the strange, and at times startling, contrasts presented.

The enigmatic element is seen, not so much in the contrasts between East and West and between the ancient and the modern—though these are strikingly portrayed in the everyday life of the Japanese capital—as in the fact that in some instances they stand apart from each other whilst in others they are mixed; and in others, again, they are compounded in such a way as to bring about entirely new and unique features. What, for instance, could be more redolent of the East than the picturesque shrines and temples of Tokyo and the alfresco mode of living so noticeable in

the hot summer months in the back streets and in the suburban districts, where, with windows, doors, and sliding walls wide open to let in the maximum of air, men, women, and children can be seen lying around fanning themselves, almost, and sometimes completely, divested of all clothing? In this we have the East; yet what is there more indicative of Western civilisation than the great ferro-concrete office buildings of the Marunouchi district, with their thousands of foreign-clad business men and clerks and the modern methods which they employ? These two very definite and strangely contrasting examples are as strikingly illustrative of East and West respectively as is the sight of the slow-moving bullock-cart and the swiftly moving two-ton motor-lorry in the streets of Tokyo illustrative of the ancient and the modern.

In these instances the East and the ancient are seen untouched by the West and the modern. They are merely contrasts. The mixture, as apart from the compound, of all four, however, is exemplified by the two sets of clothing, the *kimono* and the foreign-style suits which the male office workers of Tokyo possess; by the two kinds of meals, Japanese and Western, which they eat; and by the two styles of living accommodation to which they are accustomed—the simple Japanese house, in which shoes are discarded on entry and a cushion on the floor serves as a seat, and the foreign-style office with its chairs and tables at which men sit with their feet shod.

One other feature remains to be emphasised, namely, the blending of East and West, ancient and modern, as opposed to the contrasts and the mixtures exemplified above. This particular feature of Tokyo is really divisible into two—the one part derived from an unsuccessful attempt to copy the modern West and the other from a successful adaptation of all that is best in modern Western art and civilisation without discarding the many excellent qualities possessed by the ancient East. The grotesque 'nudes,' both in oils and in sculpture, which are unfortunately becoming increasingly popular amongst a certain section of Japanese artists and are given all too much prominence in Tokyo art exhibitions, may be quoted as an example of the former, whilst the new Kabukiza Theatre, with its magnificent blending of the finest ancient Japanese architecture with the most modern and scientific methods of Western construction and internal arrangement, is a good illustration of the successful combination of East and West, ancient and modern, so as to form one new and unique whole.

If it is permitted to use a simile, it may be said that Tokyo, with its sharply-defined contrasts, its curious mixtures, and its strange combinations, is like a chemical laboratory in which experi-

ments are being conducted. To use the simplest example, two elemental gases may be taken to represent East and West or ancient and modern. Separately they stand out in contrast to each other, but they can be mixed together. The resultant mixture, however, is nothing more than a mixture and not an entirely new gas. A chemical reaction is necessary to make them change from a mere haphazard mixture to a real new substance, and the peculiar properties of the new body thus formed will depend on the means used to induce this chemical change and on the atomic proportions in which the two original elements have combined.

This simile holds good not only in the case of such concrete examples as those quoted above, such as clothing, transport, architecture, and oil painting, but also in the abstract—in morals, in religious outlook, in politics, and in thought generally. Moreover, it is applicable, in varying degrees, to Japan as a nation as well as to the capital city of Tokyo, and this should be borne in mind by anyone desirous of understanding Japan and its people and of trying to forecast the future of this island empire. The contrasts are plain to all, but the superficial mixtures and the permanent incorporations and combinations of East and West, ancient and modern, are often hard to distinguish from one another; nevertheless, it is of the utmost importance to distinguish between the two if each is to be seen in its proper perspective and correct deductions are to be made.

M. D. KENNEDY.

THE JOYS OF THE VELD

TO-DAY, from the verandah of my house in the heart of the backveld, I watched the seed-pod of a tropical creeper scattering its hundreds of seeds through the air.

The large pod had burst slightly open during the week, and for a day or two nothing happened: it seemed as though the seeds inside were trying to make up their minds as to what they should do. To-day they had decided.

Inside the pod was a mass of silky stuff, and pulling out some of this, I found tiny little seeds attached to the ends of the silky strands. A breeze stirred the creeper on this day, and one by one, and sometimes by threes and fours, the seeds were enticed out of the pod and floated away across the veld to find a spot where they could start life on their own.

Here, I thought, was a beautiful demonstration of Nature, and her wonderful wisdom, in settling far afield the little people of that little pod in order that they should start life away from the parent plant and carve out a career of their own.

It was fascinating watching those floating seeds—as all that Nature does and shows is fascinating to one who has lived his life next to her—and, watching them, I thought of the time when I was asked as a very small boy what I would like to be.

The small-boy brain prompted him to say that he would like to be a farmer—chiefly, I think, because it meant a life in the open; and a life in the open spelled freedom and adventures, such as one could never have within brick walls. And of all the countries of which I had read I remember having a longing for South Africa.

To South Africa I came; and in South Africa ever since I have lived. Looking back now, I know that the prompting of the boy brain to plump for being a farmer, to be on the land and with it day after day, was merely the prompting of that inherent love for Mother Earth that is deep within every healthy human being.

Some of us have only got that earth in flower-pots; some of us have got a small plot in front, or at the back, of our small town house; some of us have a few acres, and some have thousands. But there is no getting away from the fact that each

and every one of us is born with a real genuine love of the earth and a longing to own a piece of it. I prepared myself for the big adventure of becoming a real landowner, or tenant of the land, by going to an agricultural and stock farm as a student and learning the ways and means over a period of two years. And after that—a memorable year—I rented, with a friend, a real farm. The joy of having a horse, a few cows, and a small farm all to oneself was a glorious experience. School desks, office walls, town *régime*, all these had been left far behind, and I was revelling in the scope and the space and the fine life of the open.

Eventually I trekked up from the Cape Province, and launched out on my own under Lord Milner's fine Land Settlement Scheme in the Orange Free State—that was in 1902—and took possession of the 1000 acres on which I have lived ever since. When I reached the spot on which I am writing these lines, and saw only 100 miles of bare, barren veld without a living thing in sight except the few head of stock and the one or two natives I had brought with me, I must honestly confess that my dreams of being a farmer and a landowner received the severest shock they had ever had. Around me there was just nothing, so it seemed—nothing except 100 miles of worthless waste. And, to be quite candid, let me tell you that if there had been any train going back the next day I think I would have stayed up all night to be in time to catch it. I am very, very glad that there was not a train. I had come up by ox-wagon, and the nearest station to me then was some sixty miles away. Let me also say that my capital—invested then in a few sheep, a horse, a few cows, eight oxen, and one or two agricultural implements—did not total 300*l*.

And let me go on further to say that had it not been for the sympathetic consideration we settlers at that time received from the Land Settlement Board, who advanced us loans and fencing material and sheep, very few of us could have come through on the ridiculously low capital with which we started. But in my own case I have had less than 1000*l*. advanced to me since I started off on the tremendous adventure of becoming a landowner and farmer. And I may add that the late director of the Land Settlement Board has stated that neither loans nor advances of stock, and so on, would have been of any use had it not been that the settlers were out to win.

The young settler of to-day has an easier path to follow, as he can avail himself of that fatherly organisation known as the 1820 Memorial Settlers' Association, which guides, helps, and encourages him from the day he applies at its office at 199, Piccadilly, until he is firmly established on his own farm.

Now, I do not pose as being an expert farmer, or as one who has made a fortune out of farming. I am by way of being a very

small farmer indeed—and I am not going to deal with figures and statistics, which have been ably dealt with in several hand-books on farming in South Africa ; but I do wish to show that this life on the land is a real life, and that one can build up, be it ever so gradually, a home and a farm, provided that one has the real love of working with Mother Earth.

I have told you what I found here when I first came—merely 1000 bare, barren acres. There was not a tree, or a fence, or a house, or a stream, or cultivated land—there was just nothing. Nothing at all—and it looked out on to 100 miles of nothing. To-day . . . Well, if I began to tell you all that I have around me to-day, I could go on writing for a month. I will tell you, as simply and as shortly as is possible, without conceit, what joys are mine—what joys all we settlers have who took up land in this great country.

There is no fortune in farming ; but if one is prepared to look at life on the land as offering something more than pounds, shillings, and pence profit on all one's deals and all one's labour—if one will realise that there is something in this life in the open that money cannot buy—one will the better understand the joys of the life.

Here are some of my joys. I have the prettiest little farm in the district, sheltered with thousands of beautiful trees—some 70,000 odd pines and eucalyptus and acacias and cypresses—where never a tree grew before. In the middle of them stands my house, built of brick and stone. The stone was quarried from a hill a mile or more away, and the bricks were made from the earth and the clay of the farm. It is a lovely thing to have built one's house out of the piece of earth on which one lives. No matter how many rooms the house has, no matter how commonplace it may seem to some, nothing really matters except that one has built it up out of the earth on which one has settled.

There is, too, the joy of possession—that sense of ownership, of being a little part of all that is around. To look at lands and gardens and plantations and stock, and to feel that all this is yours—all this is dependent on you, everything on this little world of your farm looking to you for existence and well-being—that alone tunes a man up to doing, and giving, all the best that is in him ; and when a man does that there is a real response, as the seasons pass, that more than compensates him for those dull periods when he felt, possibly, that it was not worth while.

I do not know now how many thunderstorms washed away bricks that were drying on the brick floor when I was building my house, I have forgotten the actual number of crops that I have lost here—it would take me at least a month to find out how many

sheep have died in the last five years ; but the one great fact remains that there is a wonderful law of compensation in this life in the open, and that I have to-day my house and plantations, and herds and flocks and gardens and running water, where there was never a drop of water before, and flowers and green fields and haystacks and sheds full of grain and fat stock, and butter and cream and eggs and milk and vegetables and bread from wheat grown here, and porridge from maize grown here, and . . . These are the least of the joys and the wonders of the life—to have received so much from the once bare, barren acres that seemed to offer so little.

But a still greater joy, and a joy that I am sure appeals to all men on the land, is that one is doing constructive work—one is continually building up. In an age when there is so much destruction going on, the value of a few trees planted, a few stones placed in order, a furrow made, a dam built, a flower blooming, a field green from one's own sowing—all these things, apart from the joy of seeing result from one's labours, do appeal to a deeper something within one that makes for a great contentment. For you have not only seen real result of your own labour, but you will have handed down to others who come after something worth having, and something that was not there until you came. This may possibly be counted as not worth while by some ; but I do assure you that, providing you have the temperament and the faith, there is a life and work on the land that is glorious—that is the only word with which I can describe it.

As riches are reckoned I am a poor man ; but I have such riches here on this once bare piece of veld that I marvel more and more at the bounteousness and generosity of the earth : that this once bare piece of veld should have given to me tens of thousands of beautiful trees, gardens, flowers, a house, green fields, running water, sheep and cattle and horses and poultry and . . .

At my breakfast-table on the verandah in the bright sunshine there are all the products of this once bare piece of veld : the bread from wheat one has grown—and no bread tastes quite so good as that which one has grown oneself—the eggs, the bacon, the jam, the milk, the cream, the water and the fuel, all these have come from this little bit of earth. There is magic as well as great joy in this.

There is the joy of ' making days '—no two days need ever be the same. One can have a day with the stock, a day gardening, a day planting trees, a day in the orchard, reaping, ploughing, sowing, carpentering ; a day out with the gun. There is the joy of the early morning, on a good horse, with air around one like champagne, riding over one's farm, or through the plantations

and lands, all gleaming in the glowing sun. And there is the charm and fascination, too, of living next to the real truth of things—living where everything is genuine, and where the clear, vast spaces around one always seem to strengthen and inspire.

Another real joy is to feel complete physical fatigue at the end of a good day's work—to come into the house, bathe, put on clean linen, and to stretch oneself out in an easy-chair, feeling deliciously tired and lazy, and, at bedtime, falling sound asleep within a minute or two of your head touching the pillow.

There is the joy of sleeping outside on the verandah with the cool night air around you, and the waking at the first bird notes and watching the dawn spread over a hundred-mile expanse of veld and sky—perhaps the most wonderful hour of all the day. Great joys—great riches. But if you would be wealthy beyond the dreams of millionaires, then come not to the veld. Riches she holds for you in plenty, beautiful sights, and scents, and sounds; stupendous silences, exquisite colours, wonderful dawns and sunsets; brilliant moons and bright white sunshine—always; purple heavens studded with silver stars, freshness and freedom: here are some things better than gold. And, above all, you are doing a man's work and living the finest life in the world.

LEONARD FLEMMING.

FIELD SPORTS AND ETHICS

'OH! how that beautiful word fox gladdens me 'eart!' exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks. 'In the summer I love him with all the ardour of affection; not an 'air of his beautiful head would I hurt; but when the hautum comes, then dash my vig, 'ow I glories in pursuing him to destruction.' The creator of the immortal Jorrocks probably little knew that he was putting into his cockney hero's mouth a sentiment old as the days when man worshipped and sacrificed to the powers of Nature—old as the sun myth, the corn myth, old as magic itself. It may be supposed, too, that few of the press men who, towards the close of summer, begin writing to the papers about 'St. Grouse's day' and 'St. Part-ridge's day' consider how ancient a belief they are echoing.

In those far back days, as Sir James Fraser¹ has shown us, it was no uncommon practice for people to deify their kings, and also to slay and even eat them. The same class of belief existed with regard to birds, beasts and fishes. Men worshipped and devoured them.² Exactly what crude thoughts underlay these practices can only be guessed at, but it seems that there was some idea that death was not wholly an injury. Eating and being eaten were different aspects of the same thing, as concave and convex surfaces are different aspects of the same curve. Diana was goddess of hunter and hunted. There was present also, it seems, the consciousness that death before the setting in of decline—death at the summit point of existence—was best. The latter idea is not unknown to-day. John Nicholson—to mention the first name that comes to mind—would never have attained his apotheosis in India if instead of being killed at the moment of his triumph he had retired on a pension and died in his bed.

Then in those struggling brains there seems to have arisen some feeling of sympathy with the condemned kings and animal divinities. Perhaps, after all, death might not be altogether welcome to the objects of their worship. So the king was given

¹ *The Golden Bough*.

² Similar beliefs still exist in some countries. In Nepal, for example, the rhinoceros is sacred; but he is hunted and killed, and every scrap of the meat is eaten.

a chance, an opportunity, of defending his life. The animals to be slain were placated with apologies. We read how the Indian Bear Clan, at the ceremony of killing the bear, thus craved his pardon: 'Cherish us no grudge because we have killed you. You have sense. You see that our children are hungry. They love you and wish to take you into their bodies.' A similar sort of idea about the relations of eater and eaten may be traced in the story of Ali, the son-in-law of Mohammed, and the flat-fish. On going to drink at the stream side Ali found that the flat-fish had stirred up the mud. In the hasty way that prophets had, he cursed the flat-fish so that they should no more have the privilege of being eaten by the Faithful. It is an integral part of the idea that the victim lived again in the bodies of his worshippers. And if exception is made in the matter of individuality, which we know very little about, the notion is not far removed from fact, for living creatures, we are told, can subsist only on organic substances that have once been alive; the death of the individual is, in short, necessary 'in the interests of a larger whole.' It is otherwise apparent from the pictures engraved by ancient cave-dwellers how real was their sympathy with their animal victims. It is thus clear that the love that sportsmen of this century have for living creatures, including those they kill, is not a hypocritical invention of their own to excuse in some way their wicked deeds, but is a hereditary sentiment of nearly equal antiquity to that of the hunting instinct itself.

I do not mean to imply that heredity affords a valid excuse for actions that are wrong in themselves; for along with instincts we have free will—or we think we have. A very eminent Churchman, Bishop Gore, speaks of these instincts thus:

There subsist in us, with varying degrees of force, ancient, savage and animal tendencies and instincts such as conscious reason has tended to submerge and exclude (more and more completely the more rational and self-conscious one's life becomes), but which are never quite extinguished.

And in another place:

We are encompassed with the sense of what ought to be. Moral goodness exists, but under conditions of continuous and sometimes desperate struggle, and in each individual with more or less manifold imperfection. But whatever its struggles and imperfections, goodness, we are convinced, is what ought to be.

Now one of the most powerful, as well as the most ancient, of the savage and animal tendencies which we inherit, second only in urgency to that of reproduction, is the instinct (if we may so call it), shared with beasts of prey, that leads men to slay creatures for food and clothing—to exploit to their own advantage, in fact, all the living creatures on the earth that have been supplied by 'a

bountiful Providence.' Till quite recently the killing and eating of the lowlier inhabitants of the earth has been held to be, and by some is still believed to be, a divine ordinance:

The fear of you and the dread of you shall be upon every beast of the earth and upon every fowl of the air, upon all that moveth upon the earth, and upon all the fishes of the sea; into your hand are they delivered. Every moving thing that liveth shall be meat for you.

But if selfishness is wrong, as conscience affirms it to be, in respect to individuals, classes, nations and races, must it not also be condemned as between man and the lower orders of creation? And we cannot stop here. Judged by the touchstone of 'what ought to be,' what shall we say about the whole world process, evolution, the struggle for existence—that process, based on selfishness, which is around us everywhere and by which man has attained to what he is, not excepting his civilised conscience, his supreme court of appeal? A queer world indeed. Such questions lead us into deep quagmires. Hindu philosophers, overcome by the consciousness of an endless chain of wrong, not only between man and man but between man and beast, believe that our world is passing through a temporary but somewhat long period (432,000 years) called the *Kaliyug*, or dark age. The Jains, a kindly and gentle sect, hold that taking life of any kind is wrong, and, so far as I am aware, they alone of all people who hold such beliefs do their best to put them into practice. They not only abstain from meat, but abide the vermin on their persons, while in order to escape the guilt of injuring even the humblest of living things they tie muslin over their mouths and round their candles. Since the Jain does not see the still smaller insects that pass through his net, he is presumably content—unless he argues *de minimis*. Some day he will learn that mere existence involves the destruction of countless micro-organisms that have in them the germ of life. What then will be left him but existence as an eremite, in a cave perhaps among Himalayan snows, whence he may look out with amazement on the world of which he so profoundly disapproves? Gautama Buddha travelled further along this path than the Jain, for he offered his body to a starving tiger, and was promptly eaten. And so we arrive at a *reductio ad absurdum*. Can our premises be wrong? Is selfishness, as some say, a duty? Ought it not to be 'stuff of conscience to do no murder'?

Though unselfish ideas like those of the Jain have no survival value and might be expected to disappear along with other useless or pernicious brain waves, the odd thing is that they have a way of persisting and even of gathering strength. 'Moral values,' it has been truly said, 'are not destroyed by the belief that the world process is inimical to their realisation.'

So one sits in what Eastern people well call 'the swing of thought.' As its oscillations become less violent one seems to see the age-long struggle between Ormazd and Ahriman—the world of fact and the world of values. Some day there may exist on earth a Kingdom of Righteousness in which 'there shall not hurt nor destroy'; but if so, it is a long way off. To realise its infinite remoteness is not to decry moral effort. The traveller in a desert may be guided by a star without having any idea of reaching it. He may not even keep his eyes fixed on it too steadily. His feet are bound to the earth, and he must pick his way among dunes and crags and precipices as best he may. In the meantime, for us here and now in this '*Kaliyug*' a working philosophy is needed, and perhaps we—at any rate, those of us who are still young—might do worse than listen to Stevenson's cheery optimism. What does he say to Jains and recluses and all those who disapprove of the world of fact?

And ye, O brethren, what if God
When from Heav'n's top he spies abroad,
And sees on this tormented stage
The noble war of mankind rage:
What if his vivifying eye,
O monks, should pass your corner by?
For still the Lord is Lord of might;
In deeds, in deeds, he takes delight;
The plough, the spear, the laden barks,
The field, the founded city, marks;
He marks the smiler of the streets,
The singer upon garden seats;
He sees the climber in the rocks:
To him, the shepherd folds his flocks.
For those he loves that underprop
With daily virtues Heaven's top,
And bear the falling sky with ease,
Unfrowning caryatides.
Those he approves that ply the trade,
That rock the child, that wed the maid,
That with weak virtues, weaker hands,
Sow gladness on the peopled lands,
And still with laughter, song and shout,
Spin the great wheel of earth about.
But ye? . . .

Let it be conceded then that, weighed in the balance of 'what ought to be,' there is wrong involved in killing for our profit or pleasure. But there must also be degrees of guilt: at one end of the scale, the Jain and others like him; at the other, those who are deliberately cruel. The question that concerns us here is the position in this hierarchy of cruelty occupied by the sportsman.

To me it seems quite clear that if people were to be divided into two classes—society at large on the one side and sportsmen on the other—the latter, apart from their being members of society, have nothing to fear from any comparison that could be drawn between them. Indeed, if the matter be considered without prejudice, it can hardly be questioned that of all the many ways in which man exploits the dumb creatures of the earth for his own advantage, the methods of the sportsman are the most humane; or perhaps it should rather be said the least brutal, the least callous, the least cold-blooded.

Let us first glance at some of the cruelties of sport. Fox-hunting and coursing are perhaps most often condemned, the assumption apparently being that fox and hare undergo sufferings similar to those that human beings would experience in like circumstances. But anthropomorphism of this kind is not justified. Though one cannot know, one may reasonably infer the feelings of other human beings; but we are scarcely in a position to guess the sensations of animals having brains that differ so widely from ours both in quality and quantity. The latter have instinct and intelligence, which urge the hunted beast to run, double and feint—as practised in play since infancy; but the mirror of consciousness is not there, and, so far as can be judged, animals can have no knowledge of the 'why' and no concept of 'death' in the event of capture. Above all, hunted animals are in their natural surroundings, and to the end are free to exert their speed and strength. The 'kill' is a matter of seconds, and even if it were more prolonged it seems probable that it would not be accompanied by much physical pain. The evidence of men who have been mauled by tigers and lions is to the effect that they experienced little pain at the time. Though I cannot vouch for the story, I have heard tell of one who found the smell of the tiger that had seized him the most unpleasant part of the adventure. When this can be the case with men, it is most likely that less highly developed animals in similar circumstances experience *very little* pain. The cries of animals when seized by other beasts commonly supposed to be 'cries of pain' are probably not so much indications of suffering as of a reflex nature, to serve as a danger warning to others of their own kind.

Consider shooting, whether animals or birds. They are killed in a state of freedom, in the plenitude of health and strength. Like all living things, they have to die, and no 'kinder' death can be imagined. Most people would pray rather for such a sudden death as this than with our Prayer-book to be delivered from it. But it may be objected, what of those that creep away wounded to linger and die? It is a question that cannot be dismissed lightly; but here again we must guard against the

assumption that animals' feelings are as our own. Surgeons with experience of work amongst different races of mankind well know that sensibility to pain is less in some than in others, according to the stage of nervous development reached. Veterinary surgeons similarly are aware that the sensibility of animals to pain does not compare with that of human beings. I have seen a tame gazelle with a compound fracture of the femur eat grain while the limb was being pulled into place and set. Horses begin to feed the very moment they are on their feet after one of the most severe and shocking operations known. The discomfort caused to horses undergoing this operation has always seemed to me to be more in connexion with their being thrown and bound than from the operation itself. An instance has been recorded of a camel whose lower jaw had been carried away by a shot continuing to carry its load all day with no apparent signs of pain. Such experiences as the writer has had lead him to the belief that wounded beasts and birds feel little pain, but their instinct leads them to hide themselves away, after which they either recover or weaken and succumb, or more frequently fall a prey to others.

Let us now consider some ways in which civilised society exploits the brute creation for its own advantage and pleasure. It may, I think, be taken as a premise that in animals the nearest approach to the mental anguish that human beings experience is caused by the thwarting of their natural instincts. A wild bird in confinement, for example. There was a cage near the house where we once lived abroad in which a tiger was wearing out his beast's soul. He had plenty of food and water, but in the hush of the hot weather nights the air vibrated to his call, low at first, but rising to impotent thunder till it died away, and I never heard a more pathetic sound. The instincts impelling him to roam, to hunt, to mate, were all thwarted. In shooting tigers in the jungle a sportsman never did one such a wrong as that. In passing I may remark on the confusion of sentiment indicated by the popular approval of the confinement of wild animals and birds in cages on the one hand and the condemnation of cock-fighting on the other.

