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REVIEW

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W. L. COURTNEY

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THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

No. DCCXV. NEW SERIES. JULY 1, 1926.

THE STAGECRAFT OF SHAKESPEARE

(The substance of a lecture delivered at the Sorbonne, January 26, 1926)

BY HARLEY GRANVILLE-BARKER

So much has been written about Shakespeare that one would suppose—and may even be forgiven for hoping—the subject to be near exhaustion. Can yet another new approach to him be found? My first suggestion to you this afternoon is that, with as many attributes to his credit as had Olympian Zeus, the path least trodden by critic and panegyrist is that which is the most obvious, as it is the oldest approach of all, the approach to Shakespeare the playwright. And I say boldly that an appreciation of Shakespeare the playwright is the necessary basis of a complete understanding of him. Even Shakespeare the poet, though he be the wellspring beneath all, is not more important. For if the young Shakespeare made drama out of poetry, the poetry of the mature plays (but for a passage here and there) has little validity apart from its dramatic purpose.

There are reasons enough why Shakespeare the playwright has been neglected. The theatre for which he wrote perished. A far-reaching change was taking place even while he wrote. The so-called "private" theatre, comfortably lodged in a candle-lit hall, was ousting from fashionable favour the glorified inn-yard through which the wind blew but upon which the sun shone. The drama, in fact, was moving, with the rest of our civilisation, from outdoors in, and whether either has found strength in the change may be doubted. In the new theatre that finally arose, to all intent our theatre of to-day, Shakespeare's plays were turned to account with little regard for their artistic integrity. They were—and usually are still—mutilated to the measure of a stagecraft which is foreign to them. His fame, it is true, never suffered eclipse, but

it is not untrue to say that for a century or more it existed under protest. Voltaire only said—it was characteristic of him—what like-minded English critics had shrunk from saying so positively. And much of what Voltaire said was true: only—and this is characteristic of such criticism—it was not the essentially important thing to say. But when, as the eighteenth century waned, his genius began to break the bounds of criticism, it was Shakespeare the great Romantic, Shakespeare the philosopher, Shakespeare the fount of all wisdom, that was set up like a very Baal for our worship. And his nineteenth-century idolators had neither time nor taste for Shakespeare the seventeenth-century playwright.

We may imagine a dispute between the nine Muses as to the relative advantages and drawbacks of the arts over which they preside. Melpomene, Thalia, Terpsichore, Euterpe would claim to carry it off in present popularity, but they pay dearly in retrospect. Where are the dancers of yester-year? What can we hope to recapture of the music that delighted the Greeks? Even if the instruments that made it were not dumb, our ears would be deaf to its beauty. And this cloud falls upon drama also. For drama exists in its fullness only in its interpretation. And it aims—for it must—at spontaneous appreciation. No leisurely perusal, no turning back over the leaves as we follow the performance of a play! Further, the dramatist counts on far more than the intelligent repetition of his words by the actors. He counts upon the unwritten language of gesture, of emotion, and in the understanding of that language time and circumstance have much to say. But the dramatist counts above all upon the tacit acceptance of convention. All art implies convention; and if with regard to the apparently simple art of the theatre we are unconscious (as most of us are) of the current convention, it only means that its transgression will disturb us the more. If you doubt this, test the purely emotional effect that Japanese conventional acting will have upon you. It will affect you not much more than Japanese music will.

And here is the difficulty with our seventeenth-century dramatist William Shakespeare. His conventions are not

ours. They differ—and sometimes differ widely—from those which we accept, consciously or unconsciously, to-day. Nor will it do to ignore this aspect of his artistry. Look back, if you think so, upon the long line of mutilated and perverted texts which are the logical result of holding that Shakespeare the seventeenth-century playwright can be ignored. Excusable errors; for the perpetrators were seeing, if somewhat blindly, to stimulate that spontaneous appreciation which properly belongs to the theatre. We cannot, for our part, by any effort of will recreate ourselves emotionally as Elizabethans. Upon what basis, then, can a reconciliation between the seventeenth and twentieth centuries be made? On the importance of the reconciliation I again insist, whether from the point of view of the actor and his audience or the scholar and his readers. For surely we may lay it down as an axiom—let every critic inscribe this upon the wall of his study—that to understand an art we must first be able to enjoy it.

What are the main differences between Shakespeare's artistry and our disposition towards the theatre that need to be reconciled? Let me name four.

First.—His language is by no means our current language. We have often to stop and think what he means. In the theatre, as aforesaid, there can be no stopping to think, no turning back of the pages. Indeed, it is arguable that in the theatre one should not think at all; one should listen and surrender oneself and think afterwards. And if afterwards one discovers that there has been nothing to think about—well, so much trouble will have been saved.

Secondly.—When Shakespeare wrote of Romans, of the Trojans and the Greeks, of ancient Britons and of Danes, his sense of "period" differed somewhat from ours.

Thirdly.—The women's parts in his plays were acted by boys; and quite obviously—this is so obvious that it is mostly forgotten—were written to that end.

Fourthly.—and this difference involves many others—our stage is the stage of visual illusion; Shakespeare's appeal was primarily to the ear.

With the first difficulty I shall not trouble you. Para-

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doxically enough for you—if you are to see or read Shakespeare in translation—it need hardly exist. There would be no point, I should suppose, in making a French version of Shakespeare archaic, none certainly in translating English obscurities into French obscurity, none whatever in transcribing what are probably mere editors' and printers' errors. That would be to emulate the Chinese cook, whom his French mistress taught to make an omelette. She broke three eggs, but one proving bad, she threw it away and took a fourth. Thereafter he made excellent omelettes, but he always threw away one egg in every four.

The *second* difficulty, that which concerns our changed sense of period, is a minor difficulty, no doubt, but it is real and inevitable, and, though a minor difficulty, rather a "pervasive" one.

First for the historical facts. We are apt to say carelessly that Shakespeare thought of his Romans and Britons and presented them upon the stage habited as men of his own time. This is not wholly true. He had no very exact archæological knowledge; but for the matter of that neither have we. We can visualise accurately enough the few past centuries with which pictures and portraits keep us familiar. But we should most of us be hard put to it for an accurate description of the streets and people of Paris in the year A.D. 500, or even of the Rome of Cæsar's day. We are apt to think of the Roman Senate assembled looking not unlike the cooling room of a Turkish bath (but I doubt if it did); and popular fancy certainly attires Cleopatra (who was an Alexandrian Greek) in the costume of the wife of Tutankhamen, dead a thousand years or so earlier. If Shakespeare fancied her in an Elizabethan ruff and farthingale it was hardly a greater historical error. Yet to us this is an æsthetic offence. "Cut my lace, Charmian," she cries out, when Antony is about to desert her. Does it seem a very trifling matter if the Cleopatra of our theatre should quite obviously have no staylaces to cut? Well, in one sense it will be. But a little rift such as this—and you may find a dozen in every play—between the spoken word and the action opens a larger issue.

Every producer of a play must aim for what we may call

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"the constant credibility of the actor." It weakens the illusion in which an audience must be held if the play's clear intentions are not fulfilled, if the actors must say one thing, even a trifling thing, and do another. We can, of course, cut out the line instead of cutting the lace. But by that way of disposing of such difficulties madness lies. No, if that lace cannot be cut, if the conspirators against Cæsar have no hats to pluck about their ears, Coriolanus no bonnet in his hand, if Iachimo's description of Imogen's bedchamber, and Cloten's talk of his sport and his music are obviously a few centuries out of date, the play's hold on us for those moments will be relaxed. We are accustomed to dwell upon the greatness, upon the elemental aspects of Shakespeare's art, and these, truly, are unaffected by such questions. But there is this to remember about any good play and about his no less than any; there is this other and very important aspect of Shakespeare as dramatist. Note how these elemental things are set in surroundings of lively and varied action, and how the main march of the action is aided and lightened by a constant succession of stimulating and amusing episodes. It is these things that give the plays their abounding vitality, which made them, I think, and still make them, in the best sense, popular plays. And these lively and spontaneous touches, the fresh flowers of his art we may call them, cannot by their very nature be retouched and rendered into other terms, or the life will go out of them.

Now for the third difference. There were no women to act upon Shakespeare's stage. Was the artistic loss so great? One gallantly says "Yes." In these gynarchic days who dare say otherwise? Yet I confess to doubts. We have no experience to-day of the homogeneous theatre, but, for a parallel, we can appreciate the quality of certain music (sacred music mostly) written for men's and boys' voices, and we can deplore the loss of quality and of atmosphere when the florid operatic soprano forces her way in.

But let us first consider how Shakespeare dealt with this disability of his theatre, as the modern dramatist would consider it, how it affected—if it did affect—his art. It

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did not disable his imagination or limit his range of choice of women's characters themselves. Juliet, Cleopatra, Rosalind, Imogen, Lady Macbeth, Cordelia, are sufficient evidence that it did not. But when it came to the presentation of his women characters, what then? All art involves selection, and the presentation of character in the theatre a very strict selection indeed. Compare the play with the novel, and take the longest part in Shakespeare's longest play, *Hamlet*. Hamlet, the whole of him, would fill but a few pages of a novel. Why, a theatre audience would be home again and in bed long before M. Marcel Proust could manage to change the guard on the battlements of Elsinore. Note, then, how carefully, how artfully, Shakespeare selects the episodes by which to present these women characters that boys are to play. The boy-actress; remember, was a convention, very much as modern opera is a convention. The audience, that is to say, ignored the contradiction without ever quite forgetting it. Hamlet's reference to his player-queen, who has grown out of all knowledge, the current joke that the play could not begin because Juliet was being shaved, give us a cue to the public's attitude of mind. Well, Shakespeare carefully selects the episodes that boys can present, and never does he burden them with things that in their conventional disguise it would be embarrassing or ridiculous for them to do or say. On the other hand, he makes dramatic capital of it. Witness the constantly recurring theme of the girl disguised as a boy, and most effectively disguised, of course, when a boy was acting Julia, Rosalind, Viola, or Imogen. Some psychologist might well analyse the double paradox of the enjoyment derived by an audience of *Twelfth Night* who knew, as Olivia and the Duke did not, that the boy Cesario-Viola was really a girl, but knew also that the girl Viola-Cesario was really a boy. But note that while we have Constance mourning for her dead son in some of the most poignantly beautiful passages Shakespeare wrote, no mother ever comes on the stage with a baby in her arms. Paulina, it is true, in *The Winter's Tale* does bring on Hermione's child; but we never meet with any indulgence in the pretty play of

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motherhood. Why? Because it would have been slightly ridiculous. And take the two great love tragedies, *Romeo and Juliet* and *Antony and Cleopatra*. How little love-making, as the modern stage understands it, do we find in them? Throughout the whole play *Romeo and Juliet* themselves are in personal, physical touch with each other but *four* times and never for very long. In the ballroom scene they exchange thirty lines of formal speech. With Friar Lawrence in their company they speak twenty lines together. Then we have their brief tragic parting, and they next meet to die. And in the balcony scene, one of the most beautiful and passionate love-scenes in all drama, they are carefully kept apart. Shakespeare's artistic judgment may not have been infallible, but his artistic instinct seldom failed him. Even on our stage this separation of the two lovers adds a rarity of beauty to the scene. On his stage it made it dramatically possible.

Turn again to *Antony and Cleopatra*. Its very subject is sexual in character, and I ask you to consider how the modern dramatist would have exploited this—has exploited the same sort of thing time and again for the benefit of his "leading lady." But with Shakespeare—! Until Antony is brought dying to the monument I can trace, I think, but one positive embrace in the play. That is to say, until the story takes its tragic plunge and mere sex is swamped in greater passion Shakespeare runs no risk of the incongruous. In the earlier part of the play, indeed, Antony and Cleopatra are very little together; its very first episode is their parting. And her attitude towards him is one of humour, coquetry, and caprice, but never of physical allurements. She plays him with her wit. Note, further, that the famous description of her in her barge, of her beauty and wantonness—it is placed in the mouth of the rough cynic Enobarbus, and neither he nor Shakespeare minces matters:—

Age cannot wither her nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies; for vilest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.

This description of her sensual side is only given when the mimic Cleopatra has been absent from the stage for nearly half-an-hour.

Now, does this "historic" difference between Shakespeare's stage and ours involve us in an æsthetic difficulty? Yes; though it should not, I think, be an insuperable one. Should we campaign for the banishing of women from the theatre? The movement might gather many fervent supporters, but I doubt its success. But let actresses take warning and remember that while the modern dramatist in writing parts for them makes legitimate allowance for that display of personal charm, that emotional suggestion with which they embellish—and sometimes over-embellish—his work, in the acting of Shakespeare this is illegitimate and disastrous. For genius will pluck advantage from disability, and from this disability Shakespeare plucked one of the brightest jewels in his artist's crown. In his love episodes he could not, if he would, directly indulge in the sensuous and the sentimental. Was it in searching for a substitute he discovered that the stuff of tragedy and of true comedy in the relations between men and women lie *outside* the boundaries of primitive sex-appeal? This at least results. He lifts the relations of his men and women to a plane where he can cope with them upon terms of poetry, of humour, of enfranchised wit. His lovers meet upon grounds of self-respect and finally of mutual respect. There is never a scene between them that it need embarrass anyone to overhear. And women, as we know, and possibly for this reason, consider that his heroines are perfectly representative of their sex. The fact that they are so because they were meant to be acted by boys is one of the choicest ironies of literary history.

And now for the most important difference of all. Ours, we said, is the stage of visual illusion, Shakespeare's was the stage of vocal appeal. Ours, then, is necessarily a stage of *defined locality*. Shakespeare's was not.

The curtain goes up on a modern play. The actors—and the audience in imagination—are supposed to be in a particular place, which is more or less realistically represented. (And the modern dramatic technique tends to

keep us there a whole act's length.) With Shakespeare it is hardly an exaggeration to say that at many points in a play you might question where the characters are, and for want of an exact answer be driven to reply "on the stage."

Let us follow this clue a little. We, of course, know that the scene directions "A street in Venice," "Another street," "Portia's house in Belmont," "Another room in the same" are interpolations of the editors. We know that in Shakespeare's time no painted pictures of the places were there. Nevertheless such is our instinct for the theatre of visual illusion that we still incline to think that while Shylock and Antonio were on the stage the audience were expected to provide by an effort of imagination a pictorial Venetian background for themselves. That was not so. Imagine yourselves Shakespeare's audience. The play is called *The Merchant of Venice*; so much you know. There enter upon the bare stage sundry fine gentlemen of dignified behaviour whose talk is all of argosies and signors and rich burghers; and after 112 lines have been spoken Bassanio observes that "Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice." Therefore, pretty obviously, these gentlemen are in Venice. But whereabouts in Venice, whether indoors or out, and what the place is like, Shakespeare does not tell us, for it would not further his dramatic purpose to do so. A few lines later we hear of a place called Belmont (which, by the way Bassanio speaks of it, must be within reach of Venice), where dwells a lady called Portia, who has many suitors. And when Antonio and Bassanio have left the stage, and there arrives upon it a fine lady who talks at length about her suitors and about Bassanio himself—why, we guess her to be Portia, and we suppose ourselves at Belmont; though, again, whereabouts in Belmont, whether indoors or out, and what the place is like, Shakespeare still does not tell us, because it would not advantage us to know. And so the play's action proceeds. It is shifted from Venice to Belmont, from Belmont to Venice, as we may guess by the nature of the action itself; and when the characters speak of standing beneath a pent-house or of having come "abroad" we conclude they are some-

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where out of doors. And when we see the Doge and the Magnificoes sitting in state, we know that the Doge is holding his Court. But all the while Shakespeare neither tells us nor implies any more exact locality than it yields him dramatic profit to. But towards the play's end Lorenzo and Jessica enter, and Lorenzo speaks:—

The moon shines bright: in such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
And they did make no noise. . . .

The passage is well known.

And a few lines later:—

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

And so on. Here Shakespeare wants for his play's purpose to paint *in our imaginations* a romantic moonlight scene. And that is how he does it. But even so, remark that he is less concerned with the picture itself than with its emotional effect upon his characters, and only through them—though inevitably through them, for what other medium of expression has he?—only through their emotions is the effect made upon yours. Shakespeare still has, that is to say, but one end in view, the development of his dramatic theme. And his actors are the prism through which all light must pass. This was a primary condition of all Elizabethan stagecraft, and not many of the dramatists troubled themselves with the further possibilities that lay in it. But I have taken my illustration, you will notice, from one of Shakespeare's earliest plays. And his later development of the possibilities is an astonishing one, and is fraught, as I hope to show you, with important æsthetic consequences.

He paints his scenery, or let us rather say he creates an atmosphere when he needs one, but only when he needs one, and always the sort of atmosphere he needs. That brilliant critic the late Sir Walter Raleigh has observed that

(1) Except, perhaps, the music; but Elizabethan music was not picturesque and atmospheric.

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in *As You Like It*, though most of the action passes in the Forest of Arden, no single bird, insect or flower is mentioned by name, nor can we well be sure what season of the year it is. And he adds that thus "Shakespeare attains his end without the bathos of an allusion to the soft green grass, which must needs have been represented by the boards of the theatre." But he omits to remark that *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is full of the names of flowers and of talk of the spring and of banks:—

. . . whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows.

The reason, I think, is plain. *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is a truly pastoral play. But *As You Like It* is written in the spirit of a Court Masque. It is Shakespeare's most sophisticated comedy.

When he needs no atmosphere, but only to give us information, he gives it and has done.

"Barkloughly Castle call you this at hand?"

says Richard II. at the beginning of a scene; and no further mention of the place is made.

"Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle . . ."

says Bolingbroke in the play's next scene. What castle it may be, only the ever-obliging editors and our possible recollection that in the scene before Richard said he would go to Flint Castle, will tell us. But turn to *Macbeth*. When the doomed Duncan and his train reach Inverness:—

DUNCAN: This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

BANQUO: This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd,
The air is delicate.

What scene-painter could paint that better, could better give you the calm sunset beauty which is the prelude to

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the murky, murderous night to come? Indeed the better a scene-painter did his work the worse it would be. For if his picture were beautiful it would hold your attention. And the beauty and—more important by far—the dramatic significance of Shakespeare's lines would have the less hold on you.

In *Macbeth* Shakespeare's art of giving you not the pictorial but emotional effect of a scene's surrounding reaches its height. Note the passage where, just before the murder, Banquo and Fleance are on their way to bed. Or, for a scenic effect made in twenty words, that when Banquo's own hour has come and the murderers are on the watch for him as he returns to Macbeth's feast. The first murderer says:—

The West yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace
To gain the timely inn.

What more is needed, when our senses are already attuned to this magic, to make us feel the wan loneliness of the fatal spot?

The modern scene-painter has given to the painted scene an integrity of its own which we respect. He has raised it to the rank of a silent though often an eloquent, sometimes a leading, character in the play. Scenery has indeed been known to interest the audience far more than ever the actors could manage to. And no less a person than Ben Jonson saw this danger ahead when he satirically warned the dramatist:—

Painting and carpentry are the soul of Mask,
Back with your peddling poetry to the stage.

Our stage descends rather from the theatre of the Masks than from that for which Shakespeare wrote. To that no such integrity was allowed. It was, with its curtains, its doors and balcony, a convenience for the actors, no more. And you could treat it much as you liked. Your characters were upon the outer stage and apparently in some sort of a street. The curtains behind them being drawn back they went into the inner stage; now they were in some sort of house. If they came out again and the curtains closed behind them it was simple to imagine them

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in the street again; in that same street or another. Further, and far more outrageously to our modern eyes, it was possible for Juliet to say farewell to Romeo in her chamber on the upper stage, from which in sight of the audience he then descends to the lower stage, the orchard from which he wooed her. Yet two lines later, when her mother calls her, Juliet descends to that same lower stage where her mother joins her and where the rest of the long scene is played. And when she had descended the lower stage becomes her bedchamber. And the audience's sense of scenic propriety is not affected at all. In the same way Cleopatra's "monument" is at one time upon the upper stage, because Antony has to be drawn up to it; and at another upon the lower stage, because Cæsar and his soldiers have to enter there, and space will be needed. And if in *The Merchant of Venice* the localities are so obvious, you may say, as not to need definition, look at *Richard the Second*, in which the action travels over half England. Yet of nineteen scenes only eight are localised at all, and only three of these very exactly. And if this is thought to be an immature play, look at *Antony and Cleopatra*. In the third and fourth acts there are twenty-four scenes. And though the editors oblige us with "Cæsar's Camp," "A plain near Actium," "The walls of Alexandria," and the like, it is obvious that Shakespeare for three-quarters of the time does not care where in particular we suppose the characters to be. When a dramatist writes scenes not five lines long, which cannot take two minutes to play, it is obvious that locality hardly enters into the question at all. Our dramatic imagination would revolt at such hustling. That sort of art has been left for the Cinema—and there we may leave it.

But by these conveniences or limitations of his theatre—which you will—to what æsthetic end is Shakespeare led? What stagecraft does he evolve out of this freedom from the visual illusion of the painted scene and the localised stage? He is able, we see, to write plays of great rapidity, variety and complexity of action and of space-movement, yet without disturbance to their dramatic continuity. He has been condemned for a too scandalous disregard of the unities. If we disregard in our turn the

chief canons of his art there is much in the accusation. Break up his plays in the terms of our visual stage into a cinematographic series of incidents and their dramatic strength is dissipated indeed. No need to belabour us with the letter of a law laid down by Aristotle; nevertheless, an essential unity of treatment is a thing towards which all artists in all arts seem naturally to strive. Where do we find it in Shakespeare? Not in any consideration for unity of place, for his stage achieved no dramatic dignity or integrity as a *place* at all. For his unities we must look to action and character development only. But it is hardly a paradox to say that for him a play's action has a single abiding-place in the minds and hearts of its characters. An essential and vital unity indeed!

Upon this basis he does develop a stagecraft of extraordinary power and daring. So daring is it that, at its height, sensitive critics have held that the effects he aimed at cannot be achieved on the stage. It is hard for me to admit such a paradox, to admit that Shakespeare, the master-playwright, wrote such plays. But most people are disposed to echo Charles Lamb in his repudiation of all performance of *King Lear*, in his objection to seeing the mighty heart and mind brought down to corporeal dimensions, the Colossus turned to an old man tottering about the stage with a walking-stick, and in his ridicule of "the contemptible machinery by which they mimic the storm."

Now it may well be that Shakespeare's own stage never produced an ideal Lear, but the play as Lamb saw it was not the play of Shakespeare's stagecraft at all. (It was, as it happens, not even textually Shakespeare's play, but a garbled version by Nahum Tate.)

Consider for a moment in the light of Shakespeare's true stagecraft the crucial part of *King Lear*: the famous storm scenes. Consider them solely in the light of his stagecraft, of the convention of his theatre, of the medium he employed. He is to picture the old tyrant brought low by his own folly and the cold cruelty of his daughters. He is to pit man's magnificent pride and self-will against the violence of nature, and to show that, in face of her catastrophes, king and beggar are as one; and he is to show us that as Lear grows physically more helpless so

he grows morally greater; how with his kingly dignity reft from him a new human dignity comes to him, and how, when the reason that betrayed him is broken, as a witless old man he finds salvation for his soul.

For these scenes' interpretation, when they are written, he will have, remember, his actors upon a bare stage—nothing much more. He uses poetry, of course, for with poetry you can convey meaning and rouse emotion at one stroke, and he has learnt by this, as we know, to write a sort of dramatic verse which has often an inexplicable magic in the sound alone. We find, as it happens, fewer instances of this subtlety of writing in these storm scenes than earlier and later in the play. And for a good reason. Now he wants strength of expression above all; so the verse is rugged and direct, and for contrast when he needs it he uses passages of fantastic prose. He does not trouble much with description of the wild heath upon which Lear is to be exposed to the storm. But he does one daring thing. An entire character is turned to scenic account. For what else is Edgar during this portion of the play, disguised as a ragged, shivering Bedlam beggar, but a living picture, a constant reminder of the stress of nature's cruelty to man? The storm breaks. Lear enters:—

Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Smite flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,
That make ingrateful man!

This is not—and is not meant to be—a realistic picture of a poor old man tottering about with a walking-stick. This is the storm itself, interpreted through the only medium Shakespeare has at his disposal, dramatised in the very person of Lear. Present us, then, with a Lear mighty enough to represent the storm, and we have at one and the same time a Lear capable of defying the storm. We have, that is to say, the colossal figure of Shakespeare's imagining and Lamb's desire.

This, of course, is not the end of the business; let no

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budding Shakespeare imagine it. Such a straightforward use of the Elizabethan convention was common enough. The great art of the thing consists in the variety of means by which the human traits in Lear, his agony and despair, are picked out against this background, even as a painter picks out values in a landscape—and in the means by which they are given dignity and beauty, a higher dignity, an intenser beauty because the dramatist is working upon such magnificent *basic* values. Make Lear at this point in the play realistically weak and infirm, put him in competition with mechanical storm effects and marvellous scene-painting, distract our eyes and ears from him, and he may well shrink to insignificance. But with all attention concentrated on him, nothing competing with him, the suddenly contrasting submissiveness of the line—

Here I stand your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak and despised old man—

has both an obvious and an added value. It shows us a Lear pathetically simple by contrast with the elemental fury that he has just been interpreting to us in terms of his own person, yet still colossal by association with it. Symbolise, that is to say, the very storm in his person, and in his own person he can stand to us, not as a mere individual, but as the very symbol of old age itself.

Not, however, that Shakespeare completely and consistently symbolises him as a Greek tragic writer might do. The stress and strain of the tragedy over, we have the utter human simplicity of the reconciliation with Cordelia:

LEAR:

Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more or less,
And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you and know this man.
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is, and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night: Do not laugh at me,
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

CORDELIA:

And so I am, I am!

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What, indeed, could be simpler? Any sort of stage suits it. It is a thing that any dramatist might write—if he knew how. Yes, but this valley of simplicity and beauty is not to be reached, either in Lear's life or in this grandest phase of Shakespeare's art, without traversing the high mountains first.

King Lear is, in more ways than one, the apex of his art. It is his greatest conception. For its carrying out he gathered together—he needed to—all his playwright's resources; and I find it to be his greatest technical achievement too. And I cannot admit the paradox that it is impossible to present it upon the stage. I do not pretend that upon Shakespeare's own stage its performance was plane sailing, for this had all its own practical, incidental imperfections. Shakespeare doubtless had his ideal theatre, and for that *King Lear* was written. Was it therefore a vague and impracticable ideal? Do not believe that. Great artists are the most practical and definite of men, within their own sphere. And Shakespeare was a supreme artist, working adventurously but very sanely within a medium which, crude in its material resource, became at his touch great in its simplicity. No art that I know of has grown greater by elaboration of machinery. And that has been, I fear, the main path of our dramatic progress. To appreciate Shakespeare's art—and in his art, not in anything else, lies his abiding power—we must go back to meet him on his own ground.

THE NEW EUROPE—MUSSOLINI'S NEW CONCEPTION OF STATE

BY DUDLEY HEATHCOTE

THE civilised world is once again passing through one of those periodical epochs of transition when institutions persist even after the disappearance of the beliefs and conditions which first brought them into being. Before the war we had become hardened into a gross contentment and self-sufficiency, which were a danger to ourselves, and into a sloth and indifference which were a threat to others, while Democracy, the rule of the people exercised through her elected representatives sitting in the House of Commons, was held to constitute the ideal form of government, since it not only ensured the rule of the majority of the electorate, but also fashioned the law which was the most applicable to their shifting needs. For over a hundred and fifty years power had remained deposited in the Parliament, the legal sovereign of the country, though the ultimate repository of political power was assumed to reside in the great mass of the electorate which was responsible for its nomination. This length of tenure was so contrary to the political tendency which had ever characterised our history, and according to which power never remains more than a certain period in any body or class of men, that many wrongly began to believe that democratic government, as expressed in our Constitution, was the form of government that gave the most ideal expression to British aspirations, and that we could consequently regard it as established for many generations to come. Politicians chose to overlook the lessons of the past and the fact that every depository of power in our country, from the Great Barons of Magna Charta to the Church which utilised the King as an instrument to destroy them; the King who plundered the Church after bribing Parliament; and Parliament which, with the assistance of the people, beheaded, changed or expelled the King, or sought to turn him into a mere decorative figurehead, had only been able

to hold power for a certain period. It was only when war broke out that it was realised that this political tendency was reasserting itself, and that Parliament was gradually losing a large measure of its prestige and influence; this development being undoubtedly hastened by certain new factors which the war and its aftermath introduced into politics.

The war gave universal suffrage to men and votes to women over thirty, a widening of the suffrage which was bound to diminish the immediate hold which the people are able to exercise on the power of the Executive, since it is indisputable that "the more universal the vote, the smaller the power of the people." But it effected even more drastic changes. It built up an enormous bureaucracy which, having plentifully encroached on the province and domain of Parliament, proved particularly, and shall we say naturally, averse to relinquishing the privileges that it had gained when peace terminated the emergency period; and it witnessed an equally unprecedented growth in the powers, membership and pretensions of the trade unions, this being in the main responsible for the magnitude of the attack which the Council of these organisations was able to direct on the established government of this country, an undoubted, if unconscious, abuse of the trade union principle, which only Mr. Baldwin's remarkable qualities of tact, energy, and statesmanship, coupled with the innate common sense of the nation generally, were able to defeat. Much has been written and will continue to be written with regard to the demerits and criminal folly of the weapon by which certain influential extreme sections of the trade union movement sought to bludgeon the Government and the remainder of the community into accepting demands which were absolutely unwarranted from an economic standpoint; but while the implications of the terms of the settlement which was ultimately made stress the inevitable effect which any endeavour to utilise industrial organisations for purposes which are mainly political invariably produces, it is difficult to resist the impression that, not only has the present depository of power survived its usefulness, but that its power will consequently

tend to shift to another quarter. Even if it be granted that the victory which it has recently won over the hostile forces that threatened its supremacy is bound to retard that moment, it cannot be denied that the time is approaching for all that, while recent events on the Continent abundantly prove that an equal tendency to do away with Parliamentarism is pretty generally found in Europe.

The Great War proved for every country which had engaged in it an economic disaster of such magnitude that it was inevitable that attacks should be made against constitutional government as soon as the workers had begun to realise that the welfare of the victors no less than that of the conquered had been gravely imperilled by it. As after Napoleon's wars, the first few years following the Armistice witnessed a series of economic and social convulsions, money crises, food shortages, and high prices, not to mention moral disorganisation and a considerable amount of unemployment, which so affected the *moral* of the worker that the pernicious gospel which the Bolsheviks were preaching, and the old appeal which they made to the ignorant and destitute, very soon produced a class of rebel and discontented who took their orders from Moscow and aimed at doing away with all established government. How the Bolshevik wave swept over Europe, temporarily won the day in Hungary, created disorder in Germany, Roumania, and Bulgaria, and almost overthrew the Italian Government, is past history and need not be related here; yet before I deal with the other dominating tendency which the last few years have witnessed, and which is the subject of this article, I would stress the fact that, like Fascism and dictator rule, Bolshevism is not only the result of the war, but the expression of that feeling of acute discontent with existing institutions which inevitably arises when these have outlived their utility. It is idle to conceal the fact, leny it as we may, that the whole economic and political structure of society, as at present constituted, is tottering to its fall, and that drastic revision will have to be made of everything which tradition has fostered and kept alive if we would avert catastrophe. The changes that are bound to take place in the economic, industrial, and even political

world in the next three or four decades will, in my opinion, be as revolutionary in their sphere as those which confront the student of geography as he examines the remodelled map of Europe and is bewildered at the number of new States which have replaced the old. And of this new spirit, moreover, the system which Mussolini has inaugurated in Italy is the best illustration.

The post-war period in Italy, as elsewhere, produced enormous discontent, unrest, and disillusionment. The Government was notoriously incompetent and apathetic, while the workers were prone to accept any revolutionary doctrine that appeared likely to improve their lot. A succession of strikes in all industries had caused prices to rise to an abnormal extent, production had decreased in an inverse ratio, and there were enormous deficits not only in the principal State departments, but in the Budget, accompanied by a rapid depreciation in the national currency. Fascism first originated in April, 1919, when a group of 145 earnest patriots, alarmed at the progress which Communism was making in the country and the inadequacy of the State to cope with the elements of sedition, grouped themselves together in a *fascio* (bundle) under the leadership of Benito Mussolini, who was the organiser and inspiring force of the movement, to combat Bolshevism and to revolutionise the State, which all felt to be, if not moribund, at least very devitalised.

Received at first with general scepticism and even prejudice, and opposed not only by the Bolshevik faction, but by the various political organisations, including the State, which felt themselves being undermined by the new association, the movement grew and prospered sufficiently to become one of the leading parties in the country, its fervent nationalism and revolutionary programme rallying to its side not only those earnest patriots and ex-soldiers who refused to despair of their country, but those masses of workers who were beginning to question the value of Leninism and to ascribe to its nefarious influence the general chaos and rapid increase in crime against property that were becoming almost a daily feature of Italian life. Gradually it began to acquire a power of its own and to

substitute its own organisation for that of the Government. It acted successfully as arbitrator in disputes between Labour and the State, policed the country generally and suppressed crime or Communist outbreaks wherever the constitutional authorities appeared unable to deal with the situation. As the Fascist Congress of Rome in 1920 had declared, however, that Fascism would definitely substitute itself for the State whenever it showed itself incapable of suppressing elements of disorder and disintegration, Mussolini soon realised that this state of affairs could not continue interminably.

"The situation is paradoxical," he declared in September, 1922, "and cannot continue so. For the country's sake it is necessary to subdue the State within the State, to subdue the revolutionary force by the conservative force. There cannot be two or three States within the State."

Realising the danger the Government tried to avert it by offering him a Cabinet appointment, but, remembering that all his previous demands of reform or offers at collaboration had been met by trifling concessions or evasions, he decided that the "time had gone by," and after issuing a fiery proclamation to his men and to the country started on his famous march to Rome with 250,000 men, which led to his being summoned by the King to form a Fascista Cabinet.

The revolution was, like most revolutions at their birth, moderate and well inspired, and no blood was shed except that of the Fascist legionaries, and, what is even more notable, the *régime* that it inaugurated, in spite of its apparent denial of democracy, has been flourishing ever since, Italy being indisputably the more prosperous and contented for the drastic changes which Fascism has produced.

What is the explanation? How has a system which contradicts all our conceptions of democratic government enlisted the favour and allegiance of a race which hitherto had always shown itself ready to embrace the most Socialistic doctrines? Has Fascism come to stay, or will it disappear with the death of its founder? Such questions deserve discussing because, in spite of the limelight which has played around Mussolini's romantic personality and

doctrines for some years, Fascism is still apt to be misunderstood as far as most people are concerned.

Fascism, which has been often compared to the "Krypteia" of Sparta or the "Eterie" of Athens, is a system of government that is entirely based on ideas thought out and elaborated by Mussolini himself, and is a compound of the teaching of Georges Sorel, Nietzsche, Machiavelli and William James, Pareto and Schopenhauer. Like Sorel, Mussolini believes in regenerating the world by revolution, and advocates direct action, but he is entirely opposed to the general strike or the dominance of the proletariat. From Nietzsche he derives the necessity for those who have certain views to impose them on the community as a whole, and to rule as super men. Like Machiavelli, he thinks that liberty is not what the people need, and that they at the most delegate sovereignty as they never exercise it.

The people do not desire liberty. They want railways, drains, houses, bridges, roads, water and light.

Governments exclusively based on the consent of the governed have never existed, do not exist, and will probably never exist. . . . The entire people delegates sovereignty, but it cannot exercise it. . . . Even in the lands where this political machinery has been in greatest use for centuries, there come solemn moments when no appeal is made any longer to the people because it is felt that the reply would be disastrous.

From Pareto, the eminent economist, under whom he worked when he was a student at Geneva University, he derives the doctrine of the "Imponderable." He holds the view that the only way to achieve anything in the world is by being ever ready to modify one's method. Fascism he accordingly considers in the light of an experimental method, while his aim in life consists in looking for truth—"Je suis l'homme qui cherche."

Applying the pragmatism of William James to politics he declares that theories can only be judged by their results, and that if only an ideal is the right one a way to achieve it will eventually be found.

Mussolini's attitude towards Socialism and Parliamentary government is characteristic of the man.

Socialism he refuses to have at any price, as he denies its truth and opposes its fatalistic tendencies.

I deny the existence of only two classes because there are many more. I deny the possibility of explaining the story of humanity in terms of economics. I am opposed to internationalism because it is a luxury which only the upper classes can afford; the working classes are hopelessly bound to their native shores. Not only this, but I affirm that the real history of capitalism is only beginning now, because capitalism is not only a system of oppression, but a selection of that which is of most worth, a co-ordination of hierarchies, a more strongly developed sense of individual responsibility. So true is this that Lenin, after having instituted the building councils, abolished them and put in dictators; so true is it that after having nationalised commerce he reintroduced the régime of liberty; and after suppressing the bourgeoisie to-day he summons it back, because without capitalism and its technical system of production Russia could never rise again.

The message he gives to the working classes is the following:—

The Government governs for all, over the heads of all, and, if necessary, against all. It governs for all, because it takes into account all general interests; it governs against all, when any group, whether of the middle class or of the proletariat, tries to put its interests before the general interests of the nation.