It is my impression that domesticated animals suffer more in the operations of butchery than wild beasts and birds killed by the sportsman. Professor Romanes, remarking on the observed fact that a dog yelps at an injury a fox or wolf would receive in silence, believed that domestication engenders a refinement of the nervous system. I am not qualified to express an opinion about the truth of this conclusion. There can, however, be little doubt that in the slaughtering of animals the worst part of the proceeding is not the actual killing, but the events leading up to it—the duress, the roping, the carting, the marketing, the rail journeys,

the rough handling in strange surroundings, and finally the forcible introduction into a reeking abattoir. In human beings there is a mental condition called claustrophobia—a horror of being enclosed. It may be an atavistic legacy from man's ancestors, for many animals have this overwhelming dread.³ After all this, the killing is a release. By all means let the 'humane killer' be insisted on, but in comparison it is a bagatelle. The 'kindest' way to slaughter domesticated animals would be to shoot them in the open air, in their own meadows, with no dreadful preliminaries; and even if it were done clumsily, it would still be the 'kindest' way. If a favourite dog has to be destroyed, how should it be done? Not by sending him to a veterinary surgeon to be poisoned or chloroformed, which must ensure the unhappiness of his last moments. By far the best way, disagreeable though it may be, is instantaneous death by a shot from his master's gun. Though one must be cautious about investing animals with our mental clothes, it is the difference between a man being killed by a bullet from the unseen and death by execution.

Consider the cruelty connected with the marketing of poultry. Read the instructions for the use of a machine for the forcible stuffing of birds for the table. Think of the average lives of horses and donkeys—those poor slaves—from beginning to end. So much for man's 'friends.' For man's animal enemies, such as the rat, no way is too horrible for their destruction. No, if ever dumb creation stand before the judgment-seat of the Creator as man's accusers, I venture to say that those who will figure most prominently in the indictment will not be the sportsman, nor the hunter.

It is of course obvious that as members of society sportsmen share in the general guilt attaching to the treatment of animals. The absurdity lies in an assumption of moral superiority over the latter by carnivorous people who are not sportsmen. To this they can have no possible right. Of what kind, after all, are the people who denounce sport? There are, of course, the few humanitarians properly so called, who do, so far as may be possible, act on the principles they profess. They are neither eaters of meat, nor do they wear fur or feathers. Their opinions and views, impracticable as some of them may be, entitle them to the respect of sportsmen; their consistency compels their admiration. It may be they are only in advance of their time. Generations hence it is possible there will be no butchers and no sportsmen. There are the sentimentalists, persons who, having some vague idea that they are lovers of animals, lend themselves to propaganda of which they do not seem to realise

³ *The Childhood of Animals*, by Dr. Chalmers Mitchell.

the implications. The facile humanitarianism they profess leads them to no act of self-denial or renunciation, for they do not pause to consider that as eaters of meat and wearers of skins and feathers they are accessories to all the cruelties connected with the trades concerned, which are in most cases worse than those inherent in the sports they denounce. Lastly, there are the typical prohibitionists, cranks of whom the Anglo-Saxon races have more than their share, who would force their own nostrums for the reform of mankind down people's throats by law—people in whose nature it is to

Compound with sins they are inclined to
By damning those they have no mind to.

With these the motive seems sometimes to be not so much solicitude for persecuted animals as a virulent rancour against sportsmen. In a pamphlet I have before me such different sentiments as class jealousy, the commercial spirit, and pitifulness are each invoked in turn to support their campaign for the abolition of fox-hunting.⁴ Fox-hunting, it is urged, should be ended as a sport of the rich at the expense of the poor. Foxes should be exterminated because they kill poultry which men have reared for their own advantage. Fox-hunting is cruel and barbarous and should be put an end to, while cub-hunting is 'a massacre of innocents.' Disingenuousness could hardly go further. May the fox long be spared from his 'humanitarian' friends. It is this type of person who one day may be heard talking earnestly about the brutality of sport and the next is seen in front of a poulterer's shop selecting a brace of pheasants for his table:

With sobs and sighs he sorted out those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief before his streaming eyes.

I am of course aware that many people who have nothing of the Pharisee about them think that while butchery is right, sport is wrong—Dean Inge, for instance.⁵ In his defence of killing for food he seems to have adopted the attitude of pragmatism—that the belief is true which works. Eating meat is a necessity—a 'universal law of Nature.' This has clearly no connexion with what 'ought to be.' It has, moreover, been proved that eating meat is neither necessary, so far as human beings are concerned, nor 'a law of Nature.' For heaven's sake let us be honest. People eat meat at the bidding of their appe-

⁴ *Foxes, Fowls and Farmers*, published by the Society for the Abolition of Cruel Sports. Since this society holds that all sports are cruel (and rightly according to the standard of 'what ought to be'), it would be more honest if they termed themselves 'The Society for the Abolition of Sport.' There already exists the S.P.C.A., an excellent movement whose province it is to prevent the infliction of wanton pain on dumb creatures.

⁵ *Lay Thoughts of a Dean*.

tites, because they like it, not because they have nothing else to eat or can eat nothing else. As a guide to pure morality on this question I prefer King Asoka of B.C. 260 to the Dean of St. Paul's of 1926 A.D. Asoka said: 'Flesh meat cannot be procured without injury to animals, and the slaughter of animals is not conducive to heavenly bliss. From flesh meat, therefore, let man abstain.' About sport Dean Inge writes: 'To make a pleasure of killing harmless beasts and birds is a barbarous thing, now that we know what science has taught us about our kinship with them.' Rather an incautious sentence this. Suppose for the word 'killing' we substitute 'eating.' Sportsmen, however, will no more feel disposed to quarrel with the Dean of St. Paul's than did, I suppose, the children of Israel with Balaam. He has presented them with that very apposite epigram, 'Nobody is so much interested in the demand for pork as the pig.'

In the campaign that is being conducted against sportsmen by the society already alluded to prejudice is so far allowed to pervert fair dealing as to lead their writers to seize on isolated acts of brutality committed in the course of field sports and to hold them up to impressionable and ignorant people as typical of sport itself. Yet it should be obvious that crimes of this sort are no more in the nature of sport than the crimes which have been committed in the name of liberty are in the nature of liberty.

It is a little remarkable that though the anti-sports fanatic does not suggest the abolition of butchers, yet when he desires to label sportsmen as offensively as possible he selects the word 'butcher.' Now butchers as a class are no worse people than other citizens; but there is a very real difference between butchers and sportsmen, which, with apologies to most of my readers, perhaps I may be allowed to say something about. Long ago there were hunters but no butchers. It was when man found by experiment that it was easier to domesticate and cause to breed in captivity certain of the wild animals that tasted good that butchers came on the scene. But the hunting instinct survived, and hunters continued to exist. In those days, and indeed till recently, the hunter's weapons were crude, and he killed his quarry as best he could:

New and unpolished was the huntsman's art;
No stated rule, his wanton will his guide.

Now, in consequence of the improvement in weapons and with a view to preserving the condition of difficulty that gives pursuit zest, sportsmen have been drawn to limit themselves in respect of methods, the object always being to give their quarry a 'sport-

ing chance.' In butchery the animal or bird is given no chance at all, and in its pitiless, inexorable nature it is the antithesis of sport. The more the elements of hazard, toil and skill enter into a sport, and the greater the chance of the quarry's escape, the higher rank does that sport take; while killing in which these factors do not appear, whatever else it may be, is not sport. A few instances will suffice to illustrate these very elementary principles. Some ignorant people seem to imagine that in pheasant shooting tame birds are made to rise near the guns and are then easily slaughtered. The fact is that it is the ambition of every owner of covert shooting to have the birds sent over the guns from as far and as high and as fast as possible—in this respect there is nothing to choose between wild and reared birds—thus making their shooting very difficult. So pheasant shooting is properly considered 'sport,' though, in the opinion of some, not so high a form of sport as when the elements of toil and hazard are also present. It may, indeed, be regretted that there has been a tendency (perhaps inevitable) for shooting in this country to become increasingly a matter for skill in marksmanship rather to the overshadowing of its hunting aspect. It is held to be 'unsportsmanlike' to shoot into the 'brown' of birds, to kill several at a shot, and to take long shots at big game at the risk of maiming instead of killing. There are many deadly ways of killing fish known to sportsmen, but never used by them. In the East some airmen chased gazelles and killed them from their machines. As soon as the possibilities of this form of shooting were realised it was condemned and is no longer practised. Such instances could be multiplied indefinitely. It is not without reason that the word 'sportsmanlike' has acquired its well-known meaning.⁶

I read lately about a dispute between two societies, one of which was interested in the preservation of game, the other in that of stoats, magpies, and other 'interesting' vermin. The latter's idea, apparently, was that Nature should be allowed free play. *Primâ facie* one would have supposed that as game birds are food for human beings it would have been in accordance with the rules of civilised society that they should be preserved and

⁶ It is the writer's personal opinion that betting about the chances of killing birds and animals, leaving quite out of consideration the possibility of its leading to malpractices, is antagonistic to the true spirit of venery. And in the same way there seems to be something incongruous and wrong about sports, meaning 'blood sports' (to use an ugly expression), being made into a public spectacle. It is perhaps due to the existence of this sentiment that public coursing and pigeon shooting from traps meet with condemnation by people who do not disapprove of other sports, although, as I have endeavoured to show, coursing hares with greyhounds is not intrinsically more cruel than other methods of killing.

their enemies exterminated. On higher grounds it is clearly not more moral to allow Nature, which, however beautiful and interesting, is 'red in tooth and claw,' to pursue her ruthless way than for man to use his discretion in killing or keeping alive. The methods of the Turks of Constantinople, who rather than destroy their surplus pariah dogs themselves shipped them off to a desert island where they could settle matters without interference after the manner of the Kilkenny cats, can hardly be commended. We are seriously informed in one abolition pamphlet that 'the last human cry of the hare in the fangs of the dog forms part of the refined enjoyment of sportsmen'! If this were true, we should be entitled to believe that 'the last human cry' of hares and rabbits when fastened on to by stoats afforded similar enjoyment to the Nature-lovers. To rescue birds and animals from the sportsman for the benefit of vermin, indeed, recalls the small boy who, having been admonished to do two kind deeds a day, scored his first by rescuing a mouse from a trap and his second by giving it to the cat! No, it may be more interesting to see a rabbit caught by a stoat than to see him shot, to see a hedgehog dining off a clutch of partridges' eggs than to see the grown birds killed by guns, but those who profess these tastes must not claim for themselves superior virtue.

The fact is that in civilised countries man is so committed to the management of the affairs of covert, field, and stream that he cannot withdraw. The task of preserving a balance has mainly devolved on the game preserver, and he has not done it badly. Even the protection afforded by law in England to wild birds which are neither game nor vermin has been largely due to the initiative of these very people. The game preserver has no wish to see rare and beautiful birds or animals, even of a predatory kind, exterminated, though he would desire to have their numbers kept within bounds. The problem of preserving indigenous fauna is of a much more urgent kind in the wilder parts of the world where their numbers are being rapidly diminished by advancing civilisation. *Homo sapiens* has obtained his supremacy by the law of the jungle. In his ascent he has used many species of less intelligent animals, including doubtless some of his own kind, as steps in his ladder. Now, at last, civilised races have the power consciously and intelligently to shape their own evolution, if they care to do so. Incidentally they have become the mandatory powers, not only for the backward races of mankind, but for all the humbler living creatures of the earth. Towards these they have a duty beyond the selfish endeavour how best to exploit them for human advantage. Ethical considerations would at any rate point to the existence of such a duty. The subject cannot be followed here; but it is at least pertinent

to remember that it was mainly due to the sportsmen of this country that the extermination of game animals over vast areas in Africa (at one time seriously contemplated in the shadowy hope of circumscribing the fly area) was postponed and, it may be hoped, prevented.

A remark sometimes heard is that field sports are 'brutalising,'—i.e., that hunting and shooting have a degrading effect on the character. The *a priori* reasoning that leads to this conclusion is simple. Killing is brutal, and those who habitually kill must in time be brutalised by the act. If, however, people who hold such ideas will think honestly about their acquaintances who are sportsmen, they will realise that they are not more brutalised than those who are not. They are not as a class worse fathers and mothers,⁷ less considerate, less generous, nor even less humane to the dumb animals about them. The reason why this is so may perhaps be connected with the idea of 'service.' Hunting was originally a family service carried out by the stronger to procure meat and clothing for the weaker, or for their protection. Although circumstances have so changed that hunting is no longer necessary economically—in this country at least—the old idea survives. It is an essential part of modern sport, artificial as it often is, that the killing should be in some way a service. The quarry must be either good for food or else noxious. This explains why sportsmen do not kill harmless animals and birds that cannot be utilised—the sin of the Ancient Mariner—and why leaving dead creatures on the ground is an abomination. With some diffidence I may suggest that this essential idea of service affords some explanation why the cult of big game photography does not appeal very much to the majority of sportsmen. The hunter's craft required is as great, the skill of a more complicated kind, the toil and risk not less, but the result is a photograph. It seems necessary in sport that there should be something to bring back in the bag, even if it is only

a little rabbit skin
To wrap the baby bunting in.

I lately read an account in the *Field* about the stalking of an Indian black buck. After some vicissitudes the writer succeeded in getting close to the buck unseen, and then, instead of shooting him, he rose to his feet, took off his hat in salutation, and let him go. It was a generous act and one that will certainly give the

⁷ There is no logical reason why women should not shoot and hunt as well as men. Some time ago, of course, in western Europe, men did place women on a pedestal of virtues deemed to be exclusively feminine. From this pedestal the daughters of Eve have of their own accord slowly and steadily—and, it may be added, not ungracefully—descended. And there the matter ends.

sportsman much pleasure to look back on, but it was its exceptional nature that gave it point. One could not go on stalking and taking off one's hat to bucks! For my own part, though I can remember sparing far more animals than I have shot, for reasons of sex, immaturity, rarity and so on, as can every sportsman, if Providence ever gave me an easy chance of bagging a beast I really wanted I took it as an offset to plenty of failures and was grateful.

Yet it would be wrong to suppose that no shadow of regret at the death of beast or bird ever passes over a sportsman. Far from it. Even those who, like the Arabs, deem every day wasted that is not spent in sport are sensible of such feelings.

Sometimes as evening draws on, before the lights are lit, I look round at the heads that are regarding me from the wall—impassive, pathetic, austere faces. I fancy myself speaking to them after the manner of the Indian to his slain bear, craving forgiveness. 'Tiger,' I say, 'forgive me—you and all savage beasts that I have injured. You were incomparably beautiful and strong. But you were killers of weaker beasts, and your killing was not always for meat; sometimes you killed for sport. If you had lived on, you would have perished in a worse way—old and toothless. Sooner or later your time had to come. It was your fate to die thus. Bear me no grudge. Peace be with you.'

'And you too, poor horned beasts—dwellers in jungles, plains and mountains—forgive me. How was it your keen senses of eyes and nose did not warn you of the danger? Consider, you were full of years. Some of you had already been expelled from the herd by the young and strong. Solitary, you would have been killed and eaten by other beasts. In either case, one day the end comes, and when it comes it is sad. Remember, you too were not always gentle. You had your fights with your own kind, and you showed no mercy. Have I not seen one of you hurl an adversary from a crag, spinning downwards into a gulf of air? For this, too, I do not blame you; it is your nature. You know how your meat fed many humble folk who were grateful. For destroying and being destroyed is in the essence of things, and from it we cannot escape. You do not understand it; I also do not understand it. Bear me no grudge. Peace be with you.'

I wait and listen in the growing gloom and think. How good to hear the reply: 'And with you, peace!' But there is no answer; only the sad whisper of the wind in the pine trees.

R. L. KENNION.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF PUZZLE CRAZES

THE present widespread vogue of what are called 'cross-word puzzles' suggests an inquiry into the origin and development of these curious crazes. It may be said, in passing, that this particular form of puzzle is not by any means new, as is sometimes supposed. I myself have been familiar with it for nearly forty years. But before touching on this phase it will perhaps be best first to consider the very nature and development of pastime puzzles.

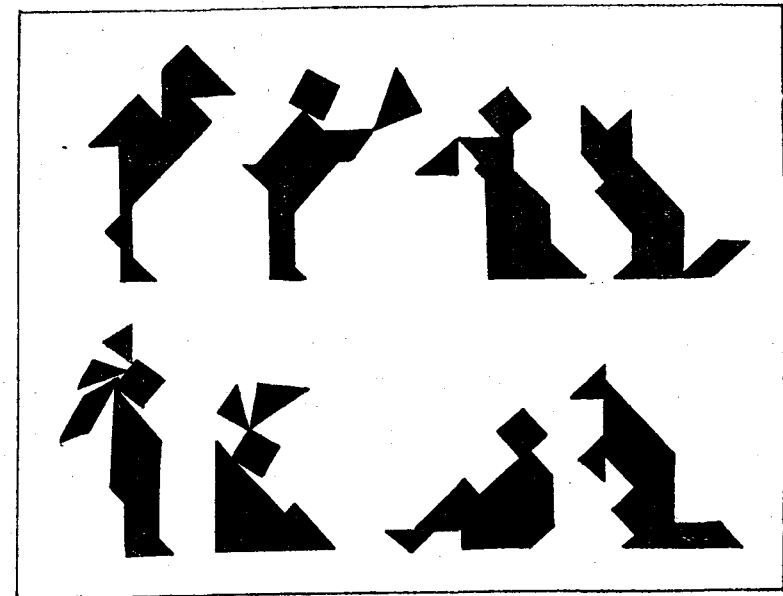
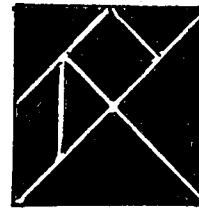
Whether we speak of puzzles, problems, posers, queries or questions, they are essentially one and the same. From his infancy man is perpetually asking questions—that is, propounding puzzles. No matter what his vocation, he is always confronted with puzzles associated with his particular work or duties. Man, as an intelligent being, must ask himself questions and must seek the answers. These are the puzzles of real life.

But the passion for inquiry and curious research is such an innate propensity that from the earliest times man has had the habit of making and solving puzzles for the mere pleasure of the thing. There is probably in the propounder the unconscious or sub-conscious desire to perplex his friends and, by confounding them, perhaps establish his own mental superiority. And the solver, on his part, is not willing to admit that he is beaten and likes to feel that he is as cunning as his neighbour. It should be noted that good puzzles, like virtue, are their own reward, and the honest lover of these things is not unduly attracted by prize competitions. Sometimes the prospect of a prize will add a fillip to the interest of the solver, but if he seriously sets out to increase his income in this way he is doomed to disappointment, unless he happens to be a real expert. And even then he has generally acquired habits of exact thought which he can put to better use in other ways; for the necessary outfit of a puzzle expert consists in a habit of exact thinking with some leaven of natural cunning. Mathematics and logic are, of course, sciences that train the mind to such exact thinking, and the man who tries to reason out a puzzle with exactitude will be found to be really working on

mathematical lines, though he is not aware of it and knows nothing of the science.

In the earliest records of the past we find our ancestors propounding and solving pastime puzzles. One of the very oldest of such pastimes is what we to-day call 'tangrams,' which were known to the Chinese thousands of years before the Christian era, and called literally by them 'Seven ingenious-plan.' A square of cardboard or other material is cut in the manner shown in our illustration, and the seven pieces when put together will form an infinite number of curious designs.

The ancients generally gave nondescript geometrical figures, and were content to form these by an arrangement of the pieces. But we have improved on this during the last few decades and



concern ourselves more with producing figures of real life. A few striking examples are here given, each figure being constructed with the same seven pieces.

Arithmetical puzzles were known to the Egyptians thousands of years B.C., and we have in the British Museum a treatise containing such things by one Ahmes, called *Directions for knowing all Dark Things*, which is believed to be a copy of an earlier work of about B.C. 3400. And we need only mention such names as Archimedes, Apollonius, Pythagoras, Zeno, Diophantus, Pappus,

Euclid, and Fermat to be reminded of the classical puzzles that were propounded in their days.

But it will be sufficient for our purpose if we start in the sixteenth century. Niccola Fontana was born at Brescia in 1500 and died at Venice in 1559. Better known as Nicholas Tartaglia (that is, 'the stammerer'), he wrote a number of treatises which were collected into a single edition in 1606, and some of his puzzles are favourites to this very day. It was he who first gave us examples of crossing the river with a boat that will only hold a limited number of persons, and of liquid-measuring puzzles with vessels of known capacity. And he was the first to discuss the puzzle 'Christians and Turks,' in which the counting in a circle is so contrived that the Turks alone are counted out. In fact, Tartaglia's work is the foundation of a long string of collections of mathematical puzzles down to the present time. A notable follower of his was Claude Gaspar Bachet (Sieur de Méziriac), the first edition of whose celebrated *Problèmes, Plaisants et Délectables* was published in 1612. This contains not only liquid-measuring puzzles and river crossing, but the celebrated problem of the weight broken into four pieces so that it is possible with them to weigh any number of pounds up to 40 lb. He also gave us card puzzles, a variety of curious arithmetical problems, and an ingenious dissertation on 'magic squares.'

Bachet was followed by H. Van Etten, whose collection of 'mathematical recreations' first appeared in 1626 and ran into innumerable editions. The first in English appeared in 1663, and this was later added to by William Oughtred and others. In 1694 we have *Récréations Mathématiques et Physiques* by Jacques Ozanam. This was added to by Montucla in 1754, and the English edition was translated by Hutton in 1814. Each editor seems to have made his own additions to the book, which is to this day a valuable one for reference to the puzzle-lover. Of course, during the past century a very large number of books have been published dealing in a popular manner with puzzles for fireside amusement, but the authors have invariably drawn upon these main sources for their supply. In fact, it is extraordinary how little was invented by these compilers during a long period, with the exception of the occasional mathematical puzzles to be found in such periodicals as the *Lady's and Gentleman's Diary* in the early part of the nineteenth century. Producers of new books of puzzles were content to rehash all the old stuff, though sometimes a man made an easy reputation by producing a solitary puzzle like Kirkman's 'Fifteen School Girls,' in which fifteen girls walk out in triplets every day for a week without any girl ever appearing twice in a triplet with any other. This puzzle has only recently been solved in a general way.

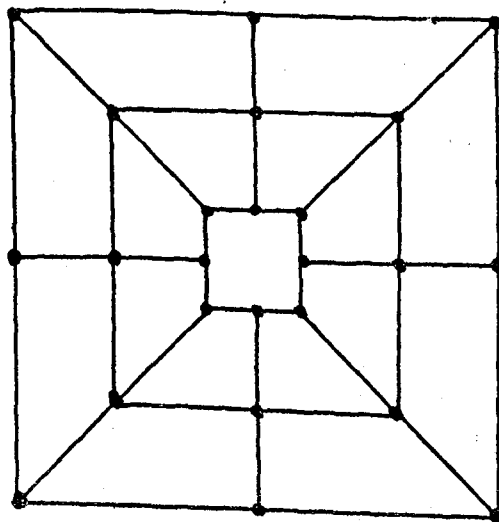
Of recent years several mathematicians of eminence have devoted much labour to extended investigations and analyses of these ancient and mediæval popular puzzles. Since Ozanam, Montucla, and Hutton we have only to name two works, the important *Récréations Mathématiques* by Edouard Lucas and *Mathematical Recreations and Essays* by the late Cambridge professor, Mr W. W. Rouse Ball. But there have also been innumerable monographs. Many have devoted much of their lives to the investigation of a particular class of puzzle, such as 'Magic Squares,' 'The Knight's Tour on a Chessboard,' 'The Eight Queens Problem,' and 'The Fifteen School Girls,' the result being that the literature on the subject is very large and scattered, the various mathematical journals having themselves contributed a mass of valuable material. There is no very complete bibliography on these lines of research, and much time is frequently wasted by students who investigate subjects that have already been thoroughly worked out.

For the most part puzzles with a mathematical basis may be roughly classified under arithmetical and algebraical, geometrical, moving counters, mazes and route puzzles, crossing rivers, and mechanical puzzles. But all these are capable of subdivision, and the examples are so numerous that it is impossible to deal with them here. It is, however, useful to refer quite briefly to a few notable cases.

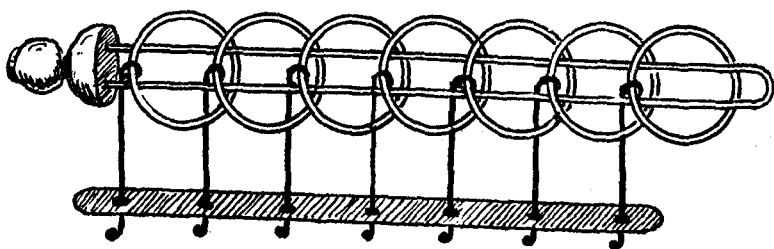
Thus 'magic squares,' the arrangement of numbers in the form of a square, so that the rows, columns, and two diagonals all add up alike, were well known to the ancients and used as talismans, being supposed to have magical properties. They are frequently to be found cropping up in ancient lore. But it is only within comparatively modern times that they have been seriously investigated by mathematicians. Dissection puzzles, as we have already shown in the case of the 'tangram,' are very ancient, but recent examples are often of a very high geometrical order.

Puzzles with moving counters have been mathematically examined during the last few centuries only, and yet in the form of games they are of great antiquity, and from them arose and developed such games as draughts, chess, and solitaire. And Ovid describes a little game not unlike the juvenile one of 'noughts and crosses.' But a particularly interesting example is 'Nine Men's Morris,' referred to by Shakespeare in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (act ii. sc. 1), and by Drayton and others. It seems to be known all over the world under various names. It was found on an old Roman tile discovered during the excavations at Silchester and cut upon the steps of the Acropolis at Athens. It was marked out on the great Viking ship discovered at Gokstad in 1880. It was cut on the choir stalls of several English cathedrals.

drals. It was found built into a wall (probably about the date 1200) during the restoration of Hargrave Church, in Northamptonshire. It was painted on old Dutch tiles, and in 1901 a stone was dug out of a gravel pit near Oswestry bearing an undoubted diagram of the game as here shown. The game is played with counters, each of the two players holding nine.



Puzzles innumerable have been devised, both ancient and modern, with such things as coins, matches, and string. These are always popular because on sudden emergencies the material is readily available, for somebody in the company is certain to have in his possession a box of matches, a few coins or a packet of cigarettes, and interest can immediately be created. Then the street hawker will periodically appear with his little stock of puzzles. These are generally made of wire one part of which has to be detached from another. Some twenty years ago one little puzzle sold by them had quite a boom. It consisted of a coin or medal with a split-ring passing through a hole. There were other holes and obstructions, and the puzzle was to detach the ring from the coin. There is one old puzzle that never seems to die out, though it has its intervals of rest. It is popularly known as 'Chinese Rings,' and is shown in our illustration. The puzzle is to detach the loop completely



from all the rings. The old English name was 'The Tiring Irons,' though in Aberdeenshire it is known as 'Glaix,' and the Frenchmen call it 'Baguenaudier.' It is said to have been found in obscure English villages (sometimes deposited in strange places,

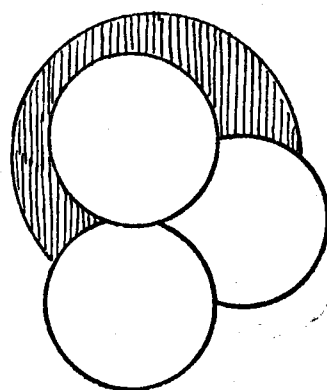
such as church belfries) made of iron, and it is said to be used by the Norwegians to-day as locks for boxes and bags. Its origin is unknown, but Cardan, the mathematician, wrote about it in 1550 and Wallis in 1693. The mathematician of to-day knows all that he wants to know about it.

Apart from the Press and advertisers in the Press, a good puzzle has often been of great value for advertising purposes. A tradesman will distribute to his customers some favourite puzzle, and this, being preserved in a great many homes, perpetually reminds people of the tradesman whose name it bears. Another way is to exhibit curious inventions in the shop windows, such as optical illusions and moving advertisements. Thousands were attracted at various places by the exhibition of Loyd's 'Get off the Earth' puzzle, in which a circular disc revolving mechanically backwards and forwards on a larger disc showed thirteen Chinamen in one position and only twelve in another, the puzzle being to discover where that missing Chinaman went. But the success of the thing was apt to defeat itself, because such large crowds were attracted that the police sometimes stepped in and stopped the exhibition. Another example is to be seen in the windows at the present time. You are shown a large picture with a movable horizontal lath at the top, and as this moves downwards to the bottom it discloses an entirely different picture, and on returning to the top you get the first picture again. This is an extension of a puzzle invented in America some twenty years ago. But it does not attract very large crowds, because, curiously enough, many of the spectators fail to detect any mystery at all! If as the lath ascended and descended it simply dragged down or up a second picture it would be simple enough; but actually its movement discloses, in turn, what one may call two stationary pictures, the top remaining at the top and not being dragged down to the bottom, or the bottom drawn up to the top.

Of course, the business of the professional conjuror lies entirely in puzzles, though he naturally attempts to keep the solutions to himself. All such things as the 'Disappearing Lady' in its manifold forms and the ingenious illusions and mysteries supplied by Messrs. Maskelyne and others are based on the application and extension of some more or less cunning puzzle. Then a considerable profit is sometimes made at fairs and other gatherings by the exhibition of some puzzle which the innocent are invited, on payment of a small sum, to try to solve. The most recent example of this sort is a table on the cloth of which is painted a large red circle, and if with the five discs provided you can entirely cover the circle so that no red is visible, you get a substantial prize. Having placed any disc, you are not allowed to shift it.

The exhibitor shows you that it can be done, but practically no spectator ever succeeds. Even if you master the thing mathematically—and many clever writers have dealt with the subject in magazines and monographs—the chances are against your winning a prize.

It can perhaps be asserted without fear of contradiction that the modern revival of what has been called 'the higher puzzledom' had its origin in the important series contributed to *Tit-Bits* by the present writer (in collaboration with the late Sam Loyd, of New York) from September 26, 1896, to April 2, 1898.



These puzzles undoubtedly created a large amount of interest, and stimulated a taste, both in England and abroad, that has steadily grown until to-day, when the lovers of these things form an immense number. As no other experts were forthcoming, the rivals of *Tit-Bits* were hard put to it to give their readers something attractive in the same line, and so they fell back upon the old picture rebus, that had been worked to death in early Victorian days, with the added incentive of large money prizes. This is the origin of what were known as 'picture puzzles,' now practically worked out, and for the reason we will give.

A number of little pictures were given representing in rebus form such things as British railway stations. Most of these could be solved beyond doubt with a very little thought, but the trick was to introduce a certain number that were quite indeterminate. For example, a picture with a bridge might equally be claimed to be Newbridge, Ironbridge, Ivybridge, Bridgwater, and so on; and it was mere lottery whether you hit upon the one fixed. Astute competitors for the big prizes would buy 100 or more copies of the same issue (for the coupons) in order to ring the changes on those indeterminate pictures. Thus, if, as in the example given, there happened to be four pictures each with four possible readings, you would have to send in 256 variations of coupons. This would cost you over 1*l.* 1*s.* in copies of the paper, but was considered worth while if the prize was 50*l.*, and it was the manner in which the prizes were, for the most part, secured. Now, this meant for the paper a large and fictitious circulation, but the advertiser came in time to see that it was of no advantage to him if the reader bought 100 copies, cut out the coupons, and sent the rest unread to the paper mill.

We have so far not considered word puzzles generally. These

are for the most part restricted to the particular language in which they appear and are incapable of translation. So they generally lack the universality of those puzzles that may be referred to mathematics. Still, some of this class have great antiquity. Of course, the riddle or enigma, such as that of the sphinx and the one propounded by Samson, are in a class by themselves. Perhaps the earliest kind of word play proper was the acrostic, a word derived from the Greek and meaning 'first letter verse.' Thus in Psalm cxix., where (in the Authorised Version) we find preserved the Hebrew alphabet—*aleph, beth, gimel, dalet*, etc.—at the head of every group of eight verses. These are called 'abecedarian' arrangements, as in the Hebrew the successive lines begin with words whose initials are the letters of the Hebrew alphabet in order. These ancient acrostics, for the most part single acrostics, were not regarded as puzzles so much as feats of ingenious or fanciful construction. Real puzzle acrostics do not appear to date earlier than the nineteenth century. It is believed that the first double acrostic was one by 'Cuthbert Bede' (the Rev. J. Bradley), printed in the *Illustrated London News* of August 30, 1856. He calls it an 'acrostic charade,' and writes of these puzzles as agreeable novelties 'lately introduced.' The first published double acrostic in a book, so far as we have discovered, is in a rare little volume called *Charades, Enigmas, and Riddles: Collected by Cantab*, printed in 1860. The author says in the introduction, 'The double acrostic is of very recent invention,' and the modern name for the puzzle is here established.

I have ventured elsewhere to attribute the one-time popularity of these puzzles to their having been a favourite pastime at the Court of Queen Victoria, and I have suggested the possibility that one of the first inventors, if not the very first, was the Queen herself. In a little book I discovered, entitled *Victorian Enigmas: or, Windsor Fireside Researches*, by Charlotte Eliza Capel, printed in 1861, the author says:

As every book must have a preface, perhaps I cannot commence better than by relating the origin of my Enigmas. Some five years ago a copy of one in this collection was handed to me to solve, with these words: 'A friend at Windsor had this from the Palace, said to be written by the Queen for the Royal children.' It was solved at the time and laid by in my desk until the winter before last, when, three kindred spirits having met, I produced it for their amusement. The Enigma disposed of, it was proposed that we should emulate Her Majesty.

Now five years from 1861 brings us back to 1856, the very year when 'Cuthbert Bede' says double acrostics were 'lately introduced.' The Queen's acrostic is not in verse, and it is probable

that 'Cuthbert Bede,' who was a practised versifier, himself first gave this finishing touch to the puzzle.

A solitary example of the word square has come down to us from ancient times. In the latter half of the last century at Cirencester (the Roman Corinium) a fragment of wall plaster was dug up bearing in rustic Roman capitals this inscription, although this particular square was previously known:

ROTAS
OPERA
TENET
AREPO
SATOR

This is also a palindrome reading ROTAS—OPERA—TENET—AREPO—SATOR, backwards and forwards. But unfortunately the sentence has no meaning for us, since the word 'Arepo' is not known to exist. Yet a free translation might be, 'The sower Arepo keeps the wheels at work.' This square was, in old days, supposed to have magical value. All the other examples of word squares are of comparatively modern invention.

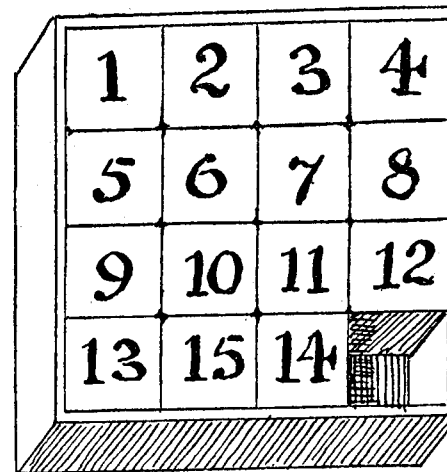
As for the charade, it does not appear to have been known before the eighteenth century, and the origin of the name itself is very uncertain. It is probably derived from the Italian *schiarare*—to disentangle, to clear up. Other forms of word puzzles are anagrams, missing words, cryptograms, buried words, and so on.

Though, as we have seen, the pastime of making and solving puzzles is ancient and universal, the popular crazes for a particular puzzle or type of puzzle are quite modern. This is necessarily so, because these widespread vogues were not possible until we had easy locomotion, the Post Office, and a cheap journalism with wide circulation. One could perhaps cite instances of a particular puzzle creating considerable interest locally within a small area. But the great crazes only became possible under quite modern conditions. The first notable case was that of Loyd's 'fifteen' puzzle, that in 1873 was sold by the million and for a short time almost monopolised the attention of Europe and America. Square blocks were placed loose in a box, as in our illustration, and the puzzle was to exchange the positions of 14 and 15 by moving them without lifting any block from the box. Huge prizes were offered for a correct solution, and the world positively 'went mad' over this little thing. And it has been stated, though doubtless it was a Yankee exaggeration, that some 1500 weak-minded persons in America alone were driven to insanity by it. Certain London shops in Cheapside and elsewhere sold nothing else and were besieged from morning to night, while

hawkers at every street corner found it impossible to supply the demand. And yet to-day it is as dead as Queen Anne. Mathe-

maticians set to work on the thing and discovered a rigid proof of its impossibility. When this became known it gave the thing a death-blow, and the craze died as suddenly as it arose.

Another great boom was 'Pigs in Clover.' This was really a little game of patience and dexterity, and consisted of a round cardboard box containing four marbles that had to be rolled through the



openings in concentric rings into the central compartment or sty. The rolling balls idea was a new one, and it was immediately adapted, with slight variations, in a large number of puzzles that had a considerable sale. A variation of it was a great factor in helping to build up the fortunes of the house of Harmsworth. This great enterprise, it is well known, grew out of the little paper *Answers*, which in its early days had a severe struggle for existence. In May 1889 it announced the issue of the puzzle bearing the name of the publication, and it immediately became a striking success. There were seven differently coloured balls, and they had to be rolled into the space marked 'Answers,' so that each ball stood on its own colour. The puzzle became such a rage that the paper offered a large prize to the person who could get the balls into position in the shortest time. Public competitions were held in some of the largest towns in England, and these resulted in a tie between a Greenwich boy in the employ of Messrs. W. H. Smith & Sons and a Hull man, who went to Leeds to compete. Each performed the feat three times in the surprisingly short aggregate time of 23½ seconds. Some three million examples of the puzzle were said to have been sold.

Picture puzzles had of course a large vogue, and rival popular papers felt compelled to vie with one another in introducing this attraction. But whereas the 'fifteen' puzzle and the rolling pellets puzzles had a sort of fascination in themselves, the interest in the picture puzzles lay almost entirely in the desire to obtain very large prizes with apparently very little trouble. The innocent, who could find out at least one good answer for every

picture, imagined that they had an excellent chance of winning the prize, not knowing that generally the only chance was to adopt the method already described in this article. A friend having expressed his unbelief that such methods were adopted, I wrote confidentially to several of the winners of the big prizes, and they admitted that it was the way in which they succeeded.

The very latest puzzle craze is, of course, the cross-word variety. This kind of pastime, as stated at the beginning of this article, is not new any more than was the old rebus, revived under the name of picture puzzle. The cross-word had its first success in the United States, and, in accordance with the invariable practice in such cases, the English Press was tempted to transfer it to this side. The result was that the tremendous advertisement given to it by its sudden appearance in nearly every paper here, almost simultaneously, excited widespread curiosity, and as the thing was generally presented in an absurdly easy form, and only required a pocket pencil to enable the reader to fill it up in a few moments—on a railway journey or at other times—the habit of solving the puzzles was soon acquired. In fact, this is not unlike the habit of playing various games of patience with cards. We frequently find a player saying to himself 'I won't go to bed until I have made the cards come out right,' or 'I won't until I have found those three words in the cross-word puzzle.' This is a commoner weakness than is generally supposed, and is allied to such tricks as walking along the street pavement without treading on the lines dividing the stones.

The principal factors, therefore, in the creation of one of these big puzzle crazes are these: The puzzle should be one with the simplest possible conditions, that a child can grasp in a few moments. It should be very widely advertised in the Press so that people shall get the fixed idea that 'everybody is doing it,' and an appeal should be made to the cupidity of the avaricious in the offering of money prizes for solution. As we know from the widespread passion for gambling, there is a vast multitude of the population always wishful to obtain large sums of money at a trivial expenditure. You write out, with little trouble, your proposed answers to a set of picture puzzles, or you fill up your cross-word diagram, and then it is merely a question of the small cost of a postage stamp to take your chance for the winning of a more or less big prize.

But apart from this side of the question, there is that more important factor of habit. In the cases of the 'fifteen' puzzle and moving pellets puzzles the public soon tired of these things and the crazes were short-lived; but with cross-words, as with picture puzzles, every example is different (like a hand of patience),

and this adds a fresh stimulus in the form of variety, so these crazes take a much longer time to die out. It is not easy to destroy what becomes a fixed common habit. For example, if a man or woman, after reading an evening paper, is accustomed to solve its cross-word puzzle, 'just to settle one's mind' before retiring to rest, it will be a little grievance if that daily puzzle is suddenly dropped, and may easily lead to a change of newspaper. So the Press, having once created this habit amongst its readers, has to think twice before dropping the puzzles. These people have first to be thoroughly sated, and this takes time. Sooner or later it will be found that these inveterate solvers have acquired such a large and extended acquaintance with the words of the language (an excellent thing in its way) that they will want something a little different. Then the cross-word will end. At any rate, for the present generation; but there can be little doubt that it will be revived again and again in the years to come.

HENRY E. DUDENEY.

THE RAVEN: A BIRD OF THE ISLES

'Tha fios fhithich aige.' ['He has raven's knowledge.']

'Pìob mhor air an fhithich.' ['The bagpipe on the raven'—that is, an impossibility.]

OLD GAELIC SAYINGS.

FOR several hundred years the Norse ruled the Isles, and thus in the Celtic west there has been through the centuries an intermingling of Norse sagas and Gaelic legends.

Since the raven was sacred to Odin, the principal deity of the Scandinavians (the Mars of Scandinavian mythology), it is only natural that the Lords of the Isles should have assumed the raven as their crest because of their Norse descent through Ragnhildis-wife of Somerled. In an illustrated manuscript called 'Workman's,' compiled about 1565, the arms of the Lord of the Isles are thus depicted: OR, an eagle displayed; Gules, surmounted by a galley, in the dexter chief a hand couped of the second. Crest, a raven proper, perched on a rock. Supporters, two bears, each pierced with an arrow. There is a tradition that the raven is the bird of the MacDougalls also, and Professor Watson tells me that Alexander MacDonald, the Gaelic poet, in his poem on a dove, calls the raven Dubhghall (pronounced Dugall). The MacDougalls trace their descent from Dugall, Lord of Lorne and King of the Isles, who in the ninth century married a princess of Norway. Dugall was, so it is said, the eldest son of Somerled, Thane or Regulus of Argyle, by his wife Ragnhildis, daughter of Olave Bitling, called Olave the Red, Norse King of Man and of the Isles.¹ When the Norse subdued the Isles the Celtic natives doubtless heard much raven lore from the vikings, who always took with them on their voyages of exploration a number of ravens because of the power of these dark birds of sensing the direction of a land that was still invisible below the heaving horizon. Incidentally, it is said in the Norse sagas that the raven was the means of the discovery of Iceland. In the west the raven is at the present day often considered the emblem of good luck because it appears when a deer is killed, and to hear the raven's croak

¹ For this information I am indebted to Captain A. R. MacDonald of Waternish.

when setting out on a day's stalking fills the stalker's heart with pleasure.

The raven (with the possible exception of the heron) is first of all the birds to nest in the Isles. There is a saying, 'Nest at Candlemas, egg at Shrove-tide, bird at Easter; if the raven has not these he has death.'

In every district of Scotland except the uninhabited sea-girt Isles of the west the raven's life is hard. Wherever there is game-preserving every keeper's hand is against this black-plumaged bird: it is classed with the grey or hoodie crow as vermin, to be shot whenever possible. 'Give a dog a bad name and hang him' is a saying which applies to the raven. The bird of Odin is, I think, painted in blacker colours than he deserves. One can understand the bitterness against the hoodie, because the grey crow is a thorough rascal and takes heavy toll of the eggs and young of many birds. But the raven is more of a carrion eater, feeding upon any dead sheep lying out on the moor and flying silently along the Atlantic shore after a storm to search for the large crabs and fish that have been cast high and dry upon the beach by the Atlantic rollers.

So wary has the raven become as the result of much persecution, that it is only in the Outer Isles that there is any chance of finding a raven's nest in an accessible spot.

Late one March I heard from the Isles that a nest had been found on a steep heathery slope beside a loch, in an excellent position for photography, and at the end of April, when the young ravens had been hatched, my wife and I sailed over to the Outer Hebrides. A bitter wind from the north was bringing blinding snow showers across the Minch. In Skye the ground was white almost to sea level, and during the intervals between the squalls the high hills seemed to slumber beneath their mantle of snow. A skein of wild geese passed us flying north. They made slow progress against the wind; it seemed strange that on a day such as this they should be steering northward to the icy shores of Greenland, or perhaps Spitsbergen, where they nest. This way and that the feathered company swerved as the gusts caught them, and at times a fiercer squall than usual seemed to bring them almost to a standstill. That evening the Outer Isles were covered with a snowfall heavier than any during the winter, but early next morning the sky was blue, and the sun was pouring down its warm rays upon the treeless country of the Isles. As we crossed a great stretch of boggy moorland to the ravens' nesting place each loch shone in the sun-flood, and, except here and there upon the hills, no snow remained from the storm of the previous day. Beside the track a pair of grey lag geese were feeding, and were so tame that they did not take wing when we

approached, but ran a short distance into the heather as farmyard geese might have done. As we neared the ravens' nesting site both birds flew agitatedly high overhead, calling repeatedly with their deep far-carrying bark. A few days before the keeper had seen one of the pair swoop from a great height upon a greater black-backed gull, which had unwittingly trespassed near the nest, and attack it so furiously that it fled shrieking in terror.

The ravens' nest was built on a little terrace some 15 feet above the waters of a quiet moorland loch. It was protected from the rain (the raven is particular that its young shall remain dry) by very long heather that grew immediately above the nest and drooped over it, acting as a roof. In the nest were four half-fledged young which crouched, silent and afraid, in the nest as we neared it. The hiding tent was put up 15 feet from the nest, and was covered over carefully with long heather so that not a square inch of canvas showed. But the ravens were suspicious, and three hours' watching in a bitter wind gave no success. This was only to be expected, as the raven is one of the most wary and intelligent of British birds, and next morning we again visited the nest hoping for better fortune. The bitter wind had died away. In the still air the sun's rays were pleasantly warm, and hill, sea, and the sister isle to the south were bathed in the soft, mysterious light of the west. As we approached the ravens' nest we could see three red-throated divers courting on the loch; with curious cries they dived, splashed their wings in the water, spoke to one another in strange, harsh voices. One of the ravens was hunting afield; the other flew backwards and forwards, occasionally somersaulting two or three times in rapid succession in true raven fashion.

My wife was left to take the watch in the hide, and the keeper and I walked ostentatiously away in order to distract the attention of the ravens. The watcher remained in her uncomfortable position from 10.30 until 5, and an hour and a half after taking up her watch had the satisfaction of seeing one of the ravens alight on the edge of the nest after much hesitation and anxious croaking. A little later on both birds alighted on the nest, but only for an instant. Altogether during the six hours' watch nine visits were made, and one young one was fed by regurgitation at each visit. The young ravens were feathered, and during the intervals between meals they preened their feathers, amused themselves by pulling at heather stalks, and dozed frequently. But at the approach of either of their parents they became consumed by excitement.

The following day I took the watch. A strong southerly breeze was ruffling the waters of the loch, but on the steep heathery slope beside the nest there was shelter from the wind. A few

minutes after I had been left in the hide a heavy shower passed over, and in the clear interval that followed the young ravens walked out of the nest and stood on the terrace, shaking the rain from their plumage and preening their feathers with the oil which they obtained from the gland at the base of the tail. I had been in the hide just under an hour when a dark form flew low across the loch and one of the old ravens alighted on the nest. As she did so the brood croaked deafeningly in unison, and the parent, with deeper cry, added to the babel of sound. Rapidly she fed one of her family, inserting her bill and half of her head down the gaping mouth of the expectant fledgling. Having fed her child, the old raven croaked frightfully, eyeing the lens of the camera with great suspicion before flying away. Five minutes later she, or perhaps her mate, returned and fed another of the clamouring brood. Altogether there were four visits during twenty minutes, but during the next two hours the ravens did not once appear, and I had ample opportunity of watching the youngsters. One of the brood was indifferently grown, and was a very depressed young person. He lay always in the cup of the nest and held his mouth open feebly, as though mutely asking for the food which his more virile sisters and brothers almost always took, for when either of the parents arrived the rest of the brood trampled upon his prostrate form and concealed him from view.

Sometimes black-throated divers flew, croaking, above the hide, and once the calls of wild geese were heard. Upon the loch red-throated divers and red-breasted mergansers swam, and a twite, or mountain linnet, made cheery music.

The next day the watch was taken by my wife, and she watched, through a tiny peephole in the side of the hide, the courting of a pair of red-throated divers on the loch. During the courtship display the male diver as he swam repeatedly flapped his wings, which were bent close to his flanks. Occasionally he darted forward with his neck outstretched and parallel to the water's surface, so that he seemed curiously snake-like. Sometimes he dived in the midst of his flapping, and when at a little distance from his approving mate he uttered a cry very like a cat's 'mee-ow.'

Five days later, when next I took my watch in the hide, it seemed as though full summer had come to the Isles. There was of old a Celtic belief that the secret name for the month of May was Love. And every lover of the Isles knows that on a still, clear day in May there is abroad a spiritual essence that uplifts the heart and brings the spirit nearer to the realm of the intangible.

On the dark-blue waters of the many lochs the sunlight was sparkling; before the soft breeze the long heather bowed gracefully. In the soft skies a few grey billowy clouds seemed to

float motionless. How immense do the skies always seem in the Outer Isles, where the horizons are limitless and stretch from the ocean in the east to the ocean in the west.

The ravens were becoming gradually accustomed to the hiding tent and the camera lens that stared unwinkingly at them, and this morning, less than half an hour after I had been shut into the hide, one of the old birds returned to feed the brood. Four times in rapid succession she flew in across the loch and quickly fed the young, and then, just before 11 o'clock, she finished her feeding and flew far over the moorland to search for more food.

The young ravens were cheerful and very lively, for they caught the spirit of this glorious morning. They stood and flapped their wings with an excess of vigour, clinging tightly to the edge of the nest as they did so. At times they pecked playfully at the heather stalks of which the nest was made. An hour before noon they lay down in the nest and slept, but twenty-five minutes later were unexpectedly awakened by the arrival of their mother, and immediately there was intense excitement and much flapping of black wings at the prospect of ever-welcome food! Three times in quick succession the parent raven alighted on the edge of the nest, and each time she fed one member of the family. She did not seem to discriminate, but shoved the food down the throat of that member of the family which by its shrieking and general aggressiveness made itself the most important personage. During these visits her throat was distended pouch-like with food, and once I saw her disgorge a piece of red flesh—perhaps a fragment from the carcase of some sheep.