Revolution he upholds as necessary if the State has outlived its utility, but only when the general good requires it. The only revolution that can better the condition of the working classes is an economic one, and the secret of that revolution lies in increase of production.

Economic revolutions draw their substance from labour, and can only be strengthened, advanced, and carried out by the intensification of production, whether in the fields or in the factories, and by a further utilisation of scientific processes and methods of production.

Of Syndicalism he says:—

I believe in syndicalism, but my syndicalism is different from that of the Socialists, as I do not allow strikes in public services under any pretext, and am in favour of co-operation among the classes especially in a period like the present one of acute economic crisis.

Parliamentarism he holds to have been severely affected by two phenomena: on one side Syndicalism, on the other Journalism. Syndicalism gathers by its various organisations all those who have special interests to protect, who wish to withdraw them from the manifest incompetence of the political assembly. Journalism represents the daily Parliament, the daily platform where men coming from

the Universities, from science, industry, from the experience of life itself, discuss problems with a competence that is very seldom found on the Parliamentary benches.

The two phenomena typical of the last period of capitalistic civilisation are those which have reduced the enormous importance which was attributed to Parliament.

Mussolini does not, however, desire to abolish Parliament altogether. He would like to make it more efficient, but would take from it all power to interfere with the government, as he is unable to overcome an instinctive contempt for what he calls mere talking machines or electoral systems which give supremacy simply to numbers.

To understand the hold which Italian Fascismo is exercising on the imagination of the Italian of to-day it is necessary to realise that no political creed has ever surpassed it in the fervour of its nationalism. Fascism made its appeal to the Italian mind because it enshrined the ideal of patriotism and restored the belief in the race at the moment when the fortunes of the country were at a low ebb. Though Italy had been one of the victors of the war her statesmen could point to little gain achieved, while promises that had been made to her when she had come in on the side of the Allies had been set aside or forgotten when once the war had been won. Mussolini's alleged Imperialism is simply a protest against this attitude, a re-affirmation of Italy's greatness and of her claim to be considered as an equal to any other nation in the world; and this claim he voiced, or struggled to make good, with so passionate an intensity that the masses were stirred, as only Latin races can be stirred, into a very frenzy of adulation and hero worship for the leader who had come to drag them out of the morass of despondency in which the war had left them.

Mussolini's nationalism is of the old-fashioned, full-blooded type.

"Believe in your country," he preaches; "struggle for its interests. Glory in its traditions and everything else will be added unto you, including economic prosperity."

I have succeeded in making the Allies and other peoples of Europe who have not yet attained a true vision of Italy see her as she really is. Not

as something vaguely prehistoric, not the Italy of monuments and libraries, all most respectable things, but Italy as I see her born under my eyes, the Italy of to-day, overflowing with vitality, prepared to give herself a new lease of life, pregnant with serenity and beauty; an Italy which does not live like a parasite on the past, but is ready to build up her own future with her own forces and through her own work and martyrdom. Italy does not intend to follow in the wake of others, but intends to vindicate her rights with dignity, and with no less dignity to protect her interests.

His definition and theory of the State, moreover, are instinct with the same fervid nationalism:—

In the programme of Fascism the State is defined as "the judicial incarnation of the Nation." But the State is even more. It is a hierarchical system. The day when a man, from a group of other men, first assumed command because he was the strongest, the cleverest, the wisest, or the more intelligent, and the others from love or fear obeyed him, that day the State was born and a system of ranks created, simple and rudimentary as the life of man then was. The head has to create a hierarchy to make war, to give justice, to administer the goods of the community to obtain payment of tribute. In every instance the State builds up for itself a hierarchical system, which to-day has become infinitely complex. Decadence of the hierarchy means decadence of the State. When the military hierarchy loses its virtue, defeat follows. When the political hierarchy lives for the moment and no longer has the moral strength to take long views, nor to win over the masses to support those views, the State finds itself faced with the alternative either to go down before the onslaught of another State, or to undergo a revolution, or to infuse fresh blood into the decadent or weak hierarchy.

Mussolini holds that the revolution which he perpetrated has rehabilitated the idea of the State, and that the system of hierarchies which he has organised has trebled the value of his country as an economic force.

Every great calling is a priesthood which stamps with its character all a man's acts, even the least of them. The people are sick and tired of politicians. What we have to bring into existence is a great aristocracy of experts. I have made a beginning. I have distributed the State officials and employés into thirteen grades, comprising a little less than half a million Italians. In the higher grade there is to be only one man the head of the judicial magistracy.

To every man his calling and his work. So Mussolini preaches, and both religion and chivalry are enlisted to idealise the zealous fervour which animates his followers.

Fascists regard themselves as Crusaders whose ideal is summed up in two conceptions, God and their native land, and they are called upon by a mystical duty to sacrifice themselves to the National cause.

Or again:—

Obedience and loyalty to one's ideals, these are the duties of Fascists, and the Fascist soldier has a moral law entirely to himself. Honour is his law, as it was for the knights of old, a law which aspires to the highest grade of perfection without ever attaining it.

But the popularity of the Fascist movement in Italy, and the fact that it seems to have come to stay, if caused in some degree by the appeal which its doctrines make on the Italian imagination, are to be attributed to two far more durable causes. Of these, the strongest if the more ephemeral, is the hold which the tense magnetic personality of the Duce continues to exercise on the minds of his contemporaries.

His is the will, the brain, and the hand of the movement, the guiding force without which Fascism would never have been the present force that it has grown to be. Considerable personal charm and personal magnetism, the most dauntless courage and determination, a power of oratory which has caused many to compare him to Jaurès, a passionate love for his country, and an equally ardent resolve to make her respected abroad and contented at home, immense power of organisation, and a remarkable grasp of civil administration: such are the dominant characteristics of the man whom many have compared not inaptly with Napoleon.

And the other is the fact that whatever we may think of a *régime* that according to Mussolini himself is best expressed as the Government of the People, by a Dictator for the People, the present prosperity of Italy cannot be disputed.

In 1919 the Fascist programme had been formulated much as follows:—

The institution by law of the State of an eight hours day.

The institution of a minimum wage.

The ceding to representatives of labour of the right to take part in the management of industrial concerns.

The rapid systematisation of railways and all forms of transport, a necessary modification of the law regarding sickness and old age insurance, lowering the limit of age from 65 to 55.

ever, that this impression was dispelled, and that the veil was lifted on a controversy which is too often regarded as a mere departmental vendetta. It is time, too, that the public should realise how inefficient and extravagant is the present system and how serious is the canker in the ranks of the fighting Services which it is causing.

The conquest of the air has introduced a new element into warfare and exposed these islands to new and formidable perils, but, in the endeavour to provide a defence against these new dangers, the foundations of our older defences against other, and just as vital dangers, are being assailed. The advent of the aeroplane has, in fact, been heralded as an event which has revolutionised strategy and rendered all earlier weapons obsolete.

It should, however, be recalled that the tendency to exaggerate the importance of new forces and to forget the part which must still be played by the older ones is ever recurring amongst those whose imaginations outrun their knowledge of war. At one time the torpedo-boat was to revolutionise naval warfare and render all big ships impotent. At a later date enthusiasts wished to create a submarine service, distinct from the Navy, because this newly developed weapon would operate "in a new plane," *under the sea*, which, it was argued, was quite distinct from war *on the sea*. It was even suggested that a Tank Service should be set up, distinct from the Army. Fortunately, wiser counsels prevailed, and instead of the control of these new weapons being isolated from that of the older ones, they were merged into the existing armouries. The circumstances which led to the great cleavage in the matter of aircraft were peculiar, and must be examined in some detail in order to be rightly understood.

In 1917 an Air Ministry was created and given control of a united Royal Air Force, entirely distinct from the older Services. This, in theory, remains the position to-day. Actually it has had to be considerably modified in order to meet practical requirements, especially those pertaining to sea-air work.

The Air Ministry came into being largely because there

had been reprehensible competition in a limited market between the Admiralty and the War Office over the production of aircraft. The Cabinet was distracted with the adversity of events, otherwise they might have realised that this question of production was the only real problem, and that it might easily have been assigned to the Ministry of Munitions. Unfortunately, other influences made themselves felt.

The air needs of the Army were at that time out of all proportion to those of the Navy, and the opportunities for using aircraft effectively appeared to be mainly those associated with land warfare or land objectives. Even so this aspect of the matter was unduly emphasised, because the nature of the land fighting was such that there was constant and obvious need for aircraft. Moreover, the demand for aircraft to counter enemy bombing attacks on the civil population was equally insistent.

On the other hand, because they were not confronted hourly with the need for aircraft, the Board of Admiralty and many Flag Officers at sea did not realise sufficiently the growing importance of a naval air service. Naval officers who urged the development of sea-air work for reconnaissance and for spotting long-range gunfire were regarded as visionaries, who desired to deflect effort and *personnel* from legitimate and essential uses into what were regarded as being untried and unprofitable channels.

In the early days of the war, too, the Royal Naval Air Service was the particular pet of that exuberant First Lord, Mr. Winston Churchill. His forceful personality did much to develop it, but he was largely responsible for that competition in aircraft production which became a serious handicap to the Royal Flying Corps, and for diverting the former away from its proper functions. Under his powerful patronage the enterprising spirits which guided the destinies of the R.N.A.S. were ever seeking new outlets for their energies. The attitude of the Navy as a whole towards air matters was not encouraging; while bombing, "ground strafing," and Zeppelin hunting provided vastly more scope for gallantry and initiative than monotonous work like sea reconnaissance or

In less than three years all these promises have been translated into action by the Fascist Government.

Add to these a notable decrease of crime and poverty, a reform of the judiciary, educational and administrative systems, the stabilisation of the currency, and a general uplifting in public and private morality, and you have a pretty good idea of Fascism as it functions in the Italy of to-day.

If the question is now asked as to what Mussolini would have done if a general strike similar to that which was imposed on us a few weeks ago had taken place in Italy, the answer is that it could never have taken place.

Strikes are absolutely forbidden, and a magistracy of labour has been created whose principal duty is to settle trade disputes which might lead to strikes and lock-outs. If the various parties in the dispute agree no action is taken by the Government, but if they disagree the Competent Fascist Arbitrator gives his finding, and none can dispute it. Other Fascist labour legislation is now being contemplated, and the Ministry of Corporations is ensuring a more thorough control of the syndicates, the idea being that whereas trade union councils are apt to limit national production, Government control of labour ensures the opposite effect. Mussolini, who has added this portfolio to those that he already possesses, points with justifiable pride to the fact that after two years of Fascist régime the amount of time lost in strikes was decreased to 200,000 days from the enormous figure of 7,000,000, which it had reached in the year before his famous march to Rome.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE FIGHTING SERVICES

BY CAPTAIN E. ALTHAM, C.B., R.N.

IN August of last year the present Government appointed a Committee under Lord Colwyn to assist in making economies in the fighting Services. It is understood that, amongst other matters, this Committee investigated the extent to which overlapping exists between the three Departments of State which control and administer those Services. No report has been published, but this is the third Committee within three years which has had to look into the same question, although each, perhaps, has had to approach it from a different point of view.

In 1923 a special sub-committee to the National and Imperial Defence Committee was appointed to report on the relations of the Navy and the Air Force. In 1924 another Committee under Lord Haldane investigated other aspects of the same subject. The necessity for these three Committees, the speeches of Members in the House on the annual Navy and Air estimates, and the space devoted in the daily Press to the divergent views of the Admiralty and the Air Ministry, have shown repeatedly that all is very far from being well in the present system of administering at least two of the Services.

Very little has appeared in print to indicate what are the relations between the War Office and the Air Ministry, but this silence may well be attributed to official inspiration in the former Department, which for some four years has been directed to preserving that peace and tranquillity which come from avoiding any such controversial subjects. The effect has been, therefore, to leave an impression that the Navy is ruled by irascible Admirals who resent having their one-time omnipotence curtailed, while General Officers on the Army Council, like reasonable beings, accept the inevitable and do not seek to clip the scarce full-grown wings of the Air Ministry. It is time, how-

ever, that this impression was dispelled, and that the veil was lifted on a controversy which is too often regarded as a mere departmental vendetta. It is time, too, that the public should realise how inefficient and extravagant is the present system and how serious is the canker in the ranks of the fighting Services which it is causing.

The conquest of the air has introduced a new element into warfare and exposed these islands to new and formidable perils, but, in the endeavour to provide a defence against these new dangers, the foundations of our older defences against other, and just as vital dangers, are being assailed. The advent of the aeroplane has, in fact, been heralded as an event which has revolutionised strategy and rendered all earlier weapons obsolete.

It should, however, be recalled that the tendency to exaggerate the importance of new forces and to forget the part which must still be played by the older ones is ever recurring amongst those whose imaginations outrun their knowledge of war. At one time the torpedo-boat was to revolutionise naval warfare and render all big ships impotent. At a later date enthusiasts wished to create a submarine service, distinct from the Navy, because this newly developed weapon would operate "in a new plane," *under the sea*, which, it was argued, was quite distinct from war *on the sea*. It was even suggested that a Tank Service should be set up, distinct from the Army. Fortunately, wiser counsels prevailed, and instead of the control of these new weapons being isolated from that of the older ones, they were merged into the existing armouries. The circumstances which led to the great cleavage in the matter of aircraft were peculiar, and must be examined in some detail in order to be rightly understood.

In 1917 an Air Ministry was created and given control of a united Royal Air Force, entirely distinct from the older Services. This, in theory, remains the position to-day. Actually it has had to be considerably modified in order to meet practical requirements, especially those appertaining to sea-air work.

The Air Ministry came into being largely because there

had been reprehensible competition in a limited market between the Admiralty and the War Office over the production of aircraft. The Cabinet was distracted with the adversity of events, otherwise they might have realised that this question of production was the only real problem, and that it might easily have been assigned to the Ministry of Munitions. Unfortunately, other influences made themselves felt.

The air needs of the Army were at that time out of all proportion to those of the Navy, and the opportunities for using aircraft effectively appeared to be mainly those associated with land warfare or land objectives. Even so this aspect of the matter was unduly emphasised, because the nature of the land fighting was such that there was constant and obvious need for aircraft. Moreover, the demand for aircraft to counter enemy bombing attacks on the civil population was equally insistent.

On the other hand, because they were not confronted hourly with the need for aircraft, the Board of Admiralty and many Flag Officers at sea did not realise sufficiently the growing importance of a naval air service. Naval officers who urged the development of sea-air work for reconnaissance and for spotting long-range gunfire were regarded as visionaries, who desired to deflect effort and *personnel* from legitimate and essential uses into what were regarded as being untried and unprofitable channels.

In the early days of the war, too, the Royal Naval Air Service was the particular pet of that exuberant First Lord, Mr. Winston Churchill. His forceful personality did much to develop it, but he was largely responsible for that competition in aircraft production which became a serious handicap to the Royal Flying Corps, and for diverting the former away from its proper functions. Under his powerful patronage the enterprising spirits which guided the destinies of the R.N.A.S. were ever seeking new outlets for their energies. The attitude of the Navy as a whole towards air matters was not encouraging, while bombing, "ground strafing," and Zeppelin hunting provided vastly more scope for gallantry and initiative than monotonous work like sea reconnaissance or

learning to spot ships' gunfire. The result was that the R.N.A.S. became more and more involved in projects which had nothing to do with the fleet and a great part of the Navy's air service drifted out of the Navy proper.

On the other hand, there grew up a strong camaraderie amongst air *personnel* arising from pride of airmanship. Officers of both the R.N.A.S. and R.F.C. found common ground in the apparently limitless potentialities of aircraft. The very nature of their calling tended to fire the imagination rather than to promote sober judgment. The *personnel* of the R.N.A.S., in particular, chafed, and not without reason, at the conservatism which checked development.

Here were potent reasons, it seemed to the air enthusiast, for creating an independent Air Force which should be freed from the trammels of the older Services. An Air Ministry, it was argued, would, at one stroke, abolish competition in the production of aircraft, would weld together all air officers and men, develop flying and air warfare apace, and the civil population would be impressed with the fact that the Government had taken a very practical step to promote security from air attack. Furthermore, it cannot be denied that personal interests had a definite share in promoting the idea. Officers who had been mere heads of departments in the air branches of the Navy and Army would necessarily have to be given the highest appointments and unfettered control of the new Service, while those in subordinate positions in their original Services saw golden opportunities for advancement by the change.

So the seeming needs of the moment prevailed, while fundamental principles of war became obscured or even ignored. The Board of Admiralty of those days lacked the vision to safeguard the Navy's air service, and the high command afloat made no protest. So control was weakly surrendered. The War Office, on the other hand, welcomed the eclipse of a tiresome competitor, and strongly supported the creation of what was expected to be a dutiful child of its own conception. In fact, the Army Command believed that the Royal Air Force would be a glorified Royal Flying Corps. This, however, soon proved to be a delusion.

The new Air Service, from the earliest days of its creation, set about establishing its distinctive individuality and acquiring its own traditions. Let it be said at once that such aspirations were entirely to be commended in that they made very greatly for efficiency. The success that has attended those efforts has been such that to-day the Royal Air Force has established a very firm foothold in the esteem of the nation, and has won the sincere admiration of the older Services. Whatever the future holds in store for the Departments of the Admiralty, the War Office, and the Air Ministry, there can be little question that the Royal Air Force has come to stay, and must henceforth be regarded as a distinct Service comparable in all respects to the Navy and Army.

*The functions and relations of these Departments, however, must be considered without any sentimental prejudice. If the machinery for administering the fighting Services is to be efficient, it must be based on the abiding principles of war, even though it may have to be refashioned from time to time to suit new methods of putting those principles into practice. If it is to be economical it must ensure that there is no undue overlapping in the process of administration.

In order to investigate this subject let us start with some primitive facts. Man lives and has his being on the land and on the sea. Of late years he has been able to take to the air for brief intervals before returning to his native elements. There was a time when his adventures on the sea were mere interludes in his normal existence, and the use of that element, as of the air to-day, was confined to the adventurous few; but in course of time there grew up a vast floating population, and now countless million pounds' worth of man's possessions pass, year in, year out, across the face of the waters.

This being so, we are brought to realise a first guiding principle, namely, that the issues of war must, in the long run, be decided on the land or on the sea. They cannot be decided in the air. Aircraft may clash in mortal combat in their own element, but they can achieve no lasting results except by attacking land or sea targets. It will

Centuries of history and the whole experience of the greatest war the world has ever seen combine to emphasise the importance of leaving the conduct of war on the sea and on the land to those versed in the use of the forces and weapons appertaining to those elements. Where sea and land fighting merge, as in a landing on an enemy's coast, "practical co-operation" has proved the solution rather than enforced "unity of command."

So we arrive at yet another general principle, namely, that the control of naval strategy and sea warfare should be in different hands from those which control military strategy and land warfare. Moreover, we notice that aircraft operating in the air over the sea have even less scope for independent action than those operating over the land.

At present all matters appertaining to aerial warfare are supposed to be the concern of an Air Ministry and an Air Staff, but, as we have seen, the ultimate object of aircraft must be the attack and defence of land or sea objectives. The effect of thus divorcing the air weapon from the land and sea Services has been to place the whole study of the use of such weapons into a watertight box. The Army and Navy are deprived of full knowledge of the potentialities of aircraft in assisting to perform their respective functions, and the Air Ministry has set out to make war on the land and on the sea on lines of its own.

Could anything be more illogical? Could any system be more fraught with danger in time of war—not war as we knew it seven years ago, but war as it will be if it comes again?

Let us look at the matter from another angle. The fighting Services, in the next war, will have three principal duties:—

1. To prevent or counter attacks on the heart of the nation by enemy aircraft;
2. To keep the seas open so that we shall not be starved out, and, incidentally, to deny them to the enemy;
3. To carry the war into the enemy's country.

The first of these duties will assume great importance if the enemy is a Continental Power within aircraft range of our shores. In other circumstances the second duty is

of first importance, and in any event air security alone will avail us nothing unless we are secure at sea as well.

The question of carrying war into the enemy's country must depend largely on where that country is and on our obligations to any Allies we may have.

It is clear, however, that whatever the nature of the war, aircraft are likely to play a considerable part in it; moreover, an efficient home air defence is so important that it cannot be regarded as a side show. In the event of war with a Continental Power home air defence will almost certainly demand action by our own aircraft on a large scale against objectives in the enemy's country, and until a reasonable measure of security from air attack is assured to our own civil population and centres of national life any idea of sending a big expeditionary force for operations overseas would most probably prove to be impracticable. Eventually, however, whatever form a war may assume, it can only be won by military success on hostile territory or by economic pressure exerted by the Navy.

Such military success may be achieved by the Royal Air Force or by the Army, or by a combination of the two; but, clearly, military strategy, whether directed to ensuring the safety of this country or to the attack of that of the enemy, ought to be co-ordinated under one authority; failing this there is likely to be a repetition of those grave divergences of policy and dispersion of our resources which cost us so dear in the late war. Moreover, from the technical point of view, the land battle of to-morrow will call for the very closest co-operation of infantry, tanks, mechanical artillery and aeroplanes. This, in turn, means such co-ordination in doctrines and training as can only be ensured by having one headquarter staff.

In fact, on the grounds of efficiency there is the strongest possible case for amalgamating the control of the Army and that part of the Royal Air Force, the greater part, whose functions are essentially associated with military strategy and the air defence of this country. Nevertheless war from the air and war in the air have now assumed such importance that they must not be regarded as mere incidentals to the Army's duties. For this reason it is not

suggested that the War Office should swallow the Air Ministry; nor is it proposed that the Air Ministry should swallow the War Office; but the Army Council and the Air Council should be merged into one body, and the new and enlarged Council should include a strong element of senior Air Force officers. The Royal Air Force should retain its individuality and be administered mainly by its own officers. The Head of the Air Force should be a member of the new Army and Air Council, and would in due course be eligible to become Chief of the General Staff.

From the point of view of economy, which is such a vital matter to-day, this amalgamation is no less logical. The technical training of an airman differs from that of a soldier, it is true, but so does that of the infantryman from the cavalryman, the artilleryman from the sapper, the Tank Corps from the Corps of Signals; but one and all are housed in barracks or camps; their discipline is to all intents and purposes the same; the general (as distinct from the technical) responsibilities of commanding and other officers are similar; the medical, victualling, educational, transport and chaplain's services do not differ appreciably; yet the country pays exorbitantly for duplicate overhead charges, because each Service has its separate departmental machinery.

Another unwarrantable extravagance is the maintenance of separate Staff Colleges for the Army and Royal Air Force. There can be no possible justification for conducting the training of their staff officers in two separate establishments, as it is all-important to inculcate into the two Services common doctrines in military strategy and in the attack and defence of land objectives, and common principles in staff work. Here, again, is duplication in overhead charges which promotes neither efficiency nor economy. The two establishments and their instructional staffs should be merged.

To many people the idea of a Ministry of Defence and Combined General Staff commends itself, but there is the fundamental objection that it is impossible to amalgamate sea strategy and naval training with land strategy and military training. On the other hand, the economies which might be effected by having one political and one

civil staff and one set of administrative machinery have much to commend them.

Here, then, is a stepping-stone to the economic Utopia of a Ministry of Defence, and one where economy would go hand in hand with the closer co-ordination and more efficient control of two of the fighting Services.

The naval aspect of this question is already fairly "clear-cut," and a final solution of present difficulties only awaits the stroke of a pen. It has long been apparent that aircraft whose functions are to work with the Navy must be manned by naval *personnel* and be under naval control in war. Already it is approved in principle that seventy per cent. of the flying *personnel*, all the observers and the greater proportion of the care and maintenance parties will, in future, be naval.

There is, therefore, no longer any justification for the dual control of the Fleet Air Arm by the Admiralty and Air Ministry, which does nothing but produce confusion, ill-feeling and inefficiency, and is responsible for most reprehensible waste of the taxpayers' money.

A "Coastal Area" department of the Air Ministry which controls the shore bases of the Fleet Air Arm and a few flying boats has no place in any war organisation, and is merely an extravagant excrescence on the administrative machinery of the fighting Services. It should be abolished.

There already exists an Air Section of the Naval Staff. A small increase of this and of one or two technical departments of the Admiralty would enable the latter to take over the whole of those air services which exist for work with the Fleet and for co-operating with naval forces to guard the ocean routes, narrow seas and approaches to ports and harbours. Responsibility for our security in each of these categories rests with the Admiralty, but neither efficiency nor economy is possible at present owing to dual control of an integral part of the organisation.

This proposed reorganisation of the control and administration of the fighting Services begs two questions:—

(a) What of the production of aircraft?

(b) What of civil aviation?

There was a time when the Army supplied both its own

and the Navy's guns. It took years of representation and argument to demonstrate that the system was radically unsound. To-day a combined Ordnance Committee of naval and military experts advises the Admiralty and War Office on new designs and links up gun developments in both Services, but each Department provides for itself and places orders where it likes. Overlapping and competition are prevented by a co-ordinating Committee of the respective Directors of Contracts.

An Aircraft Committee should be set up on the same lines as the Ordnance Committee. In time of peace it is necessary to encourage many sources of supply to keep them in being and ready to expand in war. In war it might be necessary to re-create a Ministry of Munitions or of Supplies, and to make that the authority for producing aircraft in common with other war material.

Civil aviation should not be controlled by a Department primarily responsible for administering a fighting Service. Once get rid of the "Trade Union" attitude towards "everything that flies" and it will be seen that there is no more reason for an Air Ministry to control commercial flying than there would be for the Admiralty to interfere with the Mercantile Marine. It is necessary to have an element of Government control in a concern which is subsidised by the Government; moreover, regulations to ensure public safety must be framed and enforced by Government authority, but this could well be done by a civil aviation department of the Board of Trade. That office already has departments to exercise the necessary official control of every form of transport whether by land or sea, and should, logically, be the one to deal with air transport.

Commercial interests should also be represented on the Aircraft Board, except when that body is dealing with purely Service matters. This would preserve the connection between civil and Service aviation, which is most desirable to promote the development of flying.

In short, therefore, we see that the logical, efficient, and economical administration of the fighting Services demands two, and not three, Ministries, and two, not three, professional staffs. Their respective spheres may be summarised as follows:—

- (1.) *A War Ministry, with an Army and Air Council and a General Staff, would*
 - (a) Administer those fighting Services, i.e., the Army and Royal Air Force, which live on *land* and whose *raison d'être* is the attack and defence of *land* objectives.
 - (b) Direct military strategy (which includes so-called air strategy).
 - (c) Co-ordinate land and air forces which will operate together in war.
- (2.) *An Admiralty, with Senior Naval Air Officers incorporated in the present Board and Naval Staff, would*
 - (a) Administer that fighting Service, i.e., the Navy (with its air branch), which has its being on or near the *sea* and whose *raison d'être* is the attack and defence of *sea* objectives.
 - (b) Direct naval strategy.
 - (c) Co-ordinate those forces on, under, and over the sea which will operate together in war.

Design of aircraft would be under the jurisdiction of a thoroughly representative Aircraft Committee.

Supply of aircraft in peace time would be arranged through private tenders, War Ministry and Admiralty prices and orders being co-ordinated by an existing Committee representing the respective Contract Departments. In war this would probably be an important department of a Ministry of Munitions.

Civil aviation would be safeguarded by a department of the Board of Trade.

The present system of administering our fighting Services is thoroughly inefficient and ruinously expensive; in war it would be a menace to national security. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the Government will not let the matter rest, but set about reorganising this machinery of State to conform to sound principles.

LENDING MONEY IN EUROPE

By J. D. WHELPLEY.

THE time has come when it is advisable to take stock of the attitude of other nations towards foreign loans made by the United States and Great Britain, and the manner in which these loans are distributed. This is especially true of a state of affairs which is rapidly developing on the Continent of Europe. Every effort is being made, and with considerable success, to secure such loans, and at the same time in some cases a bitter warfare is being conducted against industrial enterprises financed by foreign capital, the output of which competes with purely native products. The methods employed are: intensive and at times unscrupulous propaganda, semi-official aid in the many ways possible, and discrimination in the use of the ordinary machinery of production, transport, sale, taxation, and financial facilities.

There is due to the United States about 1,200 million dollars from war loans, and to Great Britain about 1,000 million dollars. The people of the United States have furnished other countries about 1,000 million dollars of working capital, and Great Britain has invested about 2,000 million dollars in the same manner. Nearly two years ago the American people had about 500 million dollars invested in European business enterprises, and have largely increased that amount since then. The people of Great Britain have more than that at stake in the same territory, and are constantly being asked for more. England and the United States, with reason, are looked upon as the bottomless wells from which Continental countries can forever draw a steady stream of money with which to expand their productive and competitive strength.

If the earning power of this foreign invested capital depended solely upon legitimate competitive ability, such as is involved in cost of production, distribution, overhead charges and the like, there could be no ground for com-

plaint if it failed to make good. If, however, it is to be deprived of an equal chance in the struggle for existence, and is handicapped through discrimination or other even more questionable procedure, the question naturally arises as to the wisdom of such loans or investments unless guarantees are to be had that success will depend entirely upon cost and merit, and that industry financed by foreign capital will be on all fours with that financed locally.

The struggle for foreign trade is now the vital concern of every country in Europe, and on the Continent the effort made to limit the consumption of imported goods has reached such a point that any measure is tolerated, however extreme, which is intended to hamper such consumption. France, owing to her material gain from the war, the temporary benefits of a depreciated currency, and an intensive campaign against imports, has risen from the status of a second-rate industrial power, which she held in 1914, to that of a first-class power largely self-supporting and self-contained. This result has been achieved at the cost of a Government bankrupt in cash and credit, but that it has been achieved is obvious. So obvious, indeed, is this result that it has placed a decided check on the financial operations of the French in the money markets of the world. To tax the foreigner and his operations and to hamper his international exchanges to the utmost has become a national policy, and at the same time France is asking for vast concessions and credits in the foreign money markets. Italy, faced with almost insoluble domestic problems, also emphasises the slogan "Italy for the Italians," pleading her poverty at the same time as a reason for financial favours from the outside. The Middle European States, amid the hopeless jumble of their affairs, fight desperately against imports, and give native export every possible advantage. Foreign capital is asked to come in and help "right the world," and once it gets in finds that it is placed at such a disadvantage as to turn a possible profit into a loss.

Germany, faced with insufficient foreign trade to carry the burden of reparation payments and to overcome the war psychosis which still exists against her citizens and the

products of their labour, has adopted a trade policy of ruthlessness reminiscent of Prussianism. Hampered in some directions by the terms of the Treaty of Versailles, it is where there is freedom of action that this spirit comes into evidence within the country and in international relations. Germany has been and still is the most favoured nation in the matter of receiving foreign loans. Her credit is good and her finances sponsored by an international group. Lending to Germany has become the fashion with investors. German offerings are competed for, German loans are underwritten in New York and London in a few hours, and the result is that millions have been poured into that country for public and private undertakings during the past two or three years.

The soundness of all these loans it is not necessary to discuss at the moment. Some are very good, others are of indifferent quality, and some may quite possibly be very bad from the investor's point of view. This, however, is a matter for those who lend the money to find out, but there is no doubt that it is in German interest to see that no trouble arises to weaken the very strong credit position now held, and that there are possible breakers ahead is realised by the more thoughtful Germans who are or have been, in responsible positions. These men are hampered, however, by existing circumstances. With a soil thirsting for water it requires a steady hand, good judgment and restraint not to allow the land to become waterlogged. With a serious lack of capital, a vast unemployment and a pressing need for export trade, it would be a brave politician indeed who attempted to check the inflow of foreign capital into Germany. He would not be popular to say the least, and it is even doubtful whether any one man or group of men, although in a position of authority, could control the present German thirst for foreign money.

In other countries it is restrained by lack of credit or lack of knowledge and confidence on the part of foreign investors. Germany, however, suffers from none of these retarding influences, quite the contrary, and therein lies the danger. Another danger in the situation lies in the treatment of foreign investment after it is secured, as has

been noted above. To secure outside capital is one thing. To keep it satisfied with its adopted home is even more important for the future of the country unless a programme and a purpose have been conceived which involves a premeditated scheme of deception, and consequent disillusion, the foreign investor later being regarded as negligible. To lure the stranger within the gates and then rob him has always been considered one of the more serious offences against society in that it is a betrayal of trust. It may be claimed that it is the investor's own fault if his money goes into a country where it is not safe or will receive unfavourable treatment. The usual method of foreign lending, however, does not give the individual investor much chance to judge for himself, as such securities are offered through agencies known to him and in which he has confidence.

Let it be proved and generally known, however, that the foreign investor's money will not have an equal chance or that the general sentiment of a nation, while favourable to accepting all industrial loans offered, is opposed to any profit being made on these loans, and the underwriters will have their difficulties. It is also an affair in which some reason for diplomatic action might exist.

It cannot be said that such a situation as is here suggested has as yet become actually crystallised into definite form in any one of the Continental countries, but certain suggestive and disturbing incidents have been noted of late which give rise to the belief that there is deliberate intention on the part of some interests in each one of the countries now receiving outside financial aid on a large scale to make things as difficult as possible for the foreign owner of industrial concerns within their confines. Great Britain and the United States are the geese now laying the golden eggs. It is not the part of wisdom to frighten these geese from the nests, at least until all the golden eggs desired have been laid.

The truth of the matter is that the business of lending money to public and private enterprises in the Continental countries since the Treaty of Versailles has been conducted in a haphazard and unscientific way. There has

been no plan so far as Middle Europe is concerned whereby production and consumption can be equally stimulated, as was, and still is, quite possible of accomplishment. In nearly every instance foreign loans have been made in such a way as to increase the manufacture of goods for export without reckoning on the fact that the consuming power of the European population was not increased thereby. It is estimated, for instance, that Germany at the end of 1925 had borrowed about 1,500 million dollars, principally from the United States and Great Britain. This indicates a very large margin over the amount necessary to put the Dawes Plan into operation. This influx of capital resulted first in a marked increase in imports, but this was followed quickly by a strong reaction. Imports decreased, and renewed efforts were made to increase exports, but the measure of success attained, while more or less satisfactory, was limited by the fact that the consuming power of her neighbours not only failed to increase but in many instances declined heavily as a result of German activities. If the Dawes Plan is weak in any particular this weakness is to be found in its one-sidedness. The originators of the plan were aware of the fact that a full realisation of their hopes depended upon a general revival of prosperity throughout Europe. Their theory was that the benefit of the Dawes Plan to Germany would react beneficially upon the whole of Europe. Up to a certain point their theory has proved to be correct, for German industry was put on a good working basis, and a clear-cut and sound position emerged from chaos.

An economic crisis followed shortly, however, for the purchasing power of other countries did not increase in proportion to the German export capacity thus stimulated by foreign credits. The case of Poland is a clear illustration of what has happened. The Polish money situation, although sound, was restricted owing to lack of reserves for the bank of issue. The Polish people having just passed through a period of inflation became alarmed, and a psychological crisis ensued which lowered the gold value of the currency, brought about the hoarding of dollars and sterling, caused a run on the banks and a flight of

capital from the country. These conditions were accentuated by the effect of the bad crop of 1924. Poland's import power decreased by over one half. As Germany was the principal exporter to Poland the lack of purchasing power and the trade war which has existed between the two countries since June 15th, 1924, owing to a failure to come to an agreement, resulted in a heavy loss to German export.

This is but one instance of the results of unequal stimulation of European economic territory, but it has had far-reaching effects, for other Middle European countries also depend largely upon Poland's import power to maintain their own situation. The bad effect upon Austrian export has been especially notable. The international character of commerce was never so clearly demonstrated, for, coincident with this situation which arose in Europe and which still prevails, even American foreign trade undoubtedly felt the influence, as is shown in the steady decline in exports. In January, 1926, the balance of trade turned against the United States for the first time in many years, there being an increase of about sixty-seven million dollars in imports and a decrease of about forty-seven million dollars in exports as compared with the figures of January, 1925. These were the results of an undue stimulation of production in some quarters, while no effort was being made to increase the absorptive power in others.

The concrete example of what has happened in Poland relates entirely to the lack of financial support given to sound but restricted institutions upon which the currency values of the smaller countries depend. There is another way, however, in which the consuming power of the European population can be largely increased, and that is to assist the vast agricultural areas to till the land, raise livestock, and otherwise to increase the food supply of the world. There are hundreds of thousands of farmers on the European continent who are not realising upon a tenth part of their potential wealth. These occupiers of land, a vast majority of them owners in fee simple, are struggling along without capital or credit, only able to make a bare living for themselves, when they could become

contributors to the world's bread and meat supply if they were assisted to the purchase of livestock and machinery.

Agrarian loans can be made on good security independent of interference from politicians or greedy middlemen; the distribution and management kept under the control of the lenders, a much more difficult matter to arrange in any other phase of Government or individual activity, and it is a well-established fact that farm loans handled discreetly constitute one of the best and safest investments known. The loss on farm loans in Russia, for instance, was, before the war, less than one per cent., and this holds good in nearly every other country.