In the early afternoon, as my wife and I were 'changing over,' both ravens flew in from the west, and hopped about on the grass on the opposite side of the narrow loch, the cock apparently feeding the hen. Near the ravens' loch a pair of grey crows were nesting. The hoodie is much later to build than the raven, and this particular pair had not yet hatched out their eggs. On leaving the hide I saw what I imagined to be the male hoodie alight on some boggy ground and pull up carefully the long, withered, coarse grass that grows amongst the heather in wet areas. Amongst the roots he must have found some worm or edible grub, and after a time he took wing in the direction of his sitting mate, meaning, I have no doubt, to feed her on the nest.

Across the calm waters of the Minch one saw the tempest-scarred peaks of the distant Cuillin, grey mists clinging to their slopes; northward rose the height of Harris. And from a great distance came the soft cadences of a wandering cuckoo—the 'returning one,' as she is named in an old saga, that comes with the green wind and goes with the grey wind.

SETON GORDON.

THE DECLINE OF MODERN SCULPTURE

WHEN in the present age men speak of 'art' they usually mean painting. In the Middle Ages they might perhaps have meant any one of many 'mysteries.' If the Greeks had talked of 'art,' they would have meant sculpture. In the age of Michelangelo, though not perhaps in the city of Titian, painting and sculpture might have been indifferently meant. But to-day the word, used without more specification, refers to painting. There is, it seems, a growing suspicion that sculpture is an art of the past. Often the decline and even the decease of the art is confessed; sometimes we are asked why it has fallen from its greatness; usually the degeneracy is assumed, never is it denied. Are these assumptions justified? The arts reflect the life of a race; and the fact, if it be a fact, of the dying of a great art is profoundly significant. Let us agree at once that we are moving towards the decline of all arts, towards that second childhood of a culture when mechanical toys replace humane arts. Sculpture is yet spoken of as in a peculiarly advanced stage of decline. Is it the first to go, as it was the first to arise? Is it the precursor of all else? Is the art of sculpture dead? Is it only moribund? Is it only eclipsed, only gathering strength for a new birth? And whatever be the fact, what are the causes?

In the first place, though we may review the movements of an age, we cannot explain them. The emergence and submergence of human energies is as mysterious as the rise and fall of beliefs. '*Causas non oportet investigare*,' said Roger Bacon 700 years ago, with a wisdom sometimes forgotten by modern scientists.

We will therefore not inquire too curiously. But we will try to see wherein the sculpture of this time is indeed degenerate, how far that may be a symptom of degeneracy in the spirit of the age; and see if the experience of history shows us how sculpture naturally thrives and decays.

But if it is wholesome to make such an effort, we must realise also that it is idle to waste ourselves in regrets. One gift is lost, another perhaps gained. The strength of youth may pass with the 'years that bring the philosophic mind.' 'We must guard,' says Seneca, 'against letting blame fall on our own age. This

has always been the complaint of our ancestors, that manners have been corrupted, that vice reigns. In reality these things do not change but only fluctuate slightly at times like the ebb and flow of the sea.' 'Morality, and all else, moves around in a circle,' says Tacitus.

Now it is important to realise this, especially in the spiritual life of man, which is more constant and less 'immersed in matter' (in Bacon's phrase) than his exterior arrangements. We cannot profitably think about the rise and decline of an art unless we see how natural and inevitable such rise and decline is. We cannot see the causes unless we realise that they are natural—not detachable agencies, 'separable accidents,' but the inherent nature of things, interdependent with their manifestations rather than antecedent to them. Even so hardened a sentimentalist as the late Mr. Clutton-Brock¹ could not persuade himself that there was any 'progress' in the arts. For all that possesses quality, for all that comes from the heart of man sealed with the seal of his eternal and divine humanity, there is no 'Progress.' There is Life. I suppose no thinking man of the younger generation believes it to be otherwise. We would all subscribe to Dean Inge's summing up of this strange phase of popular belief in his Romanes Lecture, and to the cyclical view of the ancients, and of Spengler.² Even among the Victorians the greatest, such as Ruskin, never succumbed. It seems to us strange that the great intellect of Tennyson embraced the belief, and, even though a Christian, made the foundation of his religious hopes that

One far off Divine event,
To which the whole creation moves,

the consummation of an order in space and time.

We see that arts, great and subsidiary, grow and decline; it did not need Herr Spengler to tell us that whole civilisations also move in cycles of similar existence. The individual feels the 'causes' in himself, as I have observed before:

Every man who has tried to create anything knows how hard it is to maintain the strength of the first impulse. It is when we see this freshness of morning energy triumphant to the close of a vast, laborious, subtle and passionate enterprise that we acclaim it great. Genius is the power of sustaining an intense intellectual passion. It is in its essence rare. Therefore the impulse of an esoteric art, like the impulse of the individual artist, inevitably weakens; machinery is duplicated and the inner heat allowed to die away. A motive is exhausted, a manner etiolated. A cold abstraction replaces the reality, the enthusiasm of younger years. There is a recurring cycle, seen in Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides (it is strange

¹ See that curious volume on *Progress in History* edited by Mr. Marvin.

² *Der Untergang des Abendlandes*.

that Euripides died in the same year as Sophocles, though so fully imbued with the modern subtlety). The same is seen in, Bach, Mozart and Beethoven; in architecture, Norman, Pointed, Decorated and Perpendicular (or Flamboyant); and in painting Cimabue and Duccio are followed by a culmination in the second stage—Giotto—passing into decline in the fourteenth century Giottoesques: Masaccio invigorated a century of genius, but no fruit grew on the tree of Florentine painting after Michelangelo; nor could a strong fourth age follow the lineage of Bellini, Titian, Tintoretto, nor in Greek sculpture the succession of Myron and Polycleitus, Pheidias, Praxiteles and Scopas. Within subsidiary developments of art the same history is repeated—notably Greek vases—in Egyptian statuary—in the glazed ware of the Della Robbia firm, Luca, Andrea, Giovanni, or Chinese bronzes; and in the work of individuals, in the three periods of Turner, whose successors were mere impressionists; or of Velasquez, who had no successors until Goya, or of Beethoven, who has had no true successors at all; sometimes the decline coming in the third, usually in the fourth, stage of the development. Modernity is a recurrent phase.

In the Bible itself we can mark the work of three epochs, the heroic in the old songs, as that of Deborah, the mature in the prophecies and histories of the eighth, seventh, and sixth centuries, and, in Arabia, the Book of Job as late as the fifth; lastly the formal, dry, meticulous, in the priestly rescensions; the unbalanced and overwrought in the Apocalypics such as Daniel; and the prosaic narratives in novelettes like 'Esther.' And a similar history can be seen in every phase of man's works.

Now this may seem a long introduction, yet nothing is more remarkable than the way in which we can accept—and dismiss—as *truisms* what we have never yet come to realise and *assume* as true.

We must also pause one moment to notice a relevant feature of the phase of decline in the arts. The heroic stage is long, the growth slow; the summit of excellence is a mountain-peak; thence the descent is sudden, as after Michelangelo. Sudden, yet not then rapid; for recurring effort eddies in a variety of ways for long years, and periods of revival may occur. Now these are most interesting, for the same phenomena recur in all ages and all arts. As the first phase is inspired by action, and the great phase is one of poetry achieved in full prosperity, so the decline is accompanied, and commented, by troops of the learned and schools of critics; as the great past ebbs, so men, conscious of a loss, collect what they can from further decay; the age of decline is an age of thinkers, museums, libraries, in Athens and Alexandria, or in London and Oxford. At the same time self-conscious and systematic art is attempted '*maior cura quam ingenio*' (as Pliny says of Tibius)—often with success; in literature criticism enters art itself, prose overtakes poetry, judgment gains upon feeling and humour upon joy. This can be seen to-day.

But there is one further feature, particularly apposite to sculpture—namely, the imitation of the primitive. In one phase an Augustine or an Origen may find the simplicity of the Bible a stumbling-block to their sophisticated taste in style, or a 'Renaissance' architect sneer at 'Gothic rudeness'; but in a further stage the Roman sculptor mimics primitive statues; the Roman poet (after an age of 'silver' and an age of imitation of Virgil and Cicero) takes to aping Ennius and Nævius and Cato; Macpherson writes *Ossian* and Wagner the *Ring of the Niebelungs*; and Pre-Raphaelites are followed by mimics of negro dolls. This is the phase to be seen in the brutal monsters of Mr. Epstein and in many war memorials; where Leighton strove to be classical, we croak ourselves primitive.

Yet we must not be too hasty. We are ready to cry 'Ichabod' when there is still enough to reverence and to do. Though ready to look at a truth not flattering to vanity, we must not forget the warning which I quoted above. Revivals are possible. A great ἀριστεία of action like the French Revolution or the war can bring men back to the strength of earth. Scott,³ for instance, was a painter of men who, for truth, catholicity and nobility, is with Homer and Shakespeare. Who else is? And he is thus a rebuke to our doubt, 'Whence comes such another?' as is the appearance of the Venus of Melos in the second century. We may be epigoni, but the end is not yet.

Let us then look at the sculpture of our day. We will not waste time over all the decline since Michelangelo, nor discuss the nineteenth-century statues of London and Paris. What makes the subject interesting is just that occasional emergence of greatness in decline—Alfred Stevens and Rodin. And to-day we have a *quantity* to judge by, which in these six years has equalled the previous sixty. Since the war the most solemn of themes has been offered to hundreds of sculptors. What is the result? It is hard to say. In many ways I had rather not make the attempt. There are limits of feeling which the critic should not pass. He may criticise a bust or a fountain; but a monument of reverence and of love at the utmost inadequate, at the least sacred, should be exempted from his analysis and comment. I will not, therefore, discuss any of the memorials by name, whatever I may feel about them. Time will seal the worthy and stamp the offending with its judgment; '*securus judicat orbis terrarum*'—it is still, in Newman's words, 'that palmary saying of St. Augustine.'

Moreover, some are so ambitious and striking that we cannot yet grasp them completely. 'A poet must create the taste by

³ In his Scottish novels—and above all in those colossal masterpieces of Epic narrative, of tragedy and humour, *Old Mortality*, *Rob Roy*, *The Heart of Midlothian*, and *The Bride of Lammermoor*.

which he is to be judged,' said Wordsworth—true originality is the insight into a new Truth; but specious originality is common enough, a mere parade of 'peculiar marks,' generally, as Reynolds calls them, 'defects.' I feel that the undeniable look of originality which marks the memorial to the Artillery by Mr. Jagger should silence its detractors, and perhaps restrain its admirers. I am truly impressed by it—this I will say; to say more would be impertinent. For there is a further complication to our judgment. The interest of anything produced by passions so abnormal as those of the war can never be wholly artistic. It is partly psychological—I might say pathological; and to future generations will be perhaps in this manner historical. They will look at the memorials to see a reflection of our state of mind; and not a free creation of imagination, borne up and not overborne by passion—'passion remembered in tranquillity.' For this reason the greatest art cannot be originated by acts and sufferings like those of our war; yet a sincere expression of those experiences, wrought out with a spirit unsubdued though darkened, may well live as long as an art more universally true, born of a time less uniquely moving. And we may be sure that imitative and conventional monuments, mock-mediæval or fancy-Greek or mechanically primitive, will be of as little interest to our descendants as are Flaxman's and Marochetti's to us, compared with even bald and half-inarticulate reflections of our real minds. There are some sadly artificial concoctions, and there are also some not academic, but none the less heartless—grotesque and doll-like figures, false to all humanity. No pathological interest can make a falsehood long worth thinking about; and nothing but the expression of a Truth can ever be enduring Art. It is not enough even for a man to believe this falsehood; it is of no worth if it be not actually true; and of little worth if it be not a great and noble truth. The French memorials seem to me stereotyped rhetoric and little more; truth seems in them hardly sought.

But I think this much we can say—that the technical skill and originality of design shown in the memorials both in England and France has been remarkable; and the sincerity which has perhaps in this country raised some to greatness has occasionally curbed invention, through pardonable reticence; in others respect will fail even where admiration is not called forth. But note: the most striking effort has been in *abstract* design, often even—terrible as this is—in a machine-cut mass untouched by human hand or feeling, but sometimes at least in a design musically expressive of a mood of solemnity and awe; and this has been perhaps a wise instinct if the result has often been dull; partly from fear of 'realism,' partly because men who had had no

similar opportunities of practice before could not trust themselves to express more than this, partly from the terrible modern fear of religious expression in public, partly—and this is the central crux—because of the nature of sculpture itself. Here we have the key of our problem. The war memorials are not felt to be fully satisfying. We have felt more satisfaction in painting or in poetry, and far more in music. Modern sculpture absorbs the energies of few men, and not the whole mind of those: it is looked at by few; our feelings turn elsewhere more naturally. And this is due to the nature of sculpture, and to the nature of modern feelings. The attempts even of genius like Rodin's are felt to be a transcendence—perhaps even a transgression—of the modes proper to the art. His *Prodigal Son*, his *Thought*, his *Thinker*, his *Age of Bronze*, even some of his portrait busts (like the strange half-blurred and mist-veiled face in the Tate), show a straining as of 'music yearning like a god in pain,' impressing us by their inarticulate inadequacy rather than by their perfected power. These effects are not the proper triumphs and trophies of sculpture, but of colour, words, sound. German sculpture⁴ seems full of a conflict of brutal sensuality with a weight of thought that stone cannot convey except when touched by a Michelangelo. Again, in portrait busts, of which there are many good ones, we realise sometimes that an attempt has been made which sculpture cannot compass. If we are interested in mystery of colour, subtlety of expression, suggestion, mood, and in detail of individuality, we cannot express them in sculpture. Delicacy of hair, or textures, or plants, no skill can strike out of the material; only the coarser features can be given, and where delicacy is the essence this result is ugliness. Still less can subtlety of expression be conveyed. And if these things are a misdirection of sculpture, realism is a degradation of it. But more important than the unsuitability of sculpture to express such things is its unique suitability to express others. Reynolds says in his Tenth Discourse in words which cannot be bettered:

The excellence of every art must consist in the complete accomplishment of its purpose; and if by a false imitation of nature, or mean ambition of producing a picturesque effect or illusion of any kind, all the grandeur of ideas which this art endeavours to excite be degraded or destroyed, we may boldly oppose ourselves to any such innovation. If the producing of a deception be the summit of this art, let us at once give to statues the addition of colour, . . . but the character of sculpture makes it her duty to afford delight of a different, and perhaps of a higher kind.

Experimenters are 'violating its essential character, by giving a different direction to its operations, and proposing to themselves

⁴ Though I confess I judge chiefly from photographs, such as those in *Deutsche Plastik*, a well-known volume of the *Blaue Bücher*.

either what is unattainable, or at best a meaner object of pursuit.' Modern sculptors realise this, and bind themselves to perhaps even too ascetic a code and a forced purism, a ruthless abstraction. What can sculpture express?

It is 'immersed in matter.' A hard material is moulded or carved into a shape, seen under the operation of light. We have then Form, and Tone. Nothing more. All structure, strength, and grace of organic form can be conveyed; all that music of line or mass, the moving curve or the steady straightness can express, of dignity and repose and awe and grandeur, or of delight or pain of agitation, sculpture can give. This in the hand of Pheidias or Michelangelo is immense; but it is not all that men can experience. It is finite; there is something beyond which belongs to other arts—both an infinity of the soul and a concentration of the mind upon the intense, minute particular.⁵ If we are not satisfied in sculpture, it is because sculpture belongs to a different kind of experience. In fact, it has never been the characteristic art of the Western world; it was the characteristic art of the ancient civilisations.

The expression of Pheidias is complete; but the explanation of our dissatisfaction comes when we realise that even the expression of Michelangelo is incomplete, reaching to experiences only expressible by a Turner or a Beethoven in their arts. It was too much even for him against the recalcitrance of Matter: *Non vi si pensa quanto sangue costa*. The ideal of Western life Spengler calls (as others before him have called it) 'infinity'; a desire for a kingdom not of this world, which has leavened the world, though unconscious of its debt, unresponsive to its meaning, and hence unpossessed of the quietness and confidence which is our strength. The difference is palpable on a comparison of Greek with Mediæval sculpture. All great art is both 'Classical' and 'Romantic'—that is, it is both reasonable and passionate, it is both typical and particular, it is both simple and varied; but sculpture leans to the Classical, the mediæval mind to the Romantic. Hence the great beauty of Desiderio da Settignano, Mino da Fiesole, Rossellino, and Luca della Robbia, is half a beauty of painting; Ghiberti and Donatello even (most significantly) attempt landscape and perspective. Donatello is a true modern Mediæval—a mind at war for peace; full of religious feeling beyond the scope of stone. Michelangelo still more is a divided mind; his art is a conflagration lit by the shock of rival worlds. In all the essence is the feeling for the infinite. Ruskin looks for a sense of infinity in all great art as the mark of its truth (and therefore of its greatness), so impregnated is he with the new

⁵ It is significant that Watts painted Time, Death, Judgment, Love, Death, the Dweller in the Innermost, and the portraits of individual men; the name of his great statue is 'Physical Energy.'

wine of the Western spirit. 'We may be quite sure that what is not infinite cannot be true.' He writes of landscape, and the infinity he craves is expressible chiefly in the illimitable sky; but that he should be driven to landscape, and touch so much less on sculpture, is significant. He says: 'I have no hesitation in asserting that no work of art in which this expression of infinity is possible can be perfect or supremely elevated without it, and that, in proportion to its presence, it will exalt and render impressive even the most tame and trivial themes.' The only qualification he adds is to say 'the absolute necessity, for such I indeed consider it, is of no more than such a mere luminous distant point as may give to the feelings a species of escape from all the finite objects around them.' The Greeks did not crave escape; they feared 'the illimitable'—τὸ ἀπειρον. And sculpture can only suggest it by its own distortion: not—it must at once be added—by the distortion of the human body; never does Christian experience ask deformity of Nature; into that strange Puritanism even Mr. Warrack falls in his 'Introduction' to *Greek Sculpture*. All the health of Hellas is assumed and incorporated in the Christian idea. But the repose and self-completeness of sculpture is indeed distorted by the expression of spiritual dissatisfaction. It is for that that Ruskin valued Michelangelo:

The light or the fear of the spiritual things that move beside it may be seen on the body; and that bodily form with Buonarroti, white, solid, distinct material, though it be, is invariably felt as the instrument or the habitation of some infinite, invisible power; . . . every fragment and atom of stone that he ever touched became instantly inhabited by what makes the hair stand up and the words be few: the St. Matthew, not yet disengaged from his sepulchre, bound hand and foot by his graveclothes, it is left for us to loose him; the strange spectral wreath of the Florence pieta, casting its pyramidal, distorted shadow, full of pain and death, among the faint purple lights that cross and perish under the obscure dome of Sta Maria del Fiore; the white lassitude of joyous limbs, panther-like yet passive, fainting with their own delight [of the Bacchus], . . . and finally . . . those four ineffable types, not of darkness nor of day, not of morning nor of evening, but of the departure and the resurrection, the twilight and the dawn of the souls of men, . . . all these . . . have borne . . . the same inexplicable power . . . which goes whither we cannot follow, and is where we cannot come.

'Bound hand and foot,' 'distorted,' 'pain and death,' 'fainting,' 'ineffable,' 'whither we cannot follow': note such phrases, and the word of colour, 'purple lights,' which Ruskin adds to explicate his feeling. It is beyond the scope of sculpture. Freedom from this longing can only come through painting, through poetry, and, above all, through music, 'that strange unfathomable speech' (it is Carlyle's word) 'which takes us to the edge of the Infinite, and lets us for a moment look into that.'

Sculpture, then, cannot be our art. But we have yet on question at our hearts. Though none since the Greeks could express the new experience save by attempting (like Donatello) the effects of painting, or by a strain like Michelangelo's, yet they did very great things; so did Stevens and Rodin—yet with lesser scope, and as exceptions; there is this decline in our day to reflect upon.

If the incompleteness of Donatello and Michelangelo be due partly to their greater range of feeling, the failure of sculpture since their time is due to a falling off from simplicity and strength; for we must never lose sight of the heroic qualities proper to the art. There has been a dearth of men to work and of men to understand. The Spirit of the Age has sapped the life of both. This I think everyone will acknowledge. Sculpture belongs not only to one world age rather than to another; it belongs within any age to an earlier and plainer phase.

It is not every boy who can be made into a sculptor. Certain elements, certain influences, must have been present in his mind and entwined with his nature all his life. In the first place, he must have a degree of health and strength even greater than a painter needs. No artist dare be weak. But the very labour of sculpture is heavy. The conceptions of sculpture must be massive and stony, the products of a mind congenial to mighty forms—a native of the rocks; no airy fancies, no vague dreams, can float to their expression through chisel and mallet. Is this an age in which such bodies and such minds are nourished? Secondly, a sculptor needs a respect and feeling for matter more even than a painter. A boy bred in the Potteries would come more gladly to the work than a boy from a bookish school, even if he had spent his time there playing and rambling and 'making things.'

But still further, a native of rocky country would have absorbed into the texture of his mind *shapes* of stone and mighty presences—'himself a presence and a motion, one among the many there.'

Michelangelo drank in the influence of the stones of Settignano with his foster-mother's milk. Almost all great art has grown near mountains; but history records that upon sculpture the potency of Nature's monuments of energy is paramount. The influence is twofold, and can be felt by anyone who has been much among mountain people, now almost the only natural peasants in the world. First, all the ways of speech, as all the movements of the body, are moulded in a noble form; a natural music, a pure motion full of energy, is felt in both. Wordsworth's exposition in the Preface to the *Lyrical Ballads* is too famous to quote again—truth to which others have long witnessed, and all can to this day prove. How different this rugged but clear and

varied music of eloquence is from the swollen and slipshod mumbling and flattened and degraded vowels of the dense-eared Londoner, Ruskin and many more have noticed and any man with an ear can detect. Those who suppose this to be unimportant have no sense of the fineness of energy which the hill-men preserve, nor of the correspondence between the inner mind and the outer expression. There is perhaps no gulf so profound as that between the man nourished by Nature and 'enduring things' and the man degraded by sloth and evasion in modern towns. Now this kind of natural strength, as of the rocks and clear streams of the hill country, is the truest source of a sculptor's music. It was so in Athens and in Florence. And more profoundly still, the moral and intellectual motions of his nature, nurtured by the same influences, can alone give birth to a noble style in an art which, if it is not simple and strong as Nature, sinks to a foiled competitor with subtler and more fluent arts. Sculpture for good or for ill is primitive. If it is to revive, it can only do so by a return to Nature; as its material must be hewn from the rocks, so must its makers' minds. It may be that a race bred near Nature in New Zealand or Canada may do what cannot be done even in North England. It may be there will be no more great sculpture in the world. It is idle to speculate, though, if indeed the vulgarity, sentimentalism, materialism, sophistication of the world, and its '*fretta, che l'onestade ad ogn'atto dismaga*' bear down the arts of a nobler age to destruction, we cannot help regret. '*Victrix causa deis placuit, sed victa Catoni*.' And perhaps Cato is on the side of the gods in the end, not on the side of the devil, who is '*der Geist der stets verneint*,' ὁ ἀντίπατος τοῖς κόσμικοις, but rather of those

Who wage contention with *their time's decay*
And of the past are all that cannot pass away.

In any case, like Margaret Fuller, of Boston, we must 'accept the universe!' But Carlyle's reply—'Gad, ma'am, ye'd better'—is a word particular to the sculptor too—namely, that whatever his gifts, there is another factor: does the universe want him? One unurbanised retreat may breed such a man, as Scotland bred Walter Scott; but it is the 'great world' for which he must work. It accepted Scott; would it accept a modern Pheidias? We must not forget that one more reason for the decline of an art is the decline of patronage. War memorials have arisen; but the men who made them have now nothing to do and no means to do it. Most of them will almost certainly cease to be sculptors. For sculpture cannot adapt itself to the new age, like literature. There are no more epic poems, no more poetic dramas; but there is the novel. There cannot be a Scott of

Sculpture; such a man will be a painter—perhaps a musician. I have (if I may speak of myself) found that a picture on a theme which a Greek would have treated in sculpture has arisen in my mind in a music of form, tone and colour *united*; inseparable from a mood of landscape; implicit with facial expression; moreover, half inarticulately *heard* in the mind as a musical motive. I mention this because it is, I think, the experience of others also, and because I am not very 'modern.' The tendency is inevitably towards painting, and beyond that towards music, though the advertisement hoarding and the barrel-organ now in the street do not lend a very rosy colour to the prospect. These arts also have passed their apogee; it is, after all, the centenary of the death of Beethoven. There are certainly comparatively few sculptors even attempting the experiments of painters and musicians; and their leanings are either to abstract architectural design, or else to a vain attempt to transcend limits inherent in their art. Sculpture, then, cannot truly adapt itself; and public taste is not likely to return to a desire for it. Small ornaments—more suited to ivory, pottery, or silver—it may like, and get. If it wants large statuary of some kind or any kind, it will have it. The French deem it necessary, and have it. But is it in the best sense sculpture? Rodin was great, but an exception; the rest lack those physical and moral qualities which are the essential prerequisites of sculpture; no race is more urbanised, less Greek, than the French. Yet when a public demands statues it gets them. We can get them in England for war memorials. We have only to consider the history of art to see how far genius depends for its exercise on patronage. Venice contains sixty vast works by Tintoretto, distributed in only thirty churches. In Florence six times as much money was spent on art as is spent in England; but when Edward III. repudiated his debts and the Florentine banks failed, there was no more Florentine art for fifty years. We have only to contrast the extraordinary opportunities of Ghiberti or Donatello with those of Alfred Stevens to realise that, though Nature produces genius, society uses or abuses it. Each age gets what it wants—churches, or portraits, or machines. Stevens perhaps did more valuable work in designing articles of widespread domestic use than in concentrated efforts of sculpture. Nevertheless, the fact is that he did not—save in his one opportunity and glorious victory of the Wellington monument—leave the world sculpture; whereas Landseer, Gilbert Scott, and Marochetti did; and domestic utensils from their hands we are spared.

One matter, however, may be urged: every man does employ a statuary once at least. Is there any reason why the monumental stonemasons should not be the same persons as the

sculptors? There is no reason why the opportunity which produced the reliefs of the Greek Cerameikos and the tombs of Italian churches should not be matched. Whether the work would be answerable to the opportunity we cannot tell. The war memorials have given no certain answer. But to such speculations no answer need be attempted; it rests on the knees of the gods. We can but do in our various arts what our gifts and opportunities grant, thankfully if it be great, ungrudgingly if it seems small; to question further were 'to take on us the mystery of things.'

D. H. BANNER.

JEAN SARMENT AND THE NEW ROMANCE

FRANCE is preparing to celebrate this year the centenary of the great romantics, and in readiness for the event we are taking down the volumes, perhaps a little dusty, in which *Chatterton* and *Hernani* embalm a tradition whose virtues we can afford to admire because we have learned to smile upon its excesses. The romantics of the early nineteenth century have been so closely identified with this tradition that we often talk as though romance itself had existed never before or since. The substance of romance, however, is as old as the literature of Christendom, and the form of it as perpetual as the revolt of each succeeding age against the habits of its predecessors. For romance is, in effect, the literature of escape—in substance an escape from the discipline of life and in form an escape from the discipline of the academies. It is the permanent element in art and literature which substitutes for the material world an ideal freely and audaciously created as a refuge from things as they are, an adventure in quest of the Fortunate Islands. The spirit of romance is thus eternal, though it has often in history been suppressed or disfigured. We have learned to smile at the sorrows of *Manfred*; we no longer dream with *Emma Bovary* of the knights and wizards of Walter Scott; *Childe Rolande* may be to us a stranger and *Childe Harold* a mistake. But though the fashion changes, the spirit remains.

Critics have maintained that the romantic outburst of the early nineteenth century was the literary result of the Revolution. It is difficult to admit such a contention except in the sense that most literary and historical movements sooner or later provoke their opposites. The romanticism of the nineteenth century was in France a protest against a generation which had set out to create a perfect and sufficient world for a reasonable man. For the authors who prepared and the leaders who carried out the French Revolution romance was no longer needed. It might have been necessary in the Middle Ages, when men were tormented with problems above the reaches of their souls, when they were driven to seek in spiritual illusions a refuge from a shockingly uncomfortable world, and had learned from generations of priests and philosophers that the soul must fulfil itself in immaterial

ways. But when Robespierre had enthroned the Goddess of Reason, and when, thanks to an enlightened political system, men were about to live happily and wisely on earth, it was, they thought, quite possible to exist without illusion, to close the book of romance, to restore the classic conception of a sound mind in a sound body, to achieve in life the perfection and harmony of the great pagans. The wise men of antiquity had felt no need of ecstasy or mysticism; they lived with reality in the sun and looked for no fables under the moon. Brutus, the doctrinaire and political assassin, was a more satisfactory object of veneration to the contemporaries of Robespierre than St. Augustine or Thomas Aquinas. There was no longer any need to dream of an ideal world because man, politically free and intellectually emancipated, was going to bring in the millennium in flesh and in fact. So for nearly a generation romance was apparently extinguished—or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that for nearly a generation men affected to do without it. The result was the reaction which gave us the *Meditations* of Lamartine, and the preface to *Cromwell*. Romance, spiritually the child of Christendom, because Christendom is a kingdom not of this world, and because it continually emphasises the antagonism of soul and sense, proved itself to be, once for all, a necessity of the human mind. The violence of the romantic reaction against the neo-classicism of the eighteenth century was a measure of the extent to which right, reason, and flawless logic had failed to satisfy the imaginative and spiritual cravings of the generation which had accepted them. Meanwhile, precisely the same reaction was to be noted in England, where the classic conception of life, triumphant in the eighteenth century, and resulting in a similar starvation of the spirit, was followed by a similar rebellion. Romance was born again in France when it was realised that human souls required more than a social contract, and it was born again in England when it was realised that the *Essay on Man* was not the final word on his place in the universe.

The vital energy of romance resides primarily in its reaction against the classic or Augustan spirit which seeks perfection and serenity in a reasonable balance of human faculties, and rests content with their wise employment. It is a protest against a satisfied acceptance of man's estate—an acceptance which is essentially pagan and aristocratic—pagan because it allows no room for spiritual yearnings, and aristocratic because only the leisured few can practise its lofty Epicureanism with dignity and refinement. For the multitude romance, which offers an escape from present deficiencies and permits each individual imagination to be king in its own house, is essential. Without it human existence can only be described in the terms of the seventeenth century philo-

sopher who so clearly saw the reverse side of the doctrines of Pangloss. The life of man, said Hobbes, is nasty, brutish and short—a declaration which embodies the inevitable view of the majority upon the best of all possible worlds from which romance is systematically excluded. The romance of the Middle Ages was a Christian reaction from the Augustan conception of life which perished with Rome. The romance of the nineteenth century was a reaction from the Augustan conception of life which perished with Queen Anne (though it took an inordinately long time to discover that she was dead).

Similarly to-day the new romance, which we are about to consider, is a reaction against the more insidious rationalism which prevailed in Europe at the beginning of the present century. The optimists of the eighteenth century sought perfection in the present (whatever is, is right), and they based it on the adequacy of reason and the unassisted flesh. The modern optimists seek perfection in the future (whatever will be, will be right), and they base it on the adequacy of instinct rationally directed, the faculties of man obeying a semi-mystical process variously described, but most familiar perhaps under the title of creative evolution. The disciples of Rousseau thought of the golden age as a state of innocence from which mankind had been perverted by bad laws: man is born free, but everywhere he is in chains. The disciples of Mr. H. G. Wells think of the golden age as a condition of enlightenment to which mankind will attain by means of good laws: man is for the moment a slave, but one day he will be free. The root idea is the same in both cases—namely, that man can create his own paradise on earth with the exercise of a little intelligence and by the liberating of his natural impulses towards justice and perfection.

The new rationalism is more insidious than the old, because, while appealing to the intelligence, it pretends to appeal also to the imagination, and affects to satisfy the moral and mystical instincts of which Christianity is in Europe so far the highest expression. M. Bergson's creative evolution might be only another name for God Almighty, and the Barnabas of *Back to Methuselah* more than holds his own for miracles with St. Barnabas of the Acts. The new rationalism does not make the mistake of previous Augustans. It does not deliberately and flagrantly offend the Christian and romantic conception of life. Mr. H. G. Wells, it is true, is personally rude to St. Augustine, but Mr. Bernard Shaw is extremely kind to St. Joan, while the prince of all modern pagans, Anatole France, loved and understood the Christian saints and philosophers even better than many of their clerical apologists.

Fundamentally, however, the more recent form of the doctrine

of the perfectibility of man on earth is as destructive of romantic idealism as the earlier and simpler variety against which the romantics of the nineteenth century so vigorously protested, and the reaction against it is bound to be proportionately more complex and more prolonged. Already the reaction was overdue when the new century began. Then came the war, overwhelming a generation which was being taught that man was equal to his own salvation, and that all would be well with him in 10,000 years. The optimism of Pangloss himself could not have survived that catastrophe, and the new romance, which would in any case have made its appearance in the first quarter of the new century, came to a rapid maturity in that dreadful incubator.

Be it observed at once that the new romance is in one respect essentially different from that of which we are this year to celebrate the centenary. The great romantics of the nineteenth century were entirely sure of themselves. They had no misgivings as to the effectiveness and value of their activities. Their heroes took up a commanding position in the centre of the universe. Nature was a reflection of their moods. When they were angry, only a thunderstorm could do justice to their state of mind; when they were sublime, the mountains knew of it; when they were happy, the stars sang in their courses; the ocean rose and fell to their meditations. They were, as Mrs. Carrol Romer observed in an article¹ recently contributed to this Review, 'interested in life only so far as they could observe it in themselves; and Nature, imposing no lesson on them, only served to give still more beautiful expression to their sorrow.' Their sorrow, indeed, was immense; it filled the world. It was worth while, and they thoroughly enjoyed it. Their passions and aspirations were of enormous consequence. With a magnificent insolence they shook their fists in the face of destiny, or with a complacency more subtle insisted that Nature existed only to soothe their sadness or to make it more impressive.

This insolence of the nineteenth century romance was at once the cause of its splendour and the measure of its limitations. It had little room for any sense of proportion and no room at all for a sense of humour. It was incapable of seeing itself objectively as a future generation would see it. And that is precisely the respect in which it differs completely from the romance which is coming to maturity at the present moment. For the most obvious and immediate characteristic of the new romance is its humility, a certain curious objectivity which, even though it restores the introspective idealism of the earlier variety, enables it to see this idealism for exactly what it is worth. It creates an illusion, but smiles in the act of creation. It restores the romantic figures of

¹ 'Matthew Arnold and some French Poets, June, 1926.'

the earlier literature, exhibiting them in the old impressive attitudes, sympathising with their excessive sorrows, comprehending their pathetic egoism, resuscitating their pathetic fallacies; but at the same time it brings to bear upon these lonely and impressive figures a charitable irony, an affectionate compassion. The device of the new romantic pilgrim is written at the head of the most ambitious of the plays of M. Jean Sarment: *Je suis trop grand pour moi*. The new hero has his illusions and his ideals; he aspires after perfection; he is dissatisfied with the life of every day; he feels himself to be born to finer things, able to rise to the level of finer issues, than those which lie about him. But he is not equal to his splendid destiny. He cannot live up to his visions. He is Virgile Egrillard, whose walking-stick is the symbol of his defiance of the commonplace, and who will one day achieve greatness; but he mislays the walking-stick and marries the good wife who is an innkeeper. The new romantic hero is big enough to reject the life of every day as inadequate, big enough to realise that 'to hoard and sleep and feed' is to sell his birth-right; but that does not necessarily mean that he is big enough to command his destiny. It means, perhaps, no more than that he is too big for his boots.

M. Sarment may be taken as the typical young author of the new romance. He is not yet thirty years old, and he came of age in the theatre before he had attained his legal majority. His first play, *La Couronne de Carton*, was crowned by the French Academy in 1920, and produced in February of the same year by the Théâtre de l'Œuvre. In April of the next year the Théâtre de l'Œuvre produced *Le Pêcheur d'Ombres*. In May 1922 the High Commissioner of the French Republic in the Rhineland was a party to the production of *Le Mariage d'Hamlet* at Mayence, and the play was transferred later in the year to the Odéon. In March 1924 M. Sarment was received at the Comédie Française, the title of the play being most appropriately *Je suis trop grand pour moi*. Since then he has had further successes: *Madelon*, produced at the Porte St. Martin in 1925, and *Les Plus Beaux Yeux du Monde*, produced in 1926 at the Théâtre du Journal de Paris, and now triumphantly on tour in France, Belgium, and Switzerland. *As-tu du cœur*, his last play, is at present running in Paris at the Théâtre de la Renaissance. Add to this list of uninterrupted successes the fact that M. Sarment is an actor whom the public likes to see in his own plays, that he is married to the most charming of his interpreters, and that no living author has been more extravagantly praised by all the best critics of Paris, and we get the portrait of a fortunate youth which seems too good to be true.

Yet this is the author whose plays are full of sorrows, essays in disillusion, a dramatic world whose inhabitants are continually

trying to escape the limitations of reality, but who—and this is where the new romance differs from the old—are not sufficiently confident in the illusions which they cherish either in regard to themselves or others to achieve their ideals. They are presented with charity, but never with infatuation, as pitifully secluded in a world of their own, fugitives from life and not its masters.

We will take first the play, second in order of writing, entitled *Le Mariage d'Hamlet*. We take it first because it so admirably serves as an introduction. It is at the same time a study in the new romance and a gentle mockery of the old. Hamlet, like the people of the *Dear Brutus* of Sir J. M. Barrie, is here given his second chance. Seventeen years after the tragedy of Elsinore he is permitted to return to earth along with Polonius and Ophelia. Restored to a simple and sane existence, with no father to avenge, he is for a brief moment content. But soon he misses his destiny. Polonius calculates that Hamlet and Ophelia have at least 7080 days of youthful happiness in front of them, reckoning only thirty days to the month. '*C'est énorme*,' says Hamlet pensively. He discovers that Ophelia has one eye slightly larger than the other. At Elsinore he had not had time to notice it. He is no longer her dear lord, but simply Hamlet, like any ordinary lover. And she is a prude in her conduct, though secretly perhaps a wanton in her disposition. In fact, life promises to be thoroughly undistinguished, and he begins to hanker after the fate of which at Elsinore he was the illustrious victim. And soon he is caught up in a pitiful travesty of his former life. It is the tragedy of Hamlet, but with a difference. The spectre which sends him posting to Elsinore to resume his romantic rôle of the man with a destiny is a practical joke of the local peasantry. He discovers a new Ophelia ready to die for him, but this Ophelia is a maid-servant. He cannot even kill Polonius, for in the world of fact Polonius outlives a dozen Hamlets. The utmost he can achieve is to perish with his new Ophelia. She calls him 'lord,' and he presents her as his queen to the rabble who destroy them; but the old Ophelia, with the unequal eyes, marries the local captain, and Polonius becomes a justice of the peace.

Such is the doom of the new romantic hero. Like his prototype, he is too fine for common purposes and calls imperatively for a higher destiny. His cry is answered; but that destiny for which he clamours is a grotesque illusion, and his acceptance of it is at the same time ludicrous, and yet more pitiful than the old.

Le Mariage d'Hamlet is an ironic presentation of the romantic hero in his attitude to common life. *La Couronne de Carton*, the first of the plays of M. Sarment, is a more serious treatment of the same theme. A young prince, heir to a throne, lives incognito under the name of Villiers. He discards his rank in order to dis-

cover the world. In the first act we see him melancholy, sceptical in association with people whom he knows to be unworthy, or who are seeking an escape from reality themselves. Among them is Mary, a young actress. She attracts him, and he is ripe for a genuine passion. But she is too sophisticated to distinguish the real man from the mask he wears. He has with her moments in which sincerity prevails, but Mary misunderstands these moments. She regards them, not as expressions of the real man, but of the attitude he has chosen to assume. On the occasions when he is true to himself she is bored and incredulous. He is therefore driven to play extravagantly up to her conception of him, and the more extravagantly unreal he becomes the more she is pleased and dominated. He has among his effects some theatrical properties—a cardboard crown and a coronation robe in red velvet and imitation ermine. One evening as he is sitting with his friends (none of whom knows that he is a prince) it is seen in the newspapers that the king, his father, is dead and that the heir is being sought to take up the succession. Villiers is genuinely moved by the news; but his friends assume that this is only another of his many affectations. Again his sincerity is unconvincing. Suddenly he breaks away. He knows, he says, where the prince is to be found, the prince who is now to be king; and a moment later he appears before them with the cardboard crown and the false robe, to be received with bursts of merriment as the most amusing fellow in the world.

Later that night he sees Mary and declares his love for her. But it is his doom to be convincing only when he is least himself. She who was intrigued by his attitude is not impressed by his sincerity. He leaves her, and, returning to his country, takes up his inheritance. He is now a real king with ideals and responsibilities, believing in himself and taking seriously his great position. He sends for Mary. But he finds that, just as she was not moved by the lover who sincerely declared himself, she is equally unimpressed by the king who is a king indeed. Disappointed by her failure to take him for what he is truly worth, he sends for the cardboard crown and the false robe, and becomes, for her amusement and delight, an extravagant parody of himself. Thereby he wins her at the last entirely, but destroys his love for ever. She had believed only in the parody of himself, and henceforth he can only smile at his absurd rival in the cardboard crown, the rival he had himself created and who had won her from the real man.

We find here the old romantic hero, misunderstood, a prince in disguise, disdainful of common life. But there is an element which is wholly new—a smile askance of the hero at himself, a humility and detachment which enables him to see through and deprecate his own pretences. The new Hamlet is gentler than the

old. You may take the measure of his greater charity by comparing the farewell to Ophelia of Shakespeare's Hamlet (the prototype of all romantic heroes too fine for this world) with the last dismissal of Mary by Villiers in the modern play. There is here no savage tormented crying of 'Get thee to a nunnery. Why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners?' Villiers is kindness itself: 'Si je vous ai fait du mal que je ne puisse pas réparer, je vous en demande pardon, mais je ne crois pas que cela soit. . . . Adieu, ma petite Mary.' And note that the new Hamlet is gentler than the old because his disillusion is more complete. There is here no room for passionate rebellion or any crying out upon the realities with which he is unable to cope. The facts are thus, and they must be accepted as becomingly as possible.

Le Pêcheur d'Ombres, produced at the Théâtre de l'Œuvre in 1921, is perhaps the most artistically successful of the plays of M. Sarment. It has great charm and unequalled simplicity.

Jean, the hero of the play, is a madman. He was not always mad. Not long ago he was a young man of exceptional intelligence who wrote poetry. And in those days he was unhappy. Of course he was in love, and of course, being sensitive and fastidious, he contrived to be thoroughly miserable. Finally he imagined, on almost no ground at all, that the girl he loved fancied somebody better than himself. And at that point he lost his memory and became charmingly and inoffensively mad. His principal amusement now that he is mad is fishing for a kind of trout, a very shy fish—in French *ombres*; hence the title of the piece and a significant play on the double meaning of the word. He is an entirely amiable and happy figure with a quaint understanding of people and life, very shrewd and utterly charming.

His mother, in an effort to restore his memory, invites to the house the young girl who was the immediate cause of the losing of his wits. He remembers her name, but nothing else. An agreeable affection springs up between the two young people. He tells her that he is mad; when he is well again, however, they will marry and remain always together. Meanwhile, they pass the time happily enough. But suddenly his memory returns. He recognises the girl and recovers the details of his former relationship. At first he is overjoyed, and in a delightful scene we are asked to compare their present easy and complete comprehension of one another with the wilful distress and misunderstandings of the day when he had the full use of his mind.

Meanwhile the brother of Jean, who has fallen in love with the girl himself, has watched with dismay the ripening of their strange affection, and at last, in order to prevent at all costs their marriage, he tells Jean, whose brain is still fighting its way back from the shadows, that the girl is not the one whom he previously

knew, and to whom even in his madness he has remained unconsciously faithful, but a girl chosen by his mother to impersonate his old love in the hope of restoring his memory. Jean, once he is driven to believe this falsehood, finds abundant reason in support of it. For this girl whom he has found so sympathetic, so candid, so unselfish and regardless of herself, cannot be the girl who made him so unhappy in the past. His awakened reason finds fresh proofs of his brother's lie in everything she says or does. He is by this time entirely sane again and altogether miserable, unable to recognise or to grasp a reality or take the happiness which is offered him. Again he doubts and questions and despairs. He was happy, and essentially he was wise, as the *pêcheur d'ombres*, and he realises that to find peace he must again return to the shadows. He escapes into death from the reality which he cannot sustain.

It is impossible to convey by analysis or comment the charm of this attractive play. It expresses all that is most tolerant and engaging in the new romance, exposing with a discerning candour the pitiful destiny of a generation which frankly confesses: '*Je suis trop grand pour moi*.' At the same time, it avoids false sentiment to which it is peculiarly liable, and which its author only with difficulty escapes in *Les Plus Beaux Yeux du Monde*.

We come now to the play whose title has already served as a device for the new romance. *Je suis trop grand pour moi* is a gallery of portraits, a collection of episodes. Tiburce de Mortecroix, a wealthy young nobleman, has collected about him a retinue of friends who follow him in search of distraction. They arrive at an inn where Tiburce falls in with his old friend Virgile Egrillard, the man with the walking-stick, always upon his guard against the impertinence of triflers and ready, as on this summer evening, to raise his weapon against the world, a man of brave attitudes who will one day produce a great work. Tiburce also meets at the inn Hélène, nineteen years old, who at once becomes for him an embodiment of that ideal for which he is seeking. The inn is near the château of the father of Tiburce, and the whole company settles down on the estate and remains there for several weeks. Tiburce puts a tower at the disposal of Virgile, so that he may at last have the solitude and leisure he needs for his great undertaking. But Virgile rarely climbs the tower, and finally he settles down with the comfortable hostess of the inn. Tiburce pursues Hélène only to find that his idealism fails him at the critical moment and that he is incapable of a genuine passion. But his disillusion is not one of despair—that would not be in keeping with the spirit of the new romance. Tiburce does not ascend with Manfred the mountain peaks to find a setting for his remorse. His mood is one that smiles sadly upon

itself, and makes the best of a bad business. He turns from Helène, the ideal he has lost, to the mistress whom he has abandoned.

Je suis trop grand pour moi is the most ambitious of the plays of M. Sarment. It is, indeed, an overwhelming subject for a young man under thirty—nothing less than the whole relation of man to the part he is called upon to play. Is the burden laid upon him too grievous to be borne? The answer of the post-war romantic is in the affirmative, but it is given with an ironic smile, almost gaily, for it is above all necessary not to take too seriously either mankind or the destiny to which he is unequal.

In *Les Plus Beaux Yeux du Monde*, produced at the Théâtre du Journal in October 1925, M. Sarment continues his succession of romantic heroes. The vagabond Napoléon of this play is the most accessible and attractive of all his heroes. He is the born failure, for his virtues are all against him. He is generous, and therefore gives away his career and the girl he loves. He has a sense of humour, and cannot, therefore, take himself seriously enough to impose on others. He is loyal to his friend, who is less loyal to him, and he is therefore always at a disadvantage. But he remains undaunted and unembittered. While the friend of his youth achieves a great success, Napoléon becomes a croupier, a waiter—anything you please. But he keeps flying the flag of their youthful idealism. He embodies the faith which his successful rival has jettisoned in his race for fame and fortune. *Je suis ta conscience*, he tells his friend at the last. He stands for the virtues which must needs be abandoned if a man is to succeed in the world. M. Sarment has here revived, with singular grace and a cunning appeal to the softer side of his audience, the popular and theatrical hero of romance, his own worst enemy and the friend of all the world—of all that part of it, at least, which does not achieve wealth and honour.

M. Sarment may with confidence be taken as the most complete and significant expression of the new romance. He is not, however, to be regarded as an isolated apparition, and a careful study of his plays will enable a reader to understand many characteristics and tendencies in contemporary drama which would otherwise remain obscure. This new romance, moreover, is closely connected with other factors which may be more profitably studied in other dramatists. It is part of that general effort to transcend the material limitations of human personality of which the plays of M. Luigi Pirandello are a more philosophic expression, and it is closely allied with the insistence of authors like M. Jean-Jacques Bernard on the fact that nine-tenths of the more delicate and essential life of the spirit fails to be effectively expressed in speech or action. *La Couronne de Carton* belongs as

obviously to the generation which has produced the *Six Caractères in Search of an Author* as to the generation which has produced *L'Ame en Peine* and *L'Invitation au Voyage*; and in almost any play of the Théâtre des Jeunes you will find evidence of many different kinds, taking every possible form and revealing the most diverse temperaments, all pointing in the same direction. The young dramatic literature is a literature of escape. It aspires to discover and to extend the field of human personality. Men and women as they live in society, as they express themselves in conduct and speech, as they achieve a career or secure a definite place in the world, as they adapt themselves or fail to adapt themselves to their environment, as they follow or rebel against a routine, are no longer the heroes or subjects of this contemporary theatre. In the theatre of M. Pirandello men and women seek to discover who or what they are, apart from the actions and thoughts imposed on them by circumstance. In the theatre of M. Jean-Jacques Bernard they live in emotions which are often unfulfilled and have no effective results on their formal existence. In the theatre of M. Sarment they live with illusions and ideals which they are unable to bring into dynamic relation with common life. The pre-war conception of life as an orderly process, which allows full scope for a complete expression of the spirit of man in his social relationships, is being replaced by a conception of life as a tyranny and a limitation from which the spirit of man is continually urged to emancipate itself. It mocks at or disregards its material confinements. One of the many forms it has assumed is that hero of *Têtes de Rechanges*, by M. Jean-Victor Pellerin, who was presented to us last year by M. Gaston Baty—a hero who lived only in his errant leisure, when his business could be put away and forgotten and he could identify himself in turn with every aspect of the life with which he was surrounded, who set out to dine as one man and arrived for dinner as six separate individuals.