If Europe could be considered as a whole so far as its financial affairs were concerned, and these regulated by a commission of experts, nearly all the money troubles of the various countries would soon disappear. It would be even a less complex proposition to regulate the distribution of loans in a similar manner. As there are apparently many reasons why this cannot be done, the next best thing would be to take into consideration the possibility of overcoming the obvious defects of the present method of stimulating the manufacture of goods without making any serious effort to increase the market therefor. This can be done by improving the condition of the agricultural regions in which live millions of potential consumers of manufactured goods ready and eager to buy if they can secure the wherewithal. The general results would be enormously beneficial to the whole world. The staple food supply would be increased, hence cheapened. This would reduce the cost of living, hence the cost of production of all manufactured goods, or allow the payment of better wages. The farmer would become a buyer of machinery, textiles and other things less necessary but desirable, for he is one of the best customers for all kinds of commodities. He also has a larger value as a customer than the industrial worker who lives in a city, for he requires a greater variety and as a rule larger quantities.

To stimulate the productivity of agricultural areas is entirely to the good, as the products of such areas do not enter into competition with those of manufacturing regions;

it makes life easier for all other workers, and creates new and almost unlimited markets for the output of all kinds of factories. This field of investment for those who can control the lendings of large groups of investors is now asking for attention. The security is the best in the world, and the administration of the loans can be kept under control without arousing the antagonism of other interests or infringing in any way upon the national pride and independence of the Government or the people of the country in which the loans are made.

There are so many sections of Europe to which these observations apply that it is difficult to say just where lies the most promising field at the moment, or where the need is greatest. There is a wide range of selection. The more cautious investor can select areas now under the protection of a group of Powers. The more adventurous, seeking greater opportunity and more profit, can select territory where the political outlook is not so clear but where the obvious though latent wealth of the agricultural districts is so great that it must be only a matter of time before they come triumphantly into their own, that is to say, a development profitable to the occupiers of the land and those who help them, and into a haven of political and military security. Capital thus invested is secure from unfair competition or discrimination. It could only be attacked through action by local government, a matter which would at once become the affair of other Governments whose nationals were interested in the situation.

The League of Nations would be an acceptable channel through which such agrarian loans could be made. The League would not guarantee the loans, but they would be given a certain international standing if made under such auspices. Other loans made in a similar manner in the past have been readily underwritten, and so far at least have given rise to no complaint. The sale of the securities at a low figure would not be necessary, the large commissions so frequently paid would be done away with, and the results of the loans, both to the lenders and the borrowers, would be much more satisfactory.

The lending of money to many countries in Europe has

been an absolute necessity to aid the process of stabilising the affairs of the world. The need is still great in many directions, and millions more can easily be absorbed to the benefit of all concerned. It would seem, however, that the distribution of these loans must be conducted upon a more scientific basis than heretofore if the object in view, the permanent rehabilitation of industry, was not to be defeated and recurrent crises brought about through the artificial stimulation of production beyond the current measure of consumption. To increase the volume of manufactured goods now flowing from the mills and factories does not appear to be so necessary at the moment as to increase the market for these goods. This market is increasing every year by a natural process, but not to a degree commensurate with the artificially stimulated output of manufactured goods. By the time production and consumption balanced through a natural process under present conditions the industrial world would have passed through a series of violent readjustments the reactions of which would be felt in the social and political activities of many nations, as has already been demonstrated to the discomfort of nearly all of the principal European peoples.

In the case where one party furnishes capital and another uses it, presumably for the benefit of both, a partnership idea is involved, both expecting fair treatment. The borrowing nations cannot expect to secure these loans and then take all possible means, direct and indirect, to deprive the lenders of their legitimate share of the results. If the impression becomes general that this is being done the source of supply will quickly dry up, and perhaps under present circumstances it would be just as well if the money stream were to be diverted from its present course and used to quicken the purchasing rather than the productive power in the matter of the product of mills and factories.

THE MOSUL TREATY

By "AUGUR"

THE Mosul Treaty has been signed at last, and its terms have been ratified by the National Assembly at Angora. We may, therefore, discuss it as an accomplished fact. Though it is well to remember that in the East the danger of a diplomatic document becoming overnight a 'scrap of paper' is to be counted with. In Turkey the value of a written obligation depends entirely on the situation which has caused it to be given and on further developments.

Speaking objectively, the new Treaty constitutes a defeat of the Turkish case. With a few insignificant exceptions the frontier with Iraq follows the old "Brussels" line, and the Government at Angora has not gained anything which it can produce to its people in the guise of a trophy. The ten per cent. share in the proceeds to come from the Iraq oil royalties is not much also to boast about. The capitalisation of the problematic royalties has been promised to the Turks by an annexe to the Treaty. It remains to be seen, from the point of view of the British taxpayer, if there is not a snag in this. But if it will be possible to reduce our yearly commitments in Mesopotamia the financial risk may be well worth taking. On the whole there is reason to congratulate the Hon. Ronald Lindsay, the British Ambassador in Constantinople, on having accomplished a good piece of work for his country.

News from Turkey does not show that the Treaty has been received with joy by the people. The propaganda, carried on for so long by the Government, had accustomed the Turks to the idea that Mosul must be theirs. Now they are told that they gain a few square miles of arid mountains. It cannot be expected that they will rejoice. Mustapha Kemal and his Ministers have seen the necessity of accepting the British terms, but their anti-foreign propaganda has borne fruit. It remains now to be seen if the Turkish Government is really desirous to improve

relations with this country, and to give protection to vital British interests. Our trade with Turkey has suffered in consequence of the war, and even more as a result of the unreasonable anti-foreign policy of the Republican Government. British investments in Turkey, for example in railways, are jeopardised by the oppressive policy deliberately applied by the central Government and by its provincial agents. Members of the long-established British colony in Constantinople are being ruined and squeezed out by iniquitous taxes and regulations and by a system of petty daily persecution. Redress must be obtained for these claims, and in future British interests must not suffer from such tactics. If this is not achieved the value of the new Treaty will be indeed limited.

Naturally there is the good result that now we may hope to have a lasting peace on the Iraq border. This consideration has its importance, because as mandatories of the League of Nations we are responsible for the protection of Feisal's kingdom, which we ourselves have created. But we doubt if, under present conditions, Turkey is in the position of being able to develop a strong military effort against Iraq. The scene of operations is far from the military centres; communications are precarious and exposed to danger, so long as the Franco-British Entente exists; in fact it is certain that, from the beginning of the conflict over Mosul, there was more bluff than anything else in Turkish military movements. Turkey is vulnerable in Europe—at Constantinople, in the Straits, in Thrace, at Smyrna and Alexandretta and in a score of other places, so that a momentary success in far-off Iraq would be negligible if there were the danger of a serious attack on the Mediterranean side. It is an open secret that the reason—in addition to financial bankruptcy—which made Angora pliable was the real or imagined menace of an Italian invasion. British diplomacy owes much to Signor Mussolini. His speeches, and especially the activity of the Italian naval and military forces, impressed the Turks. This and the firmness of the British Government and of its Ambassador helped to bring the negotiations to a

successful end. In view of the pacifism and defeatism which, alas, prevails in some circles in this country, it is well to place on record that the Turks were influenced, not by what we conceded, but by what we refused to accord. The East remains the East, and a firm attitude based on real power carries more conviction than any appeal to international justice or to high moral considerations. This was proved only the other day in Egypt, where the ultimatum of Lord Lloyd, backed by the knowledge that it would be carried out without fail, broke the back of Zaghlul's plan to assume the Premiership.

So far so good! We say again that the Mosul Treaty is a successful step towards the establishment of normal relations with Turkey: a link in the chain. It is a pleasing incident, but not a splendid *finale*. That can be achieved only by a long unrelenting and ceaseless effort. This is all we have to say on the subject of the Treaty itself. But there is much to be said about the present situation in the Mediterranean. At the opposite ends of this inland sea two events have taken place, which have a similar bearing upon the situation: the signing of the Mosul Treaty and the disappearance of Abdel Krim in the Riff. The victory in Morocco permits the French to concentrate their forces on the destruction of the Syrian rebellion. Its inevitable fate can be foreseen. This will free the French, as the Mosul Treaty has freed ourselves, from the necessity of giving their attention to an immediate danger to the exclusion of all calm discussion of future plans. In the respite which is now given to both nations they should come together for the elaboration of a common policy in Northern Africa and in the Near East.

Like the Bourbons, the public never learns by experience, and, therefore, inevitably the question is asked again: what need is there of an *entente* with France? The answer to this question is simple. The only sound way for deciding on a British policy is to consult British interests. The principal consideration is the security of our own country. Reduced to its simplest expression, the question of British security consists of three elements inextricably joined together: (1) the defence of Great Britain itself as

the heart of the Empire, (2) the defence of the communications and trade routes with our Dominions and Colonies, and (3) the defence of these Dominions and Colonies. The ablest minds among British statesmen have studied this problem and have come to the conclusion that conditions (1) and (2) demand political stability in Europe, and this can be achieved best by a good understanding between Great Britain and France.

Our interest in the Mediterranean is dictated by the fact that in it are situated the essential points of our Imperial route to India and beyond. Gibraltar, Malta, and the Suez Canal are posts guarding this route. Every schoolboy knows that. What is less understood is that these posts are useful so long, and only so long, as there is an adequate live force to defend them. If money were no object, and if every Britisher were an enthusiastic sailor or soldier, Great Britain, with her resources in men and gold and with her unique geographical position, would not need to consult the interests of any other nation. But we are essentially peace-loving and our Budget is limited narrowly, so that it is essential for us to organise the security of our Imperial communications as economically and as solidly as possible. Let us consider, for example, the case of Gibraltar. We hold the rock at the entrance to the Mediterranean not because of its scenic beauty, but because it is a link in our chain of security. But the surface of Gibraltar is so small that under modern conditions it is exposed to a practically incessant aerial attack or to bombardment by heavy artillery which would paralyse the garrison and make the harbour useless. In addition, for nearly two hundred miles the entrance into the Mediterranean represents a narrow bottle-neck, so that shipping is exposed to the attack of airmen coming from coastal aerodromes. The deduction is simple enough: either we must give to the Admiralty the money to create an overwhelming superiority in the air in those narrow seas, or we must be on good terms with the nations which possess the coast. Both solutions are good, but if neither the one nor the other is applied the outcome is clear: the Mediterranean closed not only to transit, but even for the entrance (apart from a few swift.

destroyers and submarines) of our ships. When one considers this one cannot fail to be glad of the fact that France, for her security on the Rhine, needs us more even than we need her elsewhere. Our troubles would begin when a German Government captures the confidence of France, and, under the pretext of close economic co-operation, puts upon her unsuspected the chains of political bondage. Attempts in this direction are being already made.

If the French were not in Syria we would be there now. There is the pivotal point of the defence and control of the whole *massif* of Arabia, with which in our mind is connected the security of the chief Imperial route in the Eastern Mediterranean through the Suez Canal to the Red Sea. Our political officers in Syria worked with might and main against the French mandate. They were governed not by sympathies but by a clear understanding of the importance of a key position. Here, again, the alternative solutions are clear. Either we must take the place of the French (an impossible solution), or we must come to an agreement with them so that the French policy in Syria and ours in Palestine and in Iraq should run on parallel lines. This, fortunately, is as much in the interests of the French themselves as it is in ours, for the Turkish menace to Aleppo and Damascus is greater than to Mosul. In addition, the French are exposed to pressure from Italy.

The position of Italy in the Mediterranean is governed by the fact that until now she has not found an outlet for the surplus of her population. France, with her wonderful Empire in Northern Africa, has all that she needs. She can barely hold what she has got. But Italy came too late upon the scene, and her sole possessions are the sandy wastes of Tripolitania, where it is impossible to plant an important colony. Mussolini is accused of nursing plans of conquest. But so would any other Minister sufficiently strong at home to be able to turn his attention to the needs of his countrymen for expansion abroad. Our own business in the Mediterranean is to go, to and fro, without hindrance. Unfortunately it has

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come to pass that we are practically committed now to oppose any Italian plan of aggrandisement at the expense of Turkey, where in the empty lands of Anatolia there is a natural outlet for the Italian surplus. It is difficult to rely upon a sincere co-operation with the Italians. For the Power which desires to have a stable agreement with Italy must be prepared to countenance a policy tending towards a revision of vested interests. Concessions somewhere in Jubaland or in the spheres of influence in Abyssinia are expedients, and can have only a temporary value. All this throws us back towards France. Again it is most fortunate that French and Italian interests in the Mediterranean do not coincide in a marked degree.

Let us avail ourselves of the respite now provided to clear up the mess of secondary issues in which Franco-British relations are in danger of being involved. What is needed is the drawing of the main directing lines of a common policy.

It is all very well for the Governments to be in agreement on essential issues. The spirit of co-operation should be based on clear, openly avowed principles, known to the agents of the respective Governments not only at the Foreign Office and at the Quai d'Orsay but in every part of the Near East. In the coming autumn there will be an Imperial Conference. Official "Study Circles" are busy preparing reports for it on outstanding problems. We hope that the question of defence of the Imperial communications will be given due attention and gone into thoroughly. We must know where we stand and where we are going. It would be criminal to throw prudence to the winds and to rely entirely on the League of Nations. The latter is an excellent clearing house for disputes between States, and its usefulness in minor questions has already been demonstrated. Yet for many years it will be unfair to expect that the League will be able to assert its authority in a case in which a strong nation considers its vital interests to be affected.

THE ENEMIES OF TALK

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

As talk is so fair and gracious a thing, a diversion that not only permits but encourages the spiritual creature in us to expand, it follows that in such a world as this it has innumerable enemies. There are, to begin with, all the powers of darkness, who delight in huge leaden silences, sharp words of command and interminable monologues, but who flap their leathery wings in anger when they remark us engaged in the fair, frank and soaring exchanges of talk. Well they know, these sons and daughters of chaos and black night, that if this friendly commerce should become universal their occupation would be gone. But the danger so far is small, if only because there must also be included among the enemies of talk the major portion of the human race. Let us admit at once, otherwise we descend into pessimism, that there is a prospective talker in all of us, that the seed of real conversation is there; and, with a few more centuries of sunshine, with a world neither hissing with lava nor yet a wilderness of glaciers, there is some prospect of whole races of talkers being engendered. By that time, it may be, the crude business of the world will be finished, the last pick and shovel laid aside, all the ledgers duly balanced; the rough wooing of Nature will be at an end, and she will smile from her pillows, a happy bride; the world will be measured, mapped, drained, and made instantly accessible to sight and sound; the last vote will have been given, the last shot fired; and then humanity, comfortably housed, clothed and fed, perched on the spoil of the ages, with all past arts and histories and philosophies ready to hand, will settle down to talk. The strong, silent man will long ago have joined his friends, the mastodon and the sabre-toothed tiger, in limbo. The world will have become one huge drawing-room and one huge tavern. The solar system will be murmurous with the talk—the subtle, many-coloured, delectable words—ascending from the earth, and it may be that when the

sun finally dwindles into a cold cinder, men will talk themselves clean through into eternity, thus overriding the Judgment and eluding the malice of dead matter. The talk itself will be so completely engrossing that nobody will notice that Doomsday Eve will have come and gone.

But this "rapture of the forward view," admirable for the purposes of rhetoric, must not keep us, stout realists as we are, from recognising the fact that there are among us more enemies than friends of talk. And not only are they to be found here and there and almost everywhere, but they even pop up in the few unexpected places. Thus I do not hesitate to include among the enemies of talk the so-called great talkers. These gentlemen, we are told, sacrificed everything for talk. Tom Moore tells us how he and Rogers "spoke of poor Mackintosh; said he had sacrificed himself to conversation; that he read for it, thought for it, and gave up future fame for it." Such a one, it would seem, should be included among the martyrs rather than among the enemies of our faith. But actually his faith, for which he perished, is not ours. Yet before we hasten to condemn these Coleridges and Mackintoshes and Macaulays and the rest, who were called great talkers because they published in folio at the dinner table, we must allow them their moments of triumph. We must acknowledge, too, their services to the spoken word. They showed, at least the best of them showed, what could be done with words and a voice. They banished silence, grunts and guffaws, mere half-hearted remarks, and put in their place bold invasions and massive raids by whole armies of words into the most remote kingdoms of thought and feeling. We cannot read the countless tributes, breathless with admiration, to Coleridge as a talker ("I have heard Coleridge. That man is entitled to speak on till Doomsday. . .") without feeling a thrill ourselves; it would be idle, and worse than idle, to pretend that there are here no services to talk. Whether Wilde was a genuine talker, able to draw out others, or one of these great monologists I am in no position to decide, but there is a story told of him that seems to me to enshrine his greatest moment, when one's heart goes out to the man. He had

been invited to lunch at a country house in Yorkshire. As soon as "Mr. Oscar Wilde" was announced, the hunting men assembled there drew away, hiding behind newspapers or turning their backs upon this fat, overdressed, scented and curled, oily poseur with an unsavoury reputation. Wilde greeted his host and, without appearing to remark the attitude of the company, began to talk. In a few minutes paper after paper was thrown down, group after group was broken by laughter; the sportsmen gathered round, and there they remained, delighted, until the small hours, completely under the spell of this same fat, unsavoury fellow who went on talking, talking.

So much may be said for the sake of justice. But the faith of these great talkers, I repeat, is not ours. They are not, in truth, great talkers at all, but authors too idle to put their folios into print or orators who mistake the nature of the assembly they address. If they wish to make long speeches it is their business, as the Americans say, to hire a hall. If they have whole volumes inside them they should instantly depart in search of pen and paper, so that in time we have whatever they wish to say neatly bound and waiting our convenience on a bookshelf. The wise readers who still cherish H. D. Traill's *The New Lucian* will remember the opening of that astonishingly fine dialogue there between Johnson and Coleridge:

COLERIDGE: Do not go, Dr. Johnson. There are still many subjects I would fain discuss with you. Or are you wearied by our conversation?

JOHNSON: Why, no, sir. I will not deny that I am wearied; but it is not by anything which I can reasonably call conversation. For conversation—if any credit is to be given either to usage or to etymology—implies an interchange of ideas.

The Doctor is our spokesman here. It may be said that he himself was hardly the ideal companion for a talk. But such sins as he had are almost trifling when compared with those of gentlemen who turned what should have been an evening's conversation into a three or four hour monologue. To talk for victory, as Johnson frequently did, and to be, as he was, not over scrupulous with regard to the means, are faults in a talker, but such a one does at least recognise that his companions have ideas and experiences and voices

their babble can be called a flight. They do not visit us but merely choose a fresh back-cloth for their soliloquies. It is doubtful if they are really aware that we exist. If they do know that we exist, that we, too, have something to say, and could, if necessary, chatter as long as they can, then so much the worse for them. And it is clear, if we may judge from their efforts, the glitter in their eyes if someone should try to cut in, that many of them do know that they are not moving among shadows but are torturing, for their own good pleasure, fellow souls. When such persons are not merely infuriating, they are saddening. Consider their efforts, their determination. When I reflect upon the bad authors and artists I have known who have recklessly spent their vital energy holding the floor against all comers in drawing-rooms, and when I remember that a tenth of this energy, this grim determination, expended on the production of their books or pictures would have brought about miraculous results, there is sinking at my heart. A little easy transference would have saved their conversation and equally saved their art: as it is they have contrived to bore us in both. Here, fortunately, they can be summarily dismissed. This floor at least they shall not hold.

Allied to these brutal monopolists, though less crude in their sins, are those unnumbered persons who regard conversation as a mere barter of attention. What they say, in effect, is, If you will listen to me, I will listen to you. Here there is at least some exchange, a square deal, but that is the most that can be said for the arrangement. Such persons must not imagine for a moment that they are talking or that they even know what talk is. Their company is a hollow mockery. It is with them as if I should pluck off my ear, hand it over to you, lean back in my chair, and allow you to jabber into it for a minute or two, and then you should hand it back, pass over your own ear, and quietly doze while I do my share of jabbering. It is true that the better sort do make a pretence of listening with interest; there is an understood make-believe that conversation is really going forward; and you may see them nod their heads, smile and raise their eyebrows,

and from time to time they will murmur "Really" and "Quite" and "Surely not," and so on; but all the while, as you may gather from a kind of vacant look in their eyes, they are not really listening, nothing is being taken in, their minds being fully occupied with what they are about to say next. That they should begin by saying "That reminds me," when nothing you have said could possibly have reminded them, instead of merely exclaiming: "You've had two minutes. My turn now," is part of the make-believe, which is fully understood by all but the very young and the pathetically simple, who frequently imagine that this pretence of talk is real and may be seen squeezing out their hearts before these incurious eyes.

Nothing could better illustrate the fantastic illogicality of common human nature than its passion for this pretence of talk. I can understand the solitary, who has come to the conclusion that company is more bother than it is worth, who prefers to pace for ever the circle of his own mind rather than risk the annoyances, the irritation, the heart-breaks that may follow companionship. I can understand, even better, those who wish to explore other minds and to have their own explored, who desire to expand in company with other saved or lost souls, who would join hands with a kindred spirit and turn the world over and over, and knowing that all this is possible in talk, cannot be kept from it. But merely to want to play at talk, to go into company and yet still be a solitary, to find some satisfaction in addressing a listener who you know in your heart is not really listening at all, in short, to go through all the formalities sometimes attendant upon communication with a fellow creature, and yet to wave aside the vital thing itself—this is to be the regular patron of a Barmecide restaurant. It is a kind of lazy cheating, in which, however, each person, though he thinks he is cheating the others by exchanging merely the appearance of interest for what he takes to be real interest, is really cheating himself. He knows in his heart that what he is receiving in exchange is also nothing but an appearance of interest, that he is not really getting something for nothing, but nothing for nothing, and yet he will persevere with the elaborate

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make-believe, and even contrive to wring some satisfaction out of it. Yet it is clear that interest in persons should be mutual or it is worthless. It is the most shadowy play of vanity to wish to arouse the interest of people in whom we are not prepared to interest ourselves. We are better occupied strutting the arena of our day-dreams.

This odd fashion of pretended communication, in which each party is ready to give out something but not to take in anything, each being entirely self-absorbed, with the resulting talk nothing better than the noise of two drums being beaten side by side, this time-old game has been meat and drink to the comic writers since they first laughed over their papyrus. They will show us two characters who presumably meet to exchange ideas and experiences but only succeed in prattling quite independently of one another, as if they should imagine they are walking together and are in reality moving in two different worlds. Sterne made great play with this in his account of the Shandy family, who follow their own noses in talk and never succeed in establishing any real intellectual communication between themselves. Much of Sterne's fun proceeds from these intellectual cross-purposes. Yet we have only to lose a little of our detachment, to move only a little away from thought and nearer to feeling, to find something infinitely saddening in this familiar comic situation. It suddenly changes, if we move a step or so and look again; from comic egoism to tragic isolation. The two nodding puppets have disappeared and in their place we see two wistful spirits with their incommunicable dreams. Indeed, it is one of those truly double-faced situations that will suit our mood and answer "Aye" to the call of either comedy or tragedy, being tragi-comic like the very stuff of life. This difficulty of real communication is one of the secrets of Tchekhov's masterpiece, *The Cherry Orchard*, which some playgoers see as a comedy, others as a tragedy, and others again, the wisest, as a tragi-comedy, something steeped in tender irony. Because its personages, isolated, speaking out of their secret dreams, will not really communicate with one another, they are comic; because they cannot they are equally tragic. It is frequently described, super-

ficially, as a satirical picture of unfortunates who can do nothing but talk; but, in truth, in our sense of the word, that is just what these people cannot do. There is practically no real talk in the play, but only so many sad, impudent or wistful soliloquies. Talk, as we understand it, would have let in a little air and honest daylight, and all things there would have moved to a brisker tune.

That your talker must be sensitive goes without saying. Nothing can be done with the stupid. There are some people whose presence dries up the very springs of talk. Whatever subject they touch immediately sheds its wings and brightness, and falls, a leaden lump, to the ground. They carry with them an awful miasma of dullness against which the most determined talker cannot prevail. In their company the world seems bleached and withered; one heavy look from their dull, protruding eyes, one slow wave of the hand, and all the gay and lovely things, the high-fantastical, are banished; and we go limping across leagues of dreary steppes. We are told by certain masters of demonology that the Court of Hell has its ambassadors and minor representatives on earth, that more than one apparently respectable quiet citizen is in reality an emissary from the darkness. It may well be that these so-called stupid persons who blight our talk are really engaged in the work Hell sent them to do, that they are not of our own kind at all, but devils artfully disguised who are probably in the act of preparing their reports ("Six people in Bayswater bored and left less in love with existence," and so forth) while we are yawning and stealing glances at our watches. The absence of talk, the moment when the world seems a poor thing and life an incredibly dreary round, are Hell's opportunity, when it needs but a whisper from Belial or Beelzebub to set us trampling down every fine thought and charitable impulse, to plunge us into all manner of cruelties. Fortunately, as soon as we suspect that some of the stupid are not what they seem, their power is gone. We see them against black night and the eternal flames. We hear in their even tones the despairing cry of Lucifer. They are themselves high-fantastical, though infernally so, and at the first sight of their piquant disguise

all boredom vanishes. Thus once again, we observe, the powers of Hell, so infinite in energy and resource, have overreached themselves.

There are people here and there, however, who are actually too sensitive to be talkers and, indeed, might be included among the enemies of talk. With them you have to be too careful where you tread. Their minds are crowded with hallowed sanctuaries, pitfalls, and powder magazines. The talk cannot wander where it will. This, that, and the other subjects must be avoided at all costs. You make a certain remark to them, the conversation having arrived at the point where that remark might reasonably be made, and to your astonishment they suddenly fly into a rage or give you a cold stare, all friendliness having died out of their faces, and markedly change the subject. These are the persons who bring crowsfeet to the faces of conscientious hostesses. They need tact. You must remember, in their presence, not to mention suicides or religious mania or divorces or drunkenness. Now tact is one of those things that make a truly civilised social life possible. I have admired the exercise of it for years; admired, I must confess, at some distance, as I have little or none of it myself. To see a clever hostess, with the merest flick or two of her paddle, guide the frail bark of conversation between the sunken rock here and the rapids there, warms my heart, and if she does it prettily, as she so frequently does, with just the very faintest suspicion of a *moue* as a delightful conspirator's signal to those in the know, then no matter how old and ugly she may be, though she should be my publisher's grandmother, my heart is at her feet, and I am ready, over the coffee, to make a declaration. Tactless I may be, but it shall not be said that I cannot appreciate its delicate manoeuvring, its kindly civilised grace. But tact and talk cannot exist together. If you are being merely tactful, then you are not talking. The persons who demand tact, as the over-sensitive do, should be shown it, but they cannot expect talk as well. Talk is for more hardy creatures who only ask that they may be allowed to go where they will, who refuse to be steered clear from this and herded away from that, who are

prepared to discuss for hours, if necessary, the thing that broke Aunt Sophy's heart or ruined Uncle Jim. Whoever makes reservations, nails up danger notices, stands before hallowed chambers, may have the warmest heart and the finest intelligence, but is not tough enough for talk, and must be included, though perhaps reluctantly, among its enemies. The tale of these is a long and formidable one: first the monopolists, then the barterers of attention, then the stupid, and finally the over-sensitive; we begin to wonder how talk contrives to come into existence at all. The situation, however, is not so bad as this survey of the hostile camp would seem to suggest. Consider, if you have the stomach for it, the microbes, the swarming bacteria, that prey upon us, and it will seem a miracle that we should contrive to live at all, let alone that we should have opportunity to boast and strut and wage wars. So, too, talk lives in spite of its innumerable enemies, and it does not merely exist as a poor, thin shoot, but here and there, as you (I trust) and I know to our delight, it blossoms gigantically so that the very moon and stars seemed tangled in its leafage.

SUMMER READING

BY FRANK SWINNERTON

FOR most of us, I think, the best time for reading is the winter. In the winter evenings I can sit with almost any book before a fire of great sparkling logs and be a king. The wind may howl out of doors (but not, I beg, in the chimney), and rain may come in sudden slashes upon the windows; the moon may frostily bleach the earth, or mists may rise and befog every footsore traveller; but if I am within doors, in my armchair, before the musical exhilarating logs, I can be happy whether reading or dreaming. In summer, however, one does not so readily admit the failure of daylight. The garden seems, until it is too late to see clearly, to be full of ever-beckoning mysteries and delights; and I always have found that a room without a fire, at night, be the weather warm or chill, is too discouraging an environment for true comfort. Certainly, I cannot read at ease upon a summer night. Certainly, also, I cannot for any length of time read out of doors. If I do so read for a few moments I find my ear caught by some sound, strange or familiar, which breaks the thread of interest. My mind starts into activity more urgent than is proper to that mood of absorbed, acquiescent receptivity which is essential to good and pleasurable reading. I watch a funny starling prodding the lawn with his inquisitive beak, and walking flatfootedly in search of his food. A wide-eyed, innocent-looking thrush hops gracefully into view; a thin spiral of smoke lazily climbs and disappears into the blue. Something moves near me—a cautious old spider, an unseen bird, a curious red beetle. The hammock chair—whatever the number of its super-added cushions—grows uncomfortable. I become restless. Down goes the book. In a word, I am no great lover of reading in the open air.

But supposing—supposing one could read in summer? Many people must be able to do so. Nowadays reviewers must do so, and must be able to be enthusiastic or adverse with as much facility and finality in June as in October

Books are published in June, and they are popular books, too. I remember once being in Bournemouth in June, when, I think, a new novel by Mrs. Barclay or Miss Dell was published for the attention of a hundred thousand eager readers. It seemed to me then that the streets of Bournemouth were full of triumphant women of all kinds carrying the unmistakable tome—young women, old women, women of certain and uncertain age, but all triumphant, all shining with zest and with anticipation of the treat in store. They had no prejudice against summer reading: to them the brilliant weather was exactly suited to the enthralling book. Nay, I do recall that when I was one-and-twenty I sat many hours in an old French convent garden reading what I still regard as a very beautiful and subtle novel, Henry James's *Portrait of a Lady*.

Memory of that occasion—it was at Beaumont-sur-Oise—leads me at this point to wonder what it is that makes one book suitable only for reading by the fire of a winter night and another book suitable enough for reading in the spring or the summer or the autumn, which, as it is almost winter, will pass sufficiently well without comment. And I come to the conclusion that when one thinks of reading in summer one thinks of reading out of doors, amid sunny brilliance and the flickering shadow of lightly stirred leaves. All of which means that in summer one reads in idle, holiday mood. One could read Henry Harland in summer, but the last time I tried to read *The Cardinal's Snuff Box* it was tempestuous spring, and the weather was so inappropriate that the book was without that lustre and air of good-breeding which of old had seemed to make its charm. I could always read Mr. A. A. Milne's favourite book, *The Wind in the Willows*, in summer, and, I think, very lazily, *Alice in Wonderland* or *The Flying Inn*. Does not this furnish some indication, therefore, of the kind of book that is fit to read in summer? I think it does, for one reader; and, if for one, perhaps for others.

To me, summer reading must be such that the mind can play easily over the printed page and take the author's meaning without effort. The style should be simple and clear, or quick, witty, and provocative. But there should

ticularly in the Parma scenes, and in those enchanting descriptions of love-making by signal, a novel for summer reading. I do not commend the same author's second great novel, *Le Rouge et le Noir*, with equal confidence, because the atmosphere of that book is more exacting. *Le Rouge et le Noir* is at times terribly close to the knuckle of life. *La Chartreuse de Parme*, on the other hand, is definitely a romance, and may be perused with the equanimity and calm which is requisite in the reading of a summer book.

But it may be that there are readers who demand that their summer reading should step outside the range of great novels (and I do not by any means suggest that all great novels are fit to be read in summer, or out of doors, because it is impossible for me to conceive as proper summer reading the novels of Dostoevsky or Balzac, excellent as these are in almost every other circumstance). Let those who want books of another character essay the incomparable *Eothen*. For many years I possessed a copy of this book, and did not read it. Vaguely I knew that it was what is called a "travel" book; and I resolved that I would savour it later, always later, as one resolves with every book that does not make an instant appeal. Then one day I read *Eothen*. And ever since that day I have urged others to read *Eothen*. Admittedly, it is a "travel book"; but a travel book absolutely unique, and a book for reading at all times, in every clime— even in summer, and especially in summer.

I have chosen at random a page from *Eothen*, and here it is:—

We heard at a little distance the brawling of a rivulet, and on the banks of this it was determined to establish our bivouac. We soon found the stream, and following its course for a few yards, came to a spot which was thought to be fit for our purpose. It was a sharply cold night in February, and when I dismounted I found myself standing upon some wet rank herbage that promised ill for the comfort of our resting-place. I had bad hopes of a fire, for the pitchy darkness of the night was a great obstacle to any successful search for fuel, and, besides, the boughs of trees or bushes would be so full of sap in this early spring, that they would not be easily persuaded to burn. However, we were not likely to submit to a dark and cold bivouac without an effort, and my fellow groped forward through the darkness, till after advancing a few paces they were happily stopped by a complete barrier of dead prickly bushes.

Before our swords could be drawn to reap this welcome harvest it was found to our surprise that the fuel was already hewn and strewed along the ground in a thick mass. A spot for the fire was found with some difficulty, for the earth was moist and the grass high and rank. At last there was a clicking of flint and steel, and presently there stood out from darkness one of the tawny faces of my muleteers, bent down to near the ground, and suddenly lit up by the glowing of the spark which he courted with careful breath. Before long there was a particle of dry fibre or leaf that kindled to a tiny flame; then another was lit from that, and then another. Then small crisp twigs, little bigger than bodkins, were laid athwart the glowing fire. The swelling cheeks of the muleteer, laid level with the earth, blew tenderly at first and then more boldly upon the young flame, which was daintily nursed and fed, and fed more plentifully when it gained good strength. At last a whole armful of dry bushes was piled over the fire, and presently, with a loud cheery crackling and crackling, a royal tall blaze shot up from the earth and showed me once more the shapes and faces of my men, and the dim outlines of the horses and mules that stood grazing hard by.

Simple, is it not? Simple and plain, as summer reading should be; but in the course of this simple narrative there is so much variety of experience, so much plain, honest power of description, that all thought of the style disappears, and one reads smiling, absorbed, and full of sweet delight. And for those who have read *Eothen* and loved it, may I add as a pendant Curzon's *Monasteries of the Levant*? With these two books I would brave the sultriest of days. Both are published in editions which can be held easily in the hand (and this, it seems to me, is essential to any book which one is to read in summer); both are short; both are enthralling.

I do not include Doughty's *Arabia Deserta* among travel books which can be read in summer, because it is a large and massive affair, which demands the table by the fire; but there are many small editions, in delectable form, of some books which, though far differing from Doughty, and even from the plainness of Curzon and Kinglake, are yet not improperly mentioned at this point. I mean the works of George Borrow. All of these (except, perhaps, the Gypsy word-book, which makes an amusing appendix to the others), from *Lavengro* to *The Zincali*, but with a particular recommendation of *The Bible in Spain*, are ideal summer books. They can be read, it is just to say, in winter; but I have already said that this is true of all

books: what is more peculiar about them is that they can be read with appreciation in the open air. So, I should imagine (for I have never tried it), can Hilaire Belloc's *Path to Rome*. This is a book I have read many times, though never out of doors in summer. It is a good book for a foggy day, or a wet and draughty day, since it creates an atmosphere of summer, and summer walks. But I see no reason why, for its other qualities, *The Path to Rome* should not bear contact with actual sunlight. It was written when the author was young, and before the gambolling of his wit became bitter or polemical. It is light-hearted, graceful, and filled with irrepressible nonsense. In a word, it is enchanting.

Graver, without wit, often apparently without profundity, are the works of Richard Jefferies, which make most selectable summer reading. I am not one of those who wax enthusiastic over *The Story of My Heart*, which I think has defects of humour and address; but the book reads well in summer. So do *Bevis* and *Amaryllis at the Fair*. They have a singular idyllic quality which, although it is for me without charm, is appropriate to summer ease, to the chair in the shade, to the faint noises of an English village, of a garden. One may very agreeably spend time with a volume of essays by Jefferies also, and indeed this writer is one who has fallen undeservedly into neglect. He is a good author for the summer. In winter he is too slight: the pleasure he takes in the country is (for me) too little poetic to recreate the atmosphere of summer. But upon warm days, when the mind is idle, it is pleasant to turn these quiet pages, so full of serenity and understanding that they give expression to our own half-realised feelings and make them beautifully clear.

I spoke just now of poetry. It will perhaps be asked why I have not at first named triumphantly those poets who can best be read out of doors, and in summer. Indeed I cannot do so. I have read poetry all my life, indoors and out of doors. As I have started out for walks far into the country I have slipped into my pocket (who has not done so?) little volumes of Wordsworth, of Keats, of Shelley; of T. E. Brown, of W. H. Davies, of A. E. Hous-

man; of Lovelace and Herrick and Suckling; of Browning and Matthew Arnold and Tennyson—and I must admit that I cannot recall ever having been able to read one of these volumes out of doors with that perfection of delight which the same reading in the quiet of a winter evening has given. It is most probably a question of mere personal lack of adaptability. Others, more powerfully affected by poetry than I (though none, I declare, has ever had more joy of it), may have the ability to override distractions. It may be that my mind, being unpoetical, does not yield itself readily with that all-exclusive intentness which the poet demands. Or mine may be a common case. I cannot tell. When I read poetry I must be alone, and in peace; and for me the summer is full of such thrilling excitement, even—and especially—when I am remote from others, that I do not attain to the tranquillity of mind which for me is necessary if poetry is to be properly appreciated. A pastoral I think I could read. *Comus* I might read; George Darley's *Sylvia* I could almost certainly read. But I doubt if I could read *Michael*; and I am sure I could not read *Empedocles*, or *Pauline*, or *Epipsychidion*, or *Aramantha*, save indoors, with a fire flickering, and silence all about me.

Is that a very singular confession? Or are there others in the same case as myself? I fancy there may be. It was a poet who wrote:

Never the time and the place and the loved one all together,

which by analogy seems to indicate that limitations of sympathy, by no means permanent, are decreed by unfortunate accident. Thus it certainly is with me in the matter of summer reading, and thus it may well be with others no more insensitive than myself. Could one think, for example, of reading with ecstasy, upon a hot day, with fleecy clouds stationary in a brilliant sky, that very marvellous sonnet of Drayton's which begins:

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part?

It is possible—there is no reason, alas! why lovers should not part in the summer—but I doubt it. Could one in such

circumstances give that enchanted attention which they demand to Mr. Hardy's poems, or *James Lee's Wife*, or *Adonais*? I cannot believe it. Could the poems, even, have been *written* in such weather? If poetry, as Wordsworth said it was, is "emotion remembered in tranquillity," must not the state of mind of one who reads poetry be undisturbed by a conflicting beauty? I could read, perhaps, in summer, such a poem as Dekker's *Sweet Content*. I could even read, in snatches, Whinfield's comparatively little known translations from Omar Khayyám; not because they are very good poetry, but because they are very plain and simple expressions of highly individual thought. But more than this, for such as myself, is impossible as long as the sun shines and the lark sings.

Could I read Marivaux? A scene, it may be, here and there, when the chatter is most vivacious. Shakespeare? No. I will not even give reasons for the refusal, because so many reasons against reading Shakespeare in summer present themselves that I know myself to be convicted of a prejudice. Let us, if you please, leave Shakespeare for quite other days and quite other moods than those of summer. Nor, for other reasons (save to confirmed readers out of doors, who have no eye and ear for nature), would I commend dramatists more modern. The theatre or the study is the place for drama, not the meadow or the lane or the garden. Some will contradict me here, for when the theatre enters into the blood of a man it appears to drive him stark senseless. He will perform *As You Like It* in the open air, and the plays of Euripides in a barn. He will tell you that the Greeks gave their plays in the open air. They may have done so. Nay, they *must* have done so. But I would rather see a modern play in a covered theatre, and I would rather read a play of any age whatever in a room. So, I think, would all who are not maddened by the passion for miming which first distracts those whom it must hereafter inevitably destroy.

It will be thought, perhaps, that I have shown throughout this article an extraordinary intolerance of summer reading. It is true. It is too true. I have written as I feel. But at this point I will relent. I do not purpose

giving a long list of the books which are best read out of doors, although I could name, possibly, a dozen, or two or three dozen, as, for example, *The Compleat Angler*, White's *Selborne*, Selden's *Table Talk* (which, indeed, could be read at any time, and in any place); the essays of Lamb, Goldsmith, E. V. Lucas, G. S. Street, Robert Lynd; the lightest of trifles by A. A. Milne; Gissing's *By the Ionian Sea*; *Tom Sawyer* and *Huck Finn*; *Across the Plains* or *The Silverado Squatters*; *Pride and Prejudice* and *Persuasion*; *Don Quixote* and the *Exemplary Novels* of Cervantes. . . . The titles might be continued endlessly, and I have here, it is more than likely, omitted the best summer books of all. No, I do not purpose giving with finality any such list. Each one of us will make his own list, and it will be sufficient for ourselves, if not for others.

I have said that I will make no list. But I will do better. I will tell you of one author who is in place at all times, even beneath the summer sun, and amid the green glories of the woodlands; and that is the creator of the phrase "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb"—Laurence Sterne. A copy of *Tristram Shandy*, carried in the pocket anywhere in the wide world, and in any season of the year, when produced and consulted will fill the eye with mirth and the heart with blitheness. The reason is not hard to discover. Sterne is a wit, a stylist, and a genius. The opening words of *A Sentimental Journey* run:—

—They order, said I, this matter better in France.—You have been in France? said my gentleman, turning quick upon me with the most civil triumph in the world.—Strange! quoth I, debating the matter with myself, that one and twenty miles' sailing, for 'tis absolutely no further from Dover to Calais, should give a man these rights.—I'll look into them.—

These seem to me the most seductive opening words I know to any book; but while *A Sentimental Journey* is a perfect slight thing (and so very fit for summer reading), *Tristram Shandy* has slightness and richness, length, breadth and depth, top and bottom, and is a masterpiece in which one does not know whether to admire most the wit or the wisdom, the humours or the humanity, the episodic

gift, the digressive powers, or the creative genius of the author. Had *Tristram Shandy* been a mere compendium of wit, or of thefts (as some say) from Burton and others, it would have been a delightful work; but it is much more than that. Its wit is the play of an eager mind upon loving, touching absurdities which only a humane genius (who is also a creative genius) could have conceived. There is a great deal of *blague* in *Tristram Shandy*, as pedants have been at pains to demonstrate; but one's sense of the *blaguer* passes with time, and one's sense of the nimble-witted genius, shot through and through with the most delicate and delicious laughter, remains. Have I not described an ideal book for summer reading? A desultory book, which is to be read easily, lightly; a book crowded with quips and whims; and in the heart of it characters who are not only not less profoundly comic creations than Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, but who are described with relish so volatile and love so ardent as to be both intimate and immortal. Here is Sterne's own apologia, with which I am willing to leave him to those in search of summer reading. He explains what is in fact one of the marvels (and there are many) of his book:—

The learned Bishop Hall, I mean the famous Dr. Joseph Hall, who was Bishop of Exeter in King James the First's reign, tells us in one of his *Decads*, at the end of his divine art of meditation, imprinted at London, in the year 1610, by John Beal, dwelling in Aldersgate Street, "That it is an abominable thing for a man to commend himself;—"and I really think it is so.

And yet, on the other hand, when a thing is executed in a masterly kind of fashion, which thing is not likely to be found out;—I think it is full as abominable, that a man should lose the honour of it, and go out of the world with the conceit of it rotting in his head.

This is precisely my situation.

For in this long digression which I was accidentally led into, as in all my digressions (one only excepted) there is a master-stroke of digressive skill, the merit of which has all along, I fear, been overlooked by my reader—not for want of penetration in him—but because 'tis an excellence seldom looked for, or expected indeed, in a digression;—and it is this: That tho' my digressions are all fair, as you observe,—and that I fly off from what I am about, as far, and as often, too, as any writer in Great Britain; yet I constantly take care to order affairs so that my main business does not stand still in my absence.

I was just going, for example, to have given you the great outlines of my uncle Toby's most whimsical character;—when my aunt Dinah and

the coachman came across us, and led us a vagary some millions of miles into the very heart of the planetary system: Notwithstanding all this, you perceive that the drawing of my uncle Toby's character went on gently all the time;—not the great contours of it,—that was impossible,—but some familiar strokes and faint designations of it, were here and there touch'd on, as we went along, so that you are much better acquainted with my uncle Toby now than you was before.

By this contrivance the machinery of my work is of a species by itself; two contrary motions are introduced into it, and reconciled, which were thought to be at variance with each other. In a word, my work is digressive, and it is progressive, too,—and at the same time.

"I wish you saw me," says the author, elsewhere, "half starting out of my chair, with what confidence, as I grasp the elbow of it, I look up—catching the idea, even sometimes before it half way reaches me—"

"I believe in my conscience I intercept many a thought which heaven intended for another man."

Here I can slip, unperceived, away from the reader, who, if he has been induced to bring his *Tristram Shandy* from its place upon the bookshelf into the light of day, will care no more for anything I may have to add than he will care for an ominous roll of thunder in the distance. I will leave him, recalling only, as I go, some words which were printed upon an envelope destined of late in a French hotel to hold and identify my napkin:—

... et maintenant,
Bon Appétit.

be discussed further on in this article, but the main point to be considered now is this, that official figures prove nearly $1\frac{1}{4}$ million persons to be dependent upon the prosperity of coal-mining in this country, and by far the larger proportion of this enormous total *are unskilled workers employed on the surface and in the underground workings*. A married miner has usually a large family, and it is quite probable that between four and five million persons in this country are now directly concerned in the success or otherwise of the coal-mining industry. In view of the declining demand for coal, both in this country and abroad, and of the great increase of competition from the European and American mines, it is practically impossible for the industry to support such a large proportion as one-tenth of our total population.

Turning now to consider the second cause of the crisis in the industry, namely, the large number of uneconomic pits which were still being operated at the end of May, the following paragraph from the Report of the Commission may be quoted:—

Whatever the course that may be taken in these and other matters, it seems to be inevitable that a certain number of collieries must be closed in the immediate future. In view of the state of demand at home and abroad, together with the developments in South Yorkshire and Nottinghamshire, it is plain that the industry in the other districts is too large in size for the requirements it has to fulfil. Under nationalisation precisely the same situation would present itself. Most of the mines that will close will probably be the older mines, whose life would be nearing its end in any case. The loss of capital involved will usually not be large, for the original investment and the additions to it will in most cases have been fully amortised. If this had not been done it would argue bad financial management. These are the mines also that usually provide the worst housing accommodation for the workers—and present the greatest difficulty in securing a remedy on account of the short period of working still in prospect.

A quotation from a speech delivered on the 23rd of April by Mr. Vernon Hartshorn, one of the Members of Parliament representing the miners, may also be quoted in support. Mr. Hartshorn has stated publicly that at least 40 per cent. of the coal mines in this country were efficient, another 40 per cent. might possibly be made efficient, while the remaining 20 per cent. would certainly have to

THE BRITISH COAL-MINING INDUSTRY

By JOHN B. C. KERSHAW, F.I.C.

THE problem of restoring the prosperity of our basic industry is still the most pressing and urgent of the moment. Even if temporary arrangements can be made in order to enable the mines to be re-opened, the two root causes of the trouble will have to be dealt with before healthy conditions can be expected to return to the industry. These root causes are that there are now too many persons dependent upon coal-mining for their livelihood, and that there are too many uneconomic pits in operation.

In support of the assertion that there are too many persons dependent upon coal-mining for their livelihood, the figures given on page 266 of the recently published Report of the Royal Commission may be quoted. According to these figures the total number of persons employed in coal-mining in 1905, both above and below ground, was 837,000, and the output of coal in that year was 233,000,000 tons. In 1924, the last year for which returns are available, the number of persons engaged in the industry had risen to 1,213,000, or an increase of 45 per cent. upon the 1905 figures; while the output of coal had only increased to 267,000,000 tons, representing a gain of only 15 per cent.

Expressed in another way, the additional 376,000 workers in the industry in 1924 only produced 34,000,000 tons of coal in place of the 106,000,000 tons which should have been produced had the 1905 output per man been maintained.

The largest increase in the mining population has been in the number of underground workers, not actually employed at the coal face—for while the skilled workers have increased by 27 per cent., the unskilled workers have increased by no less than 65 per cent.

The causes of this disparity between the increase of unskilled and skilled workers in the industry will

close down. This recognition by one of the miners' own representatives of one of the chief causes of the present trouble in the industry is noteworthy.

In any other industry than coal-mining the financial difficulties and inefficiency arising from the exhaustion of the original seams of coal would have been foreseen and provided for, and in many manufacturing industries this kind of difficulty is arising every day, and is counteracted by the play of economic forces. Works or industries which cannot be made to pay close, and the workers dependent upon them transfer themselves to other districts where work in the same trade is more brisk, or take up some other occupation.

Owing, however, to the peculiar position occupied by coal-mining as our basic industry, there is an idea that no coal mine should be closed down until it is absolutely worked out, and that no man who has once worked in the mines is suited for any other trade or occupation. Both of these views are erroneous, and are based upon incomplete knowledge of the conditions obtaining in the coal-mining industry. Even in the best equipped and most successful mines operating in this country there are large quantities of coal left unworked in the mine, and millions of tons of small coal and dust have been left in the past underground, because it would not pay to haul it to the surface. Every person who has any practical acquaintance with coal-mining knows also that it is quite impossible to clear every ton of coal out of any mine, and that such a feat is never attempted. The objection to closing down uneconomic pits because it will involve some waste of our reserve of coal is therefore quite illogical.

The chief problem to be solved, therefore, is that of the transfer of the mining population from the districts in which the uneconomic pits are located to other centres of work and industry. In any other country than our own the miners would be left to solve this problem for themselves, but since the war, and under the influence of post-war legislation, the miner, and in fact every other industrial worker in the country, has lost all sense of pride and independence, and expects the Government to do for him what twenty years ago he would have done for himself.

At the present time there are two mining districts in this country, namely, South-East Yorkshire and Nottinghamshire, and South-East Kent, where active coal mining developments are occurring, and at many of these mines there is an actual shortage of skilled workers. If the heads of the family in the decaying mining districts would transfer themselves to these new centres, they could obtain work, therefore, without any difficulty in the new pits. It is highly probable, however, that the Government will have to step in, and will have to make all the arrangements for such transfer of some portions of the population dependent upon mining for their livelihood. The simplest plan would be to leave the families of the married miners in their present quarters, in the colliery villages attached to the closed mines, and to transport only the actual workers to the new coalfields, until ample living accommodation had been provided for the rest of the mining community. The wage-earners of the family could quite well send home weekly the portion of their wages required for the family maintenance; or the colliery company that engaged them could pay one portion of their wages to the families in their home quarters, and the remainder to the men who were actually working for them. The housing and feeding of these men could no doubt be most satisfactorily carried out in the manner that was employed when we were training men for the war, and some of the still unsold army huts could be utilised as sleeping quarters and canteens.

As regards the unskilled men, and men who have only been in the industry since 1914, those employed in the mining districts that are now becoming worked out could be drafted into other occupations, and single men who are suited for emigration should be induced to take up a farming life in one of our Colonies.

There is no doubt that during the war a great many men entered the coal-mining industry because it was a form of national service which released them from the obligation of going to the front.¹ It is these men who have not been brought up as miners who ought to leave it now

(1) The patriotism of the miners who volunteered for service abroad is fully recognised by the writer, but these were the older and skilled men engaged in the industry before the outbreak of war.

that the industry is overloaded with workers and is unable to support the huge numbers dependent upon it. These men are to be found in all mining districts and in all pits, and it is they and not the miners who entered the mines as boys, and have spent all their lives in a coal pit, who should be called upon to make a change in their mode of life. Coal-mining, no doubt, is an unpleasant, dirty, and dangerous way of earning one's living. It is a remarkable fact, however, that in every mining district men enter the mines voluntarily as boys and spend their lives in the industry in preference to seeking their fortunes in our great cities or to emigrating to the colonies. It is evident, therefore, that coal-mining has attractions for those who have been bred and brought up in mining districts, and much of the public sympathy for the miner is due to ignorance of the conditions obtaining in other industries. If a tour were made of some of the industrial towns of the North, and the conditions under which men have to work in the iron and steel industries were examined, it would be found that there were many equally dangerous and unpleasant forms of work carried on by classes of men who, because they are not so numerous or well organised as the miners, obtain little public attention or sympathy.

Turning now to consider the future of the mines which are on the border line of failure, it may be questioned how far re-equipment and the use of more up-to-date methods could render them successful under the *status quo* as regards wages and hours. The chief essential for their profitable and successful operation is *that fewer persons should be employed and that the output of coal should be maintained by a smaller number of men*. When this can be done these mines will enter the paying class *without any changes in wages or hours*, but it would be highly unwise to spend thousands of pounds upon their re-equipment unless the miners' leaders will agree to this policy of reducing the numbers employed, and can convince the men who are still left in the industry that a much greater output per man is essential. It is also a fact that when a mine is nearly worked out it is quite out of the

question to spend money upon its re-equipment, and on this subject the following extract from the Report may be quoted:—

This obsolescence and closing of mines is a normal feature of the industry, and indeed essential to its nature. The question therefore arises with respect to every mine without exception, at what date it ought to be closed. Whether the decision at any given time is to be in the affirmative or the negative will obviously depend upon the cost of working that particular mine, in relation to the sum received from the sale of its produce.

Every year a considerable number of new pits are opened, and over a series of years about an equal number are closed; most of them are small in size. Between 1913 and 1924, however, there was some reduction in the total from 3,121 to 2,718. We print in Table 5, Appendix No. 18, a classification, according to their age and their size, of the mines that are now working. It shows that the average age of the larger mines, employing 500 workpeople or more, is 51 years. One-third of our mines are under 30 years old, but there are still in this country 57 mines, each employing an average of 855 workpeople, which are known to be more than a hundred years old.

Finally, the question of the utilisation by some other means or methods of the coal left underground in the closed coal pits may be considered. A very eminent chemist, the late Sir William Ramsay, F.R.S., many years ago suggested that it might prove possible to work these obsolescent mines as gas-producers, and to obtain from them by artificial means a gas similar to the "natural gas" which is found and utilised at many places in U.S.A. Whether this natural gas is produced underground by slow combustion of the coal measures, or whether it is a decomposition product of petroleum, has never, so far as the writer is aware, been settled, but the suggestion that a similar gas might be produced in this country from our older and obsolescent mines is certainly worth more attention than it has yet received.

A year or two before Sir William Ramsay died he made some attempts to have his proposal tried upon a working scale, but the plan never materialised; and so far as the writer is aware no attempt has ever been made to carry it into effect. Theoretically the production of a gas underground by means of a regulated supply of air or oxygen to a seam of coal which had been ignited is quite practicable, and it is the technical aspects of the

problem which require study and attention from chemists and engineers. No mine-owner or colliery company has been sufficiently enterprising to turn their old workings into a gas producer, but now that there are many mines which certainly will have to be closed down as a result of economic causes it would seem a suitable moment to carry out some experiments in this direction, and to see whether, under scientific control, such a system of coal gasification could not be made a success. Difficulties, of course, will be met with, but in the writer's opinion these can be overcome by means which it is unnecessary to discuss here. It may be recalled that all salt was once mined like coal by underground workings, but that the bulk of it is now obtained by passing water into the mines and by pumping brine to the surface. The suggested method of gasifying coal underground by a controlled air supply and of withdrawing only the gas produced at the surface is very similar in principle, and the difficulties ought not to be insuperable. The plan, in fact, has great possibilities, and the writer would not be surprised if within fifty years we are working such a system of underground gasification of our coal reserves upon a very large scale. If this forecast should prove correct, the problems connected with our present system of mining coal by hand labour will all be solved by the complete elimination of the underground worker from the industry.

To summarise, the writer considers that it is essential for the restoration of prosperity to the industry that the numbers dependent upon coal-mining shall be reduced by at least a quarter of a million persons, and that from one-quarter to one-third of the existing number of mines shall be closed down for a considerable period of time.

The problem of utilising the waste fuel left underground and the coal seams which have never been worked in these old pits may be solved by the gasification of the coal *in situ*, and experiments directed towards this system of releasing the calorific value of the fuel should at once be undertaken by the Fuel Research Board or by one of the local associations of colliery owners.

THE NAVY ON "ACTIVE SERVICE"

By ARCHIBALD HURD

THE General Strike was a general fiasco so far as the "general staff" of Trade Unionism was concerned. It had been preparing its plans for many months in advance, and it was even claimed that it was more competent to carry on the government of the country than the duly constituted authorities. When the coal crisis came to a head at the end of April, it proclaimed that it intended to hold the country to ransom by calling out the "shock forces." Directions were given withdrawing the most essential labour—all transport by land and sea was to be stopped,¹ no coal was to be moved, electric power stations, as well as gas works supplying industrial power were to be shut down, building operations, except artisan house building, were to cease, and even newspapers were not to be published, and the iron and steel trades were to be reduced to idleness. The General Council stated that, as an act of grace, they would make arrangements so that the forty-five million inhabitants of this island might not absolutely starve in the short interval which might elapse before the Government realised that it had no alternative but to capitulate.

When the order went forth on May 1st directing the affiliated unions, in disregard of all legal contracts of service, to call out their members, no doubt was entertained that the scheme, so carefully elaborated in all its details, would prove a triumphant vindication of the boasts so often uttered, that when the hour struck justifying the experiment of a general strike being put to the test, events would show that organised labour throughout the country was able to coerce the Government to do its will as inter-

(1) Mr. Havelock Wilson, of the Seamen's and Firemen's Union, absolutely declined to co-operate in this scheme, with the result that, contrary to the expectations of the General Council, shipping generally was unaffected by the strike. The seamen were loyal to their country as well as to their leaders.

preted by the General Council of the Trades Union Congress. In France and other countries, where recourse to "direct action" had been tried, defeat, it was said, had been due to conscription, enabling all the most essential workers being put under martial law. But in the United Kingdom no such machinery existed. Any Government, it was said, which employed the voluntarily enlisted men of the Navy, Army and Air Force in such a struggle as was being entered upon, would run grave risks, and, in any event, the numbers of these forces instantly available would be so small in relation to the hosts of strikers that their influence on the course of events would be negligible.

The outstanding reflections which the failure of the General Strike suggest are—first, the incapacity of those who drew up the plans which were thought to offer a complete assurance of success—providing, in effect, an alternative government; secondly, the pathetic loyalty to their misguided leaders which the mass of Trade Unionists exhibited, preserving, as a rule, complete good temper and good conduct under the ordeal; thirdly, the stout heart and devotion to the highest interests of the State which ordinary men and women displayed in volunteering for service; and fourthly, the vital, though inconspicuous part in the exposure of the folly of the General Council, which was taken by the Navy, more conspicuously even than the other two fighting services. When the finishing touches were being put to the scheme, "the general staff" of the Trades Union Congress considered the extent to which the Army and Air Force, if called upon by the Government, could interfere with what was regarded as the inevitable march of events. The wilder spirits, as questions in the House of Commons and speeches on the platforms revealed, hoped that Ministers would at once place the nation under martial law, and that, setting aside the police, soldiers and airmen would be called upon to maintain law and order, possibly even using their arms, with the result that passions would be roused and the seeds of a revolution sown. That was the conception which had been formed by the avowed Communists and their allies and it was in the hope that a parade of force would at once

be made that the extremists in the Socialist ranks, who had been conducting a subversive propaganda among the men of the fighting services, pressed the plan of the general strike on the General Council. As a last resort, it was conceded that bodies of naval men might be landed from the small number of ships now maintained in home waters, for it is in the Mediterranean and the outer seas that the majority of officers and men are serving. But before the Government determined, in desperation, on such a step, the die, it was confidently assumed, would have been cast, and the decision would merely exacerbate the strikers and hasten the end—the complete vindication of the hopes of the General Council which, even if a revolution had not by that time begun, would proceed to impose its will on the Government, insisting on the coal industry being nationalised as the first stage in the setting up of "the New Social Order."

When the General Strike was declared, the plans of the General Council were exposed as defective. The "staff work" proved deplorably inefficient. It was initially a reflection on its mentality that it forgot that a successful general strike in a country with about 30,000,000 people existing on overseas food and making their living by working on overseas supplies of raw materials, involved the break-up of the most delicately adjusted economic organisation with world-wide ramifications, and eventual starvation even for the strikers. This petty "Soviet" had nothing to put in the place of this organisation which would satisfy the capitalist countries on which we depend for our major needs, for these people overseas would demand payment for their goods, and we should have had none to offer. But these men overlooked other considerations. While it would be an exaggeration to claim that, if it had not been for the good services of the Navy, the General Strike might have succeeded, it is demonstrable that the officers and men of the sea service saved the nation, at large, from the full effects of the disaster to which the General Council, in its abysmal ignorance and over-vaunting pride, was committed on May 1st. While the "general staff" of Trade Unionism,

of which so much had been heard, was exposed as woefully inefficient, the capacity of the Naval Staff was conspicuously proved.

Tribute has been paid on all hands to the volunteers who came forward and enabled the transport services on land—the railways, 'buses and trams—to be resumed on a steadily rising scale of efficiency. But this patriotism might have proved unavailing had not the "handymen" of the Navy been available. When a few years before the war the Navy Staff was co-ordinated by Mr. Winston Churchill, then First Lord of the Admiralty, and the foundations were laid of the present organisation, neither he nor anyone else can have had any premonition that the day would come when the various branches of this organisation would be required to prepare plans to enable the sea service to play an essential part in sustaining the nation in such an emergency as a general strike. But that is the development which occurred when "this wrongful act" was on the eve of being carried out. The Naval Staff set to work to consider how the exiguous resources of men and ships at its command could be utilised to the best advantage in what the more intemperate Socialist leaders had described as "a war." It was a struggle of quite a different character from any in which the Navy, trained for sea service, had hitherto taken any part. In all quarters of the world it had in the past put ashore naval brigades for the defence of British interests or the protection of British lives, but the General Strike, when the welfare of the population of this densely populated homeland was in danger, constituted a unique opportunity of service. The responsible officers placed the fullest confidence in all ranks and ratings exhibiting under these unfamiliar conditions the same adaptability as they had displayed in incidental operations overseas. That confidence was fully justified by events. The Navy, with such limited means as years of rigid economy had left it, took up its new burdens promptly and cheerfully—carrying supplies of yeast in order that the population might not be forced to eat unleavened bread, organising the distribution of petrol on the Thames so that ample

supplies might be available for 'buses, motor cars and lorries, manning power stations which had been deserted by their normal staffs, operating docks, maintaining cold storage services, and performing a hundred and one other duties which were never in contemplation when the officers and men of the Navy were submitted to the various courses of training in the arts of navigation and naval warfare. In every situation, "the handy-man" triumphed, and he did so with such good temper that he aroused no ill feeling. The varied and unusual experiences which the officers and men were called upon to share were accepted in a fine spirit of loyalty, not to any section of the community, but to the nation as a whole. Any record of the failure of the General Strike would be incomplete which did not take account of the manner in which the Navy adjusted itself to the situation which developed at the beginning of May and proved that the existence of a force of well-disciplined men of long service, accustomed to extemporisation in fulfilling the Fleet's mission throughout the world, stood by the nation when its economic existence was threatened.

One of the first consequences of the General Strike was a redistribution of such naval forces as, in view of the world-wide dispersal of the Fleet, could be instantly employed. This emergency revealed once more the mobility of naval power, and the element of surprise which is its not least valuable element, for ships can be moved by sea without attracting much attention, as is the case when troops are transported by road or rail. The suppression of the Press, curiously enough, contributed to the success with which the Naval Staff was able to despatch naval forces to various points on the coast which it was thought desirable to protect and to land men to perform other duties essential to the well-being of the nation. The extent to which the ships of the Navy were utilised in the emergency is so little known that it may be interesting to give in brief summary such particulars of the movements as it has since been possible to obtain. Destroyers, in the first place, maintained the mail service across the Irish Sea. The battleship *Royal Sovereign* was at once

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ordered to Rosyth, and parties were landed for the protection of the Royal Dockyard as well as the docks at Leith and adjacent places on the East Coast of Scotland, while other men mounted guard over the Grangemouth Mining Depot, the Invergordon Naval Depot, and the Crombie and Bandeath Armament Depots. The battleship *Warspite*, the battle cruiser *Hood*, and the cruiser *Comus*, were sent forthwith to the Clyde, where most trouble was to be anticipated, men being told off to protect oil fuel or other depots, work docks, and operate the Hungryside oil fuel pumping station. The battleship *Ramillies*, accompanied by two destroyers, was ordered to Liverpool, and a destroyer passed up the Manchester Canal. From the cruisers *Enterprise*, *Caledon* and *Cleopatra* and upwards of a dozen destroyers, which were despatched to Middlesbrough, Newcastle, the Humber, Harwich, Bristol, Cardiff, Pembroke, Swansea, Barrow, and other ports, men were sent ashore to guard, and in some cases to operate, docks, oil fuel depots, and wireless stations, or to stand by volunteers who were engaged in unloading food from incoming ships. Portsmouth Naval Depot provided guards for all vulnerable points in its area, while Chatham Naval Depot mobilised no mean force, which was employed in protecting oil fuel depots and wireless stations on the coast; one body of men operated the Corporation's electrical power house at Ipswich, while another party, which had been sent to Slough, was held in readiness to man and operate the light vessels of the Port of London, and protection was also afforded to the Compass Observatory. No fewer than twenty-eight power stations in the Metropolitan area were taken over by naval ratings, who maintained a constant supply of electric current during the emergency.

How many people, as they ate their daily bread during the strike, realised what they owed to the activities of the Navy? Yeast is one of the necessities of a civilised community, and it is produced only by a few distilleries, mainly in Northern Ireland and Scotland, and since, once made, it keeps for only about seven days, the problem which presented itself was to secure its prompt distribu-

tion. For this purpose a service of destroyers was organised, and throughout the emergency they were engaged in carrying yeast to convenient centres from which it could be supplied to bakers. The magazines and shellrooms in the destroyers were cleared, and day by day hampers, each containing 56 lb. of yeast, were placed on board, it being found that each destroyer could carry 21 tons on every trip. Soon after this emergency service had been established 250 tons of yeast every day were being carried from the producing distilleries to the distributing areas every week. When it is recalled that from 6 to 10 ounces of yeast must be used in making about ninety 4 lb. loaves, some conception may be formed of the important contribution in this respect which the Navy made to the welfare of the community during the General Strike.

The officers and men of the Navy were also called upon to assist in working the London Docks, through which the greater part of the food of the Home Counties passes day by day. The Admiralty's original commitment in this area was the protection and operation of food docks only. When the time came it was found necessary to take over, in addition, other duties, such as the protection and operation of the Surrey Commercial Docks and the actual production of electrical power. The Navy also accepted responsibility for manning all light vessels in the Port of London, an operation requiring some 250 men. In the event the necessity never arose for calling on the Navy to carry out this service, but all arrangements were made to do so at short notice had the occasion arisen. Further commitments actually taken over were the manning of tugs for towing food barges up the river and the provision of armed guards for the tugs manned by volunteers.

Before the emergency was over the Navy had been required to work lock gates and bridges, as well as guard docks; run the machinery at cold stores, so as to prevent food becoming putrid; operate hydraulic stations; provide electrical power; man grain elevators, as well as switchboards in the power stations; run locomotives in the docks and else-

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where; and organise crews for tugs and motor boats. The Navy became the "general servant" of those who were endeavouring to feed the mammoth population of London. Even submarines had some part in defeating the outbreak of Sovietism. The use to which they were put is of peculiar interest. One of the strikers' trump cards was to cut off power from the West Ham power station to the Albert Docks, the lock gates of which are operated by electrical power. Such a contingency had, fortunately, been foreseen, and although alternating current at 440 volts was required and submarines can only generate direct current at 220 volts, power and light were duly supplied, and the lock gates were operated within twenty minutes from the time when the West Ham station was shut down.

Possibly the most dramatic service which the Navy rendered was in connection with the supply of petrol to the London area. It had been arranged previous to the strike that the Admiralty would accept responsibility for the transport of petrol by water from the great depot at Thameshaven to the wharves up the river. The monitor *Marshal Soult*, a familiar sight in the Straits of Dover during the Great War, together with the destroyer *Shamrock* and the minesweeper *Yeovil*, were assigned to this service, and early on the morning of May 4th the scheme was put into operation. The tugs and lighters which had been deserted by their crews were scattered up and down the river, and the first task to be undertaken was to find them in order that naval ratings, under warrant officers, might be put on board. Very speedily this transport service was organised, and the work proceeded expeditiously. Between May 5th and May 17th 23,470 tons of petrol were transported up the Thames, on one day no less than 3,300 tons being moved. The manner in which the men of the Navy adapted themselves to unfamiliar conditions was not a little remarkable. It had always been assumed that no one could navigate the Thames who had not got special expert knowledge and was not fully acquainted with local conditions. Throughout the strike, nevertheless, no mishap occurred; bridges were not fouled,

piers were not damaged, and barges were not allowed to get adrift, nor was any man injured. Work went on by day and by night without intermission and without untoward incident, and thus the London area obtained the supplies of petrol without which road transport by motor omnibus, motor car and lorry, could not have been maintained.

Some surprise has been expressed that the Stationery Office should have decided that its printing offices shall in future be "open houses." The experience of the Hydrographer's Department at the Admiralty supplies the fullest justification of this decision, even if the disorganisation of Parliamentary business—the attempt to put the legislative assembly out of action—were not a sufficient explanation. Charts have to be supplied to every ship, and the supply must be maintained at all times. This is a matter of safety of life, as well as national property. When the printers of charts went on strike temporary arrangements had, therefore, to be made. The period of apprenticeship in this branch of the printing trade exceeds five years: the staff of the Hydrographer's Department learnt how to do the work in two hours! Charts were thus obtained for the extra ships commissioned in connection with the strike. But the difficulties created by the shortage of coal could not be so easily surmounted. It has interfered seriously with the work of surveying at sea, so essential for the welfare of all who go down to the "great waters" in ships. These duties have been carried out, but officers and men working on the coast have had to do it in their small boats, rendering the operations both arduous and dangerous.

Some incidents may be quoted as revealing the spirit in which the officers and men of the Navy devoted themselves to unfamiliar tasks, but tasks for which their varied training so admirably fitted them. At one power station a party arrived consisting of a leading stoker and six stokers. The manager, surprised at the small number of men, held up his hands in despair. "Goodness me," he exclaimed, "we've sixty men here normally, working in three shifts of twenty." "Well, that's all right, sir," exclaimed the leading stoker, "let's have a look

round." At the end of twenty minutes this resourceful representative of the tradition of the Navy returned to the little group of stokers who were standing by. "'Ere," he called out, "three of you go and put your boiler suits on; the rest can go; you won't be wanted." On another occasion the coxswain of a harbour launch, not unconscious of the uniform he wore, went alongside a coal lighter and demanded "a ton of coal in the name of the King." The Navy men were thorough, whatever the job to which they were set; they refused to be defeated by difficulties, and in all conditions preserved imperturbable good temper. In some situations they proved their inexperience. The story is told of a police inspector who, in commenting on the work of some naval men, remarked that they made "good specials, but," he added, "there are one or two things they have got to learn. For instance, they do not understand using a truncheon; they're too inclined to follow through!" An anecdote, coming from Chatham, indicates the attitude towards "the wrongful act" of the General Council of the men who had sworn their loyalty to the Crown. A man was seen to "fall out" of a door of a Government building, pick himself up in some haste, and run away. When asked what the meaning was of this hurried movement, two men wearing His Majesty's uniform explained, "That was a young feller, sir, who was sent down from London to tell us to strike. *So we struck.*"

The manner in which the Navy co-operated in defeating the General Strike illustrates a consideration which is often overlooked when the cost of its maintenance in times of peace is criticised. It exists for war, but it is always on active service, performing in all parts of the world essential functions. It is not merely one of the bonds of Empire and the supporter of British prestige, but it is also one of the most important agents of liberal civilisation. The popular idea that ships on foreign stations merely "stand by" in case an emergency should arise affecting British life or property is one of those delusions which it is difficult to eradicate. The nation, as well as the British people overseas, are duly impressed when a British ship is seen on the coast of a distant country, and when a British sailor is seen on the shore.

squadron, such as that under the command of Admiral Sir Frederick Field, makes a circuit of the globe, visiting ports, British and foreign and large and small, but there is a widespread failure to realise that the Navy is always on active service. Sir Alan Burgoyne, M.P., has recently had something to say on this matter:—

Slave-trading would to-day still be a blot on civilisation but for the Navy's effective work in its suppression, and it will surprise many to learn that much work is still necessarily carried on to keep it under control. Gun-running, piracy, and fishery protection are all problems within the sphere of naval influence—matters of world-wide importance, dealt with effectively by the ubiquitous units of our fleet. Visits to outlying islands, far off the track of merchantmen, administrative difficulties of small possessions out of touch with authoritative influences, assistance urgently sought for shipwrecked crews or castaways, all these and many other duties are gladly undertaken by the fleet, the effective outcome of which would be reduced largely if it were known and accepted that the Navy were a declining and obsolescent force.

On the scientific side the British Navy may claim to have contributed a lion's share, indeed, to our modern depth of knowledge; its specialised branches have done more than any others to survey coasts and sound the ocean bottoms, whilst the amount of assistance rendered in scientific expeditions, and to the essential features of astronomy and meteorology, cannot adequately be estimated.

On the purely moral and civilising side of the naval services, the constant visits here, there and everywhere, frequently unpremeditated, by isolated units of our distant squadrons, or by gunboats or survey ships, are matters of no little importance where our national standing is concerned. Those who have had an opportunity of studying individual units of our Navy and those of foreign countries cannot fail to have been struck by the smart, manly appearance of British crews, the rigid and yet unforced discipline of the general routine, the excellent behaviour and splendid demeanour of both officers and men when ashore. I cast no reflections on the efficiency of the vessels and personnel of other nations, but there is a certain "something" that has ever made the visits of British men-o'-war a subject of deep appreciation and constant eulogistic praise, whatsoever the country or people visited.