Like Hamlet of old, this latest heir of the romantic tradition could be bounded in a nutshell and count himself king of infinite space but that he has bad dreams. He is the product of the new century which became suddenly a nightmare. The new romance is his awakening. We are witnessing now his first efforts, as yet materially ineffectual, but spiritually full of promise, to recover a lost inheritance.

JOHN PALMER.

FAUST AND HELEN OF TROY

It is nearly fifty years since Miss Swanwick published her verse translation of the whole of Goethe's *Faust*. During those years much excellent critical work has been done upon *Faust*, particularly in elucidating the subject-matter and dramatic form of the Second Part, and there is now little reason to neglect it as a confused metaphysical fantasia, appreciated only by a small esoteric band of the poet's admirers. The appearance, then, of a new verse translation¹ of the whole drama with introductions and notes, embodying in clear and scholarly form the results of recent criticism, is an interesting and welcome event for English students of literature, and it is to be hoped that Dr. van der Smissen's edition will lead many to the closer study of a book which is not only a great work of art, but a profound commentary upon the modern Pilgrim's Progress through the experiences of this world.

The test of any translation of the whole of *Faust* is the treatment of the Second Part. The Second Part is almost twice as long as the first, while the number of rhythmical forms which Goethe employed in it is no less astonishing than the variety of emotion, ranging from the airy blitheness of the Classical Walpurgis Night and the Euphorion scenes to the ecstasy of the end, from the noble and solemn monologues of Faust to the brilliant scenes of social satire in the first act. No translation could ever do full justice to the grace and music and infinite charm of Goethe's inspiration. In such difficult passages as the Classical Walpurgis Night and the close of the third act Dr. van der Smissen has produced a version which conveys much of the spontaneity and vigour of the original, nor is he less successful in the scenes at court in the first act. His introductions and notes are excellent, well fitted to enable the reader to follow and comprehend the central theme of the drama amid all the rich decorations and amplifica-

¹ Goethe's *Faust* done into English verse in the original metres, with Commentary and Notes by W. H. van der Smissen, Emeritus Professor of German Language and Literature in University College, Toronto. J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., 1926.

tions, almost in the manner of musical variations, with which Goethe has accompanied it.

The chief difficulty of the Second Part lies in the manner of presentation. The accepted laws of drama, the unities of time and space, the distinctions of past and present, are disregarded. In the First Part the supernatural powers of Mephistopheles are readily conceded. In the Second Part Faust himself becomes supernatural. He descends into the earth alone to bring up the images of Paris and Helen from the realm of 'The Mothers.' He wanders familiarly among the shades of the Classical Walpurgis Night and descends into Hades to beg Persephone to grant him Helen. He reappears as a Frankish knight of the thirteenth century to entertain Helen in his castle in the Peloponnese. He is carried by a cloud from Arcadia back to Germany in time to help the Emperor to victory and receive a grant of land as his reward. After such long frequenting of a world in which there are no distinctions of past and present, in which there are no separate planes of reality, the Faust of the last act, once more living prosaically in time and space, is in danger of suffering the fate of the one sober man in a company of drunkards. We are hardly prepared for this careful apologia *pro sua vita* of a centenarian, suffering the ordinary course of mortality, and founding his happiness upon the good he has already done by reclaiming waste land, and the good which future generations will continue to draw from that achievement. Judged by the mode of presentation, the transition back to the ordinary values of life seems abrupt, a dramatic bathos, a fall from the transcendental world to the common light of day. But this reclaiming of land is really only the symbol or particular illustration of the way in which Goethe held a life might be finally harmonised, and it is our fault if we expect a highly dramatic *dénouement* when the hero is a hundred years old. At the end we find all of Faust's powers concentrated on one object—he has balanced the various elements of his character; the desire of beauty is still strong, but it is now realised in the fairness of the work he is doing and in the vision of what is to be, and in his last words he pays homage to the ideal of beauty, bidding the moment of vision to stay with him because it is so fair. It is still the influence of beauty, experienced in Helen no less than in Gretchen, which has brought him to acquiesce in the world which he had rejected and cursed in the First Part.

The conjuring up of Helen of Troy from the dead to be the mistress of Faust occurs in the earliest form of the legend. In Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus* the scene with Helen forms the climax of the play, immediately preceding the catastrophe. Faustus' attitude towards Helen is frankly material, though the beauty

of the language in which Marlowe makes him express his feelings invests it for the moment with a nobler quality. Goethe has developed this episode into the principal theme of the Second Part, and invested it with a profound significance. Just as the First Part culminates in the episode of Faust and Gretchen, so the chief interest of the Second Part is the episode of Faust and Helen, not presented according to the ordinary laws of dramatic truth, but in an ideal or transcendent manner difficult to follow at first, yet finally proved most appropriate to the expression of an experience which must always be inward. Helen's marriage with Faust expresses in allegorical fashion the experience of beauty in the life of the individual. For Goethe, who constantly demanded that the individual should develop himself to the fullest extent, the experience of art was a necessary step in that development. In other ages and with different temperaments that experience may not seem so inevitable or important, but it remains a permanent interest in civilised life, and the artistic presentation of such a theme by a poet, who was also a deep thinker and a master of practical wisdom, can hardly fail to contain moments of revelation and inspiration.

Nothing could be more natural than the way in which Faust enters upon his exploration of the world of beauty. A chance incident—the Emperor's wish that Faust, as the possessor of magical powers, should bring on the court stage the forms of Paris and Helen—is the occasion of his æsthetic conversion. Quite unsuspectingly, Faust is confronted by a form of beauty and at once responds to the appeal. The exact nature of his need—hitherto felt only as a vague dissatisfaction with the emptiness of life—and the possibility of its satisfaction is borne in on him at one and the same moment. He recognises in Helen's beauty something that could give inspiration and value to the life which he was dissipating. Dressed as a priest with a wreath on his head, the outward signs of his consecration to a new ideal, he thus addresses the form of Helen (p. 201):

Have I still eyes? Is to my sense made plain
The source of Beauty, lavishly outpoured?
My path of terror brings me blissful gain;
How empty was my world, still unexplored!
What is it since to me priesthood was lent?
Now first desired, firm-founded, permanent!
To lose the breath of life I am content
If unto thee I should forget my duty.

In the second act Faust begins his experience of beauty in its two principal forms, womanly beauty as a power in men's lives—a theme that was very dear to Goethe—and artistic beauty, inevitably expressed in that age under the forms of classical art.

Into this world Faust is introduced not by Mephistopheles, who knows nothing of Greece, but by Homunculus, the mannikin of the alchemists, whom Dr. Wagner has opportunely produced, according to prescription, in a glass bottle. Homunculus is the most fanciful and puzzling of all Goethe's creations.² We may, perhaps, see in it a personification of the over-developed imaginative intellect, able to enter into and interpret the experiences of others, but haunted by the unreality of its own one-sided existence and eagerly seeking how it may pass into a form of life where the balance of body and spirit may be restored.

But though Faust is absent or silent during most of the Classical Walpurgis Night, the scene is closely connected with the development of his mind. It is the preparation for his meeting with Helen, the ideal of Hellenic beauty. It is his initiation into the world of Greek art. But he is not initiated personally. It would have been tedious for him to review all the artistic forms of the Greek imagination with which this scene teems. They are rather to be conceived as influences present, so to speak, in the air which he breathes in Greece, and absorbed by him during this wonderful timeless night before he reappears to welcome Helen's return to Greece in the next act. In its totality this scene brings before us a large number of mythological figures, progressing from the half-human—for instance, the Sphinxes—to the completely human, the lowest possessing a clear and definite nature, the highest an equal clearness of form, instinct with a ceaseless activity and lust for action and self-expression. Virility and power to impress are felt everywhere in this world, and we can see how free Goethe was from all that feeble classicism which imagines the Greek spirit to be a sentimental yearning for the creation or enjoyment of the pretty and graceful. The life and beauty of Greece at their highest development were essentially masculine and active; those Praxitelean shapes of which Shelley sang belong to the period of failing strength. Cheiron expresses the true Greek feeling in his few lines of comment about women to Faust (p. 229):

What! Woman's beauty's nothing in mine eyes,
A frigid image—nothing more;
I only such a Being prize
As with glad life-blood bubbles o'er.
Beauty of her own joy is full,
And grace makes irresistible
Like Helena when her I bore.

At the opening of the third act Helen is discovered standing in front of Menelaus' palace at Sparta, and near her are grouped the

² Cf. some excellent remarks in van der Smitten, pp. 552-556.

chorus, a band of captive Trojan maidens. She announces that she has just returned from Troy, and that her husband Menelaus, who is remaining on the shore to review his warriors, has sent her on in advance to prepare everything for a solemn sacrifice. Nothing, however, has been said about the victims to be offered, and Helen is troubled by the thought that she herself may be the destined sacrifice.

The first suggestion of anything peculiar in the situation comes with Helen's entry into the palace. As she mounts the steps, the palace seems to her the same, and yet not the same, as in bygone days,

the royal house
Long missed and much desired and all but forfeited
Which stands before mine eyes once more, *I know not how.*

Hardly have the chorus finished their first ode when Helen returns in evident dismay and describes the strange experience which had befallen her within. The curious foreboding which she had felt outside the palace had been increased on her entry.

The silence of the desolate halls astounded me,
No sound of busily pattering feet fell on mine ear,
Nor saw I any sign of bustling industry,
And not a maid appeared, nor any stewardess,
Who else were wont the stranger kindly to salute.
But when I now drew near the bosom of the hearth,
There, by the half-cold embers' smouldering remains,
Crouched on the floor I saw a crone, close-wrapped and huge,
Not like a sleeper; rather one plunged deep in thought.

And when Helen would pass into her bed-chamber the form sprang up,

Barring my path with lordly gesture, and is seen
Towering in haggard height with hollow, bloodshot eye,
A figure weird, such as confuseth mind and sight.

When this mysterious and disquieting being, whose name is Phorkyas, comes out from the palace, the action is precipitated. After some curious wrangling between her and the chorus and Helen, in which Helen's unreality becomes more and more evident, Phorkyas learns that a sacrifice is to be prepared. She has little difficulty in convincing them that they are to be the victims, and induces them to follow her to a place of refuge near Sparta, where, in the absence of Menelaus, some northern invaders have established themselves in a castle of novel and magnificent architecture. Here at last the hints of earlier passages are confirmed, and it is made amply clear that Helen and the chorus are no real personages of flesh and blood; for these northern invaders are the Frankish conquerors of the

Morea, and their leader is Faust, miraculously translated from Germany to Greece and enjoying another cycle of experience.

This moment of transition from the classical to the mediæval world is a suitable point at which to pause and consider the peculiar quality of this opening scene. It is the point where the symbolic nature of the drama becomes evident. The characters cease to be concrete personalities and pass into symbols of certain ideas and influences, and the interest lies more in the expression of those influences, of which the characters are the symbols, than in the development of real individuality.

The style of the scene is exactly that of Greek tragedy. The narrative part is written in 'Alexandrines'—six-foot iambic lines. The diction is full and smooth, simple and lucid, and reproduces so closely the texture of classical tragedy that this scene might be a translation executed by a highly-gifted poet. It is, of course, quite clear that Goethe did not wish to make a simple parody of Greek drama. The quality of this scene, so equably illumined by the high light of poetry, is far removed from parody. What he has really achieved is to fix in clear form the ideas of physical and artistic beauty as he, at least, understood them to have existed for the Greeks. The former is personified in Helen, the latter in the literary composition of the scene, but as the scene advances and Helen's bodily reality becomes more and more ghostly, she becomes the symbol of Greek beauty, freed by the lapse of time from all physical or material elements, possessing, like the language in which she speaks, that intangible grace of form and matter so simple and plain to see, yet so elusive to grasp. It is pre-eminently a beauty of rational form, the pleasure derived from watching the orderly development of an action or idea in which the emotions and instincts of the heart have little share. All through this opening scene the lucid exposition of facts, movement by discussion in question and answer, is the controlling principle. The tone is classical or real, in contrast with the romantic quality of the concluding scene, and the appreciation of such art belongs rather to the intellect than to the heart. That, at least, is the distinction which Goethe seems to have felt between the two worlds, and the appreciation of this opening scene depends upon grasping it. The development of the action is so slow, and the content, if considered apart from the form of presentation, appears dull and unimportant and remote from the sphere of our needs; it is always concerned with the immediate facts of the situation. And that, perhaps, is exactly the feeling which Goethe intended to arouse in order to lead the way to a just criticism of the worth of classical beauty for the modern world. We can learn to enjoy it, and we can use it for the education of our taste, but we must

not look upon it as sufficient for our needs. It ought not to exercise claims beyond the limits assigned to the works of the past. And there is, too, an extreme brittleness in this classical beauty; it is so frail and delicate that even 'a summer cloud can overcome it'; its serenity and happiness fails on the intrusion of any hostile element, of any ugliness. This we seem to see typified in the effect which Phorkyas exercises upon Helen and the chorus. Their life fails and wilts and becomes unsubstantial in her presence. The Greek enjoyment of physical beauty was largely direct and sensuous. Helen lives in her own attractions, recalls all who have desired her with violence, has seen in them nothing but passionate lovers. There is no romantic element in her consciousness.

The more spiritual or romantic conception of beauty belongs to another age, of which Faust is the representative in the next scene, where we find Helen and the chorus within his castle in mediæval Greece. Presently Faust enters in the rich court attire of a knight, bringing with him a man in chains, Lynceus, who as watcher upon the castle tower had failed to warn him of Helen's approach. In his defence, spoken in rhyming quatrains (a sign that we have passed beyond the form of the classical world), Lynceus pleads that he was so overcome by the vision of Helen's beauty that he forgot all his duties to his master (p. 285):

Waiting for the morn's delight,
Looking eastward for its rise,
Wondrously the sun did smite,
Rising in the south, mine eyes.

Drew aside my startled glance,
Neither gorge nor mountain high,
Neither earth nor heaven's expanse,
Her, the Only One, saw I.

Helen is no less astonished at this veneration than at the courtly and chivalrous homage paid to her by Faust and at his exaltation of herself as the supreme power in his land, expressions of sentiment so different from that of the Greeks towards women. She adapts herself, however, with perfect ease to these new conditions, and, charmed by the northern fashion of speech and rhyme, she quickly learns its art under Faust's instruction. The scene culminates in a passage of rhyming couplets in which Faust describes himself as sunk in the vision of her beauty, while Helen is herself the spirit of beauty old yet ever new, passing from master to master, woven for the moment into Faust's being, and more true to him, the unknown one, than to those she has known in the past. The lines are famous and of singular beauty, applying not only to the dramatic situation, but passing beyond

to suggest the relation of the spectator to the work of art, which dies with each generation of its lovers and is reborn with the succeeding one and no less true to it.

In the next scene we are amid the bowers and cliffs of Arcadia. The chorus learn from Phorkyas that a son has been born to Helen and Faust. It is the miraculous child Euphorion, who soon appears in festal attire with his parents. Euphorion, rapidly growing to manhood and more and more excited by his own inspiration, quickly tires of dancing with his parents and the chorus. He leaves them and climbs alone from point to point on the cliffs, singing with lyrical rapture, until at last, overcome by desire to enter into the world of action and to share men's sorrows and needs, he imagines he has wings to bear him away through the air; he leaps off from a pinnacle of rock, flutters for a moment in the air, and then falls like a meteor to the ground at the feet of his parents. His body disappears, but his voice is heard summoning Helen to keep him company in the world below. She vanishes from Faust's embrace, leaving in his arms her garments, which in turn dissolve into clouds, enfold Faust, and carry him away through the air. Phorkyas lays aside her mask and veil and reveals herself to be Mephistopheles, the author and stage manager of this phantasmagoria.

In this last scene the characters have become more and more unsubstantial. Faust and Helen no longer play the leading parts; the reality of their being has passed into their son Euphorion, whom the chorus openly address as 'sacred poetry.' With his birth a new stage is reached in Faust's experience of art and beauty. No sooner has the music begun, with which his appearance is accompanied, than Phorkyas also breaks into song (p. 301):

List to loveliest chords resounding,
Bid farewell to magic lore;
Gods in days of yore abounding,
Let them go! Their reign is o'er.

None will comprehend your singing,
We demand a loftier lay:
From the heart must issue, springing
Freely what the heart would sway.

The creation and enjoyment of art and beauty must not be cramped by the tradition of the past. The claims of the present are paramount, and inspiration must be sought in it so that the harmony of artist and public, founded on the common emotions of the heart, stirred by life here and now, may be established.

The chorus too, no less than Phorkyas, feel the birth of a new world, the discovery of the inner life and its poetry, a world which

cannot fail in the way in which the world of classical art can be shattered by the intrusion of alien elements, when the whole edifice of reasonable and ordered reality comes crashing down. In their reply to Phorkyas, they say (p. 301) :

Quenched may be the sunbeam blinding,
If within our soul it live ;
We in our own hearts are finding
What the world can never give.

The Arcadian happiness of Faust and Helen has been short-lived. Euphorion, their son, the genius of modern romantic poetry, born from the communion of the mediæval with the classical spirit, cannot live in seclusion. He must break with the classical tradition which would confine him to the ancient forms and moderate his transports. There is incorporated in him a lyric endeavour to reach the ideal, as well as a delight in striving, altogether alien from the serenity of Greek art in the sixth and fifth centuries B.C., whose difference we can best measure here by contrasting the calm beginning of this act with the excitement of its close. Euphorion longs for the world of living men, from which to draw vitality and inspiration, instead of looking back with regret on the past and idly repeating the pleasures of appreciation.

And so Faust is not overcome by the death of Euphorion and the return of Helen to her own world of shades. He has gained knowledge of art and beauty, and that knowledge remains with him, symbolised in the garments of Helen left in his arms, a power to raise him above all common things, which he can use for consolation or delight, but by which he cannot live. A continuance of that Arcadian life, which has only been justified by the life of Euphorion, would be a state of lifelessness, of idle indulgence in art for art's sake. Faust has heard the voice of his own son calling him forth to action. Happiness and Beauty, as Helen says in her last words, never dwell together for long, and even the artist is made happy, not by contemplating the beauty which he has created, but by the slow and laborious realisation in external form of his vision, and Faust, who is not a type of artist, but of man engaged in learning the lessons of life, could no more have rested content in an artistic Arcadia than a capable and active mind could remain indefinitely in the south merely contemplating the remains of ancient Greece or Rome.

The speech with which Faust begins the fourth act is really the seal upon his experiences in the third. The forms of the world of classical beauty have entered into his mind as a permanent quality. He is alone on a mountain-top, and the clouds which brought him there are rolling away to the east. As they mingle

and change their outlines he fancies that he sees in them majestic forms of beauty—Juno, Leda, and Helen. He can now speak of their loveliness with serenity of mind. Once the mere name of Helen had driven him into passionate excitement, now his will has been purified and calmed. And then another fancied shape in the clouds brings back the thought of his first love, Gretchen, whose beauty he now sees and values rightly, looking back on it with regret as possessing a spiritual quality, a moral and physical fairness and freshness denied to his more mature experiences.

This passage may be considered the epilogue to this strange and beautiful episode. A first reading must always prove a difficult task because of the strange fusion of different worlds and planes of existence. But in the work of a poet at his best—Dante is the most sublime example of this truth—nothing is past or dead. Distinctions of past and present, of what is historical or imaginative, vanish in the transforming light of poetry. *Omnia mutantur, nihil interit*. And in reading the Second Part of *Faust* it is wise to bear always in mind the words with which Goethe concluded the whole drama :

All that is transitory
Is but a symbol.
Here what is incomplete
Finds its completion ;
What cannot be described
Here has been realised,

for there is little difference between the Kingdom of Heaven, as the Chorus Mysticus here describe it, and the world of the artist's vision.

G. M. SARGEAUNT.

THE TRAVELS OF SIR JOHN CHARDIN

'SR JOHN CHARDIN—*nomen sibi fecit eundo*.' Thus runs the tablet erected in Westminster Abbey, and in this article I propose to outline the career of one of the outstanding figures of his generation.¹

The seventeenth century produced a notable band of travellers whose goal was Persia and India. Some of them were sent as ambassadors to open up relations with distant Oriental potentates, on whose favour depended trade, which was beginning to be considered important by the rulers of Europe. Others—and the majority—were merchants, few of whom were sufficiently educated to record more than their impressions, and that inaccurately. They had no knowledge of the language, and so, to use Bacon's expression, they 'go hooded, and look abroad little.'

Among the diplomatists was Sir Thomas Herbert, who travelled in 1627-8, and some years later stood by Charles I. on the scaffold at Whitehall. His record shows that he was deeply read in the Classics, and was thereby enabled to identify the provinces of Persia by their ancient names—Carmania Deserta, Persis, and Hyrcania: he was also a shrewd observer.

Tavernier, the French jeweller, travelled widely both in Persia and in India from 1629 to 1675, and wrote valuable books, albeit he suffered from lack of education and mainly described current events. There were also Pietro della Valle, the Italian, and Olearius, the secretary of a mission sent from distant Holstein; their writings added to knowledge of Persia in Europe.

Chardin was head and shoulders above these travellers. The son of a wealthy jeweller of Paris, born in 1643, he evidently 'heard the East a-calling' young, for at the age of twenty-one he started off on a journey to the East Indies.

He travelled by Constantinople, the Black Sea, Georgia and Armenia, and, reaching Isfahan in 1666, devoted himself to a

¹ Chardin wrote in French, but issued an English translation of the works that are here quoted. A complete four-volume edition of his works was published in French at Amsterdam in 1735, and of this edition there is no English translation. This was superseded in 1811 by the Langlès (Paris) edition in ten volumes.

study of the country, the language, and the people. Isfahan, as Chardin saw it, was the creation of Shah Abbas the Great, the contemporary of Queen Elizabeth. In the heart of Persia, on the left bank of one of the very few rivers of the country, he built a fine city, approached by beautiful bridges and double avenues of plane trees, which led to the splendid pile of buildings which, even now in their decay, excite our admiration. Chardin describes the royal square on which polo, a game we owe to Persia, was played, and nearly thirty years ago I hit goals between the stone goal-posts that had not been used for some 200 years.

An account is given of the great 'Hall of Forty Columns,' where the Shah received ambassadors from Europe and the Great Mogul, while the ceremonies are described in detail with some delightful touches. Altogether the reader is brought into intimate relations with the capital of Persia and its inhabitants.

Not long after his arrival, Abbas II., the reigning Shah, died, and Chardin seized the opportunity to write a really masterly account of the succession of Solyman III. Owing to the custom of immuring the princes of the blood in the harem in charge of eunuchs, little or nothing was known of the heir-apparent, Prince Safi, aged about twenty, who, according to popular belief, had been blinded by his father. There was also a younger brother, a boy of eight, a 'Prince whose blooming virtues promised something more than Ordinary.'

The dying monarch had exclaimed that he had been poisoned, and this naturally made his two chief physicians think furiously. To quote again: 'According to Custom, the same week that the King dies, they are exiled to some remote Place, whither they are not suffered to carry any more of their Estates along with them than will suffice of a bare maintenance; the rest is confiscated.' This cheerless outlook was made worse by the words of the dying monarch, 'for there was enough in those words to condemn them to the severest of Torments.'

In these circumstances the physicians conspired to persuade the great officials to pass over the elder son as being incapable of reigning owing to blindness, and to elect the boy. This suggestion, which entailed a long minority, appealed to them, and the matter was practically decided when the plot was upset by a faithful eunuch who, although he had no right to address the council, guaranteed that the heir-apparent's eyes were intact, and fearlessly called down the vengeance of God and man upon them if they failed to set him on the throne.

The council thereupon, with some misgivings, elected Safi. A deputation waited upon him in the harem, but his mother, fearing treachery, could hardly be persuaded to allow him to proceed to the palace, where he was hastily crowned at midnight. So

prompt had been the action of the council, that the citizens of Isfahan were awakened by the special music played in the palace to announce the coronation before they were aware of the death of Abbas.

After a residence of some eighteen months at the capital, Chardin travelled to Shiraz, visiting the wonderful ruins of Persepolis, which were in a far better state of preservation than to-day. He gave an admirable description of them with plans and illustrations. He also copied with considerable accuracy the cuneiform characters, which were destined to be deciphered by Sir Henry Rawlinson some two centuries later. Shiraz, celebrated as the home of the poets Sadi and Hafiz, is equally well described; and, continuing on his way, Chardin reached the port of Bandar Abbas, which, by the whirligig of fate, served as my base in the Great War, and is now a well-known station for airmen flying from Europe to India. At the time of Chardin's visit the capture from the Portuguese of the island fortress of Ormuz by the English and Persians in 1622 had not been forgotten, and is referred to in some detail. It was the first feat of arms of our ancestors in Eastern waters, and gave us *prestige*, that valuable asset of empire.