Neither piracy, slavery, nor gun-running has yet been abolished; the Navy is still engaged in fighting these evils in China waters, in the Persian Gulf, as well as elsewhere. One recent incident illustrates the kind of work which the Navy is continually doing. A British vessel was wrecked on the south-east coast of Arabia, the crew, in the ship's boat, making for Muscat. On the way they landed on the island of Masseira for water and were murdered, not a man

(1) *Brassey's Naval and Shipping Annual*, 1926.

surviving. Some weeks elapsed before rumours reached Muscat of this atrocity. A man-of-war was immediately despatched with the Political Resident, but the murderers had, for the time, successfully covered up their tracks. It was not until some time later that the first link in the chain was forged, which resulted in ten natives from the mainland adjacent to Masseira being arrested and nine of them after trial being executed, one man committing suicide by drowning. The meting out of justice in this case had a salutary effect. When later on a German ship went ashore in this vicinity, and the crew, crowded in the ship's boats, offered the natives a reward for food and other necessities with which they had been supplied it was refused. The natives explained that on a previous occasion, when a ship had been wrecked, nine natives had been shot for putting the crew to death. The result was that these distressed German seamen were treated with every consideration and eventually reached Muscat in safety.

During the pearling season in the Persian Gulf it is always necessary for one of His Majesty's ships to be in the vicinity to check piracy. Moreover, although slave-owning is illegal, it is still practised in these as well as other waters, and from time to time extensive operations have to be undertaken to check it. Men and women of kindly outlook on life who sometimes protest against the very existence of the Navy would be less vehement in the expression of their feelings if they realised the services to civilisation which the Navy is continually rendering. Would they have such salvage work in the cause of humanity, as the following incident illustrates, arrested? An officer who has seen service in East Indian waters has recounted that when five African slaves were rescued one of them who had previously made several attempts to escape was found to have heavy iron anklets on his legs, riveted there by his master. How the man at last succeeded in escaping forms a pathetic picture of determination and resource. He secured some reeds and improvised a little raft, with the aid of which he swam out to the British man-of-war over a mile and a half from the shore, through water infested by sharks. He arrived

alongside in the middle of the night. The quartermaster, hearing his cries, pulled him out of the water, his leg irons were sawn off by the ship's carpenter, and on arrival at Muscat he became a free man.

British citizens in all parts of the world look to the Navy for protection, as was shown during the revolution in Persia, when the lives of Europeans at Shariz were threatened. Prompt action for their protection was necessary, and the only troops available were a few Indian soldiers at Bushire and Bahrein. These men were withdrawn to deal with the emergency at Shariz, their place being taken by bluejackets until reinforcements could be sent from India; and, in the meantime, this small detachment of Indian troops, supported by a Maxim gun furnished by the *Sphinx*, under a naval lieutenant, assembled outside Bushire. Late on a Sunday night in July, the hottest time of the year, this little force started on its march, the few mules which it had been possible to secure being laden with ammunition, stores, and water, for the first stages of the journey lay through a country where only brackish water could be obtained. For a period of over seven days, in intense heat, the party pursued its way to Shariz. The march was a triumph of endurance. It was done during the height of a Persian summer, and over about 180 miles of rough, unbroken, and mountainous country. Each member of the force had to carry his full kit, rifle and ammunition, for the party was open to snipers most of the way. Lord Curzon has referred to the Bushire-Shariz caravan route as a series of rocky inclines comparable to ladders, accessible to no baggage animals except mules and donkeys, and constituting in their succession and severity "the roughest and least propitious highway of traffic in the world." What would have been the fate of the Europeans in Shariz if a British ship-of-war had not been at hand to succour them?

It is not only in the Persian Gulf that the British Navy is always on active service, as recent events in Chinese waters have shown. The campaign against piracy has to be prosecuted in and out of season in this part of the world. Not so long ago 300 well-armed pirates, with launches to

enable them to carry out their nefarious operations swiftly and secretly, were reported to be at Whampoa, a small town up the Wantung Junction. With the co-operation of the only Chinese authority which existed in the area a combined sweep was organised in which Royal Naval gun-boats were to co-operate. The doom of the pirates seemed assured, when early one morning the *Tarantula*, the *Moorhen*, and the *Robin* were in position at the exits, with three armed launches disposed so as to prevent all chances of escape. The failure of these plans illustrates the difficulties with which the Navy is frequently confronted in preserving the freedom of navigation. In this instance, it was afterwards learnt, a Chinese subordinate officer had landed some soldiers on the previous evening. Finding four pirate launches, together with some junks and about 300 pirates awaiting him, he had refrained from an attack, subsequently stating that "the pirates were too strong." As events were to show, this action had given these desperadoes warning, and all that remained was to make a demonstration against the lawless population in neighbouring creeks and teach them a lesson. The *Moorhen*, in fact, seized one junk containing a box of money intended for the purchase of arms and ammunition, together with correspondence throwing light upon the piratical operations which were being carried out. Those of us who live in comparative peace in this island country can form no conception of the emergencies which are repeatedly arising in the Persian Gulf, in Chinese waters, and elsewhere when the intervention of the ships of the Royal Navy is essential if merchant vessels under British and foreign flags are to proceed on their lawful occasions.

It is a pestilential error to regard the Navy as an instrument of war and nothing else. It exists to preserve the peace, not only by sea, but on land whenever trouble arises with which the Navy, in its infinite adaptability, can cope. It is sometimes said that the money which is devoted to the maintenance of the Fleet resembles the premiums which are paid by those who take out insurance policies against the hazards of life. The parallel is not complete, because, however much money may be invested

in an insurance policy, life cannot be prolonged, fires cannot be prevented, and burglars cannot be checked. On the other hand, by supporting a fleet we not only insure the inviolability of our shores and the safety of our supplies of ocean-borne food and raw materials, as well as the security of a whole Empire, but the Navy acts as a preventive force, as well as an educative force. It not only fights, if the emergency demands its intervention on a grand scale, but it prevents war, besides supporting from day to day liberal civilisation in all parts of the world, putting down slavery, piracy, and gun-running, and assuring to all and sundry the peaceful use of the seas for business or pleasure. The value of sea power, as represented by the Navy, was demonstrated during the Great War, for if our sea communications had been effectively interrupted the Allied cause must have suffered defeat, and this country would have fallen under the heel of Prussianism. But the Navy is always on "active service," and, as the General Strike has once more illustrated, no great national emergency ever arises in which it has not some part to play "in the way that they have in the Navy," resourcefully, efficiently, and with imperturbable good temper.



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THE DISCUSSIONS ON DISARMAMENT

BY HUGH F. SPENDER

IN considering the question of disarmament it is always necessary to remember that the Committee, which was appointed by the Council of the League of Nations to consider the subject, was not intended to come to any definite conclusion. Its task, to quote a semi-official statement, was clearly defined by a resolution of the Council, as a preliminary exchange of views on a list of questions submitted to the Committee, dealing with the principles and practice upon which ultimate agreements might be based. The same resolution indicated that it might be necessary to refer the military and economic aspects of the question to two technical committees appointed for the purpose.

Those who looked for quick results—Americans often complain that the League does nothing but engage in academic discussions—were disappointed that the preparatory conference did not produce a cut-and-dried scheme. As a matter of fact, the Preparatory Committee went further than was expected at Geneva, for it took one or two important decisions and gave a more precise definition to some of the questions to be submitted to the sub-committees, which received most useful directions as to the lines on which discussion should proceed. The Committee had in the first place to decide what was meant by the term "armaments," and as I pointed out in my article in *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* in February, the preliminary meeting of the Council in December last suggested the extraordinary difficulty of reaching an agreement on what to the uninitiated might appear to be a simple issue. The necessity for a definition of armaments raised from the very beginning the sharpest difference of opinion between the British and French points of view on the whole problem of disarmament. This difference of opinion ran like a thread through all the discussions of the Preparatory Committee. The crux of the matter, as in December, was the French demand for an investigation into the potential war strength of the different nations. Lord

Cecil pointed out during the Council discussions on the subject that this could lead to no practical result because it was impossible by any procedure of international law to limit the economic and industrial resources of a country. Such an enquiry would be endless, and might well lead to dangerous frictions between the various nations concerned.

Lord Cecil was obliged, however, to go some way to meet the French view in the debate which was carried on with so much spirit between him and M. Paul Boncour. He had, in effect, to admit that the French point of view was not altogether unreasonable, and that if some limit could be placed on the investigation into the potential war strength of a country the task might be productive of some good result. The British thesis had up to this time been a quite simple one, that a reduction of armaments would in itself give increased security by rendering nations less liable to attack one another, and that this reduction should be limited to standing armies and their reserves and equipments.

As Mr. P. J. Noel Baker has well put it in an article which he wrote for the year book *Europa*: "The covenant of the League was only intended to work in a world that had been disarmed. It was never imagined by those who drew it up that it could prevent another world-war if international society were distracted by the same kind of competitive preparation for war which did so much to cause the cataclysm of 1914. On the contrary, its authors held that a reduction and limitation of armaments would not only in itself remove perhaps the most fruitful of all causes of fear, of distrust, and of suspicion between peoples, but that it would also affect, and affect profoundly, the psychology of the vast mass of all the nations who are members of the League." This quotation is a good summary of the British point of view which was so ably argued by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald before the Assembly of the League. M. Herriot, on the other hand, declared that no substantial reduction of armaments could be expected without an adequate sense of security. M. Boncour argued in the same terms, and it is quite useless to expect the French to agree to any measure of disarma-

ment before they have obtained the security which they consider necessary. As the *Temps* said in a leading article on security and disarmament: "Those who believe that it will be possible to compel France to disarm before her security is fully assured deceive themselves badly."

The Disarmament Commission, however, succeeded in reaching the conclusion with the assent of the French that if disarmaments were to be reduced the reduction must apply to existing armaments, and could not be extended to what are called the potential factors of war. Moreover, since the discussion would otherwise be endless, the French were obliged to admit that in estimating the war strength of different countries, there must be some limit to the debate. Thus a real advance was made towards agreement. The British experts accepted the thesis that superiority in railways, leading to more rapid mobilisation, more efficient industrial development, producing in its turn a more rapid conversion from peace to war industries, and supplies of coal and iron are all matters that can be weighed in the balance. But unknown factors must always remain. It is impossible, for instance, to compare moral and psychological factors; but it is possible to compare the advantage in military efficiency of a voluntary long term service with a compulsory short term service, and what the military experts are now trying to do is to reach some conclusion on questions of this kind. The points which have been referred for examination to the Military Committee are exceedingly difficult to deal with, as discussion in the committee has proved. Who would care, for instance, to have to solve the following riddles? (1) Admitting the possibility of limiting military forces at present existing or capable of immediate use without preliminary mobilisation measures, what are the definite forces to be defined? (2) What are the standards by which it is possible to measure the military, naval, or air armaments of one country against those of another? (3) As armaments cannot be determined on the basis of mathematical considerations alone, how far are armaments affected by such factors as population, resources,

geographical situation, length and character of communications, vulnerability of frontiers, and the time required to transform peace armaments into war armaments?

Both sub-committees, military and technical, are asked their view as to regional disarmament, and to solve the problem what region should be considered proper for this purpose if, in their view, general disarmament is not possible at present. Various questions have also been submitted to the Military Committee regarding the possibility of distinguishing between military and civil aircraft, the possibility of supervising armaments, and the problem raised by the conversion of dye and chemical factories to the making of the most horrible forms of destruction.

No wonder that Lord Cecil and other delegates emphasised the fact that the task before the Disarmament Commission, to whom the sub-committees are to report on these and other questions, was one of great difficulty and complexity, and that to hurry unduly before the ground is thoroughly prepared would be to take serious risks of failure.

Disarmament is really a moral issue depending on the enlightenment of public opinion, and it is very difficult to solve so long as each country demands guarantees for security and refuses to disarm so long as there are any unknown factors in superior industrial equipment which, with visible forces equal, might give an advantage to another country. Here the eternal fears and suspicions of Continental nations cut right across what would appear to the Britisher, who is still to some extent divided by the sea from the quarrels of his neighbours, a comparatively simple issue. Progress will be slow, and there is still a great deal of work to be done before a general disarmament conference can meet with any hope of success. But what can be put on record is that the chief protagonists at the preparatory conference, Lord Cecil, M. Boncour and Count Bernstorff, all agreed that a real advance had been made. Mr. Hugh Gibson, the American representative at the conference, was also pleased with the result of the conferences as far it went. He took the part of an observer who was ready to offer good advice and to express his

approval of any suggestion which he thought would help towards the final settlement of the question. Mr. Gibson made, however, a valuable suggestion when he spoke of the possibility of regional agreements for disarmament. He did not mention any particular region, nor did he come down from his platform of a detached observer to enter into detailed argument. His whole attitude suggested that the United States did not desire to be brought into too close contact with European questions, and that America was there rather to pay a compliment to the general idea of disarmament than to make any definite or practical proposal. This attitude of aloofness on the part of the United States, and the impartial way in which Mr. Gibson treated the questions which arose, may ultimately prove of great value to the conference. For if a deadlock were to occur the United States could then step in with something better than mere suggestions. Lord Cecil declared at the end of the discussion in the conference that there was no longer a fundamental difference of principle between the British and French points of view. To some of his friends he seemed to go too far in meeting the French point of view that the potential factors must be considered before there could be any limitation of visible peace armaments or mobilisable strength. On the other hand, Lord Cecil might well be pleased that M. Boncour had agreed that a reduction of armaments could apply only to the peace strength of armies, although in arriving at this strength it may be necessary to take into account the "ultimate factors" as far as it is possible.

I met Count Bernstorff before he left Geneva, and found that he was not disappointed at the slow progress of affairs. He thought it all to the good that conversations between the representatives of so many countries should have taken place, and pointed out that the various Governments concerned had agreed to make definite proposals for the reduction of armaments. To this he attached great importance. The German view is that the reduction of visible armaments should take place at once, and that a comparison of all the other potential factors, industrial and economic, should be made afterwards. They think that

the French fear of the possible military advantage that superior industrial efficiency might give to Germany in time of war is greatly exaggerated. The rapidity with which the French were able to invade the Ruhr makes the Germans fear that in the event of war the French would be able either to seize or destroy all their factories in the Rhineland which are capable of being diverted to warlike purposes, and it is in this district that the main industries of Germany are concentrated. The Germans maintain that as they have no heavy guns and no means of protecting the Rhineland from invasion, since all their fortresses have been destroyed, the French could easily walk in, for the Reichswehr would be unable to prevent an invasion. Moreover, the French aeroplanes could be all over Germany within two hours, so great is their superiority in number and striking power. Indeed, the Germans at the conference and in the Military Committee were left wondering at the nervous excitability of the French as to the possibility of Germany with her present military forces being able to do any harm to France. They regard their country as being entirely at the mercy of France, which in the event of a war could depend on support from Poland and the Little Entente.

At the same time Count Bernstorff and the German military experts realise the necessity of meeting the fears and suspicions of the French, for after all it is not only the present that the French are thinking of, but an unknown future in which Germany may be armed again, perhaps not with heavy guns or tanks, but with some even more deadly weapon in the shape of poison gas. The German experts therefore think it quite proper that experts should consider the value of many of the potential factors of war. I gather that they consider it quite legitimate, for instance, that the value of a long term of voluntary service should be compared with the efficiency of the short-term conscription, and that the speed with which various countries can mobilise their troops should be taken into account, as well as special advantages in raw material, such as iron or coal. But when it came to the proposal which was made in the military sub-committee by the

French experts, that in arriving at a definition of what peace armaments meant the reserves should not be taken into account, while on the other hand all the existing armed forces of Germany, including her policemen and customs guards, should be included in her effective military strength, then indeed the German experts protested. It seemed to them, and I am told the British experts took the same view, that the reserves of any army were an effective part of its strength. On this and on some other points the French, supported by the representative of the smaller Powers on the expert committees, really appear to be taking a rather unreasonable line. But their answer is, of course, that as the police of Germany, and even the voluntary organisations which have been started for assisting the police in the maintenance of order, are so trained as to have a potential military value they ought to be included in the German military forces. It is the dread of some secret and hidden reserve of military strength in Germany that moves the French to fear when they argue in this fashion.

The real competition in armament at present is not between France and Germany, but between France and England, for it is the British who are compelled to build aeroplanes in order to maintain some semblance of equality with the French bombing squadrons. Take also the question of submarines. The British would not be unwilling to consider the abolition of the submarine altogether if the other Powers would give it up. In the meantime the British Government are compelled to add submarines and light cruisers to their fleet, because no agreement can be arrived at for the limitation of auxiliary craft. It might be said that the United States are not altogether blameless in making additions to their fleet, and it has become one of the real scandals of international politics that countries which were so closely united in the war should now be competing with one another in something like a competitive race of armaments. How can they expect the smaller European nations to believe that the Great Powers—for Italy is also building ships and aeroplanes—are in earnest when their spokesmen at

Geneva talk of the great moral issues involved in disarmament? When Mr. Gibson suggested that a beginning should be made with regional disarmament he had perhaps in mind this competition between the Great Powers. England, at all events, would gladly discuss with any other country the possibility of arriving at a common reduction of aeroplanes, submarines and auxiliary craft. The United States are also anxious for another Naval Conference, which would limit auxiliary naval craft. The difficulty is to divide the naval from the military problem.

But the idea that security is to be found in disarmament has barely begun to penetrate the Continental mind. Hence the necessity of discussion and yet more discussion on this question, for what has to be done is to convince the nations concerned that armaments create those very fears and suspicions which are the cause of war, and that the new order of society which the League of Nations is meant to create, with its appeal to reason and arbitration, cannot exist in a world in which the nations are armed with every form of offensive weapon, and refuse to consider the limitation or abolition of any of these forms of destruction. There was some interesting talk at the conference about the possibility of checking the use of poison gas in time of war, or at least equalising the advantage which the existing dye and chemical factories may give to nations in time of war by their conversion to military purposes. This discussion seemed to beat the air because there is no possible doubt that once a nation is at war it will use all possible means of aggression in the air or under the water to destroy its enemy. It is impossible to put any limit to the atrocities of war, and the sooner we all realise this the better.

carries, and he has outwardly engaging and courteous manners.

His personal attributes have served him well through a long and hectic career. He saw the departure of the spendthrift Khedive Ismail to exile in Italy, and participated in the turmoil of the following few years, which ended in the military dictatorship and revolt of Arabi Pasha. His share in the agitation, however, had warranted his arrest, and in 1882 he had his first experience of detention in Cairo under British military guard. He was tried by military court, and, after summary punishment, released to pursue his normal calling as a lawyer, in which sphere he quickly recovered such ground as he had lost during his lapse into agitation, and he was soon singled out as one of the rising men of Egypt. As was inevitable—for in Egypt as well as in the rest of the world the Bar is the great political recruiting area—he soon drifted into Egyptian political life. But in those days Zaghlul Pasha was no extremist.

He had lost his first wife early in his career, and in the nineties contracted a brilliant and highly advantageous marriage with the daughter of Mustafa Pasha Fahmi, one of the foremost Egyptian politicians of the period and the friend and ally of Lord Cromer in the regeneration of Egypt. His policy for his country was one of cautious development, both material and political, along conservative lines, and he quickly enlisted the active support of his brilliant young son-in-law, who had already shown such aptitude in Government work as in due course to secure for him promotion to Ministerial rank.

Compliments from Lord Cromer were ever hardly won and always merited. He liked and admired Zaghlul Pasha, and appreciated his originality and independence of thought and his constructive and administrative ability; and when, on the conclusion of his long mission to Egypt, the great pro-consul delivered a public speech at the Cairo Opera House, he singled out Zaghlul Pasha for special reference, applauding the initiative which he had already shown in the service of his country and recommending him to his audience as a worthy guardian of their best interests.

In those far-away days Zaghlul Pasha had helped to found a new political party, the "Hizb el Omma" (the Party of the People), which was brought into being as a moderate counterblast to the extremist tendencies of the ultra-nationalist movement, founded in the beginning of this century by the late Mustafa Kamil. The latter party was known as the "Hizb el Watan" (the Party of the Nation), and has survived till to-day; but its rival has long since disappeared, and with it the memory of its inception and its association with the Saad Zaghlul of twenty years ago, the moderate constructive politician, the friend of British circles in Egypt, and the man who held that his country must learn to walk before it could fly.

Zaghlul Pasha's success in the first decade of this century and the position it won for him in both British and Egyptian quarters, created for him many enemies, and he became inevitably a target for that peculiar type of intrigue which is so general in Egypt. A son will intrigue against his father, a father against his son; the office boy will intrigue, as and how he can, against the head of his department; the kitchen boy will throw stones with the rest, when there is a chance of getting rid of the cook. For in Egypt, with its excessive population, there are always far too many candidates for every post, however lowly. To realise the force of this remark, those who have lived in Egypt have but to recall the wild scramble in domestic quarters, when the under boot-boy is dismissed, probably as a result of some unfathomable Oriental cabal among his fellow servants. Aspirants for the post, armed with glowing testimonials from pashas and generals, will rally in dozens to the scene, and eventually another under boot-boy will be selected at the princely salary of thirty shillings a month, exclusive of food.

Intrigue and jealousies attacked Zaghlul Pasha insistently, and his bold independence of action made him an easy object of subtle attack. He had incurred the hostility of the conservative theological party by his action in connection with the founding of the school of *Cadis*, which followed on Sheikh Mohamed Abdu's enlightened reorganisation of the legal curriculum at El Azhar University;

and the part he played later, when acrimonious discussion arose about the extension of the concession to the Suez Canal Company, gained for him further dangerous notoriety. He held Ministerial rank on more than one occasion, but up to 1914 he had always to reckon with the hostility and jealousy of the then Khedive, Abbas Hilmi, whose ambitions did not at all appeal to him. The result was periodic eclipse and finally total retirement from direct participation in affairs of State.

The period following on the departure of Lord Cromer also records the gradual but definite drift of Zaghlul Pasha from his previous intimate and friendly relations with British circles in Egypt. The policy of the Home Government towards Egypt had changed in 1906. The Liberal Party came into power, and it was laid down that henceforth British influence was to dissociate itself, as far as possible, from direct interference in Egyptian domestic matters. Zaghlul Pasha's differences with his royal master fell into this category, and, while he confessed his appreciation of an altered state of affairs and showed no outward rancour against those in British circles who had been his friends of other days, he conceived a dislike and a distrust of a system of government which could thus blow hot and cold indiscriminately, deserting its friends and pandering to its enemies. The Khedive watched his helplessness with delight; his eclipse became the topic of discussion in the Press and clubs; and Zaghlul Pasha himself had no counter-weapon. But he fought hard. He bowed before a force which was immune against attack, but he never surrendered and never, even after he had retired from the political arena, lost the hold, which his talents and his independence of thought and action had given him over his fellow countrymen. His experiences, however, had generally embittered him. A feeling of distrust of things and methods British had deepened into open dislike and hostility, and though he was silent during the war up to the middle of 1918, he remained throughout a severe critic of many of the military measures enforced in Egypt in the interests of the fighting forces, and he emerged after the Armistice a disgruntled man. His bitterness was not,

however, entirely concentrated on the British. He had developed also a strong feeling of vindictiveness against those of his own fellow countrymen who, during his overshadowment and particularly during the war, had enjoyed and benefited from the fruits of office.

Egypt had her war grievances—and what country had not? But, being immune from the real hardships of war—an immunity which she never appreciated—these grievances, minor in themselves, were exaggerated out of all proportion to actuality. There had been some genuine hardships in the recruitment of Egyptian labour and in the collection of cereals and supplies for the Allied armies; but she had no real cause to feel as aggrieved, as she later expressed herself to be, over the imposition on the country of such normal war measures as the censorship, passport control and the introduction of paper money. The fact remains, however, that at the end of the war Egyptians, for all that the presence of great armies in their midst had brought them untold wealth, were in a state of aggrieved tension.

Zaghlul Pasha knows his own countrymen like a book; he read their feelings and proceeded to exploit them to secure his return to active participation in public affairs. His position and his record made it easy for him to constitute himself as a receiving centre for all complaints against British methods. He listened to all, promised redress to all, and the remedy he evolved was the formulation of a programme for the settlement of the Anglo-Egyptian question, which was little else than a demand for the total withdrawal of British influence from Egypt. Such a programme was naturally highly popular, though absolutely unintelligible, to the great masses of his illiterate fellow countrymen, whom he quickly and easily rallied under his magnetic leadership. A delegation—the famous *Wafd*—was formed; Wafdist agents, mostly callow and irresponsible schoolboys and students, toured the country collecting support and funds; every town and hamlet had its Wafdist committee, which broadcast among the credulous country folk an insidious anti-British propaganda, to the effect that England was about to seize the

country for her own imperial and commercial ends, and that the existing Egyptian ministers were but puppets, who had sold themselves to the foreigner.

Zaghlul Pasha's request for permission to leave Egypt to lay his programme before the British Government was rightly refused early in 1919. He was acting independently of an Egyptian Government in being and without their or the Sultan's official mandate. He was *imperium in imperio*, a self-constituted agent whom the British Government could not recognise as the representative of Egypt and with whom official negotiations were out of the question.

He took the refusal of the British authorities as a challenge to prove his position in the country; he redoubled his propaganda and undermined national administration. The Government machine finally faltered, and he was arrested and deported in March, 1919.

The events of the next five years up to January 1924, are fresh in the minds of all. The Milner Mission; the Milner-Zaghlul conversations in London in 1920; the unsuccessful official treaty negotiations of the following year between the late Lord Curzon and the present Egyptian Prime Minister, Adly Yeghen Pasha; the second arrest and deportation of Zaghlul Pasha; the unilateral British declaration of Egyptian independence, which led to the promulgation of a constitution and the first elections of the autumn of 1923, by which Zaghlul Pasha was returned at the head of a sweeping majority. These notable political developments had taken place in the midst of and in spite of a state of chronic Egyptian unrest and agitation, directly inspired by the *Wafd*; but they were accompanied by a ghastly series of tragedies—murders and criminal assaults for which the *Wafd* were, not perhaps directly, but certainly indirectly, responsible.

It was the head of this *Wafd* who became the head of the first Parliamentary Government of Egypt in January 1924. Throughout his disastrous tenure of office Zaghlul Pasha completely ignored his position as Prime Minister, and with a cynical indifference to all principles of good government and statesmanship exploited his

office for the intensification of the anti-British propaganda which had always been the basis of the negative policy which the *Wafd* claimed to be following. He governed—or rather misgoverned—Egypt as head of the *Wafd*, the *Rais el Mahboub* (the beloved leader), instead of as Prime Minister.

An article which appeared in the May number of this journal under the title of "Political Parties in Egypt," attempted to set forth the sequence of events which contributed towards the rehabilitation of Zaghlul Pasha within eighteen months of his ignominious fall after the murder of the Sirdar. Since it was written the recent elections have secured Zaghlul Pasha his anticipated majority; he has flirted with and finally—with the best face he could muster—renounced the idea of becoming Prime Minister himself; Ziwar Pasha has resigned, and a new Parliament has met, and Adly Yeghen Pasha has become President of a Coalition Ministry of Zaghlulists and Liberal Constitutionalists—the latter his own party. These facts, however, fade into insignificance beside the contemplation of the *rôle* which Zaghlul Pasha himself will play in the new and rather unstable order of things, which has arisen as a result of the elections and of Lord Lloyd's firm action. Adly Pasha deserves the sympathy and goodwill of all. His acceptance of the presidency of a ministry, which will be answerable for its actions to a parliamentary majority of a party, which he has personally in the past opposed tooth and nail, solved a situation not of his own making. We can presume that he has reached an understanding with Lord Lloyd and Zaghlul Pasha as to the future policy of his ministry, and that this policy guarantees a continuation of that inaugurated by Lord Allenby in 1922. But the fact remains that he relies for his parliamentary backing on Zaghlul Pasha himself, who has in the past made little or no effort to control anti-British extravagances in the extreme left of his party.

Zaghlul Pasha, by recognising his personal unsuitability as Prime Minister designate, has for the first time shown a glimmer of appreciation of facts as they are; and Lord

Lloyd has done much to open his eyes by the firm stand, which he took. It may be that Zaghlul Pasha at length has realised that an ability to compromise—far from being cowardly—is an asset to true statesmanship. It may be that he at last appreciates that the destinies of Egypt are a matter of international consequence and cannot be regarded from a parochial standpoint. It may be that he has grasped the fact that the British government has certain domestic and cosmopolitan responsibilities in Egypt, which it can and will fulfil, either with or without Egyptian collaboration.

His actions and bearing will be closely scrutinised during the next few months, but unless he is prepared so to attune himself as to become helpful rather than disconcerting to Anglo-Egyptian harmony, he will forfeit all claim to classification among the great political leaders of his time and the destinies of Egypt will once more be jeopardised.

CHILDREN OF THE MORNING

BY W. L. GEORGE

CHAPTER VI

SONG OF SONGS

IN the midst of this uneasy, unhappy people moved Mord, now nearly fourteen, and every month more significant, liberating the tongue of the race. The little slum child grew very fast between the ages of thirteen and fourteen; now she was a white arrow faintly gilded by the sun, nearly five foot seven, black-eyed, those eyes seeming sometimes mischievous, sometimes languid, through a mass of tangled black hair, crowded with shells and coloured stones. Her unduly long arms and legs were bound with coloured twigs, fragments of cocoanut bark decorated with matrix ruby, of which some quantities existed upon the island. You will imagine her stalking by the beach, a long figure wrapped in twilight, humming to herself a song of which she makes the words. She is not content with the few hundred words that compose the language. Already she has named things—called the peccari a *stoie*, and found for river a word, *ulwin*, which to her translates its flow. Only for love she has no word, though it is love holds her as she sings her song, a song tender and ardent:

Whezi, illadia? Illadia, whezi?
Whezino? Ah! whezi?
Silbater, nativonosume, illadia.
Whezino? Ah! whezi?

One understands her song, the sounds full of secret rapture which rise from her throat as the trills from that of a nightingale. The slum child, cast into this land of flowers and bursting fruit, of ultramarine sea, purple sky and sunshine like a bush of copper spears, is lifted up and sings a song that is new to her, yet so old to humanity:

Where is my beloved, where is he?
 Why does he tarry?
 He lies below the horizon, and his smile makes the sun to rise.
 Why does he tarry?
 I look into the water that mirrors my eyes
 And I would that I were fair.
 Shall I be fair enough?
 Shall those lips that shine as a thread of ruby,
 Shall those eyes which contain the night,
 Shall those hands like a twig in its early sprouting,
 Shall all of me make him content with me?
 Why does he tarry?
Hirak! Joy! Hirak!
 O, come, beloved,
 And let the drums drum their drumming.

One will observe the instinctive rhythm of the savage in repetitions, and any student of primitive verse will grasp the ecstasy of the last

line: "Let the drums drum their drumming." It is uncouth, it is unformed; it rises from Nature like the fungus and the rose. Since the islanders were easily influenced by rhythm, and since by now the cocoanut drum had been perfected by the complete hollowing out of the husk, since it had been discovered that certain tough creepers could be drawn tight across two branches and musically twanged, now in the evening, as the sun set, from many parts of the island could be heard songs which emulated those of Mord, songs of languor and of delight, as if the earth spoke. Not yet, however, did Nature give birth to songs of war.

Yet, at that time, during the year which instructed those people in the knowledge of love, though not in its art, war brooded over the island like a bird with folded wings about to soar. An immense exasperation had been accumulated among these people; and even now, when it dissolved itself, they were difficult, easily angered. The couples which formed, the small societies which came together, easily showed hostility. The jealousy, so strong in the dog, was equally strong among these human beings. Fighting was constant, because a girl had walked with a boy, deserting her companion of the day before; because from a shelter of brushwood a stone had been thrown. And it is not extraordinary that the most quarrelsome, the most savage, were the girls. Since just then no child was older than fourteen, most of the girls were still taller and heavier than the boys; they tended to take the lead in games, to establish, if not a matriarchate, then, at least, that fugitive predominance which woman exercises when she is a child, and regains only when man has triumphed over her and thus been defeated. Olga, Mord, Phœbe, the predominant personalities, were most often embroiled in battle, curiously enough making into objects of contest not the calm and tall Dzon, or Tsarl under his copper locks, but foolish, hysterical boys like Bloo, or little Mark, who moved about from set to set, seeking one that would tolerate them. It was as if the women would use their strength, as if they sought weakness to assert their ego.

So far, in these struggles no child had been killed, because they still had few weapons. The men of Tsarl, when they went into the hills, had developed arms to the extent of stripping branches of their leaves and of making a throwing-stick with a range of forty yards, with which they could dispatch rabbits, agouti, or sapajou; indeed, by accident, they discovered the boomerang, a curved stick having the faculty of returning to the thrower. But the boomerang was not copied, for, as the stick returned, thrown, they thought, by an invisible hand, they flung themselves upon their faces, begging mercy from the unseen. A few days later it spread about the island that Ankel had been angered by some unknown slight, and that his vast, impalpable hand had as a warning cast a throwing-stick at him who discharged it. Zulien said: "Ankel could have slain you, but he merely warned you. Ankel is merciful. Worship him."

But the emotions of puberty were working in cooler, more logical minds than those of the men of Tsarl. After he had for many years cut branches with a blunt stone, it occurred to Sandy that a sharp stone

cut better than a blunt one. It was no small observation, and he brooded over it in his research laboratory, namely, the hut which he shared with Donal. At the end of his brooding he spoke to Dzon, with whom he now lived on terms of close friendship. It is impossible to say how he expressed this in islandese, but his speech amounted to this:

"Some stones are round, and one may lie upon them without damage. Some are sharp and cause blood to flow upon the skin. If you were to throw stones that cut instead of stones that stun, you would do more damage."

"Yes," said Dzon, "I understand." He considered the flints which Sandy had collected from the River of the Hills, stones constantly gritted by the ebb and flow of the tide, until some were thinned down to a razor edge. "One might do damage with those," he said, and, swinging the flint, brought it down upon a tussock of grass, cutting off a finger's breadth.

Then Sandy said: "Take this for yourself, and the other shall be for me. With these by our side none shall harm us."

Within a few months it had been realised that a flint used in the hand was less effective than a flint bound to a stick by means of dry bark shred. The stone axe was invented. Soon, many an islander, as if fearing aggression, carried an axe headed with flint, and sometimes by his side a flint knife, of which the handle was formed by a lump of dry and hardened clay. It was as if they had intimations of conflict to come, as if they realised that the state in which they found themselves was one that could not endure. In these early days when no imperatives, no traditions, stood as guides, when love was simple, had no intention, when none knew what it was that afflicted and delighted them, there was constant movement. Two who loved each other to-day were strangers to-morrow; though couples formed, generally among those who had long been playmates, there were also small societies made up perhaps of two or three boys and half a dozen girls, or the reverse. They were in the stage of group marriage, in fact less lovers than playfellows. They tended to segregate themselves in one particular spot, to resent the entry of strangers; sometimes these groups suddenly broke up into couples, and a new group was formed. A great vagueness reigned over the island, and it was only by degrees that a more human arrangement asserted itself.

In the first year of the chaos Dzon and Elnor had become bound more closely, though for many weeks they did not repeat their first kiss. In fact, without knowing it, they married. They married as children do when they exchange gifts, but Dzon, with his instinct to order, created the institution. He now lived with Elnor, a boy, Phœbe, and Winnie in the hut neighbouring the one that housed only Sandy and Donal. He was moved to reflectiveness by the fact, of which he was now aware, that some were boys and some were girls, essentially different. This seemed to him a natural fact, leading neither to contempt for girls, as was the case in Tsarl, or to a vicious hatred for girls, as was the case in Arry. Elnor was a girl and he was a boy. A girl must have some relationship with a boy; he formulated that idea, because

there were girls there were boys. Then he made a great imaginative leap, which he confided to Sandy.

"Sandy, why is there no girl in your hut?"

"I don't know," said the little Scotchman. He was short, very sturdy, and most amusing to look at, because under his olive sun-darkened skin ran the national freckles.

"Why don't you know?" said Dzon, questioning like a very small child, though he was over fourteen.

Sandy was thoughtful: "I don't know why there's not a girl in my hut. There's Donal, of course."

"Yes," said Dzon, "but why isn't there a girl with Donal?"

"What for?" said Sandy.

Dzon hesitated, and then made his leap: "Where's there's a girl," he said, "there must be a boy. Where there's a boy there must be a girl. Where there's me there's Elnor." Sandy nodded; then, without any humour, he replied: "You're right. I must get a girl."

"Why not have Phœbe?" said Dzon.

"Why not?" said Sandy. "Yes, I'll have Phœbe in my hut." He looked much relieved, for he was released from thinking of matters which as a rule interested him not at all.

"And Winnie can go to Donal," remarked Dzon, who was now joyfully taking up the organisation of this people.

"You're right," said Sandy. "I'll tell him."

"That leaves Elnor," said Dzon. "She will stay with me."

Sandy remained thoughtful for several minutes, at the end of which his mind had worked in the most pragmatic manner. His speech explained why so many of his race are difficult to tolerate and difficult to resist: "If she will not stay with you, what will you do? If you would be rid of her and she wishes to stay, what will you do? If you would exchange her for Winnie, and Winnie will not come, what will you do? If you would have Phœbe in your hut and I will not relinquish her, what will you do?"