Chardin's interest in India was not deep, and so in due course he retraces his steps to Isfahan, that 'I knew better than Paris (though I was Bred and Born there).' He remained in Persia for some time, but, deciding to return home, reached Paris in 1670, thereby successfully concluding his first journey. It was characteristic of the man that he regarded these long and dangerous travels as a mere apprenticeship to his second journey. He writes: 'And though I then provided my self of Observations, and all sorts of Materials for a Relation of it, in as great a Degree or perhaps greater than those that have visited those Countries before me (having Learn'd many things from the Turkish and Persian Languages, which have not been observ'd by any that have hitherto Writ of Persia,) yet I did not then think my self sufficiently instructed for the Publication of so compleat a work, as I intended.'

These are remarkable words, which, written in the seventeenth century, indicate the only sound method of writing about a country—namely, to live in it and to study the literature and people. It is to the credit of the present generation that Chardin's example is now being followed, to the great advantage of writers and their readers.

Chardin's book, *From Paris to Isfahan*, describes his second journey, on which he started in August 1671. He mentions that 'the deceased King of Persia made me his own Merchant, by his Letters Patent and gave me in charge to order the making

of several Jewels of a great value, of which his Majesty designed the Models with his own hands.' In pursuance of this commission, Europe was searched for 'the biggest colour'd Stones, the largest Pearls, and the fairest wrought Coral that could be found; and several Rich Pieces of Goldsmith's work, watches and Clocks, extraordinary for curiosity of workmanship had been made.'

Travelling leisurely, Chardin spent some months at Constantinople, but owing to a quarrel which broke out between the French Ambassador and the Grand Vizier, that might well have led to the imprisonment of all French subjects, he hastily embarked on a ship bound for the Black Sea, and, after changing his vessel at Caffa he reached a port on the coast of Colchis, intending to travel through Mingrelia to Tiflis.

He gives an admirable account of the country and of the misery of its inhabitants, who were sold by their masters to the Turks. He writes of one: 'She had incomparable Features in her Face, and a true Lily-white Complexion; and indeed I never saw more lovely Nipples, and a sounder Neck, nor a smoother Skin; which created at the same time both Envy and Compassion.'

The country was in a most disorganised state owing to a Turkish raid, and for a while Chardin hesitated. However, he finally landed his baggage, and, loading it on eight little carts, reached a monastery, where he was welcomed by Father Zampi and other friars. Rumours of the arrival of a rich French merchant with many cartloads of goods soon reached the Princess of Mingrelia, who visited the monastery and demanded to see the wares. Chardin in vain pretended that he was a Capuchin friar. He was not believed, but the princess finally rode away on the promise that a gift would be brought her the following day.

At court they were entertained at a banquet, which is described with much humour; but Chardin, while being caressed by his hostess, received messages which made him fear that he would be despoiled. Indeed, at the end of the feast, the Princess said to Father Zampi: 'You have both deceived me, but 'tis my Pleasure that you come hither to me again upon Sunday-Morning, and that the Newcomer say Mass before me.'

This was a heavy blow, and so, upon returning to the monastery, Chardin wisely buried his most valuable effects in different places; and well was it that he did so, for the monastery was raided by two 'gentlemen' and their cut-throat 'assassinates.'

Chardin gives an inimitable account of the manner in which he saved his jewellery, throwing two bundles worth 6000*l.* into thick bushes, and then having the agony of watching the robbers search the building and the garden. Finally, when the band departed having satisfied themselves with objects of little value,

Chardin hunted in vain for the precious bundles, which were, however, finally found and restored to him by a faithful servant.

Realising that his life and liberty were at stake, Chardin fled this inhospitable country with part of his wealth, leaving his trusty comrade to look after the buried treasures. Embarking on board a coasting vessel, he landed in Turkish territory, and, although fleeced to some extent by the customs officer and the governor, he successfully hid his money, which was sewn up in his saddle, and travelled safely over the Caucasus to Tiflis.

Here he was befriended by the Italian Capuchins, and, after experiencing thrilling adventures, his comrade rejoined him with everything intact.

Chardin was welcomed by the Prince of Georgia, who was a tributary of the Shah, more especially when he produced the letters patent. But curiosity is intense in the East, and he was pressed incessantly to show the jewellery he had brought for the Shah, which he declined to do, and, fearing some treachery, he was anxious to continue his journey.

However, he stayed long enough to write a good description of Georgia and of a great banquet to which he was invited. With the eye of an expert he notes that each course was served on a silver dish weighing 500 ounces, while he grows enthusiastic in his description of the gold bowls, cups, horns and flagons, many of which were embellished with precious stones. As to the quantity of wine that was drunk, he commented, 'Had I Drank as much as my Neighbours, I had dyd upon the spot.'

Chardin resumed his journey in the early spring, and traversing Armenia, with its capital Erivan, where the governor bested him in a deal, he entered Persia proper near Tabriz, then, as now, the second city of the empire. He describes its buildings, many of which had been ruined by the Turks, 'who committed all manner of Inhumanity, even to an excess unheard of before.'

Chardin was now among friends, and the governors knew that they would be held responsible if the jewellery destined for the Shah was looted; so he was well guarded, and, travelling with his mind at ease, enjoyed the greenery of a Persian spring and the interesting buildings of the cities he passed.

Among them was Kum, famous for the shrine of Fatima the Pure, a descendant of Ali, which, more fortunate than myself, he was permitted to visit and to sketch. With his usual thoroughness he gives translations of the various inscriptions. One in honour of Ali, the patron saint of Persia runs: 'Had not thy perfect Being been in the Ideal of the Creator, Eve had been eternally a Virgin, and Adam a Batchelor.' Is not this an exquisite example of Oriental hyperbole?

A few more stages and Kashan, famous for its 'Manufactuary

of all sorts of Silk, Stuffs and Tissues of Gold and Silver,' was reached. It was, and still is, equally noted for its scorpions, and 'May a scorpion of Kashan sting thee' is still a popular imprecation.

Isfahan, the goal of the travellers, was now close at hand, and the journey ends on a happy note: 'We enter'd the City by five a Clock in the Morning, all in good health, Thanks be to God.'

Chardin gives a detailed account of the difficulty he experienced in securing a good profit on the jewellery to compensate him for the great risks he had run and for the pains he had taken. Viewed merely as a study of Persian psychology, it is most illuminating, and ranks with immortal *Haji Baba*. His description of the entertainment given to Shah Solyman by the prime minister merits quotation: 'The entertainment lasted four and twenty Hours; all the way was covered with Brocards of Gold and Silver and lin'd on each side by his officers and Domestics, who made a Lane, each of them holding a Piece of the magnificent Present which he made to the King, which consisted in stuffs of wool, Silk, and Gold; in Services of Gold, Silver and China, and in Gold and Silver ready coined. When the King was about six paces from the Door of his Apartment, the Prime Minister caus'd some thousands of Livres of Gold to be thrown at his Feet.'

The Shah was entertained with relays of food and wine, while 'perfuming pans' were also lighted. Women dancers, the King's musicians, and—mentioned last of all—the poets were also in attendance.

After reposing himself, the Shah practised archery and then visited his host's harem, without his host, but accompanied by the eunuchs of the house. According to Persian belief, a visit by the monarch to the harem brings 'happiness and benediction.'

On reading the account of this feast, which is too long to quote in full, one feels that Milton struck the right note when he wrote:

High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormuz and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her Kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat.

Chardin was successful in amassing a considerable fortune and finally decided to return to Europe, and, true traveller as he was, he took a passage round the Cape of Good Hope—no light undertaking in those days.

Arriving home in 1677, he at first lived in Paris. He, however, suffered persecution owing to being a Protestant, in which connexion Louis XIV. was being constantly pressed at this time

to revoke the Edict of Nantes, and finally did so eight years later.

Chardin thereupon settled in England, where he was extremely well received by Charles II., who appointed him Court jeweller. He was knighted by the 'Merrie Monarch' in 1681, and the importance of his travels and studies was recognised by his election to the Royal Society in 1682. He passed his declining years with wife, sons and daughters, and died in 1718 honoured by all.

It is a remarkable fact that Marco Polo, the 'Father of Geography,' and Chardin were alike jewellers. Perhaps it was easier to secrete jewels than any other valuables, or perhaps rumours reached Europe that the mighty potentates of Asia bought jewellery readily and gave high prices. In any case, Chardin is happy in that the value of his work was acknowledged by such writers as Montesquieu, Rousseau, and Gibbon, while the great Orientalist Sir William Jones pronounced it to be the best account ever penned of Moslem peoples.

Here, then, we may take leave of Chardin, whose travels and studies opened the way for understanding and sympathy between the European and the Asiatic, without which an empire in the East is built on foundations of sand.

P. M. SYKES.

THE CIRCUS

CALLIOPE is, for some strange reason, the name the Americans have given to the instrument that grinds out the music of the fair. Above the tumult of voices crying 'Walk up,' or 'Two shies a penny,' or 'Try your luck, sir,' its cacophony swells in strange blares, blasts, and tinkles, punctuated by sounds resembling a human cry accompanying a sneeze. From each quarter of the ground the crowd fires volleys of laughter or cheers, according to the skill of those who roll, bowl, or pitch. At intervals there is a thunder, sounding remote because it is behind canvas, of lions' roaring. Slowly at first, and then so rapidly that the 'golden galloping horses' swing out horizontally, the glittering merry-go-rounds swirl in the blaze of their electric lights. Though the smoke of their engines may sometimes stream across the fair-ground, their radiance forms an inverted bowl under the black sky. Just beyond its invisible edge your hurrying feet stumble on pegs or trip over ropes; and the darkness is solid because a mound of canvas looms above you. Your nostrils quiver under the stimulus of a smell very, very familiar, though the last time you scented it was ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty years ago. That smell, largely due to horses, is not evidence merely of stables. Nor is it simply the result of sawdust in conjunction with tan. Paris circuses, whose arenas are carpeted, exhale its fragrance. Exactly what it is composed of—the aftermath of fireworks used to be in it—is a mystery. It seems to belong to circuses the whole world over and nowhere else. Perhaps imagination supplies a flavouring.

Once upon a time such a conglomeration of sights and sounds and smells would have been described as typically English. To-day, when it has become known the world over, it is dwindling in the land where it was invented. Each Christmas may bring two or three circuses within the reach of Londoners, and there may be many touring all parts of Great Britain during the summer. All the English companies together, however, would not equal in extent the Ringling Brothers' 'greatest show on earth' which travels across the United States and back each year, or prove a serious rival to any of the dozen other big American circuses. In Germany, Scandinavia, and Soviet Russia there are circuses on

a large scale, and Italy is visited by Hagenbeck's show. The French are not so enamoured of 'bigness,' but Paris has three circuses housed in permanent buildings, and many tenting companies tour throughout France as long as the weather permits. Australia possesses a circus industry second only to that of America in extent. South Africa, too, enables the showmen to thrive. Rings are marked out under canvas on the borders of the Sahara, on the islands of the Malay Archipelago, and near all the cities of India. Probably, if we could inquire far enough, we should hear of circuses in every part of the world that is capable of supplying an audience, no matter what its colour or language.

All these sprang from what we may call the 'Mother of Circuses,' which arose, opposite the 'Mother of Parliaments,' on the south of Westminster Bridge. Inspired by exhibitions of trick-riding at Islington, an ex-sergeant-major of dragoons, named Philip Astley, first gave performances in a Lambeth field called the Halfpenny Hatch—near the present Roupell Street, Waterloo Road—and then took possession of a timber yard a short step from the bridge. Here he installed a riding school where pupils were taught in the morning and performances given in the afternoon. At the farther end of Westminster Bridge Road a rival named Hughes erected another riding school which grew into an ambitious establishment bearing the name of the Royal Circus. Astley's establishment thereupon became the Amphitheatre of Arts. In 1816 the circus became the Surrey Theatre, but Astley's, under the name of Sanger's, was a circus until its demolition some thirty years ago.

Both Hughes and Astley sowed the seeds of the circus on the Continent. The former, on realising that his scheme would fail, readily undertook to assist Count Orloff, favourite of the Empress Catherine of Russia, in the purchase of stallions and mares for the improvement of the Russian breed of fleet horses. Besides commissioning Hughes with the care of the stock during the voyage, Count Orloff persuaded him to embark his performing stud as a speculation. The Empress, delighted with this new thing, had an amphitheatre built within the walls of her palace at St. Petersburg, and ordered a regular establishment for the constant residence of the company. When the affairs of the Royal Circus called for Hughes' presence in London he was able to sell his horses to the Empress at a royal figure.

In the case of Astley the incentive to travel was the law which forced the managements of all theatres other than Drury Lane and Covent Garden to close down for the winter. Besides establishing circuses in many English towns and cities, and also in Dublin, he hired a theatre in Paris for equestrian performances. Here his success was immediate. The King and Marie Antoinette com-

manded performances at Court, where his son, John Astley, was idolised as '*le plus bel homme de l'Europe*.' Even when a jealous theatre manager complained that Astley was breaking the law at his amphitheatre in the Boulevard du Temple because his company included tumblers who were not equestrian, the difficulty was quickly overcome. A platform was upheld by supports attached to saddles so that the whole performance could take place on horseback. At this theatre he was joined by Antonio Franconi, founder of the most celebrated circus family in the world. In 1758, when twenty years of age, he fought a duel with an Italian nobleman, whom he mortally wounded; then, to escape the punishment of the law, he left his native State of Venice, making his way on foot to France. By the time he reached Lyons he was destitute and desperate, in which mood he chanced upon a menagerie and offered himself as a tamer of wild beasts. That night he entered the cage of a lion, which seized him by the arm. Nevertheless, though Franconi bore the marks of this encounter all his life, he triumphed. People flocked to see his exhibitions, and had he not made enemies he might have remained. As it was, he left Lyons for Paris, which he reached in 1783, the year Astley built his amphitheatre there. In this arena Franconi performed as a vaulter until he had studied the methods of the father of the circus. Then he departed for Lyons, where he gave equestrian performances in a fenced enclosure. In 1791 his circus at Lyons was burned down and he returned to Paris, where, finding that Astley was obliged to remain in England, he took over the reins in the Rue du Faubourg du Temple. When the Royal Family had been flung into the prison which gave the quarter its name, Franconi all but shared their fate. One night a refugee, a nobleman of Lyons who had supplied him with the funds to build his circus there, asked for and obtained shelter. After hiding for a month he was arrested at a time when his benefactor was absent. Hearing the news on his return, Franconi, determined not to be taken alive, since the punishment for harbouring an aristocrat was the guillotine, fortified himself in the foyer of the amphitheatre. Fortunately for him, the local Committee of Public Safety consisted of friendly neighbours, who, when kept in the street by his readiness to shoot the first to cross the threshold, merely threatened to return in force—and forgot to do so. The Terror passed, Franconi opened the amphitheatre with a company which included his two sons, Henri and Laurent. Owing to his skill in arranging equestrian pantomimes they achieved a great success. The father found high favour with Napoleon, partly because he was an Italian, partly because he was a fine horseman, and partly because his dandified appearance enabled the Emperor to tell his brother-in-law, Murat, that what

with his furred and embroidered pelisse, his snow-white plume and diamond aigrette, his crimson morocco boots, white kid gloves, and jewelled riding-switch, he looked far less a king than the riding-master.

There were too many members of the Franconi family for the history of the dynasty to be traced here. Their pupils traversed all Europe. One settled in Germany and passed on the wisdom of the ring to Renz, whose name is still borne by a circus in Berlin. Renz, in turn, taught Schumann, who founded the circus of Scandinavia. To-day it is a Schumann who is ring-master of London's most ambitious circuses, which are installed at Olympia each Christmas after the organiser, Mr. Bertram Mills, has spent a year looking for talent throughout the world. He finds Australian cyclists in Budapest, French wire-walkers in Ceylon, Russian animal-trainers in Paris, English tumblers in New York, and American trapezists in Buenos Aires. The only type of circus performer who is not a free-lance roaming at will from one proprietor to another is the clown. Just as Pimpo, having married into the Sanger family, never thinks of leaving England no matter how great the inducement, so the clowns of Paris consider themselves wedded each to his particular arena. Certainly the Fratellini, the three sons and nine grandsons of Gustave Fratellini, have left the Médrano; but they now seem permanently settled at the Cirque d'Hiver, until the place ceases to be large enough to hold them, just as, a hundred years ago, Astley's was not large enough to hold all the Cookes, who thereupon founded the circus in America as well as performing in England (until the present day).

What we miss chiefly in the modern circus is the equestrian drama. It still existed in our boyhood. Keeping to its ancient function of celebrating the nation's military glories, it set forth the Sudanese campaign by means of gunboats whose keels were hoofs and from whose decks protruded horses' heads. For several years this fleet was paraded by 'Lord' George Sanger or his brother John past admiring crowds on seaside parades. Then came a Zulu war drama, in which the hero, after his horse had died in the manner of Dick Turpin's Black Bess, soliloquised thus: 'For many days I have tasted neither food nor drink. All is lost. My comrades are dead, and I am surrounded by fierce enemies. Nothing remains for me but to sell my life dearly and die like a soldier and a gentleman.' This gave place in 1900 to Boer War spectacles. Fireworks were placed all round the track. The enemy fled round and round with khaki warriors hot in pursuit: the pace might have been fierce but for their need of lighting the fireworks as they passed, and no foeman was molested while busied in this manner. Paris presented the spectacle the

other way round, for there the Boers were ever victorious. In a patriotic rage the English clown of the Cirque d'Hiver refused to utter jests, but willingly agreed to play a soldier of the Queen. Believing the destinies of the British Empire to hang on his efforts, he fought furiously until overcome and subjected to grotesque reprisals. The tale may remind you of Thackeray's account of what happened at Franconi's at the time when Napoleon's battles were being acted over again. There was as regular gradation in the ranks of the mimic army as in the real Imperial regions:

After a man has served, with credit, for a certain number of years in the line, he is promoted to be an officer—an acting officer. If he conducts himself well, he may rise to be a Colonel, or a General of Division; if ill, he is degraded to the ranks again; or, worst degradation of all, drafted into a regiment of Cossacks or Austrians. Cossacks is the lowest depth, however; nay, it is said that the men who perform these Cossack parts receive higher wages than the mimic grenadiers and old guard. They will not consent to be beaten every night, even in play; to be pursued in hundreds by a handful of French; to fight against their beloved Emperor. Surely there is fine hearty virtue in this, and pleasant childlike simplicity.

Now you may understand why the French Government, as Victor Hugo mentions in *Les Misérables*, debated whether to put a stop to the display of Franconi's bills because the crowds which collected round them constituted a public nuisance!

For the real romance of the circus, however, we have to turn once more to Astley's in mid-Victorian times, when Colonel Newcome, in the midst of a cluster of little people, 'all children together,' laughed delighted at Mr. Merryman's jokes in the ring, and beheld the Battle of Waterloo with breathless interest, and was amazed—amazed, by jove, sir—at the prodigious likeness of the principal actor to the Emperor Napoleon. Those were the days of Ducrow, pupil of Franconi and director of Astley's. In *The Battle of Waterloo*, he was merely the Duke of Brunswick, and had little more to do than die effectively on horseback. But in *The Courier of St. Petersburg* he would ride first one, then two, then three, then four, and then five horses abreast. Each would enter to mark a fresh scene in the story, bearing a flag on which was printed the name of the city the courier had reached in his trans-continental journey. At length, when the sixth horse arrived, he would ride two, lead one and drive the rest, while 'elegantly displaying the British Ensign.' On horseback he could 'convert his frame into such forms, shapes, attitudes, postures, as the Greek imagination moulded into perfect expression of the highest state of the soul.' Afoot, however, he was a very different creature. Critics complained that in the dramas (acted

not in the ring, but on the stage of Astley's) he destroyed the King's English. Though we might reply that the man who invented the saying, 'Cut the cackle and come to the 'osses,' was adding to the riches of the language, we have to admit that Ducrow was a man of no great 'elegance' in private life. When the Master Cutler and Town Council of Sheffield came in their carriages to his touring circus and halted in the expectation of being personally received, he sent word that he only waited on crowned heads, and not upon 'a set of dirty knife-grinders.' When Elliston contracted with him for the use of his stud in a Drury Lane spectacle Ducrow sent the horses and then demanded a second contract for himself. And at the burial of his wife at Kensal Green Cemetery (still dominated by his family vault) he stopped the service with a flow of appalling language because there was water in the grave. But with all his overbearing manner—a trait in the character of Astley and Franconi also—he had fine qualities. Fearlessness was among these. When a rope-walker hesitated to make an ascent from stage to gallery, Ducrow, who was standing by in dressing-gown and slippers, seized the pole and at once walked the rope without worrying about the insecurity of his slippers or the flapping of his gown. He died soon after the burning down of Astley's early in 1842. Not even Adah Isaacs Menken, the celebrated Mazeppa of Astley's in the 'sixties, has created a more vivid legend of romance. Yet she was a glamorous figure, as her letters testify more strongly than the poems she wrote or the poem she inspired Swinburne to write.

There seem to be no such figures in the circus to-day. Barnum still dominates in spirit the arena and the fair-ground. Somehow or other the circus in America has always been mixed up with religion and the gospel of self-help.

In the very early days when the Puritans persecuted the show, the showmen defended themselves with the Bible. They forced the lion by threats of severe punishment to lie down with the lamb, and borrowed a phrase from the Book of Daniel to inscribe over the cages; and a cage of lions is a 'den of lions' to this day. Barnum always boasted his freaks and his circuses as spectacles for improving the public's morals, and this edifying tone is still insisted on by his successors, whose shows are veritable arsenals of amusements requiring as many as five trains to tour them across America. How different is the care-free atmosphere of the French *cirques*. Though the old Nouveau Cirque has just been pulled down to make way for a garage, Paris still possesses three. Near the Invalides there is the Cirque de Paris, which manages the attractions of the ring on a fairly grand scale. In Montmartre there is the Cirque Médrano, which is charmingly naïve. And by the Boulevard du Temple, near the site of the first French circu-

which an Englishman founded, is the Cirque d'Hiver, whose *directeurs artistiques* are the Fratellini. Here is gaiety if you like! Unlike the average Englishman, who becomes self-conscious or sentimental directly the circus is mentioned, the Parisian regards the ring as he regards the stage—only with more enthusiasm. Nor does he, like the American, want to be staggered by 'mammoth aggregations' too vast for eyes to contemplate. 'Liberty horses' and clowns need no justification in his eyes. He accepts the show without question—even when a trainer of dogs uses his whip in a way which would earn his dismissal from the ring in London. Actually, however, performing animals are but a minor item.

Perhaps a *matinée* at the Médrano, where Chocolat (son of the Chocolat) is installed with a 'clownesse' for partner, is the most pleasant sight of all. During the *entr'acte* the children scramble into the ring and try to show what they can do in the way of tumbling. In the stables they may buy sugar for the horses, and about a dozen clowns lead ponies to give the youngsters rides along the circular corridor. These are not the real clowns, but a set of tumblers in motley who fool between the *entrées*. One of their performances consists of burlesque part-singing, the piece being a ballad consisting of repetitions of the words 'Oui, Marie.' After the opening bars, nickel coins descend in such showers that, even if none were of greater value than five centimes, this rain must quench a few thirsts. It is not merely the children's afternoon, and it is not merely the dear old souls with a hunger for the sight of children at play who come to look on.

In the eyes of connoisseurs of sawdust and tan the d'Hiver stands easily first. For one thing, the scent is so much heartier—you smell it while buying tickets. Here Truzzi's horses make a brave show. If you want a thrill, take a front seat: when they race round the ring in the darkness, hot breath comes out of snorting nostrils full in your face, and a great black head with flaming eyes looms upon you each moment before the curve of the *rebord* veers it away. When a hoof rattles by accident over this barrier, your blood runs cold; and when the lights go up, several of your neighbours have fled for safety. This is better fun than Grand Guignol any day—for anybody who (in accordance with Professor Groos' theory of play) finds freedom from the constraint of 'must' in invoking a strictly limited amount of fear, as inoculation against fear experienced in defiance of his own free will and determination.

Truzzi may come and Truzzi may go, but the Fratellini go on for ever. There are now twelve of this famous family—or should one say clan? All, down to a mite who has but recently learnt to walk, march across the arena playing wind instruments and wear-

ing the uniform of Napoleon's old guard, with Albert Fratellini as the Vivandière. The sons of François, as 'Les Pierrots de Villette,' give a most instructive demonstration of the rigorous apprenticeship of clowns in tumbling and dancing, and this enables you to appreciate all the more the effectiveness of the knockabout comedies of Paul, François and Albert.