Dzon hesitated; then, and perhaps it was the best thing to do, he hit Sandy a violent blow on the nose. This was returned without temper but with great effect. These two loved each other well enough to fight without animosity, and after a moment it was Dzon who rubbed the sore place which he had made on the back of his opponent's head. But during the conflict he had not lost sight of his idea. Boys must live with girls, girls with boys; that matter had to be settled at once. Chance settled it for him, for just then Elnor came out of the hut where she had been asleep.

"Elnor," said Dzon, "I want you to live with me in the hut."

"I am living there," said Elnor, with feminine accuracy.

"I know," said Dzon, but he was not satisfied. He was a man and needed formality. "Elnor," he said, "you have to say that you will live with me in the house. Now listen. You pretend that you are not living there."

"Yes," said Elnor, "I'm not."

"Then come and live there," said Dzon, seriously playing the game of pretence he had learnt ten years before and long forgotten.

"I will," said Elnor, quite as seriously.

Without knowing why, Dzon held out his hand, which Elnor took. Then he said solemnly:

"Sandy, listen. Elnor says she will live with me in the hut, and I say that I will live with her. Listen and remember, so that you may know if ever she forgets what she has said."

"Yes," said Sandy, "I see, and I shall remember."

Winnie, Phœbe, and Donal had been attracted by the conversation, and were looking on while, without anybody understanding it, marriage by public declaration was being as formally and legally established as it could be. In fact, when the ceremony was over, Winnie and Phœbe, animated by example, insisted upon being publicly united to Sandy and Donal. It is worth recording that about half an hour later, when the party went to collect oysters, Elnor declared that Phœbe had pushed her into the water, while Phœbe argued that Winnie had pushed her into Elnor. A most embittered quarrel arose, in which the men were involved, a quarrel so serious that the three married couples broke up for the first night, the girls suddenly united against their common enemy, man, and retiring to a camp of their own under the ceiba trees. Such incidents are not easily separated from the excitements of matrimony.

Though the marriage ceremony quickly spread over the island, because children are naturally formal, and because they enjoy strange plays, it had at first no meaning. Thus, after a while, Phœbe and Winnie decided that they would be better mated otherwise, and exchanged Sandy for Donal without protest on the part of the latter. Property in women did not yet exist; only in elevated relationships, such as that of Dzon and Elnor, in equally subtle but more sinister unions, such as that of Arry and Loo, did the makings of marriage actually lie buried. Also, as time passed and as revelation came to every child, as they turned into men and women, sex, so important in civilised societies, became a matter of course. Not knowing shame, they knew not secrecy. Because no taboos of class or religion afflicted marriage, it became less interesting. Being free in their relationships, the islanders failed to attain romance, because nothing was forbidden. Some, such as Mord the lyrical, could realise beauty, but the great majority looked upon their husbands or wives as playmates; though one creature might be attracted to the other, he or she would suddenly run off in pursuit of an animal, or feel hungry. Sex had no aureole, knew neither the halo of romance nor the ignominy of civilised prohibitions.

However, there was one upon the island whom passion did not touch, and this was Zulien. The young Frenchman was swarthy, had fine eyes and small features. The narrow, high forehead, the deep setting of his eyes, the compression of his lips among a light flourishing of black moustache and beard, set him aside from his fellows, marked him as if a flame had descended upon his brow. Though he had no moral ideas, and though like the other islanders he saw no reason why he

should not take unto himself one wife or half a dozen, he did not feel this need, because, as he reached sixteen, the communion with Ankel, which had made his childhood so happy, now became intense, the occupation of his days, the embodiment of his dreams. Now he saw Ankel not only as a spirit of comfort, but realised him more completely. Storms were rare in these gentle seas, but occasionally squalls came from the north, and skirling cries like those of sea birds were drawn from the tree tops by the wind. Zulien heard the voice of Ankel in his anger. He heard him when the waves beat upon the northern shore. In those moods he would fall upon his face, beg Ankel for mercy, beg him not to make him *isencer*—for now, as they grew up, the islanders were understanding death. They were not afraid of it as are the civilised, because their personal life was too undeveloped to make them shrink from extinction. They were not vain enough to look upon it as an outrage of nature that she should take them back. Still, they now knew that a dead pig no longer moved nor dug for roots with its snout; they knew that it lost something when it lay still. Instinctive aversion bade them desire never to be a heap of scattered bones, picked by ants. So Zulien begged for life without realising that life cannot be eternal; he had no reason to suppose that he would not endure for ever. But he knew that Ankel is everywhere, that Ankel sees all things, understands all things, can do all things; he lay at his feet in voluptuous abandonment, rejoicing in his weakness, in his submission.

Because Zulien had the religious temperament his abasement before Ankel resolved itself into arrogance; he was less than a grain of dust under Ankel's mighty feet, but those who did not know Ankel were less than he. They stood beyond the comfort and the love of Ankel. Ankel, if he wished, would strike them *isencer*. He could not bear that. That they should die was just, but that they should not worship was infamous. So now he went among his people, speaking of Ankel, describing Ankel. They did not understand.

"Ankel," said Zulien, "is here. He is there, too. He is wherever you are. He is the water which rises and then falls away. He is the water which flows to the sea, and his voice is that of the storm. Ankel blushes red in the hibiscus bloom, runs with the legs of the peccari; his eyes are like the sun, and his breast is the deep blue sky."

"I don't know what you mean," said Jack, a rather heavy English youth. "What is he like?"

"He is," began Zulien, his dark eyes fixed upon the sky, "he is like all things."

Jack laughed. "You're silly," he said. "I don't think there is an Ankel."

"Take care," cried Zulien, and waited for the sound of wrath. It did not come, but he must make Jack understand. Ankel told him that he must make Jack understand. So Zulien lied:

"Ankel is a man tall as the trees. If he took your body between his fingers he would break it like a blade of grass."

Jack stared at him, his blue eyes now frightened. "Fear him!"

said Zulien. "He will tear your head from your shoulders to make a ball." And Jack believed in Ankel, while Zulien, inspired by ravaging faith, had conceived a sublime anthropomorphic lie. He who lived in a realm so airy had come down like a bird that soars, so that a creature on the ground might understand. He lowered his faith, he cheapened it; by so doing he spread it. Since all the island believed in Ankel, soon there formed the act of worship which Zulien devised, and they went to lie face down upon the sand when the sun rose.

Meanwhile, example had brought Dzon and Elnor together into an association familiar rather than tender. A year after their childish marriage they shared a hut, and it was only then that they knew love. Both were of a calm disposition, the girl mischievous, the boy thoughtful. Indeed, love changed for them nothing; still they lived in happy community with the dwellers of Home City, mainly with Sandy and Donal and their wives. The collection of food, the tending of the maize patches, the making of ornamental clothes, all this occupied them more than each other. They were still playmates, though they were lovers. They might so have stayed indefinitely, looking upon their children as one of the strange occurrences of nature, if they had not been brought together by the hand of Tsarl.

Tsarl was now seventeen, and had realised the promise of his boyhood. He was, in a rather stupid way, handsome, his skin whiter than most, his red hair thick and curling upon his shoulders, his chin and lips shrouded with a beard which glowed in the sun like shavings of copper. Also he had developed a massive frame, a deep chest, enormous legs and thighs knotted with muscle. He was a good runner, and his life in the forest had taught him to climb trees; the big toe of each foot stood away, for he had slightly reverted to the ape. On the whole brutal, but mainly good-humoured, he was not unpopular; perhaps he was too strong to be actually disliked. He had built no hut in the hills, but ranged there with a few friends, living the life of a hunter, and finding love when he sought it easily enough.

So easily in fact that he was bloated, that secretly he looked upon himself as greater than any man upon the island. Sometimes he would walk by himself upon the beach, chanting a snatch of one of Mord's love songs. He was too stupid to remember more than two or three lines, but in his mouth the word *hirak* took on the tone of a trumpet. Then, one day, as the sun sank into the west, Tsarl, who had spent an hour in Home City, playing ball with a roundstone, a hardy game, since the stone often struck his ribs, was about to return to the forest when he observed Elnor outside her hut, engaged in plaiting two streamers of Spanish moss with which she would bind her hair. She was sixteen, less mature in appearance than many of her contemporaries. She sat in a graceful attitude upon the sand, her long feet stretched out. She was very straight, flat-backed, full-waisted, and now upon her bent head, from which long hair dropped like a golden rain upon her smooth shoulders, upon her round arms, the setting sun flung a shower of orange splashes. She looked like a sun-maiden, and a civilised eye would have thought her exquisite. To Tsarl, however,

she was only desirable. He was a clumsy wooer; so, murmuring a line of a love song, and uttering *hurak*, he went up to Elnor, put an arm about her shoulders, and without another word lifted her into his arms, intending to carry her into the bush. So we may imagine fifty thousand years ago the ancestor of Tsarl bore away to his den his exogamous affinity; but on the island, just as in neolithic days, affinities had to be mutual, and Elnor did not like Tsarl. She had no active hostile feeling for him, but he did not please her. No doubt the intellectual level of Dzon and Sandy had not predisposed her towards this typically handsome butcher boy.

Uttering a cry of rage, she fixed every claw in his face and tore at him. Tsarl growled, but did not drop her; bending his head to avoid the scratches, he gripped her closer, trying to prison her arms, and walked painfully towards the trees. For some moments the strange group tottered forward, the girl kicking, thrusting against Tsarl's legs with small sinewy feet, seizing his throat, even at last gaining a grasp of the red hair, while the man, infuriated, at last forced her head under his arm, so that he could hold her safe. But the girls of the island were still almost as strong as the men. Elnor slipped from his grasp, and as he recaptured her, pulled him to the sand. There for a moment they fought silently.

"I won't," Elnor snarled, in an animal voice.

But Tsarl was too strong. Without hesitation he struck her in the face, and as she whimpered picked her up again. Then Elnor uttered a cry which was to remould the life of the island. As she felt herself lifted up and vanquished, she screamed:

"Dzon!"

Her cry was heard, for in her voice ran a tone so poignant, accents so imploring, that Dzon ran out of his hut, while Sandy and Donal came from theirs.

It had often happened that a girl was stolen from the boy with whom she was associating, and not always had the loser protested. But as Dzon saw Elnor struggle in the grasp of Tsarl, it came to him that she was his, that he was hers, that here was not merely a girl being carried away, but Elnor, his friend, the one with whom he had lived so long that he could not lose her.

Sandy could not contribute such emotions, but as he saw his friend Dzon run towards the group he followed him because he was his friend, and Donal came after them because he always followed Sandy. So the conflict was short, since all three flung themselves upon Tsarl, striking at him with their fists so that he drew back, and Donal, who alone was armed, ended the confusion, compelling him to drop Elnor by striking his head with the flint axe he happened to be carrying. So Tsarl fled into the shelter of the trees, where Sandy and Donal followed him, uttering the angry cry of hounds. Meanwhile, Dzon had taken into his arms Elnor, who was half-fainting, who wept heavy sobs, who clung to him, laying her head against his breast, as if there she found safety. Now that he had recovered her he understood what it would have meant to him if Tsarl had carried her away. He held her close,

this possession made precious by possible loss. Nothing should take her away, none should touch her.

"Dzon, Dzon, Dzon," repeated Elnor, in a voice choked with tears, as she held him closer, as she pressed her cheek against his shoulder, as she sought to make herself his, to make him hers, as they had never been before.

Neither understood that Elnor's cry for her man, uttered in her extremity, had defined their relation. They were lovers, yes, but now they were one, and now their relation could serve as an example for all others. Thus, too, Tsarl became typified; to Dzon and his friends he became the man who stole women. Others such as he, of whom there were a few, recalled Tsarl; he became an idea, he was no longer Tsarl, but the Tsarl. This was to mark the career of the red-haired boy.

The months and the years elapse, one year, two years, nine years, until the islanders vary between twenty-one and twenty-four. Now they were men and women, and there hurried towards them the problems which afflict such. Soon they were to realise that mankind confronts two main problems: how shall we live with women? and how shall we live together? Already the companionship of women had produced strife and disorder. For a short time the problem had lain in abeyance, while the Tsarl and his men made up a chaotic sex group in the hills, while Dzon, Sandy, Donal, Geoff, and a few others, developed marriage. But the problem could not be settled so easily. There were in the island elements difficult to assimilate; there was Zulien with his fierce withdrawal from women, a withdrawal in which hid so far no contempt, but a little fear; there was Olga, rebellious and instinctively an enemy of men; there was Mord, the lyrical voice, the feminine lyre, the creature upon whom had settled the star of Duse; Arry and Loo made up a sinister centre. Thus, while adventure reigned upon the hills, while a laborious, orderly social life organised itself at Home City, the ill-defined, natural conflict was complicated by the outside elements. They were not, except in the case of Arry, evil; indeed, Zulien and Mord in different ways embodied the spiritual flame of the new nation, just as the Tsarl represented its vigour, Sandy its intellect, and Dzon its justice. But the combination of these good things made an explosive compound. The islanders were working, playing, loving, but they awaited the hard rule of order; they had not yet realised that women are the first cattle.

In those nine years, which brought the islanders to manhood and womanhood, invention had developed slightly. The restless curiosity of Sandy, with whom now Dzon and Geoff co-operated, produced some of the first elements of civilisation. First came the boat. It came after Sandy had meditatively observed a pelican settle upon a log that floated down the River of the Hills. Like Isaac Newton, inspired by the fall of an apple, the young Scotchman told himself that it would be fine to be carried like this by a lazy stream. Fortunately the method of thought was accurate and slow, for otherwise the River of the Hills would have swiftly carried him to sea. Instead we may imagine the

scene next day, some way up the River of the Plains. Sandy, who looks so barbarous, decorated with shells and feathers, yet so comical, freckled under the dark skin, is launching into the water a small tree trunk deprived of twigs by means of a flint axe. He hesitates as the water rises to his knees, to his thighs. He is essentially superstitious, and it may be that when he finds himself in the middle of that water, supported only by a slender piece of wood, he will have done what pelicans may do and men may not. Who knows? Perhaps Ankel, the invisible, all-pervading Ankel, would not have him ride the waters, since Ankel has given him no wings. The reasoning may appear strange, but savages such as these could associate only fact with fact. Though wings were useless in the water, if only a creature with wings happened to ride it, perhaps only a creature with wings could do so. In other words Sandy, inheriting the Caledonian tradition, was showing himself a martyr to logic. But he was a curious man, and this curiosity, counted by many as one of the minor sins, is in fact the origin of all intellectual greatness. Sandy raised his shaggy head towards the empty blue sky, entreating the mercy of Ankel, and finding no answer vouchsafed, snatched assurance from his own stout heart, kicked the ground from below his feet and floated away. Almost at once he found that the tree trunk refused to support him, and though he could swim, struggled wildly, kicking, nearly crying, sure indeed that he was accursed, that only a creature with wings could float upon the water. The instinct of self-preservation made him cling to the trunk, and after a moment, when his eyes were clear of water, when he could breathe freely, he found that, though he might not ride the trunk, yet it would support him as he swam by its side. Four years elapsed before it occurred to Sandy that two tree trunks might do what one would not. During that time the water sport of the island consisted in drifting down the river by the side of a trunk until the current took it to one of the reefs, from which one swam back crossways to the current. It is enough to say that in the end trunks were lashed together with cocoanut bark, that the craft was created, that later, through the accidental use of a hollow trunk, it occurred to Geoff to hack out a rotten log of wood with a stone and to sit where the wood had been. Soon it was not enough to drift, but the hands were used to propel the boat; then sticks, later flattened sticks only, were availed of. They had created the canoe. Likewise, still by what is called accident, but which is in reality the gifted use of nature, a fallen tree, high up the River of the Hills, suggested a bridge. Both rivers were bridged, not by a triumph of engineering, but by felled trees, drooping towards the middle and secured together with boughs, serving to raise a rough platform over the waters. So far as their history is known, the islanders never discovered the wheel, but they came to drag burdens upon smooth poles; they had not the wheel, which seems so simple, but they had the sled. Likewise came the net. For many years the islanders, who had learnt from the oyster the pleasant flavour of fish, had viewed with cupidity the red snappers which came up to the mouth of the rivers; once a colossal aguja nearly beached itself,

but escaped them, for they did not care to touch the four hundred pound fish that floundered and snapped with an air of ferocity. However, one day a red snapper, adventuring too far, found itself caught by the tide within a patch of high sea grasses which were hidden at high tide. The fish was found there still alive in shallow water and furiously flapping by Dzon and Jack. At first they did not dare to approach it, but as the water withdrew and the fish expired they could haul it from its grassy prison. It weighed over forty pounds, and disappointed them when they tried to eat a raw one of the splendid white steaks. But they naturally enjoyed capturing and killing, and so it was given to Jack to remark:—

"That was caught in the grass. Why should we not set grasses and catch more?"

Dzon nodded his head, interested. But it was Jack, a small but wiry little American, who after much thought began to plait grasses. He plaited them for several weeks, until he had a great carpet of grass knitting. Aided by two girls, he watched the fish go up the river and lowered his net in the way of their retreat. Thus, as the tide went down, and the fish came back with it, a snapper and a pompadore were tangled in the web and triumphantly dragged ashore by the three, who were breathless, drenched, and half-drowned, having gone into the water in pursuit.

It was then that, at an average age of about twenty-two, came the greatest discovery of all—fire. Until then they had eaten the fruits of the soil and killed only for pleasure. Now by a fire a great development of foods and a centre of social life was to be given them. It did not come by brilliant invention: it occurred to no islander to rotate a stick against another until one burst into flame; nor did Ankel send a Prometheus bearing a torch in his hand. What happened was that the western side of the island, which was devoid of trees and thickly covered with grasses, stunted palms and cactus, suffered every year the ravages of prairie fires; but for the River of the Hills those fires would have spread to the eastern beaches. The islanders took no great interest in them: like the sun and the sea, prairie fires were to them normal incidents of the natural life. But, guided by curiosity, they often visited the scorched area, wondering at the strange shapes of the burnt palms. However, at that time it happened that Leo and Arold, two men of the Tsarl, wandered, a day after the fire had burnt out, into the smoking land. They loafed about for a while, amused by the warmth of the soil, until they came to a group of palms, all of which were reduced to charred stumps, except that in the middle two, slightly protected by the others, still showed leaves of green. They were withered, they were dead. They had been killed by the intense heat, and under their shrivelled leaves lay upon its side a kid.

"*Hiraki!*" shouted Leo, bounding into the clump and seizing the kid by its horns. "Oh, it's *iseneer*."

Arold, a big fat fellow, joined him, and together they surveyed the beast seriously. Leo, however, had stayed nearer the savage than the

denizens of Home City. His sense of smell was keener than that of civilised men. He snuffed, enjoying an aroma which he could not locate, and fingering the kid which was still warm. The animal in no wise suggested the well-seasoned dishes of meat that appear upon our tables. The hair was singed off, the horns were shrivelled, and the skin was glistening and cracked. It had been suffocated, and then, by a very slow fire, by a fire the flames of which had been held away by the curtain of palms, it had practically been cooked. Still Leo snuffed, at last locating the aroma. It was the kid.

"*Hirak*," he remarked, "I like this." He buried his nostrils in the side of the meat; perhaps instinct, perhaps merely curiosity, made him take from his belt his flint knife and cut a strip of flesh which he munched, while Arold surveyed him, stupefied. Saying little to each other they ate, making the big meal of savages. When they had finished, they had learnt.

Little by little the island understood that animals, after being placed within the strange light, became good things to eat. Every year now, in the late summer, animals were killed and cast into the zone of fire so that the islanders might eat them. Just as the spring was the time of snake dances, so now the late summer became the time of the big feeds.

None for a long period thought of preserving the fire, the beneficent miracle which converted a useless animal into a pleasant dish. It was a young girl, unknown to history, whom it amused to maintain the fire, to feed it with dry branches until it lived for days after the prairie had burnt itself out. Soon the example was followed, first as a game, then as work. The islanders learnt to maintain the fire in the west, they learnt to carry the smoking seed of power to Home City. They tended their fires, and until the end of the island history it was the duty of one in each group to nurse the precious blaze until the summer came again. But they had no vestals.

Thus, as the twenties take in every denizen of the island, they are material for a people. They have houses, fires, weapons and tools; they can ride upon the water; they have warmth for the night, and little by little they learnt that man, the weakest of all animals, is yet their master, because he knows how to use as well as to slay.

Moreover, the population of the island was increasing. Before any woman of the nation attained the age of fifteen, children had been born. They came in the midst of amazement and disarray, and no islander was to forget the excitement when the first child was mysteriously born. He was a son of Sybil, and she held him in her arms, incredulous, half-terrified. She could not understand how it was that an hour before she was alone, and now there dwelled with her a creature that was clearly human, though deeply strange. In fact, towards evening, like an animal that is strong and has no traditions, it occurred to her that she must show this wonder about the island. "So we may imagine the young mother, holding her child in her arms with natural skill, and parading Home City, while the people crowd about her, trying to touch the child which she withdraws, while it

whimpers and stares, in the midst of barbarous nature akin to any baby before whose eyes stands a white-clad nurse. She would not let them touch it. Sybil was proud, and here was something given to her that was not given to others.

"It's mine," she said, "it's mine." As Geoff put out a hand to caress the fluffy head of the baby, Sybil said savagely: "Don't touch it or I'll make you *isneer*. It's mine!"

It was that feeling of intense property which saved many of the children as they were born. The islanders had never kept pets; they could easily have domesticated the goat, and perhaps the sapajou, or they could have made cages for palomas, but this did not occur to them, and so the children, which were born in large numbers, in the main seemed a nuisance. The islanders had no idea of tending small things and playing with them. Also they fed them foolishly, forcing, with the best intentions, bananas, oysters, and later roast meat, into the tiny mouths. Many of the babies died under this treatment, but many more suffered from indigestion, and the camps were constantly filled by the wailing of these new recruits. There is something about the crying of a baby suffering from a disordered stomach that tells upon the strongest nerves. It has a quality of penetration, a quality of persistence, almost of mercilessness . . . and when five or six babies are gathered together in such conditions they unite in an almost maniacal howling chorus. Sybil, who had been so proud of her baby, became after a while so fretted by it, so exasperated by its crying, that she casually dropped it in the River of the Hills. She saw no reason why she should do otherwise, and several babies were disposed of in this simple manner; one need not be shocked by this drastic method, since it was one commonly used by the Greeks.

But the obstinate generations insisted upon surviving. By the time that the original islanders had reached manhood and womanhood about one hundred and twenty children had survived, nearly three hundred having been born. Nature was kind to the strong; with its usual indifference to casualty lists it had allowed two-thirds to die, but those who remained, aged now between a day and ten years, were good specimens. They were, in a sense, less barbarous than their parents, because they inherited no warped ideas of a remote civilisation; they came into the fullness of a new tradition; they were real savages, with the virtues of the savage; they were essentially simpler than their parents, because their subconscious realm held no confused vestiges of locomotives, policemen and boxes of candy. Also, they were proportionately taller and stronger than their parents, because they had been born as animals and bred as animals. They looked upon their parents as divine, because their parents were stronger than they; they felt for Ankel the reverence which they felt for their parents, but a greater reverence, because their parents feared Ankel. In fact it was Ovelna, the daughter of Dzon and Elnor, who at the age of ten made a step which Zulien had not thought of. She said:

"Oh, Dzon, Ankel is more than you."

"Yes," said Dzon, smiling at the little girl whom he led by the

hand along the sands, just like a normal father with his daughter in the park.

"Then," said Ovelna, who was as fair as her mother, "he is your Dzon."

Dzon looked at her, puzzled: "I don't understand, baby," he said.

Ovelna struggled: "Oh, Dzon, you are more than one, and Ankel is more than you. To me you are Dzon, and Ankel is Dzon to you."

"That is so," said Dzon, smiling, and said no more, answering thoughtlessly the chatter of Ovelna. Indeed, she was right, Ankel was his absent father. For him that was enough, but when later the idea reached Zulien, it inflamed him. Now he could see, and so he could preach, that just as children were born to men and to women, so men and women were born to a spiritual, remote, and ever living father.

Ovelna had been so called, as were other children upon the island, for the simplest reasons. The islanders had not enough imagination to create names; they took from Mord or from Zulien an occasional manufactured word, but they had no means of discovering names other than their own, and it did not occur to them that two persons might bear the same name. Sybil, for instance, could not have called her son Geoff: she would have thought that confusing. Thus it came that Dzon and Elnor had to name their first daughter. They did not do this for some months after her birth, for it was not necessary. It was only later, when they tried to talk about the child, that they needed a name.

"I like the hair of the baby of Elnor," said Dzon, as with a large and awkward hand he stroked the golden down.

Elnor smiled, holding the child close. "Baby of Elnor!" she crooned. This was the first form of names. Since every English or American child knew the word baby, since the French understood it as *bebe*, since the word had often been used to them when they were naughty for the purpose of shaming them, they remembered it. When children appeared they knew that these were babies. Hence, after a few years "baby of Elnor," "baby of Mord," "baby of Phœbe," lived under these names. But mankind is a creature of slurring speech, so that these complicated names began to amalgamate. "Baby of Mord" became Babovmord. Hurry converted it into Bovmord, and since this is difficult to pronounce Ovmord. Ovmord, Ovelna, Ophœbe became names. There were complications; for instance, *Ellnino de Mercedes*, a young Spanish boy, was to the end of his life known under this sumptuous name, while Truda's little boy became Trudchen, and never knew how little this diminutive of a girl's name fitted the six foot two which he eventually attained. In most cases, however, the Anglo-American form was adopted, and nearly all that generation bore names beginning by Ov. They little knew how natural was the process, how they were repeating the Irish O', the Scotch Mac, the British, Danish, and German *son*, *sen*, and *sohn*.

The real philological complications occurred, however, a little later when this generation grew numerous and Elnor found herself confronted with another and yet another baby of Ovelna. It was then

that arbitrary names were increased, that Stoie, and Eng, and Ulwin, became incorporated into names. But it is worth noting that during the time covered by the present story no child ever took its name except from the female line. As time developed the men would no doubt impose upon their line their own illustrious name, but in those days of innocence it seemed more normal to an islander to relate the child with her who gave it birth rather than with a father who was often transitory.

It should also be observed that the coming of children had complicated the normal leadership of Dzon, who was now actual chief of the plains. In the early days he had already asserted himself under the name of *Nomeen*, this because he was the first to define the property of others, by "not mine," which became *nomeen*. Until the age of about thirteen the islanders had grabbed what they could, and secretly felt jealousy for what others held. Only as the social life of Home City developed did a more peaceable frame of mind take shape. Thus came the scene when Dzon gave a moral lesson to his nation. He had, with little Bloo, gone to the river where they had eaten oysters. It occurred to them that they might bring some back to the city to eat at leisure. They therefore carried some dozens wrapped in large leaves, and put them near one of the huts. Bloo's appetite was not entirely satisfied, so he ate one or two, while Donal watched them. After a moment Donal bent down and was about to take up one of the molluscs, but Bloo, like a dog angry on seeing its food touched, leapt at him, clawing his arm. The calm instinct of Dzon worked in him. Bigger and stronger he took Bloo by the hair and dragged him off. Then he said:

"Eat, Donal. But, no!" He carefully made three piles of oysters, pointed to one: *Meen*; to the other two: *Nomeen*, and he nodded to Donal, "*Nomeen* again," and he nodded to Bloo. Here was the man who made equal shares. His example, that first lesson to the barbarous, developed round this word *Nomeen*; there hung about him the prestige of the inventor: Dzon was the man who said *Nomeen*. He was the *Nomeen* man, and so it passed into those minds that Dzon had a quality different from others. In other words he was just.

(To be continued)

CURRENT LITERATURE

SQUIRE OSBALDESTON

By S. M. ELLIS

THE fame of George Osbaldeston, known as "The Squire," has been preserved in sporting record and legend for over a hundred years. He was the most typical and best all-round sportsman of the Golden Age of Sport—the first sixty years of the nineteenth century. He linked up the rough, hard-drinking foxhunters of Fielding and the eighteenth century through the great days described by Nimrod and Surtees to the more refined presentments of Whyte Melville. Osbaldeston himself was in his prime in the supreme decade of the 'Twenties, when George the Fourth was King, and he is an actual figure in many of those delightful colour pictures by H. Alken wherein scarlet-coated hunting men fly for ever on wingless steeds across the sylvan meads of Leicestershire, with perchance a luckless one immersed for aye in the waters of the Whissendine, the while the gay music of the chase echoes down the years. But Osbaldeston was not only a great hunting man: he excelled in all sports and games—shooting, boxing, racing, steeple-chasing, tennis, cricket, and all manner of driving. He states that he killed one hundred pheasants with one hundred shots in one day's battue, and his prowess in other sports was on the same grandiose scale.

It is a matter for pleasure and congratulation that sixty years after the Squire's death his own record of his life has been discovered in the form of a manuscript which he wrote in his old age and entitled, with characteristic indifference to spelling, his "Reminiscences." He finished the work in 1862, and when he died four years later the manuscript passed to his stepson, John Williams. The years passed by also, and rats and mice devoured many of the pages; then, fortunately, the remainder came to the notice of Mr. E. D. Cuming, who has now had it printed in sumptuous style, embellished with a wonderful gallery of illustrations, and completed by several chapters of valuable commentary.¹

The autobiography, though without any claims to literary distinction, is of absorbing interest. It is a panorama of a certain phase of life, with a Hogarthian moral, for Osbaldeston was born rich and died comparatively poor; here, too, we see in the manner of Hogarth the young heir robbed by dishonest attorneys, the hard drinking, the amours: though, for his period, Osbaldeston was moderate with wine and women, for he strove always to keep fit for the pursuit of his manifold sports.

George Osbaldeston was The Fortunate Youth. Born in December,

(1) *Squire Osbaldeston: His Autobiography*. Edited with commentary by E. D. Cuming. Introduction by Sir Theodore Cook. With sixteen illustrations in colour and seventy-five in black and white and a map. (John Lane, The Bodley Head, £2 2s. net.)

1787,¹ the only son of his father, who died when the boy was six years of age, he early came into possession of large family estates in Yorkshire, situated between York and Scarborough. His mother was the daughter of Sir Thomas Head, of Langley, and he says of her and of himself:—

Her son inherited her propensities, extravagance, and imprudence. . . . Mine has been a life of plunder; no man has been so persecuted, robbed, and cheated. . . . On a fair calculation I have lost nearly £200,000 by betting and keeping racehorses during a period of forty-five years, and £100,000 through the misdeeds of agents, etc. I blame my own folly and extravagance. I am an example of the adage that "A fool and his money are soon parted."

As a small boy, Osbaldeston went to school at Ealing. As Mr. Cuming does not comment on these schools, I may observe that the first one was conducted by the Dr. Carr who was Vicar of Ealing, and that the second one, conducted by Mr. Wallington, was probably located, at that date, in the house which stood at the south-west side of Ealing Common, and known as Hicks-on-the-Heath, and later called Elm Grove. Some years after Osbaldeston was there it became the residence, until his assassination in 1812, of Spencer Perceval, the Prime Minister. Later in the century the house was again a school for boys under the direction of Dr. Vine. A full description of the Rev. Charles Wallington will be found in the Autobiography of Edward Bulwer (Lytton), who was his pupil at Ealing in 1819.

Osbaldeston passed on to Eton. As may be expected, in view of his subsequent life, his record there presents no scholastic features, but merely adventures of "French leave" in pursuit of shooting and fishing and the races at Ascot. On one occasion he hired a gig and drove tandem in Queen Anne's Ride, Windsor Great Park; the horses bolted, the gig was smashed against a tree, and the juvenile Jehu received a flogging, presumably administered by his under-master, the notorious Keate, who was ever an expert in flagellation. Another escapade of Master George—in throwing down a lighted squib on a courting couple, with the result that the girl's petticoats were set on fire—was probably the reason why Mrs. Osbaldeston removed her son from Eton, in 1803, before he was expelled.

At Brasenose, Oxford, his career was equally inglorious, and he was nearly sent down for the act of his friend and neighbour at dinner in hall, Lord George Grenville, who one night poured a dish of hash and gravy over the powdered heads of two unoffending, quiet and sedate brothers named Farrar.

Osbaldeston came of age, established himself on his family estate of Hutton Buscel, and started his first pack of hounds. Thereafter his record is one of sporting achievements and adventures. The great

(1) Mr. Cuming, on the evidence of a medal dated 1807, presumably struck in commemoration of George Osbaldeston's coming-of-age, has assigned his birth to 1786, but Osbaldeston's own statement that he was born in 1787 is confirmed by the Eton record that he was fourteen years of age when he entered the school in May, 1802.

panorama of history unrolled momentous pictures in his youth, but he makes no mention of them in his autobiography. He was a child when the French Revolution occurred, he was eighteen when Trafalgar was fought, and twenty-eight at the time of Waterloo. But the long wars with Napoleon made no appeal to his hot young blood: he was content to stay at home to hunt the fox and shoot the harmless pigeon.¹ His only contact with human bloodshed was in witnessing the great prize-fights, such as that between Langan and Spring on Worcester race-course, when the umpire and referee were obliged to quit the ring during the last hour of the fight because "it was crowded to excess by men kicking, pushing, and striking with whips and sticks, Langan receiving more than his share of blows." In the fatal fight at Hunslope, in 1830, when Byrne killed Mackay in the forty-seventh round with a blow on the throat, Osbaldeston was involved as one of the promoters and as umpire. He nearly found himself in the dock, and he states it cost him between £200 and £300 "to get out of it."

Even Osbaldeston's famous duel with Lord George Bentinck, at Wormwood Scrubs (which arose from a belief that Osbaldeston had pulled a horse at Heaton Park Races in 1835), was bloodless and apparently leadless also, as on that other famous occasion when Thomas Moore met Francis Jeffrey. But Osbaldeston was not lacking in physical courage. He was ever ready, as became a Corinthian of the Regency, to slash with his whip any blackguard who annoyed him on the racecourse or hunting field, and then to fight the offender.

The only historical events mentioned by Osbaldeston are the Funeral of Queen Caroline and the Coronation of Queen Victoria. The former event (1821) he witnessed from the carriage of his doctor, Sir James MacGregor, who was attending Osbaldeston in London after his severe accident when hunting with the Atherstone. His horse was knocked down by that of Sir James Musgrave, who then jumped on the prostrate man, breaking both the bones of his leg. "What will my readers think," he asks, "when I say that Sir James rode on with the hounds the instant he and his horse were free!" Another account states that Sir James Musgrave shouted, "What does it matter? Hounds are running!" It is only fair to surmise that Sir James did not realise how seriously his friend was injured.

But it was a hard, rough time, and one is constrained to observe how ill the sportsmen of those days used the noble horses and dogs who served them so well. Osbaldeston killed his famous trotting horse "Rattler" in the contest of thirty-six miles. The horse died the next day from "obstruction of the principal artery of the heart, which, with inflammation and severity of exertion, caused death." His best pointer,

(1) In his notes on the Pigeon Shooting Clubs near London Mr. Cuming mentions The Old Hats, founded in 1777, but he does not suggest that its odd name came, probably, from one of the Club's meeting-places, The Old Hats Inn, between Ealing and Hanwell, on the Uxbridge Road. The Old Hats was the first stage out of London for the mail coaches bound for the West of England, and it consequently possessed extensive stabling. There is a view of The Old Hats, as it was in 1795, by George Woodward.

"Mark," was shot by the careless and wanton aim of a Mr. Anderson. The dog was completely blinded, and his chest and shoulders were full of shot; but, instead of being put out of his misery, the animal was kept for breeding purposes. Another dog, "Jack," a splendid setter, died from the kick of a pedlar in Hull, *en route* to a partridge shooting match at Holkham, where, however, Osbaldeston was very coldly received (in fact, entirely ignored at first) by the great Coke of Norfolk. He had gone to Holkham as the friend of Captain Horatio Ross, some of whose "sporting" feats would meet with but little acclamation to-day. "He used to amuse himself occasionally at Melton by shooting the cats on the tops of the houses," and this is how he won his wager that he would shoot with a pistol a certain number of flying swallows out of a certain number of shots:—

There were a great many swallows' nests in different parts of the castle, and the captain waited for the old ones to return home with food for their young; and as the bird hovered at the mouth of the nest he shot it. The swallows were certainly "on the wing," but it was the next thing to shooting them sitting. I never knew the sum he won on this match, but it must have been considerable, because nobody could have foreseen such an artful dodge. Had he fired at the birds flying he would not have killed one out of thirty or forty shots.

Another "sportsman," Lord Middleton, wagered to shoot a match with his gamekeeper, one of the conditions being that each should carry what the other killed. The keeper was the better shot, and, getting tired of the load he had in consequence to carry, Lord Middleton deliberately shot a young donkey, which he asserted the keeper must carry.