In the *entr'acte* the d'Hiver has special attractions of its own. Incited by an invitation, you may fight your way through the army which besieges the door of the famous communal Fratellini *loge*. It is hung with paintings and properties, and conducted with the grace of a great lady's salon. As the management of this house bought the relics of Nouveau Cirque, the corridors are hung with trophies that deserve close inspection. And there are also Truzzi's twenty-nine horses to be fed in the stables. Even without the glamour of being the home of the Fratellini—a glamour formerly belonging to the Médrano—the d'Hiver would be famous as the most historic circus building in the world. London possessed in Astley's one of even greater interest until it was sacrificed to officialdom thirty years ago.

At the Cirque de Paris Antonet, once Grock's partner, is the clown. Though the vast audience is delighted with all he says and does, he is not first-rate. Like a mere apprentice, he takes some of his accomplishments seriously; also he talks too much and neglects by-play. M. Lyonel—the 'Speaker des Clowns,' or the modern whipless equivalent of the old riding-master—acts his part with delectable dignity. Yet the most taking personage of the whole show is Charley, the Auguste (the clown who wears an ill-fitting suit) to Manetti. His face alone is his fortune.

Paris is now the spiritual home of the circus. Both the sophisticated and the unsophisticated delight in its manifold appeals there. There is a picture of the circus (Seurat's) in the Louvre, another (by Cottet) in the Luxembourg, and others in almost all large exhibitions of modern French art. Prints of circus pictures by Goya, Toulouse Lautrec and others confront you in shop windows, and if you are lucky you may pick up at the boxes of the *bouquinistes* along the Seine some such admirable work on the ring as Baron de Vaux's *Ecuyers et Ecuyères*. Can anyone explain why London, the birthplace of the circus, and for a century its home, expresses no such love—except at Christmas—of one of life's amplest public joys?

M. WILLSON DISHER.

CHRISTMAS GAMES AND GAMBOLS

WHEN the Rev. Ralph Josselin wrote up his diary on Christmas Day, 1646, he privately confided to it that 'people hanker after the sports and pastimes that they were wonted to enjoy' at that season, though truthfulness compelled him to add, 'but they are in many families weaned from them.' Indeed, the reverend gentleman had fallen upon evil days as far as the observance of this festival was concerned, for a zealous and reforming Puritan Parliament was just then laying a heavy hand upon gaiety of all descriptions, and Christmastide, the very apotheosis of frolicking, was particularly abhorred by Puritans in general. Two years previously, Christmas Day falling on a Wednesday, it had been decreed that the day should actually be observed as a fast (Wednesday was their usual fast-day), and half-a-dozen years later Parliament, by solemn Act, abolished the festival altogether, and, as a sign of its complete and final suppression, arranged to sit in session next day, that day being the one 'commonly called Christmas Day.'

It was not, of course, suppressed; a festival so indigenous to a nation as Christmas to the English could not be uprooted by any Act of Parliament, but, without question, the Puritan *régime* so effectively damped down Christmas celebrations that they have never really regained the full flavour they had in Tudor and early Stuart days. The golden era of Christmas, the time when Christmas was celebrated with the greatest glory and abandon, was at the end of the fifteenth century, during the sixteenth century, and the earlier part of the seventeenth century. Even after the Puritans were out of power their influence was strong, and there were the Great Plague and the Great Fire to put their small quota against a revival of general gaiety, while the trend of events for many decades was not exhilarating. Then life under the Hanoverians was inclined to be 'stodgy'—the Court knew little of the Christmas merry-making that earlier English sovereigns fostered; while at the beginning of the nineteenth century we are confirmed in our impression of the lowering of national gaiety by finding Washington Irving (1819) putting a Christmas lament into the mouth of the old English squire concerning 'the deplor-

able decay of the games and amusements which were once prevalent at this season.' Unlike Ralph Josselin, he could not add that the people hankered after them, because, alas, they had by then largely forgotten that they had ever enjoyed them.

But in the times of the Tudors and up to the Commonwealth Christmas was Christmas indeed. Not only was the feasting on a gargantuan scale, the fun fast and furious and often of a boisterousness that would not be tolerated to-day, but the actual season of continuous merry-making lasted for twelve days. (It was apparently Alfred the Great who first fixed this period.) During this time mumming, minstrelsy, dances, sport, and, above all, especially in country places, a large variety of special games or 'gambols,' marked the occasion. The literature and records of the times are full of allusions to these pastimes, not all of which can be fathomed completely to-day, for, as was said more than a century ago, 'many of the games and ceremonies of Christmas have entirely disappeared and, like the sherris sack of old Falstaff, are become matters of speculation and dispute among commentators.' And if that was true then, much more must it be so nowadays. It is worth while, then, at this Christmastide to glance back over the golden era and note as far as may be some of its most striking features from the pastime aspect, for they may be curious and strange to us.

In any establishment of any size there was appointed year by year a presiding genius known as a Christmas 'Prince,' but more often as a 'lord of misrule,' who organised, arranged and kept (more or less) the Christmas merriment within decent bounds. Stowe in his *Survey of London*, under date 1598, expressly tells us that

at the feast of Christmas in the King's Court wherever he chance to reside there was appointed a lord of misrule or master of merry disports; the same merry fellow made his appearance at the house of every nobleman and person of distinction and among the rest the Lord-Mayor of London; the sheriffs had several of them their lord of misrule, ever contending without quarrel or offence who should make the rarest pastimes to delight the beholders.

The colleges had also the same official, and so, too, had the Inns of Court (a very important person here), and, of course, in halls and manor houses throughout the land wherever there were Christmas festivities there was a corresponding leader.

Often the 'lord of merry disports' was just some jolly fellow in the household of his patron; sometimes he was a professional merry-maker; at other times, again, he was a man of position. Edward VI. one year appointed at his Court a certain George Ferrers, lawyer, poet and historian, who, 'being of better calling

than commonly,' arranged such devices of rare invention, we are told, that not only were the common sort delighted, but also the Council, and above all the young King himself, who liberally rewarded Ferrers for his efforts. Again, the Right Worshipful Richard Evelyn (father of John Evelyn, who kept the famous diary and lent his house to Peter the Great) once appointed one 'Owen Flood, my trumpeter, gentleman, to be lord of misrule of all good order during the twelve days' at his estate at Wotton, in Surrey. This was at the beginning of the seventeenth century. By that time the position was becoming often onerous and expensive. In 1635, just before Cromwell took the helm of State, the lord of misrule at the Inns of Court spent 2000*l.* out of his own pocket and was knighted by Charles I. in consequence.

The spirit of Christmas in its exuberance, its jollity and good-fellowship, as then rife in the country, is set forth for us by a writer ten years earlier, *i.e.*, in the first year of the reign of Charles I. His little essay is too long to quote in full, but here are the main points:

It is now Christmas and not a Cup of drinke must passe without a Caroll; the Beasts, Fowle and Fish come to a general execution and the Corne is ground to dust for the Bakehouse and Pastry. Cards and Dice purge many a purse and the youth show their agility in 'Shoeing of the Wild Mare.' . . . The Lord of Misrule is no meane man for his time and the ghests of the High Table must lacke no Wine. . . . A good fire heats all the house and a full Almes basket makes the Beggars Prayers. . . . The Master and the Mumers make the merry sport. . . . Musicians now make their Instruments speake and a good song is worth the hearing. . . . In brief I thus conclude of it. I hold it a memory of the Heavenly Love and the world's peace, the myrth of the honest and the meeting of the friendly.

In this passage we are reminded of the traditional old English games that were specially played at Christmas, the game 'Shoeing the Wild Mare' being particularly in evidence ('Christmas gambols, father, shoeing the wilde mare.' Armin: 1609). Now the 'wild mare' was primarily the see-saw. Falstaff says the prince loves Poin because he rides the wild mare with the boys; and in Sidney's *Arcadia* (1586) we find 'Bestriding the mast I gat me towards him as bois are wont . . . when they ride the wild mare.' But it was also a wooden frame on which soldiers were made to 'ride' for punishment: 'ane tymber meir quhaernupon runnagat knaves and runaway soldiouris soulderyde,' as was quaintly explained two and a half centuries ago. Fletcher, in 1625, says contemptuously of some woman, 'She should ride the Wild Mare once a week, she should'; and Sir Walter Scott refers to a certain soldier having 'to ride the wild

mare, for his pains.' Again, George Withers, in a long poem describing Christmas in the earlier part of the seventeenth century, has :

So now is come our joyfullst feast
Let every man be jolly.

The wenches with their wassail bowls
About the streets are singing,
The boys have come to catch the owls
The wild mare in it bringing.

But, though the allusion is there, the sense is somewhat obscure.

Still, with all the many references to both the 'wild mare' and to the Christmas game 'shoeing the wild mare,' what precisely the game was seems now lost to us, even though it was one of those that Washington Irving portrayed Squire Bracebridge reviving early in the nineteenth century. Like many another custom or pastime, its very familiarity prevented written descriptions of it being made at the time, and in due course, as its observance gradually ceased, exact knowledge faded out, and there is now no means of recovery. Murray's *New English Dictionary* explains it as 'some childish Christmas game'; but Lady Gomme is probably more nearly right when under the title of 'Shoeing the Auld Mare' she refers to it as a 'dangerous kind of sport.' A beam was slung between two ropes; on this a player mounted and attempted various antics. If he did them successfully, he 'shod the auld mare'; if he failed, he paid the penalty by a nasty fall.

From the 'wild mare' to the cart horse Dun is an easy transition, and in 'Dun is in the Mire' we have another of those old English games that made their appearance every Christmastide in Shakespeare's England, and, incidentally, furnished the poet with rather an interesting and nimble play upon words. Romeo, 'empierced with his [love's] shaft,' says, 'I am done.' To whom Mercutio promptly and most aptly replies :

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire
Of this (save reverence) love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears.

Now 'Dun' was a very big heavy log of wood supposed to represent a cart or dun horse. When Christmas merry-making was in full swing certain players lugged it into the hall and dropped it, and the cry was raised that 'Dun was stuck in the mire.' Whereupon two youths went forward, sometimes with ropes, to try and drag him out. Others joined in, and, tugging, lifting, and dropping on to unwary toes of one's neighbours, the game developed into a regular rough and tumble of much boisterousness and huge amusement. Sometimes a man represented

'Dun' and stoutly resisted all efforts to move him. 'Dun' existed long before Shakespeare's day. Chaucer knew him two centuries earlier :

Then gan our hoste to gape and to play
And sayd, sires, what ? Dun is in the mire.
(*Manciple's Prologue.*)

Later Ben Jonson described the game, and in a curious poem (dated 1600) by Samuel Rowland, it is mentioned in a long list of games :

Man I dare challenge thee,
At Tick-tack, Irish, Noddie, Maw and Ruffe,
At Hot-Cockles, Leap Frogge, or blindman buffe
Or at the drawing Dun out of the mire.

But of all Christmas disports 'hot-cockles' was perhaps first favourite. We hear of it at every turn, though, naturally, we find minor variations in the method of play. A common form was for one player to sit down while a second was blindfolded and knelt with his face in the lap of the sitting one and his open hand, placed palm uppermost, on his back. He then cried 'Hot cockles ! Hot !' The other players standing round struck in turn the open hand, and the kneeling player guessed who it was who struck. If his guess were right, the striker took the place of the kneeler; if wrong, a forfeit might be exacted. In all sorts of writers we find allusions to this game. In 1549 Coverdale spoke of 'hoote-cockled ghospellyng' (whatever that might be); in 1580 Sidney writes of shepherds playing at 'hot-cockles' in *Arcadia*, and rather more than a century later Christmas (1711) draws rather an amusing letter from a supposed footman to 'Mr. Spectator.'

MR. SPECTATOR : I am a footman in a great family and am in love with the housemaid. We were all at hot-cockles last night in the hall these holidays, when I lay down and was blinded she pulled off her shoe and hit me with the heel such a rap as almost broke my head to pieces. Pray, Sir, was this love or spite ?

The poet and dramatist John Gay, later on in the century, rhymes of a happier experience :

As at hot-cockles once I laid me down
I felt the weighty hand of many a clown.
Buxoma gave a gentle tap and I
Quick rose and read soft mischief in her eye.

'Hot-cockles' is not merely an English game. It was known in France as '*main chaud*,' or in mediæval France as '*Qui Fery* ?'

(who struck?). But its roots lie deep in antiquity. On ancient Egyptian tombs it is depicted being played among other games, and, as Sir E. B. Tyler points out, it was one with the Greek 'buffet game' of tragical memory, for it was with this game that the Roman soldiers mocked our Lord:

And when they had blindfolded Him they struck Him in the face and asked Him, saying, Prophecy, who is it that smote thee? (Luke xx. 64.)

There are other Christmas games immortalised by name in literature to which we have lost the clue of playing even more completely than to 'shoeing the wild mare.' For instance, what was 'the parson has lost his cloak' spoken of in a letter to Mr. Spectator in January 1711? 'I desire to know in your next,' asks the writer, 'if the merry game "The Parson has lost his Cloak" is not mightily in vogue amongst the fine ladies this Christmas?' Every now and then inquiries have been made through *Notes and Queries* on this point, but seem to draw a blank each time; so probably we shall never know now whether it were a traditional old game or one invented by Mr. Spectator on the spur of the moment as he poked fun at his readers.

Then, again, there is 'Rowland Bo.' In Withers' poem on Christmas already referred to we read:

Some youths will now a mumming go,
Some others play at Rowland Bo,
And twenty other games, boys, mo.
Because they will be merry.

But what is Rowland Bo? This is undoubtedly a genuine old game whose intriguing name conveys absolutely nothing to us to-day, and it will probably remain now one of the mysteries of the universe! There seems no real clue to it, nor yet to 'steal the white loaf,' nor to the fascinatingly-styled game 'feed the dove,' which we find mentioned in another old poem on Christmas:

Young Men and Maidens now
At Feed the Dove (with Laurel leaf in mouth)
Or Blindman's Buff, or Hunt the Slipper play
Replete with glee.

But, on the other hand, this gap in knowledge has its complement when we turn to the records we have of the playing of certain Christmas 'gambols' without having any clue to their actual names. For instance, Stafforde in 1611, speaking of certain deluded men, says they

make me call to mind an old Christmas gambole contrived with a Thred which being fastened to some Beame hath at the nether end of it a sticke, at the one end of which is tied a Candle and at the other end an Apple, so that when a Man comes to bite at the Apple the Candle burns his nose. The Application is as easy as the Trick is common.

Now George Withers and Stafforde were contemporaries—in fact, they were writing, the one of Rowland Bo and the other of this game, within a very short time of each other. Could this unnamed gambol of Stafforde's possibly be the undescribed Rowland Bo of Withers? If it is not 'a Roland for an Oliver,' the name certainly has a curious aptness; but we shall never know if the two ends of the puzzle fit together here. It is all pure conjecture.

Or, again, there was the unnamed Christmas gambol at Bath at which Addison assisted some century later, when at midnight, the company being drowsy, there was started a yawning match for a Cheshire cheese. He that yawned the widest and at the same time most naturally so as to evoke the greatest number of yawns from the spectators got also the cheese. Rowland Bo is certainly not a suitable name for this, nor yet do 'feed the dove' or 'steal the white loaf' suggest themselves as applicable.

Certain Christmas games seem perennial and immortal; it is as natural to play at them to-day as in any of the far back centuries. Such an one is 'blindman's buff,' sometimes called 'hoodman's blind.' Played by the youth of ancient Greece, we find it very much at home in mediæval England, and in old manuscripts in the Bodleian there are most humorous woodcuts showing the game being played. One player is blinded by having his hood drawn right over his head and shoulders, while his fellows knot their hoods to tease and buffet him. In the nurseries and school-rooms of this year of grace every boy and girl is familiar with this game. By the way, the mention of it brings to mind a rather pretty conceit by Gay:

As once I played at Blindman's Buff it hapt
About my eyes the Towel thick was wrapt.
I miss'd the Swains and seized on Blouzelind,
True speaks that ancient proverb 'Love is blind.'

One cannot pass from ordinary Christmas games and pastimes without referring to 'snapdragon.' Other games, even if specially played and in evidence at Christmas, may crop up at other times and are not actually out of place there; for instance, it was once laid down that 'hot-cockles' should be played at each of the four chief festivals, but 'snapdragon' surely is essentially and solely a sport for Christmastide. It seems to be out of harmony with any other occasion, and indeed it is never introduced except at this season. How old is 'snapdragon'? It is impossible to say, but it is linked with extreme antiquity. Possibly it is some lingering trace, some embodied tradition of fire worship and devil worship; it suggests the days of Saturnalia, heathen priests, and weird sacrifices in forest groves long before Christianity existed to take over the orgies and transform them into rejoicings for some-

thing that was beautiful and holy. A sense of sinister suggestion has always hung about it. Even Steele (1709), after describing it—'We got into a Corner with a Porringer of Brandy and threw Raisins into it, then set it on fire. This fantastical Mirth was called snap-draggons'—felt the sinisterness of it. 'The wantonness of the thing was to see each other looke like a demon as we burnt ourselves and snatched out the fruit.' The writer of this article well remembers it as a common Christmas 'dish,' but nowadays it has almost disappeared; probably the present price of brandy is acting the rôle of St. George and killing the dragon!

As one glances casually over the records of olden Christmastides all sorts of curious and odd facts emerge which, like unexpected lamps throwing streaks of light on to a dark landscape, bring suddenly into our knowledge hitherto unrealised aspects of the home life of our ancestors. Thus the game of bowls was by law permitted to be played by the poorer section of the population at Christmas alone, for by an edict of Henry VIII. all labourers, artisans, apprentices, and servants were forbidden to play it at any other time than during the Christmas festivities, and then only in their master's domain or in his presence, though folk who had property to the value of 100*l.* a year could get a licence to play it at any time they pleased on their own land. The object of the edict (which included other games in its ban) was to foster archery—then a national asset.

Again we turn a page and find that 'running at the quintain' was, in the golden era, specially a Christmas sport. An Elizabethan writer tells us: 'The exercise of running at the Quintain was practised in London . . . especially at the feast of Christmas,' and he goes on to say how the quintain was set up upon Cornhill, where the attendants of the lords of merry disports made good practice. Now a quintain was originally a suspended piece of tree trunk with a shield attached to it at which tilting was practised. Later, for the sake of giving a spice of reality, it took on the form of a human figure, a Turk or Saracen for choice, with the shield on the left arm. It revolved on a pivot, and if it were not correctly struck on the forehead or nose it smartly swung round and itself struck the striker. Dating from Roman times the practice was mentioned as a well-known pastime in England by Matthew Paris in the thirteenth century, and a century later the quaintest woodcuts of it were made, which are still kept in the Bodleian. Shakespeare refers to it, but it seems to have been more or less moribund by the reign of Queen Anne (its death-blow was probably another of those dealt by the Puritans), though an Elizabethan quintain still survived as a curiosity in a village near Maidstone until quite recent years, and may still survive.

Mumming, of course, was a peculiarly Christmas amusement,

the mummers, in all sort of disguises, going from house to house performing rude drama and demanding Christmas fare. Often men and women changed clothes, and there was much licence and robbery, so that Henry VIII.—who kept a keen eye on his subjects' morals whatever latitude he allowed himself—at length declared mumming illegal, and mummers were liable to arrest as vagabonds (which indeed they often were), but the practice was not easily put down.

Allied to the mummers were itinerant minstrels that wandered about the countryside singing upon benches and barrel heads and giving 'a fit of mirth for a groat.' At every village alehouse or gathering they foregathered singing ballads and 'small popular musickes.' 'Cantabanquis,' Puttenham called them in his *Art of English Poesie* (1589); but the really interesting and vital point about them is that their subjects were all stories of olden times embodying the ancient traditions of the country, such as the tales of Sir Topas, Bevis of Southampton, Guy of Warwick, Adam Bell and Clymme of the Clough, and other historic rhymes 'made purposely for the recreation of the common people at Christmas dinners and brideales and in tavernes and alehouses and other such places of base resort.' Thus they kept alive the heritage of England's traditions and strengthened the ties that bound her children together. When one considers the claptrap and meaningless and degrading refrains of popular music-hall ditties that are too often sung at village sing-songs to-day one realises the loss we have sustained in the disappearance of the minstrels, and one wishes that the cantabanquis of old could once more mount the barrel heads and 'give a fit of mirth for a groat.'

At the Court of the King as far back as Plantagenet days we read of minstrels and players being retained for the one special object of the performance of set pieces at Christmastide. Edward IV. and Edward VI. had twelve such minstrels permanently engaged; Henry VII. had two distinct sets of players. These men received from 5 to 10 marks yearly, but such players as these in no way affected the Christmas of the nation in general, and it is with that side of the festival that we have attempted to deal in this article.

A final scrap catches the eye as these records are closed, and this tells how Christmas was kept in a house of mourning. It is in a letter written by a dutiful wife, Margery Paston, to her husband in 1484, a year before the Tudors came to reign, and the delightful elaborateness of her attempts to reproduce the spoken word by the written script must be a source of pure joy to members of the Phonetic Society, for she is the queen of phonetic writers.

I sent your eldest sunne [she writes] to my Lady Morlee to have knolage wat sports wer busyd in her hows in Kyrstemesse next folloyng

aftr the decysse of my lord her husbond and sche seyde that there wer non dysysyngs ner harpyng, ner lutyng, ner syngyn, ner non lowde dysports, but pleyng at the tabyllys, and schesse, and cards. Swyche dysports sche gave her folkys leve to play and non odyr.

But happily, too, there is still a large section of the English nation that yet has its 'home' Christmas with kindred and friends, and whether Christmas be kept at home or abroad never, one ventures to say, has the Christmas spirit—'Peace on Earth, Good-will towards Men'—been more alive than it is to-day, even though in the exuberance of its expression it fails to reach the level of that of our Tudor and Stuart forefathers

G. CLARKE NUTTALL.

CORRESPONDENCE

'CHURCH AND STATE IN MEXICO'

To the Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER.

SIR,—I ask permission to contribute to your pages a few remarks arising out of the excellent article by Mr. Lewis Spence in your November number. That article appealed to me very specially, as I myself not only have family associations with Latin-America, but also have made a special study of the subject of the relation of the Roman Catholic Church to the State—study made not only in documents, but during former membership of such bodies as the Westminster Archdiocesan Catholic Federation, the Catholic Council for International Relations, etc.

Mr. Spence is undoubtedly right in assigning a certain amount of blame to both sides in the Mexican dispute. Nevertheless, I would suggest that, when analysed down to its first principles, that dispute not only reveals itself as quite a normal example of what is bound to arise in a certain set of circumstances, but also it has an interest for students of English history.

Mr. Spence says that the blame which attaches to the Church is found in its attitude of infallibilism. While I agree that in a sense this is true, it would be better to express the matter more accurately. The Roman Catholic claim of infallibility is restricted to certain spheres—*e.g.*, the Pope is claimed to be infallible when defining a doctrine concerning faith and morals. The dispute in Mexico has not entered into that sphere except indirectly. No doubt what Mr. Spence meant was that the general attitude of rigid dogmatism, upheld by the Church, was and is the cause of its share of blame. This is true, but amounts to saying that the cause of the conflict is found in that Church's theory of the relations of Church and State. When we examine into that theory we find that the Mexican trouble is simply an example of the inevitable product of such a theory.

'Just as the end at which the Church aims is,' said Leo XIII. (expressing the settled ecclesiastical doctrine) in his encyclical *Immortal Dei*, November 1885, 'by far the noblest of ends, so is its authority the most exalted of all authority. It can neither be looked upon as inferior to the civil power, nor in any way dependent upon it.'

Also (*Arcanum Divinæ*, February 1880): 'Jesus Christ, the Founder of the Church, willed her sacred power to be distinct from the civil power, and each power to be free and unshackled in its own sphere: with this condition however—a condition good for both, and of advantage to all men—that union and concord should be maintained between them; and that on those questions which are, though in different ways, of common right and authority, the power to which secular matters have been entrusted should

happily and becomingly depend on the other power which has in its charge the interests of heaven.'

Finally (*Sapientia Christiana*, January 1890): 'If the laws of the State are manifestly at variance with the Divine Law, containing enactments hurtful to the Church, or conveying injunctions adverse to the duties imposed by religion; or if they violate, in the person of the Supreme Pontiff, the authority of Jesus Christ [italics mine], then truly, to resist becomes a positive duty; to obey, a crime.'

When it is borne in mind that the magisterium of the Church is claimed to extend to all matters of faith and morals (i.e., the greater part of life), it will be seen clearly that the above quotations (which are representative) amount to the subordination of States to the Sovereign Pontiff. Hence it will be seen that the Mexican dispute goes down to a principle which has come up often enough in European history, and which was twice illustrated in that of our own country—first in the inconclusive conflict of Church and State under Henry II., and second in the conclusive one under the Tudors. The problem, however, is still largely unsolved in many Latin countries. Hence the Mexican dispute.

Yours faithfully,

J. W. POYNTER.

Highbury, N.5.

November 16, 1926.

Communications should be addressed to the Editor of the NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER, 10 & 12, Orange Street, Leicester Square, W.C. 2.

Letters as well as articles will be considered for publication, but letters should be confined to criticism or amplification of articles which have already appeared in the Review. No anonymous contribution is published.

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