To pass to some of Osbaldeston's remarkable feats: he could hit the ace of diamonds with a shot from a duelling-pistol at a distance of thirty feet, and win a match at billiards which lasted from eight at night until eleven the next morning, then out to the races, with more lengthy billiards to follow, and so on for several days and nights, without going to bed or resting in any way. His famous ride, in 1831, of 200 miles performed in 8 hours, 42 minutes on fifty horses was his supreme accomplishment. This was intended to give the knock-out to a Mr. Ridston, who was going to ride from London to York in ten hours. Incidentally, it may be pointed out that Dick Turpin, in the apocryphal Ride to York on "Black Bess," took twelve hours to cover the same distance on one horse instead of fifty; and it is recorded that Nevison ("Swift Nicks"), another highwayman, actually rode from Gads-Hill, in Kent, to York, a distance of 220 miles, in less than fifteen hours, and again on only one horse. However, it is possible that Osbaldeston's feat reminded Harrison Ainsworth of Turpin's legendary exploit, for he wrote the Ride to York in *Rookwood* early in 1834, a couple of years or so after the Squire's great ride.

Osbaldeston's prowess on the racecourse and in the hunting field must be read in his own words. He was Master of the Quorn 1817-1821, and again 1823-1827, and of the Pytchley 1827-1834, which with his other masterships involved heavy calls on his already depleted fortune. His election as M.P. for Retford, in 1812, also cost a great deal of money. He states that Lord Milton, at a previous election for the

county of Yorkshire, paid £100,000. Osbaldeston regarded his brief Parliamentary honours only as "a great bore." His territorial importance also brought upon him the office of High Sheriff of Yorkshire in 1829, and as such he gives some account of the trial of the religious fanatic, Jonathan Martin, who nearly succeeded in burning down York Minster. Martin was the brother of John Martin, the eccentric but talented painter of grandiose Biblical scenes.

Osbaldeston's career as a great sportsman closed with the Thirties, though he continued to race for many years later. It was no longer possible for him to live on his estates, which were hopelessly encumbered. In 1843 he took up his abode in London at 8, Park Road, and in 1847 moved to 21, North Bank, in what was then the new district of St. John's Wood. At No. 10 lived Mrs. Elizabeth Williams, a widow of forty-two, with three children. This lady henceforth looked after the ageing Squire well and wisely, and, at the age of sixty-three, he married her in 1851. It is a trifle pathetic to watch the old Squire, so long a gay, free, spendthrift bachelor of many amours, in the grasp of this strong-minded, dominant female. In his last years she would give him every night a sovereign, with which he was allowed to go to the Portland Club and bet with anyone who was disposed to wager with him for a few shillings. In earlier years Osbaldeston had played whist for £100 a trick and £1,000 for the rubber. But Mrs. Osbaldeston was no doubt an estimable woman, and she cannot be accused of seeking or securing her own benefit. Because when Osbaldeston's estates were finally sold for £190,000 and his debts paid, there was a balance of £23,000, all that remained to him of his once noble inheritance. Mrs. Williams, as she still was then, insisted on sinking half this sum in the purchase of an annuity, which provided the Squire with a certain income of £1,100 for the rest of his life; the remaining £10,000 he was allowed to squander in the old way on his racehorses.

For a time Osbaldeston and his wife lived at Ealing, 1852-1856, in Castlebar Lodge, a house on or near the site of Castle Hill Lodge, where the Duke of Kent had resided early in the century with his mistress, Madame St. Laurent. I am surprised that Osbaldeston makes no mention of the racecourse at Ealing, which ran from Haven Green alongside the Great Western Railway on land which is now covered by Gordon Road. From 1856 to 1862 the Osbaldestons were in Wiltshire, but they returned to London, and the old Squire's last home was 2, Grove Road, where he died in August, 1866, at the age of seventy-eight.

During his last few months of life he was confined to the house by increasing weakness. It was a curious end for the once indomitable horseman and sportsman, far from the scenes of his gallant exploits in impetuous youth and vigorous manhood. Vanished were the wide acres of Yorkshire. Never more to see the fair champaign of Leicestershire and the rich woods of Northamptonshire as the Quorn and the Pytchley go gaily by. The sound of the huntsman's horn is growing faint and ever fainter, and is heard no more from beyond Burrow Hill—

"... the wintry sky,

And the day dying out on the crest of the hill."

NEW BOOKS

By J. A. T. LLOYD

THE BIRTH OF THE GODS. By Dmitri Merezhkovsky. Translated from the Russian by Natalie A. Duddington. (Dent. 6s. net.)

Many years ago, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Merezhkovsky drew an interesting comparison between Dostoevsky and Tolstoy. He claimed in this essay that Tolstoy, who appeared as the champion of Christianity, was essentially pagan at heart, and that his paganism broke out when he was advocating most zealously the destruction of paganism. But Merezhkovsky himself, in spite of all his mysticism, is a realist like all the other great Russian writers, and, in these descriptions of paganism in ancient Crete, one detects precisely that irrepressible vigour of creation which was at the back of what he called the paganism of Tolstoy. Just as in his famous trilogy he showed himself too strong and vigorous a writer to be bound by the dictates of any set thesis, so, in *The Birth of the Gods*, he gives us no special pleading, no reading of the past through the spectacles of the present, but a vital and living picture of a period, the spirit of which he has imaginatively recaptured. Anyone who compares this book with, for instance, such a work as *Aphrodite*, will detect at once the difference in spirit between *The Birth of the Gods* and any *tour de force* of historical erudition, however elaborate. And though the whole savage life, the sacred games of bulls in the Knossos amphitheatre, the fierce dances, the bacchic madness live as though snatched from yesterday in wonderfully sustained detail, it is the newly awakened spirit that becomes dominant over all else. Dio, the Cretan maiden, pagan and life-loving, none the less gropes blindly after Him who is to redeem the monstrous ancient world of which she herself is a part. Drawn towards the dimly divined God herself, she draws Tammuzadad, the Babylonian who loves her, towards the same unknown source. Self-sacrifice, in itself the rejection of all pagan wisdom, insinuates itself into the heart of the Babylonian, who, in this world of sunlit force, stumbles upon the shadowed virtue: "The willing sacrifice of love was higher than all human sacrifices, 'a sweet savour unto the Lord.'" The new God was in reality being born in the very midst of pagan revelry concealed by mask after mask: "Osiris of Egypt, Tammuz of Babylon, Adonis of Canaan and the Aegean Islands, Attis of Asia Minor, Dionysos of Greece—all these contain Him. They are the shadows, and the body is of Him." The God that was concealed was afterwards to be revealed, but in the meantime the pagans were groping: "The blind feel the sun though they cannot see it; the Christ of paganism is the sun of the blind." In these last words one catches the inner significance of a work which means, on the author's own authority, not at all "The Birth of the Gods," but rather the birth of God.

GILLES DE RAIS. By A. L. Vincent and Clare Binns. (Philpot. 8s. 6d. net.)

Sigmund Freud, so constantly invoked apparently without rhyme or reason by infantile novelists, is quite properly appealed to by Dr. Hamblin Smith, in his introduction to this book, as affording a sort of clue to the extraordinary duality of Gilles de Rais. The authors, for their part, while accentuating his "Jekyll and Hyde capacity," are content with giving us a documented sketch of a career which has been made so painfully familiar through the mystic realism of Huysmans. Without any attempt to sentimentalise over the "original Blue Beard," they do justice to his talents, to his courage, and particularly to his disinterested devotion to Jeanne d'Arc. For her, at least, this monster was the comrade of many a battlefield, and she has called him her "faithful and valorous companion." She, indeed, in the weighed opinion of the authors, through "the atmosphere of spirituality which was always with her," was an incentive towards aspiration that appealed even to Gilles de Rais. They make no attempt to rationalise this influence, as extraordinary in its way as the military genius of Jeanne d'Arc: "We accept the influence of Joan of Arc upon Gilles de Rais as possessing a distinct supernatural value, incapable of rationalistic solution."

Almost equally incapable of rationalistic solution is the last act of the hideous drama. Threatened by torture, Gilles has confessed in detail his loathsome crimes, and, having confessed, is able to exclaim in all sincerity: "I am redeemable." Equally astounding, too, is the attitude of his compatriots; the very mothers of his victims were the most earnest in praying for the soul of Gilles de Rais. The English narrative, be it said, loses no force through its restraint and absence of special pleading. The story is well and simply told, extenuating nothing through the modern instinct for whitewashing, and, at the same time, refraining from unnecessarily blackening a man already finally condemned by history.

LAST ESSAYS. By Joseph Conrad. (Dent.)

It is almost always with a sense of anxiety that one opens a posthumous collection of essays from the pen of an imaginative writer. In the very first paper, however, of this volume it is the real Conrad who speaks. It is entitled "Geography and Explorers," and one learns that from his early boyhood the author of *Aylmer's Folly* experienced the glamour of maps: "One day, putting my finger on a spot in the very middle of the then white heart of Africa, I declared that some day I would go there." Eighteen years later Conrad found himself in command of a certain stern-wheel steamboat that lay moored to the bank of an African river:—

Everything was dark under the stars. Every other white man on board was asleep. I was glad to be alone on deck, smoking the pipe of peace after an anxious day. The subdued thundering mutter of the Stanley Falls hung in the

heavy night air of the last navigable reach of the Upper Congo, while no more than ten miles away in Reshid's Camp just above the Falls, the yet unbroken power of the Congo Arabs slumbered uneasily. Their day was over. Away in the middle of the stream, on a little island nestling all black in the foam of the broken water, a solitary little light glimmered feebly, and I said to myself with awe, "This is the very spot of my boyish boast."

Yet another intensely interesting personal reminiscence comes to us from the same paper. In 1888 Conrad was in command of a ship in Sydney with a mixed cargo for Mauritius. He asked permission from the owners to take her by way of Torres Strait. The reply from Messrs. H. Simpson and Sons deserves, in its way, a footnote in the history of literature. After stating certain objections, including that of an additional insurance premium, the letter runs in admirable acquiescence: "Upon the whole, however, we have no objection to your taking the ship through Torres Strait if you are certain that the season is not too far advanced to endanger the success of your passage by the calms which, as you know, prevail at times in the Arafura Sea." Such a mandate is perhaps outside literature, but, in its personal significance, it has almost as much value as those Notices to Mariners of which Joseph Conrad treats in another essay. After perusing this it must surely occur to readers to appreciate "the prosaic force of the author of Notices to Mariners, which are not literature, and his fidelity to his honourable ideal—the ideal of perfect accuracy." Conrad himself had this ideal strangely enhanced by the genius that irradiated with its individual magic the desolate annals of the sea. At once virile and flexible, enamoured of action and allured by thought, courageous and sensitive, he has not once but repeatedly flashed a new spell into a language not his own. It vibrates through even this miscellaneous volume, not only in the records of action but also in that delicate tribute to his dead friend, Stephen Crane.

DOSTOEVSKY PORTRAYED BY HIS WIFE. Translated from the Russian and edited by S. S. Koteliansky. (Routledge. 10s. 6d. net.)

If ever a woman was the guardian angel of genius, Dostoevsky's second wife was that woman. He married her on February 15th, 1867, went abroad the next month, and remained abroad until the spring of 1871. Dostoevsky's letters reveal this period of his existence in much miserable detail, amply confirmed by his wife's diary. She was twenty-four years younger than the novelist, his opposite in temperament, but a devout and sustained believer in his work. There is scarcely a word of complaint in her quietly written annals of Dostoevsky's gambling during those first months of her marriage. Here is one little entry dated July 29th:—

Fedya called at the post office, but there were no letters for us. We lay down and talked of our unenviable position. We said how, in the future, we should remember it all: the terrible heat, the landlady's screaming children, the smithy with its hammers mercilessly knocking all day, and not a sou, all our belongings pawed and likely to be lost, stuffy rooms, the bells ringing, no books to read, and the prospect of having no food.

Mme. Dostoevsky bore it all stoically, though once she observed, when her husband returned from the tables with the familiar news, just these words: "It is sheer stupidity." But the author of *The Gambler* went to roulette as a moth to the candle. Seemingly, nothing would really cure him; at last they fled to Switzerland. She was afraid, even during the last few hours, of losing the train through his farewell visit to the tables: "In about twenty minutes he returned home saying he had lost. I asked him not to trouble, but to help me to fasten the trunks. . . . He went out to get a cab. We had still forty minutes in which to catch the train. He returned bringing with him a loaf and half a pound of ham, and we began eating very quickly. . . . We drove up to the station, bought our tickets for Geneva, and got into the train."

For all that, in 1871, in order to cure him of his gloom, she herself despatched him to try his luck once more, and on April 28th of that year he was able to tell her that this time he was cured definitely: "Gambling was a chain about me; but now I shall think of work, and I shall not dream for nights on end of gambling as I used to."

In the second portion of this book we have the story of her husband's relations with Turgenev and of Strakhov's extraordinary comments on Dostoevsky in a letter to Tolstoy. The calumny of Dostoevsky is an old story now; his wife and champion explains its basis—the attributing to Dostoevsky himself an abomination committed by Stavrogin, the demonic hero of *Les Possédés*. Space will not allow me to touch further on this ancient libel, but it is interesting to note that it was precisely this same Strakhov who wrote the article which led to the suppression of the *Vremya*, thus bringing Dostoevsky to exile and ruin: "It can in truth be said that Strakhov was the evil genius of my husband not only during his lifetime, but, as it has now turned out, even after his death." It is peculiarly fitting, for the rest, that the woman who was his good angel from his marriage to his last hour should also defend his memory.

CORRESPONDENCE

OBJECTS OF THE NATIONAL BABY WEEK COUNCIL

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

DEAR SIR,—During the first week in July the tenth anniversary of the National Baby Week will be celebrated, not only throughout the length and breadth of Great Britain, but to some extent throughout the whole Empire.

The movement for which the Council stands, represents an organised appeal to the public, on humanitarian and economic grounds, to conserve its greatest material asset, namely, its infant population. The call for such an organisation arose during one of the acutest crises of the Great War, when the activities of the existing National Societies for the preservation of infant life and health were severely restricted through various causes. During this period propaganda work on a scale commensurate with the nation's needs could not be undertaken, and for this reason a provisional committee, consisting of representatives of some five or six of these National Societies was formed, to constitute the nucleus of what has subsequently grown into a permanent and flourishing Council. The specific business of this new body was to broadcast by various means the knowledge which had been gradually accumulated with respect to the causes and means of prevention of that large and unnecessary toll of infant life which had heretofore been exacted. The first business of such an association was to convince the public of the fundamental principle that a great majority of infants who die could be saved by a better knowledge of mothercraft, and by the assumption of Public Health Authorities of those welfare efforts which, heretofore, had been carried on by voluntary agencies. This implied an additional expense of public monies. To create the necessary atmosphere for submission to such additional burdens the National Baby Week Council carried on an intensive publicity campaign by means of public meetings, addresses, lectures, conferences, mothercraft exhibitions, film displays, competitions among school children, and many other methods of propaganda. By this means the public conscience was roused to a realisation of the truth of the Council's slogan, namely, "it was more dangerous to be a baby in the cradle than to be a soldier in the trenches."

The infant mortality rate in this country has been reduced by 50 per cent. since 1900, not because the country has been more prosperous, or because fewer women have been engaged in industry, or because the infant mortality rate has improved, but because mothercraft methods have been improved, and because doctors, midwives, nurses, and mothers are better informed, and have more knowledge of the essentials of infant management. The National Baby Week Council claims to have accelerated

the rate of progress in these directions by the propaganda methods which it has adopted, and by the creation of sympathetic public opinion.

One of its chief successes has been the feeding of the Press with data and material of interest to the public. During the nine years of the Council's existence it has secured free advertisement which, if it had been paid for at ordinary commercial and literary rates, would have cost a sum of not less than £30,000. Estimating on the lowest computation the value of a baby's life at £20, the saving to the nation can hardly be estimated at less than one million pounds per annum. Perhaps a contemptible gain in comparison with the mitigation of human suffering which this salvage of infant lives must have brought about.

Yours faithfully,

ERIC PRITCHARD,
Chairman of Executive Committee,
National Baby Week Council.

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POETRY AND SOME CRITICS

BY JOHN DRINKWATER

MR. HILAIRE BELLOC recently asked "Why is it thought necessary to notice, and even attempt to review, so many books?" One sympathises with the mood of impatience in which the question was put. But the answer is easy. The immense growth of journalism in recent years has created, or assumes that it has created, an enormously increased public demand for literary criticism. How real a thing this demand may be there is no means of determining, but it is certain that hundreds of editors to-day consider that some not negligible proportion of their readers wish to be kept in touch with what we call current literature. The consequence is that a vast army of reviewers has come into being whose business it is to meet this requirement. The work produced ranges from the considered articles of the more responsible daily and periodical journals down to the hastily written paragraphs that are designed to have not so much a critical as a news value.

The proper discharge of the functions of literary criticism presupposes more than that the critic shall have natural taste. Before he can exercise that taste in any valuable way he must have disciplined it by long and patient thought, and he must have acquired a knowledge of literature that will give more than a merely personal authority and foundation to his judgments. He must not only have an instinct for literature, he must also have expended on it a deep and disinterested devotion. This means that he must have given a considerable part of his life to familiarising himself with the thing that he loves without any prospects of material reward. If, when he has acquired some mastery of his subject, material reward

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follows, that is as it should be, but to be duly qualified for this work a man needs as long and as exacting a probation as he does for any other of the learned professions, the law or medicine, for example. The proposals that have from time to time been made for methodising this probation and instituting some sort of diploma have rightly found no influential favour. The English schools at the Universities do useful work, but they do not make critics. Many critics have been through them we know, but many of the most distinguished have not. All alike, however, if they are worth listening to, have, we may be sure, spent many years in the lonely acquisition of standards by which they are now at last able to make decisions that command, if not always our agreement, at least our respect.

Plainly, not more than one in ten of the writers whose judgments are offered on all hands for our edification have undergone anything like this preparation. Excepting the one, we shall find that of the other nine some have neither talent nor knowledge, and that even when there is talent it is nullified by ignorance. At best we can hope to get an unsupported expression of opinion from an alert or engaging mind, but generally we get it from a mind whose reflections are not of the smallest interest to anybody. In either case the mind is applying itself to a matter of which it knows nothing of the grammar. These uninformed views, even when they are relieved by some natural brightness, may pass well enough in the small change of conversation, but when they are advanced as being of public importance they become merely a public imposition. And it is small wonder that we find a man like Mr. Belloc who, however provocative the argument of his own work may often be, has learnt how exacting are the conditions of the critic's calling, exclaiming against these constant and voluble affronts to his intelligence.

This unsatisfactory state of affairs is especially unfortunate in its effect on the criticism of poetry. The assessors of current literature commonly suffer from a total ignorance of all literature that is not current, but at least it may be said that in a great many instances this is no less than equitable since the current literature itself is similarly

uninstructed. A book that itself has neither perspectives nor pedigree cannot much complain if it is submitted to critics who are in the same case. Half, and above half, the work the notice of which Mr. Belloc deplures is no more than a bid for a moment's popular favour, and its destiny not unfairly depends on the verdict of minds whose profession it is to be susceptible to all the turns of popular caprice and fashion. Each season loads the booksellers' counters with volumes that are as eagerly discussed in the columns of critical gossip as the new *Budget*, and in a year's time they will be as dead, and as beyond hope or fear of resurrection. To be provoked by the success that some of these ventures enjoy for a month or two is to be stampeded by the enemy, if, indeed, all this kind of thing can be so far dignified as to be called the enemy of literature. I do not think it should be.

Much even that is admirable in most kinds of literature is to some degree affected by this condition of our modern life. Fiction and drama are in these days being served by many writers of undoubted intelligence and integrity. But how many of them, when they are contriving their work, are genuinely indifferent to the commercial conditions of the moment? How many of them do not, even in their most scrupulous labours, just a little wonder whether this will take the current fancy, whether it will be able to compete in that open and feverish market where happily even fine talent and genius is still often able to hold its own? Complain as we will, we at least cannot complain of our age that it has neglected Mr. Hardy, or Mr. Shaw, or Mr. Wells, or Mr. Galsworthy, or Mr. Bennett, or Mr. Walpole. That any or all of these writers, working in a medium or mediums that command the attention of a great and powerful public, powerful in the rewards that it can bestow, should sometimes, hardly consciously it may be, accommodate themselves to that attention, is nothing to their discredit. Given sufficient native character, as these men have, their work may even gain by not being withdrawn too austere from such considerations. Lesser men, in countenancing them, pass easily enough to mere corruption, but it has never been

responsibly suggested that Shakespeare cheapened himself by remembering the audience to whom his plays were to be presented. The greater men, at most, use the fashion of their time to their own legitimate ends, they do not become its fools or its panders. Mr. Belloc's prejudices do become these things, and they make good copy for their critical kin.

But poetry has nothing to do, for good or ill, with such compromises. That is its distinction from all other literary forms. I do not wish here to claim for poetry a pre-eminent virtue in literature, I want rather to define if I can its difference in this respect, a difference, as I shall attempt to show, that is generally overlooked even by critics who cannot be charged with natural and still virginal ignorance. Each age produces a certain body of eccentric poetry that may or may not be amusing, and it, too, after a time will perhaps achieve some notoriety alongside less savoury scandals. While we will not be browbeaten out of laughing at the pretentious banalities of its common stock, we may well admire the animation of its better phases. I cannot, for example, be persuaded into acknowledging that this is poetry of any sort:—

When Lil's husband got demobbed, I said—

I didn't mince my words, I said to her myself

HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME

Now Albert's coming back, make yourself a bit smart.

He'll want to know what you done with that money he gave you

To get yourself some teeth.

But again, for example, while I may think that Mr. Ezra Pound is a poet off the track, I have never been deceived into supposing that he was not a poet but a mountebank. But the eccentrics, sham or misguided, mean very little in the history of poetry as a whole, and in any case they do not affect the present argument.

The continuity, the tradition, of poetry are that argument, and I want to consider what they mean. Contemporary criticism of poetry is redeemed from utter futility, it is true, chiefly by the fact that much of it is conducted by the poets themselves. One rather dismal consequence of this fact is that, poets often being fractious creatures outside their poetry, we are sometimes subjected to

displays of personal animosity that wound and embitter. But apart from this the criticism of poetry by poets is all for good. They know something about foundations, they are not the prey of this, that, and the other heresy, and they do not confuse attitudes with style. I think personally that a poet should never pass a generally adverse judgment in public on another poet. Either the object of his dislike is negligible and not worth discussion at all, or there is at least a level chance that his dislike is due to some imperfect sympathy of his own. Such imperfect sympathies are proper enough; indeed, a man who is himself creating will almost inevitably be insensible to many exterior manifestations of the creative temper. But he should not talk about it, except in private. It was quite fitting that Keats should be unresponsive to the genius of Shelley, but it would have been highly indecent for him to have disparaged Shelley in public, just as it was indecent of Byron so to disparage Keats. But when a poet approaches poetry that he likes he does so with the highest credentials, and, as I say, much contemporary criticism of poetry bears the mark of this. But, also, much contemporary criticism of poetry is written by the same people who with so much facility conduct us through the mazes of "current literature," and then the result is deplorable. A critic may know nothing of history, nor of English fiction from Fielding to Meredith, nor of North and Walton and Boswell and Trevelyan, and still write of the revelations of the last Home Secretary or of Mr. Cosmopolitan's novels or of the studies of a Gentleman with a Dustbin without falling much below the level of his subjects. He may even know nothing of English drama and say all that there is to be said of the many fugitive decorations of our stage. But poetry, even the poorest little waif of poetry, simply cannot be treated on these terms without reducing the critic, as the insurance companies say, to a total loss.

Ninety per cent, perhaps, of the poetry that is published is worthless. But, allowing for a small margin of manifest incompetence, no one is qualified to pronounce upon even this wastage who is not familiarly acquainted with English poetry (speaking as I am of this) as a whole. Without that

knowledge to fortify his judgment it will always be impossible for the critic to decide how much the verse before him, bearing, as it generally will, a familiar outward form, is the product of invention working upon tradition, and how much the mere exercise of a sense that is aware of but cannot master tradition to its own purpose. These uneducated critics have to be startled before they receive anything but negative impressions. They do not know that the mind made sensitive by fine contacts, by long and habitual keeping with the best examples drawn from many ages, does not wish to be startled, but to have its fastidious and severe expectations satisfied. In our own time a test case for the uneducated critic has always been the poetry of Alice Meynell. He has learnt, perhaps, to accept one or two of the anthology pieces, because in time they have forced their distinction upon him; seeing them often he becomes aware that they have character, though he cannot for the life of him tell what it is. But of her poetry otherwise he is convinced that it is cold, that it has no passion, that it comes at best from a stiff and remote intelligence, that it is the frigid device of a painfully acquired technique, having neither spontaneity nor emotion. He feels this because he knows nothing of the far and limpid springs from which this exquisite poet daily renewed her inspiration. He does not know how Marvell and Vaughan and Crashaw and Landor and Blake and Arnold have waited upon her musing, instructing it here with a tone, there with a reticence, discovering their most secluded minds to a nature fitted for the confidence, and directing her own proper genius to points of vision that she was born to share with them and reannounce in her own song. He does not know that the most consuming passion may be in its behaviour all tranquillity and poise; he does not know that the plainest phrase may glow with sudden and unexampled glory because of its spiritual context; he does not know that light, hard and penetrating, is infinitely more mysterious than obscurity and evasion; he does not know that the lucid precision that informs the metrical movement of Alice Meynell's work is possible only to a mind that is disciplined not in the maturity of one lifetime, but through an inspired revelation that reaches back

through five centuries of English verse. The whole secret of the poet, in short, escapes him because her thought and manner and purposes are full of implications, the source of which he does not know, which indeed he does not even see.

A casual reading of fugitive criticism confronts us constantly with these ineptitudes. How often have we not been provoked to cry out against them, only to reflect that they carry their own condemnation even in the moment that they will not survive. And yet the fallacies that they circulate are misleading and dangerous, and we may sometimes wish that they might be supported by less inconsiderable agents so that it might be worth while to oppose them. And now comes a book designed, it might seem, for that purpose. *Authors, Dead and Living*, by F. L. Lucas, lacks neither competence nor instruction. Mr. Lucas, we are informed, is a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and that already is saying a good deal. It seems that he is responsible for the criticism of poetry in *The New Statesman*, under the editorship of Mr. Desmond MacCarthy, himself a writer of exacting standards, so exacting, it may sometimes seem to his admirers, as to discourage him from the sustained achievement that is expected of him. Masterpieces in two columns may tax the reputation even of so "quick, kindly, unpedantic" a mind as Mr. Lucas graciously attributes to his mentor.

Mr. Lucas is a scholar; so far as I am able to judge, a liberal and accurate one. In his opening chapter, which discusses literary criticism, he is able to bring Aristotle, Lessing, Hegel, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Croce, Plato, Goethe, Racine, and a dozen other classics into his argument without strain or affectation. If he does not know all literature, he clearly knows enough to establish himself as a critic who may be fallible but is at least not ignorant; even if he talks not always wisely, we know after reading a couple of pages of his book that he knows what he is talking about. If we want to pick a quarrel, here is a critic worth picking it with. As we read on we gather a suspicion that some of the cardinal errors are in hiding, and that presently they will out. And we have the satis-

faction of assuring ourselves that if false argument does present itself, it will be with all the authority and wit that it can command. Pledged by such an advocate it will be a peculiar satisfaction to destroy it.

But Mr. Lucas is not only learned. His mind is attractive in its preferences as well as being well equipped. His opinion of individual authors, though it can never be said to be merely capricious, is as liable to accidents of personal taste as another's. He writes admirably of Mr. de la Mare, for example, and insensitively of Mr. Davies. He can be intelligent enough to see, by nice gradations of reasoning, that when the last word for the prosecution has been said he cannot, in his own words, "afford to be supercilious" about Mr. Masefield, but on the other hand he can be dull enough to accept at par Flecker's statement that *Hassan* was written to lead up to the lyric epilogue. The worst offence in Mr. Lucas's book is his treatment of Mr. Abercrombie's *The Idea of Great Poetry*. Mr. Lucas is a gifted critic, but these papers of his are, perhaps, hardly important enough to sustain the claim that has been made for him as being among "the finest critical intellects of the day." "They are launched," he says, "like paper boats, to swim their day and disappear." But it seems that they were well spoken of, and kind messages came even from America, and so he was encouraged to reprint them. This is as it should be; they are well worth reprinting, and I have never seen any sense in the conventional complaint against books of miscellaneous essays. Mr. Lucas is modestly aware of the ephemeral nature of some of his chapters, and for his book as a whole he hopes, sincerely we are sure if a little tritely, that it may "send some readers back to creative literature with renewed interest." It should do this, and, we may add, with fresh understanding. But it so happens that Mr. Abercrombie is one of the finest critical intellects of the day, that he has proved it in a series of substantial volumes that examine the nature of poetry, and nowhere more clearly than in his book, *The Idea of Great Poetry*, a contribution of the highest importance to English poetics, and one that our Fellow of King's addresses as though he were dealing

with the exercise of a rather uppish freshman. To say no more of it, that is not graceful of Mr. Lucas; but people are apt to lose their grace when they get out of their depth.

The book remains, however, in spite of its blemishes, an attractive one. Mr. Lucas has a bright, justly confident style, marred only occasionally by such flatulence as, "Indeed, there is only too much at present of that deadly tendency to dissociate literature from life, to talk as if the creation and appreciation of Art consisted in playing a sort of transcendental skittles by oneself in the attic of an Ivory Tower," or by such abortive humour as, "A hearty vote of confidence in the government of the Universe will always carry the day, though not, perhaps, the day after. The odd thing about it is that it [*The Everlasting Mercy*] should have been found shocking—who *does* give the British public the hint when to be shocked. . . ." He has the scholar's enthusiasm for old as well as new literature, and students of Elizabethan drama will look forward with pleasure to his promised edition of Webster's complete works, though we may hope that Mr. Lucas is not responsible for the grotesque way in which this project is announced on the cover of his present book. He is at home with the Muses, and is able to enliven his pages with apt and easily drawn allusions. We feel that when he approaches a chosen subject it is not necessary for him to begin by excursions to the reference shelves, and if he does figuratively verify his quotations he does it very quietly and without parade.

But, above all, Mr. Lucas is right-minded. He forgets himself sometimes, as in his slight but pretentious treatment of Mr. Abercrombie, but in common he is sane, scrupulous, and discriminating. He refuses to be duped by monstrosity, even though it may be fathered by genius. "This class of fiction is obsessed, to adapt the current jargon, with an interiority complex. Its figures have so much psychology that they have no room for character. It has worked up the weakness of *Hamlet* and forgotten the fineness; it has travestied the nobility of the *Odyssey* into that dreary *reductio ad absurdum* of itself, *Ulysses*." I must own that I have read fragments only of *Ulysses*,

but how 'exact, and how useful, is this indictment in general terms. "It is more serious," he writes of such work, "that . . . it seems so frequently to have lost the sense that after all some things do matter more than others in human life, some things are finer than others in human nature." That needs to be said to-day, and although Mr. Lucas would not claim to be saying it quite alone, we may be glad that he says it so plainly and so sincerely. Again, "Dante's *Inferno* bubbles with slime that might easily have grown disgusting; but no fleck stains that haughty, bitter face as it passes through the smother and the stench of Hell. And were Dante writing of the modern counterpart, do we suppose that he could not or would not make us feel the squalid horror that lives in our cities, without versified exhibition of typists' combinations drying out of tenement windows?" He adds, "Are such distinctions arbitrary? Of course they are. These things are, in either sense, a matter of taste." We assent, and we are free to say that Mr. Lucas's taste in the matter is our own, and to thank him for vindicating it so securely.

This, then, clearly is a mind to like, to respect. And here I must for a moment make a personal digression. In three or four of his pages Mr. Lucas pays attention to my own poetry, and his judgment upon it is entirely unfavourable. I regret this. Every writer who is before the public for any considerable time learns to take hard knocks, and after a while on the whole to disregard them. Disapproval from the uninstructed makes no matter, as they say, and after some experience is hardly even to be resented. But instructed censure is different, and when into the bargain it comes from a mind naturally given to amiability, its impression is not to be denied. I confess that there are few critics in favour at the moment whose good opinion I should have valued so much as Mr. Lucas's, and when I found that it was not for me I was sorry about it. I even suggested to myself that he had not really read the poems very carefully, or that they had found him in an unsympathetic mood. This was merely an expedient, no doubt, to comfort my hurt vanity, and the only common-sense thing for me to do is to accept the bad mark as a

genuinely bad one, and carry on as well as I can in spite of it. I only mention the matter, with as much frankness as possible, in order to forestall any suggestion that my difference with Mr. Lucas is dictated by personal prejudice. If I were to engage in controversy with all the people who share his opinion of my poetry I should at least be effectively prevented from writing any more of it.

At the end of his book, when he has discussed a large number of individual poets, Mr. Lucas sets out on a final survey in general terms of the art that has so pleasantly engaged him, for it is almost entirely of poetry that he writes. *The Progress of Poetry* is a well-sounding title, a legitimate descendant, we may suppose, of the *Apologie* and the *Defence*. The study opens badly. "In the tomtom lying, silent now, in some museum gallery the dreaming imagination may discern the cradle of Shakespeare." This is nothing but showmanship, and affected showmanship at that. Worse follows: "We can still dimly imagine the strange noises from apeline throats that the quiet stars somewhere heard, while the ice froze thick above the London clay and slow glaciers crept where now whirls the traffic by the Palace de l'Opera." The style of that is dreadful, though it must be allowed that Mr. Lucas rarely does this sort of thing. But, irrespective of the style, this anthropological method of approaching art is never of the slightest interest unless it is employed by a professional anthropologist. Mr. Lucas's surmises as to how the missing link made his poetry do not claim our serious consideration. He says that the art of poetry began when "some hairy object in a wilderness first found that making a regular series of noises somehow gave vent to something he felt, and, further, that it mysteriously infected with a similar excitement all his fellows who heard it." Who knows that he was a hairy object in the wilderness? Why not a scaly one in the sea or slime? And who knows that all his fellows responded to his incantation any more than all his fellows respond to any poets to-day? Who even knows that he had any fellows? Was Adam a poet before Eve came? or was there never any Adam in or out of Genesis? This is all guess-work, and no more ingenious than other

guess-work about days so far behind or before us as to belong, in the economy of our minds, rather to eternity than to time. We all know vaguely the sort of impulsive origins that poetry must have had, and such investigators as Sir James Frazer, with magnificent patience, may lead us a few halting steps back towards them if we are disposed to follow him. But these sentimental attempts of "dreaming imaginations" to specify those origins in concrete terms lead us nowhere, and Mr. Lucas does not impress us when he seeks to communicate things that he does not know himself. This part of his essay is trifling and wholly inadequate, and he does not convince us on matters about which we have no mind to be convinced either way.

For, after all, what have these speculations as to what happened immeasurable ranges of time ago to do with the art of poetry as the mind of man knows it historically? If we begin with the Greeks we shall do well enough, and an Englishman may even find ample material upon which to base an enquiry into the nature of poetry if he goes no further back than Chaucer. He who cares for poetry may wish to know as much of it as possible, but if you or I are familiar, shall we say, with *The Oxford Book of English Verse*, from cover to cover, and the complete works of a dozen major English poets, and are then unable to formulate our views as to what poetry is, we may take it that such formulation is permanently beyond us. Let us then hear what Mr. Lucas has to say when he leaves the grunting of anthropoids for the verse that most of us know something about.

Mr. Lucas's main contention is as follows. In its progress poetry has ever been becoming "more thoughtful, more full of association and analogy." It learns to invent images, which go beyond the scope of actuality, and are "beautiful lies of what might be." Metaphor, a device of language when it has not enough words for direct expression, is discarded in common use as the vocabulary increases, and is then taken over by poetry. But as the art develops it acquires tradition, which begins to constrain the new poet, "tempting him to imitate or be

different instead of being himself." Then comes prose, "annexing all that part of human experience which has unceasingly widened with the growth of the critical intellect." This means, or coincides with, a moderating of the "naked human emotions," a subtilising of experience and a tempering of its vigour. "As time goes on men think more and act and feel less violently," and poetry becomes more complex, less exuberant and masterful. Language deteriorates by wear, and to-day our poets are "driven back to the English of the past or the English that still lingers among the peasantry of Wessex or Connaught to find a language" that will serve their purpose. The long poem loses its appeal, the epic and verse drama become devitalised or disappear. Spasmodic efforts are made by the creative intelligence of man to stem the forces of decay and disruption, and as the golden age recedes we borrow moments of its departing glory. But the decline of poetry is not to be arrested. She is splendid in her resistance to the new difficulties, but these press upon her with ever increasing force. Chief of these is the burden of the past. The poets try to create out of literature rather than out of life. Another is disillusion. The spirit of man grows tired, introspective where it had been intrepidly adventurous, and with reflection comes a waning of the old ardours, a weighing of consequences that was unknown to the Berserk who "saw nothing beyond the moment of his own red rage." The present is no longer its own ample justification for us; we ail, infected by the past and the future. We no longer burn, we fidget. And so under these onsets the power of poetry has suffered a gradual but sure attrition, until now it languishes in who knows but what it may be a mortal sickness? "While our workers drudge our intellectuals become mere intellectuals; the hand forgets the brain and the brain the hand." So that poetry is in danger of having to capitulate to prose, to lend what impulse of its own it has left to the service of that more comprehensive, looser art; explicitly, "often it would be better to turn frankly to downright prose, through which, indeed, with its greater freedom and adaptability, more and more of our poetic impulses may

come to find expression." And this gloomy survey is hardly relieved by a hope perfunctorily expressed at the end that after all there may be better things to come; that after all poetry may go on living, although we have been given the most careful prognosis that she is dying.

That, as conscientiously as I can present it, is a summary of Mr. Lucas's argument. If at any point I have misrepresented him I apologise to him, but I am sure that this is substantially what he says. And I take it to be as good an example in little as could be found of an able and well-intentioned mind betrayed by a fundamental error into loose thinking and ridiculous conclusions. The essay bristles with minor fallacies, which cannot be enumerated; also it contains many happy and shrewd observations, some of which have been noticed. But its principal affirmations are radically unsound, and this because, while he is often finely sensitive to the quality of individual poems, Mr. Lucas has overlooked one characteristic of poetry in general. Not, indeed, overlooked it so much, I think, as failed to perceive it at all, with the result that he argues confidently in terms that merely do not apply to the case. And in this he is representative of a great deal of contemporary criticism; the more unfortunately so because of his marked talents.

The fallacy that has ensnared Mr. Lucas is this: He writes under the not uncommon delusion that poetry makes a progressive movement that corresponds to the social and intellectual progression of mankind. Progress is not here meant to imply improvement, nor, it need hardly be said, does Mr. Lucas use the word in that sense; what we are both discussing is a moving forward in time, whether it be for gain or loss. In this progress of civilisation Mr. Lucas sees, and rightly, much to deplore. As the world goes on, he notes regretfully, the mind of man loses something of its freshness. At what moment in history the ascent to freshness from primitive sloth was completed and when the decline began, Mr. Lucas does not inform us, but we may so far agree with him as to allow that the malady that he sees creeping upon mankind is not a wholly imaginary one, for example, to leave the ages and look

upon a moment of history, in Europe during the last two hundred years. But this has probably been felt at frequent intervals throughout the world's history. Mr. Lucas sees in our own age a bewildering manifestation of this unrest, and he has no difficulty in showing to what imbecile waste and confusion of purpose it leads us. Less and less are we able to order our lives as we would. But is it less and less? When were men able to do so? And the complaint that Mr. Lucas makes, and that we all make with him, when was it not heard?

"What path of life may one hold?" wrote a Greek of 250 or 30 B.C. "In the market place are strife and hard dealings, in the house cares; in the country labour enough, and at sea terror; and abroad, if thou hast aught, fear, and if thou art in poverty, vexation."

Two hundred years later, Horace, lamenting a decadent Rome, exclaimed:

What has not cankering time made worse?
Viler than grandsires, sires beget
Ourselves, yet baser, soon to curse
The world with offspring baser yet.

Thirteen hundred years pass, and Chaucer in fourteenth century England tells us:

A blissful lyf, a paisable and swete
Ledden the peples in the former age,

but

Allas, alas! now men may wepe and crye!
For in our days his is but covetyse,
And doublesse, and treasonn and envye,
Poyssoun, manslauhtre, and mordre in sondry wyse.

Two hundred years again, and we find Shakespeare excusing himself for neglect of a new-fangled age:

Why is my verse so barren of new pride?
So far from variation or quick change?
Why with the time do I not glance aside
To new found methods, and to compounds strange?
Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed. . . ?

And thereafter the note is constantly to be found in poetry. Wordsworth with

The world is too much with us; late or soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;

and Shelley with "that unrest which men miscall delight," Keats with "the weariness, the fever and the fret," and Matthew Arnold with the charge:

But fly our paths, our feverish contact fly,
For strong the infection of our mental strife.

Far back through the centuries they have felt as Mr. Lucas and we do, and the complaint has ever been a theme of philosophy and poetry. But it is one thing to observe that the poets have always been acutely sensitive to the vicissitudes of their own times: it is quite another thing to contend that they have allowed these vicissitudes to impair the quality and vigour of their poetry. For it is the distinguishing virtue of poetry that it always has been, and still is, serenely uncorrupted by the evil that it laments, and itself proof against the caprices of which it may be bitterly aware. It is in failing to see this that Mr. Lucas's argument becomes abortive.

A critic in *The Nation*, Mr. Leonard Woolf, recently suggested that a moratorium should be declared for poetry, that the poets for a time should go out of business, or not pay the debts that they are sometimes supposed to owe to society. He proposed this because he considered that in fact they were no longer able to pay them. He, too, was in Mr. Lucas's blind alley. Looking at the fiction of our time, that wonderful display of brains and energy, he found it representing with amazing fidelity the characteristic features of our own age. The philosophical refinements, the social redistributions, the new adjustments of sex and faith and science, the economic revisions, he saw all these reflected to the life in contemporary novels, and in them, too, he found a manner that was itself symbolic of the new order. The form and vocabulary of our fiction were, he held, subtly influenced by the world that it was their purpose to define. We may agree; modern fiction does perform this service, and admirably, and Mr. Woolf was right in commending it for that. But he saw none of this in contemporary poetry, which he found was stubbornly committed to old emotions and old ways. He concluded that this poetry was therefore a failure, and that

it was time for it to close down. And in that he was myopically wrong.

Not wrong quite in the same way as Mr. Lucas, who does see that poetry ought not to allow itself to be seduced by these evanescent humours. When he reminds us that some things do matter more than others in human life, and comments unfavourably on the tenement windows, we know that he wants poetry to stick to its own job. His error is in saying that it does not do so, in so far mistaking the nature of poetry as to suppose that it is or could ever conceivably be possible for it not to do so; in not seeing that poetry really is incorruptible. Mr. Leonard Woolf, on the other hand, seems to think that tenement windows—I mean in their present connotation—and some uncertainty as to which things are important and which are not, are in fact poetry's job at this time of day, and he, too, by his own standard, decides that poetry is not doing it.

The truth is, in spite of Mr. Woolf, that this is not poetry's job at all; and, in spite of Mr. Lucas, that poetry continues quite efficiently to do the work that really is its job. With the shifting processes of fashion, salutary or otherwise, poetry has no concern. When it does submit itself to these, it invites a competition that it was never meant to meet, and it does not survive the contest. Prose fiction adapts itself naturally to changing circumstances, and is their chronicle; sometimes so beautifully so as to outlast its occasion. But poetry does not adapt itself to change, since its preoccupation is unchangingly with things that do not change. The differentiations that make an age so amusing and so provocative to itself, poetry, in the general sum of its activity, ignores. And it does not covet the applause that nice analysis of this differentiation earns. It is an arrogant and a lonely art. Poetry is sometimes widely popular, but it is nearly always on account of something that it contains, often excellent, apart from its essential self. And the poet may sometimes want to attempt these other offices that so naturally engage Mr. Woolf's admiration. Then he can use other forms, as he so often and successfully does. But as a poet his business

is not with the things that differentiate one age from another, but with the things that identify one age with another. They need not be enumerated—we all know them. These unchanging things are at the foundations of every age, but it is certain that most people in an age will give them less conscious attention than they will devote to the fashions of the moment. Hence it is that poetry as such will never find the popular favour that is accorded to the forms of literature that reflect these fashions. And it does not ask for this; it hardly even deigns to ask that critics who, fairly enough, give those other forms their due, should realise what its nature and conditions are.

In its function of revealing the delights and perplexities that endure, poetry employs forms that endure also. It will not serve Mr. Lucas to come at me with his hairy object from the wilderness; I am fixed on speaking in terms of history. And the art of poetry in England has not changed in six hundred years, from Chaucer's day until our own. It may even be said that the art of poetry has not changed in the world since Homer. This is no more to say that all verses are alike than it is to say that because there has been no change to speak of for three thousand years in the anatomy of man, Mr. Bernard Shaw would be indistinguishable from Aristophanes if we saw them together in the street. But when Mr. Lucas in a sympathetic notice of that beautiful book *The Unknown Goddess* reprimands its author, Mr. Humbert Wolfe, because he says that whatever his work is "it cannot with accuracy be called modern verse. Because there is no such thing and never has been. Nor is there ancient verse. . . ." Mr. Wolfe is right and Mr. Lucas wrong. Obviously there is verse written to-day, and if Mr. Lucas wants to apply the term modern to that, let him. But in the sense that Mr. Wolfe uses the word, there is no such thing as modern verse, apart from a little verse that, as has been explained, is trying to do something that is not poetry's to do. When it is said as bluntly as that, Mr. Lucas, of course, has to challenge the statement, since to pass it would be to admit the radical unsoundness of his whole critical approach. Mr. Lucas regrets that the

coming of tradition into the art of poetry has trammelled the poet, but he ought to know that the really fortunate thing is that in poetry we have one art left that is continually sustained by an established and living tradition. Some people, Mr. Leonard Woolf perhaps, may not want this kind of art, but that is what poetry is, and they must take it or leave it. It is the one art in which every worker knows that he is less than the art that he serves. It would be irrelevant to say, for example, that English fiction is a greater thing than Mr. Wells, but it would be entirely appropriate to say of a master that English poetry is a greater thing than Mr. Hardy.

In conclusion, Mr. Lucas's analysis of poetry is not clearly realised thought, but a dialectical display. He generally recognises poetry when he sees it (I hope, not always), but in attempting to define poetry in the abstract he has started from false premises and been forced into a succession of errors to justify them. Poetry, he says, has ever been becoming more thoughtful. But has it? Is Mr. Masfield more thoughtful, or more intricately thoughtful, than Chaucer, Mr. Yeats than Donne, Mr. Hardy than Æschylus? On what authority are we told that our intellectuals become mere intellectuals? Does Mr. Lucas know anything of the habits of our living poets, for example? Is the metaphor a device borrowed by poetry from a language of common use that has discarded it? Can Mr. Lucas give any example of a thought metaphorically expressed in a limited vocabulary that has been as pertinently expressed without metaphor with the vocabulary's extension? Are the poets of to-day driven back to the language of Wessex and Connaught? One may be, or two; but Mr. de la Mare, Mr. Stephens, Mr. Bridges, Mr. Housman, or Mrs. Meynell? Has the long poem lost its appeal—Mr. Hardy's *Dynasts*, for example, or Mr. Masfield's *Reynard the Fox*? Do the majority of men think more as time progresses, or act and feel less violently; does Mr. Lucas suppose that at one time the world was inhabited exclusively by Berserks, and that now it has none? In short, has Mr. Lucas troubled really to think out his important theme? Obviously he has not. He has been content to make a spectacular ex-

hibition of a lovely and aristocratic art, an art that in many passages of his book he seems to respect.

But he fails, and here is his most serious misdemeanour, to perceive that the poetry of our time does very splendidly uphold the integrity of which it is a part. Nothing is commoner, in both senses, in poetical criticism than to deplore the inferiority of one's own age. That Mr. Lucas allows the best of our time to be better than the worst of some other times does not excuse him. The best of our time, let us assert, is good enough to take a very honourable place in the story of all time. And our best, it may be significantly observed, is magically like that other best. Mr. Leonard Woolf is unaware of this, but, more strangely, so is Mr. Lucas. Let us see. Here are two stanzas from one of the best Elizabethan lyrics :

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light,
You common people of the skies
What are you when the moon shall rise?

So when my mistress shall be seen
In form and beauty of her mind,
By virtue first, then choice, a Queen,
Tell me if she were not designed
The eclipse and glory of her kind?

And here is a lyric by Mr. Davies :

Thy beauty haunts me heart and soul,
O thou fair Moon, so close and bright;
Thy beauty makes me like the child
That cries aloud to own thy light:
The little child that lifts each arm
To press thee to her bosom warm.

Though there are birds that sing this night
With thy white beams across their throats,
Let my deep silence speak for me
More than for them their sweetest notes:
Who worships thee till music fails
Is greater than thy nightingales.

This is the same note, the same intellectual quality, the same cadence. But the thing to observe is that not only is Mr. Davies very like Wotton, he definitely is as good as

Wotton. The seventeenth and the twentieth centuries are not here in conflict or contrast, they are the same thing, and in this constancy the twentieth loses nothing in power or personality. That is the secret of poetry. And again :

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see description of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now.

To claim for anyone that he can match this may be daring, but may we not do so here for Mr. Masfield :

Go, spend your penny, Beauty, when you will,
In the grave's darkness let the stamp be lost.
The water still will bubble from the hill,
And April quick the meadows with her ghost;
Over the grass the daffodils will shiver,
The primroses with their pale beauty abound,
The blackbird be a lover and make quiver
With his glad singing the great soul of the ground;

How like, again, how similarly inspired, and yet how fresh and lovely. Anyone whose pleasure in this is diminished because the example of Shakespeare is before it, and vexes himself with questions as to whether it is or is not modern, has lost his way. It is poetry, and we read it gratefully without conditions; and it will as surely be read with delight three hundred years hence by people who love and understand poetry as Shakespeare's sonnets are to-day. Such readers are not troubled by problems of imitation and plagiarism. They know the genuine impulse at sight, and they expect its appearance in accustomed yet ever unageing aspects. An anthology could readily be made of such examples as those given, with and without such close external resemblances. But these will suffice. Mr. Leonard Woolf deplores poetry's failure to do what can never be its purpose; Mr. Lucas that it is sick of a malady of which we find no symptoms. Mr. Lucas regrets that poetry is doing what Mr. Woolf regrets that it is not. And in the meantime the wholesome thing is that poetry is hoodwinking both of them.

medicine, but he was not destined to be a physician. At the university he turned towards politics—such politics as were possible to a Pole in those days; this led to five years in Eastern Siberia, to which he was condemned without the semblance of a trial. Returning to Vilna in 1892 he became one of the leaders of the new Polish Socialist Party, and among his activities during this period was the publication of the *Robotnik*, as already mentioned, at Lodz. The discovery of his connection with the paper caused his arrest in 1896 and his imprisonment first in Warsaw and afterwards in St. Petersburg. To escape summary execution he feigned madness, and so well did he play the part that it was believed his five years in Siberia had made him insane. He was placed in a military asylum, from which, with the connivance of a visiting doctor, who was a Pole, he succeeded in liberating himself. Eventually he reached Cracow in what was then Austrian Poland.

Meanwhile Pilsudski had dreamed a great dream, and he proceeded to make it a reality. This was the formation on Austrian territory of a Polish military organisation which should some day take the field against Russia, and should regain freedom for Poland when opportunity offered. While still a young man he had had the conviction that it was by force and force alone that Poland would achieve its emancipation. To his own military training he added an intense study of the art of war; in brief, he became a soldier capable of holding a high command. Under his hands a Polish army grew up in the shape of the "Strelzy" or rifle-corps, which were more or less authorised by the Austrian Government. Then came the Great War, and with it came the opening for Pilsudski. Nine years before, during the Russo-Japanese war and the half-revolution in Russia that ensued, he had thought he had a chance, and he did his utmost to hinder mobilisation in Russian Poland and otherwise to add to the difficulties of Russia. But the Tsarist *régime* prevailed, and in any case he had not behind him in those days the powerful and well-trained force he commanded at the outbreak of the Great War. Yet his efforts had the effect of concentrating upon him the regard of many of his country-

men; this was the beginning of what may be called the Pilsudski cult, and what took place onward from August, 1914, continued and intensified it. Within a few hours after the declaration of war he had the Polish Legion he had organised in Austrian Poland on the march into Russia. Advancing rapidly he routed the Russians near Kielce and occupied that town. Other exploits followed, and in 1915 he was advanced to the rank of brigadier-general by the Austrians. By the autumn of that year it was evident that Russia had definitely lost Poland to the Central Powers. The future of Poland at once became a burning question—independence or what? Soon after that daring raid of Pilsudski and his Legion to Kielce the Grand Duke Nicholas had issued a proclamation of Polish autonomy, and Austria had replied by promising complete Polish independence in the event of victory over Russia. When the Russians were driven out of Poland the question became acute. What would Germany do? Hand over Poland to the Poles? That did not look likely, and Pilsudski took an uncompromising line: "Russia is beaten," he said; "now we must fight Germany." It seemed the maddest thing, in view of the German strength in almost every area of the war at that time. In fact, not a few Poles thought the idea was sheer insanity. But Pilsudski stuck to it, and so did his legions.

It is not at all difficult to understand how Pilsudski became *the* hero of his fighting men, and the events of last May make it manifest that in the eyes of the Polish Army he remains the heroic figure who is the one and only real leader to whom it gladly yields obedience. In considering the *coup d'état* it is well to remember just how it was that Pilsudski became the Polish soldiers' hero. In discussing the present Polish situation with a prominent Pole I was very much struck by the way in which he said, "Pilsudski has the army"—it was as if he stated what was the merest matter of course. But there are other factors in that situation, and their roots go down fairly deep. For five or six generations—since the third partition—all Poland had been divided into three parts: Austrian, German, and Russian Poland. Although the

Poles in the three parts retained their national consciousness and identity, they could not but have their mentality and their psychology, as well as their day-to-day point of view of all that was going on, affected more or less strongly by their surroundings. By the sheer force of circumstances they were bound to react to their environment, and naturally the reaction in each area, particularly to their respective masters, differed considerably. Thus, some Poles believed that Poland would never be able to free itself from mighty Russia. And so, when Pilsudski talked of fighting Germany after Russia was beaten, there were Poles who thought that he spoke of what was frankly impossible. Max Gorynski put it very concisely in his article, "Joseph Pilsudski," which appeared in the last number but one of the *Review of Reviews*, when he said, "A contest of 'Orientations' began in Poland and went on throughout the war." To some extent this conflict persists, though under another face, and has not been without an influence on the present situation. It showed itself, while the war continued, in a certain submission on the part of some to the plans and desires of the Central Powers, and was not entirely absent from the composition of the Regency Council set up by Germany and Austria. The pivotal fact for Poland in these days was that Imperial Russia went to pieces in 1917. If Russia had been victorious with the Allies instead of being one vast ruin in 1918, what would have been the fate of Poland? Would there be a Poland again? Certainly not the Poland we know to-day. It must therefore be admitted there was some excuse for these orientations on the part of some Poles in 1917; Pilsudski, however, was determined. In effect he broke with Germany, and the upshot was his imprisonment in Magdeburg from July, 1917, to November, 1918.

While Pilsudski was a prisoner his legionaries did not forget him, and when, after his release by the German Socialists, he returned to Warsaw he was received with enthusiasm by the Polish troops that were in the city, and by Poles of all parties and degree. He immediately took over the command of all the Polish forces, and assumed

supreme power. His first effort was to get his legions together again, and within six months he had half a million men under him. Early in 1919 he organised, with the help of Paderewski, a coalition under which elections were held, and a Constituent Assembly met in Warsaw in February of that year. The work of unifying and consolidating the country was begun; the work of reconstruction in a land much the larger part of which was a desolation was also essayed. Now Chief of State, Pilsudski was mainly occupied in fighting, the principal enemy being the Reds, whom he finally defeated in the autumn of 1920, after a campaign marked by extraordinary vicissitudes. There was a time, indeed, when it seemed as if Poland could not escape being overrun and conquered by the Bolsheviks; that it was not was due to Pilsudski and his soldiers, to whom Western Europe owes a heavy debt of gratitude which it does not always remember. With peace established by the Treaty of Riga, Pilsudski and the Polish Government went on with their arduous task of reconstructing and consolidating Poland industrially and politically. In March, 1921, the Polish Parliament, which consists of two chambers, the Diet or Sejm, and the Senate, adopted a Constitution. This made provision for a President of the Republic, but gave him very limited powers. Virtually the sole sovereignty of the country is vested in the Diet, the Senate being subsidiary and subordinate to it. A general election was held in November, 1922: for the Diet 444 deputies were returned, for the Senate 111; there has been no general election since, and, with some slight changes owing to deaths, the Polish Parliament that saw the Pilsudski *coup* was that of 1922. In that year Pilsudski might have become President if he had cared to take the post, but he declined the office, to which Narutowicz was appointed. Pilsudski ceased, of course, to be Chief of State, but was Chief of the General Staff of the Army till 1923, when he resigned and retired into private life, to come forward, in a highly dramatic manner and with a great appearance of suddenness, in Warsaw as the leader of the revolution of May 12th, 1926. The fighting in the streets of the capital lasted for three days, and ended in a complete victory for

Pilsudski, but his re-emergence as a determining factor in Polish public life was not so sudden as it seemed to be.

On withdrawing to his estate Pilsudski had retained his rank as marshal, or, as we would say, field-marshal. For months before the *coup d'état* an agitation had been going on respecting the command of the army. Under the Constitution the President is commander-in-chief in peace, but not in war. No military commander-in-chief had been appointed, nor had the next highest position, that of inspector-general, been filled. In practice the Minister of War was the head of the army, the post in the Cabinet being assigned to a general, as, for example, to General Sikorski. For some time, however, a strong movement had been on foot which aimed at making Pilsudski inspector-general of the army, with the supreme command in war. This arrangement was favoured by the Skrzynski Government, the predecessor of the Witos Government which came into office on May 10th and which was overthrown by Pilsudski four days later. The Witos Government had taken over from Count Skrzynski some of his policies, as, for instance, his foreign policy, but it had made no provision for Pilsudski. But it will not be just to deem the marshal chargeable with self-seeking in this matter. His point of view was that the army had become far too much part of the political machine, that in itself it was a political rather than a military affair, and that it was essential to get it back to its proper *rôle*. Another element in the situation was that a considerable reduction of the strength of the army was in prospect owing to the economic position of the country, which was sufficiently evident from the fall of the zloty, the Polish monetary unit. On the other hand, consideration had to be given to the German-Soviet Treaty, with its possible anti-Poland implications. Pilsudski wanted the army to be strong as well as entirely non-political. And who better than he himself, who had created and led it in the darkest days, and in whom it had confidence, could achieve these things? But there was much more than that behind the Pilsudski *coup*, though there is a suggestion of what further inspired it in what has just been said about using the army for political objects.

The truth is that Poland was suffering from a sort of political *malaise*—the same kind of *malaise* that is seen in several other countries at the present time, and has brought about certain dictatorships.

So far as Poland is concerned this *malaise* may perhaps best be indicated by the statement that there are about thirty political parties in that country, and that its present Government is the sixteenth it has had since the declaration of its independence late in 1918. It must not be forgotten that Poland had in effect to make a fresh start and lacked men of experience in administration. Poland suffers from a plethora of political groups, a fact which spells coalitions, crises and catastrophes. Though the various parties may be divided into Right, Centre and Left, each group individualises itself in a programme which it is bent on carrying out, a condition of things which makes any coalition feeble and short-lived. Hence the sixteen Cabinets in eight years. The instability of these coalitions was demonstrated afresh when the resignation of two Socialist Ministers caused the fall of the recent Skrzynski Government. All this political uncertainty, with results so often disappointing and even nugatory, had its natural effect on the bulk of the Polish population, which, disillusioned, had become wearied and apathetic. The failure of the financial policy of the Government of M. Grabski, which preceded, last year, that of Count Skrzynski, was another profound disappointment; so much had been hoped from that policy, so much promised—and only another disillusionment! To the great majority of these struggling, suffering, not-too-logical and rather inarticulate Poles Pilsudski appeared in the light of a saviour. To quote M. Chodzko again:—

Et voilà le secret du triomphe de Pilsudski, qui a dissipé les ténèbres et fait jaillir la clarté. C'était une douloureuse opération qui a profondément secoué la nation entière. Mais, toutes les opérations de ce genre sont douloureuses et souvent inévitables. Plus tôt on les effectue, plus radicalement on préserve l'organisme.

Tout ce que Pilsudski a voulu, c'est un renouveau moral, quelque chose comme une aération de la patrie. Son âme si humaine et si profondément polonaise se sentait mal à l'aise au milieu d'intrigues de partis, dont les querelles devenaient endémiques, contaminaient l'ambiance et reléguaient au second plan même les intérêts supérieurs de la nation.

Peut-on réellement demander à un homme comme Pilsudski, à qui nul ne conteste le mérite d'avoir été le principal artisan de l'indépendance nationale, de rester observateur muet en présence d'événements graves, susceptible de menacer sérieusement l'avenir du pays? Ne lui aurait-on pas reproché plus tard de s'être cantonné dans une sorte de paresseuse expectative, alors que la patrie courait tous les risques d'un malaise chronique?

Aussi est-ce avec un véritable soulagement que le pays apprit sa tentative d'assainissement. La popularité que rencontra dès le début sa démarche auprès du président de la République est la meilleure preuve que cette démarche correspondait aux sentiments intimes de la nation. Si l'on avait pas donné l'ordre de tirer, il est plus que probable que les journées de mai se seraient passées le plus calmement du monde, sans la perte d'une seule goutte de sang. Mais le destin en a disposé autrement.

It is undoubtedly true that the news of the revolution, though coupled with Pilsudski's name, came at first as a disagreeable shock to the friends of Poland in other countries. It was perhaps not so much the attack on Parliamentarism, which in these days is hardly the sacrosanct thing it was. It was the fear that the stability, even the permanence, of Poland might be in danger. But that fear quickly passed, as civil war, threatened for a day or two, was avoided, and Pilsudski regularised his position as much as possible by a "return to legality." It was plain, moreover, that he had the bulk of the Polish people with him. An interim Government was formed with Pilsudski as Minister of War, and with the Speaker of the Diet as Acting-President. The National Assembly, which consists of the Diet and the Senate sitting together, met in Warsaw to elect a President in succession to Wojciechowski, whom Pilsudski had compelled to resign along with the Witos Government. Pilsudski was elected President by 292 votes against 193 votes for M. Bninski, Governor of Poznan, but he refused to accept the post, and next day M. Moscicki was elected by 281 votes against 200 for Bninski. A new Cabinet was formed on June 9th with M. Bartel as Prime Minister and Pilsudski as Minister of War. The country remained calm, and foreign countries were assured that there would be no change in Polish foreign policy. Though Pilsudski stated that he intended to devote his attention chiefly to the Ministry of War, his influence was felt everywhere. The new

President was his nominee, and he was consulted respecting the formation of the Bartel Cabinet. The Diet met on June 22nd, and lost very little time in passing the financial programme submitted by the Government, which balanced the budget—a provisional one for three months—by increasing the duty on imports and raising the price of spirits, and by administrative economies. The Government proposals were carried by a large majority after a comparatively short discussion. Never before had the Diet got through its business with such expedition. Perhaps Pilsudski's statement that he had a "whip" in reserve, and might use it, had something to do with it.

The significant thing was that the voting showed which of the political parties were supporting the Marshal. Nominally Pilsudski is a Socialist, and his *coup* was welcomed at the start by the Left. But Pilsudski puts Poland before partyism. While he was Chief of State he said: "Though the whole past drives me toward government with the Left, there is something above Left—and that is Poland. If I do not find on the Left the necessary competent help, I look elsewhere." In June it was apparent that he was looking rather to the Right than to the Left, and this became clearer still when, during the past month (July), there were submitted to the Diet those reforms in the Constitution to effect which had been among the chief causes of his *coup*. These reforms or amendments increase the executive power of the President by authorising him to adjourn or dissolve Parliament, and by permitting him to issue decrees having the force of law while Parliament is not in session. They also confer on the President the right of veto, subject, however, to a rescission of the vote by a two-thirds majority of Parliament. Further, they provide that if the Diet does not pass the Budget within a stipulated time after its having been tabled, Parliament is to be adjourned and the Budget approved by a Governmental decree. These measures certainly exalt the Executive at the expense of the Legislature—which was Pilsudski's principal object. It was not to be expected that the Socialists would look on them with favour, or that they would give any sort of satisfaction to the Left. In

fact, it was soon plain from the discussions of the Government's plans in the political "clubs," or groups, that the Socialists would offer the most determined opposition to them. When on July 5th the debate on these measures began in the Diet the Socialists at once moved their rejection, but on the following day were defeated by a large majority, and the Bill, embodying all the amendments to the Constitution as proposed by the Government, was sent to a Constitutional Committee of the Diet for consideration in detail. On July 13th this Committee concluded its discussions and sent up to the Diet the Government Bill, but with considerable modifications, the effect of which was to increase the efficiency of the Legislature while at the same time augmenting the powers of the Executive, the most striking change in the existing Constitution, the investment of the President with the right to dissolve Parliament, being accepted. To become law the Bill will have to be passed by a two-thirds majority, which was not in sight when this article was written, but it is pretty certain that this necessary majority will be found. We shall then see what will take place. Meanwhile, the fall in the zloty has been stayed and its value has risen. Throughout the whole country there is an improved tone which is of good augury for the future.

FRANCE AND GERMANY

By "AUGUR"

THE international situation in Europe has begun to undergo a change under the influence of the drawing together of France and Germany. At present this *rap-prochement* proceeds on a plane which is entirely that of common economic interests. But it is certain that political development must follow in a not too distant future.

Political observers in constant touch with influential circles in Paris are struck with the complete change in the French attitude towards Germany. The revengeful spirit of the days of the Poincaré régime has evaporated. The question asked is not: should France co-operate with Germany—the co-operation is considered now inevitable and desirable—but the question is: how can the German offers of co-operation be used to the best advantage to strengthen the position of France in economic and political relations?

We have used the expression "German offers" deliberately, because it is Germany which is making all the advances. She is the active partner in the game which is leading towards a closer and more friendly contact between the two great Continental Powers. The attitude of France is that of a cool observer who waits for things to happen, and does not lose for a moment the capacity of dispassionate judgment. It is Germany which displays the greater anxiety to establish more cordial relations.

Germany has ceased to be the passive object for the experiments of the victorious signatories of the Versailles Treaty. The entry into the League of Nations will finally re-establish her as a full member of the Concert of Europe. Already she is preparing to claim the pristine advantages of her privileged position in the centre of the Continent. To show the growing energy of Germany's political effort and her confidence in her own powers, we will adduce the following facts until now more or less unknown to the public, and which prove the German desire

to play a part in the affairs of Europe and incidentally to further German interests wherever possible :—

(1) About eight months ago the German Government, acting through the President of the Reichsbank, made a tentative offer to assist the Belgian Government in the latter's financial difficulties by helping to revalorise the milliards of worthless German marks left in Belgium by the Army of Occupation. The fact that this offer could not be entertained does not make it less interesting, all the more if we consider that the compensation demanded for Germany was the return of the territories of Eupen and Malmedy, lost to Belgium after the war.

(2) In February last, through a member of the Secretariat of the League of Nations, the German Government took soundings in Warsaw in regard to the following offer :—The Reichsbank would take a considerable share in a loan intended to set Polish finances on an absolutely solid basis. In return the Polish Government was asked to agree to a change in the state of affairs in the corridor to Danzig. The territory of the Free City of Danzig would have to be increased so as to include the most northern of the railway lines which connect across the corridor Germany proper with Eastern Prussia. The German Government would surrender all its Treaty rights for transit by other lines if its right of unrestricted passage through the enlarged territory of Danzig is admitted. The Polish Government did not see its way to entertain the idea of any alteration in the status of the corridor. But that the offer was made in Warsaw with the knowledge of the German Government is confirmed by a conversation of Schacht, the President of the Reichsbank, with Mr. Kemmerer, the chief American financial expert in Poland.

(3) When Herr Schacht came to London immediately after the General Strike he mentioned to Mr. Montagu Norman, the Governor of the Bank of England, a plan to supply the French Government with considerable funds by way of a national voluntary loan in Germany, having for its object the acquisition of one of the French colonies in West Africa. Mr. Norman is said to have turned down

this suggestion by expressing the view that it would interfere with the transfer operations under the Dawes Scheme.

(4) There is reason to believe that a few weeks ago Herr Schacht renewed his offer of financial assistance to the French Government, and especially of support for stabilisation of the franc. This time the counter value to be received by Germany was said to be an immediate evacuation of the second and third zones in the Rhineland which remain yet in Allied occupation under the terms of the Versailles Treaty.

(5) Several months ago, when the controversy between France and Italy on the subject of the exact meaning of the new Anglo-Italian agreement on spheres of influence in Abyssinia was at its height, the German Chargé d'Affaires in Paris indicated to the Quai d'Orsay the interest which his Government took in preserving the principle of the open door in that part of Africa, and in the preservation of the rights of Abyssinia as a sovereign State and a member of the League of Nations.

These few examples, chosen because until now they have more or less escaped public attention, do not exhaust the list which may be compiled of the perfectly legitimate efforts of the German Government to establish itself in all directions as the arbiter of affairs in Europe. The Treaty with the Soviet Union may well come into this category, though its origin is in the onerous commitments which Germany believed herself obliged to accept when she saw herself ostracised at Genoa in 1921. We have also the continuation of the German effort to encircle Czechoslovakia by a control of Austrian and an influence over Hungarian politics. Officially the Austrian *Anschluss* is ruled out for the time being. But in fact Vienna is in the power of Berlin, and Dr. Benes and his practically minded colleagues have no illusions on the true state of affairs there as well as in Budapest. The Little Entente is obliged to count with Germany, all the more so that of late French influence, or rather the faith in the power of French support, has been waning. When M. Briand in Geneva last March, at the urgent demand of Sir Austen Chamberlain, refrained from

pronouncing his flaming requisitory against the Hungarian Government for the famous banknote forgeries he antagonised the Czechs and other representatives of the States which are the neighbours of Hungary. We are certain that from that moment dates the marked increase of German influence at Prague. The same applies to Warsaw, where the Germans are showing a conciliatory spirit in the question of the new commercial treaty.

The disconcerting thing about the present German activities in Europe is that they are placed to such a great extent in the plane of economics, and therefore are immune from diplomatic intervention by third parties. So the drawing together of France and Germany is proceeding entirely along the lines of material interests. The Rhineland is turning out to be an economic link between the two States. We mean both the German and the French territories in the basin of the great stream. Germany possesses the richest deposits of coal and France has the greatest reserves of iron ore. Here is an argument for co-operation more powerful in modern times and given time than considerations of racial hatred or than vindictive political ideas. We see now how the financial and industrial magnates of both countries came together and explored the ground for establishing a community of interests. Two months ago *The Times* reported the formation of a joint Franco-German Committee. In a secluded spot in Luxemburg the magnates of the Ruhr and the leaders of the Comité des Forges met and laid the foundation of an intellectual co-operation which must lead eventually to the formation of a series of Franco-German syndicates the weight of which will inevitably make itself felt in the markets of the world. It is symptomatic of the spirit which prevailed at the meeting mentioned that the question of the Ruhr occupation was discussed with absolute detachment as an historical fact. It is alleged that one of the principal Germans present declared his admiration of the French methods of occupation, which "failed only because of the lack of British support."

Here we come to the all-important question of the

influence which the undoubted Franco-German drawing together may have on the relations of Great Britain with the rest of Europe. The British Government and British public opinion have consistently favoured a general peaceful settlement in Europe, and first of all, therefore, an improvement in the relations between Germany and France. From this point of view we cannot feel anything but satisfaction at the growing friendliness between the German and French Governments and their peoples. But if the *rapprochement* is desirable and even inevitable, it is yet necessary to be watchfully on the alert to see that suddenly it does not assume a form harmful to British interests. For what is the exact position now?

We have explained endlessly that the Entente with France is necessary to Great Britain and to the British Empire. This view will no doubt be taken by the spokesmen of the Mother Country at the coming Imperial Conference in October. The alternative—the impossible alternative is for every adult Britisher to become a soldier or sailor and to quadruple our expenses for the fighting services. The Entente with France is necessary, therefore, because, first of all, it is an essential element of defence for the heart of the Empire, Great Britain herself, and secondly, because French co-operation is invaluable to maintain the security of our principal line of communications with the outlying vital parts of the Empire: the route through the Mediterranean.

In view of the improvement of Franco-German relations it is unfortunate that the Franco-British Entente has been allowed to base itself all these years on the idea that the interest of France in the combination depends on her anxiety for the security of the Rhine frontier. If the Germans contrive to persuade the French, rightly or wrongly, that no danger menaces them from the East, it becomes evident that the interest of France in the Entente with Great Britain will decrease in proportion. It is useless to seek consolation in the idea that eventually the French will discover their mistake, for the harm will have been done already. British policy must take immediately into account the state of affairs created in Europe by the drawing

together of France and Germany. The base under the Entente must be widened and consolidated. We can confidently say that the need for this is fully recognised by the Foreign Office, but the mistake is committed as usual of not taking the public into the confidence of the Government. If in a not too distant future we discover Germany at the head of a political combination on the Continent not wholly favourable to our economic interests, the public must not be taken unawares. Far be it from us to accuse Germany of any nefarious plans. What she undertakes now is in the execution of her legitimate desire to regain the preponderant position in Europe which she enjoyed before the Great War, and which she lost for a time.

Let us look into the future, though prophets have never been at a premium and prophecies have the disagreeable propensity of bringing showers of stones. But there is a possible future which responsible British statesmanship dare not leave without consideration. Let us imagine Germany in the centre of Europe. She is like a ship which has been sorely tried in the storm, but has been able to reach port. The dockyard has refitted her and she is fast filling her bunkers. In a few days she will be ready to make for the high sea again. This is the position of Germany to-day: badly shattered by the war and social upheaval, but already on the road to internal peace and well-being, ready to play her part in the great game of world politics. The entry into the League will be like the hoisting of the Blue Peter: the ship is ready to sail.

At the side of Germany is France, connected by a network of economic combinations and dominated by the greater mass of her neighbour. Through Austria and Hungary the influence of Berlin extends southward, holding Czechoslovakia in a tight embrace, and reaching once more towards Triest and the warm sea. On the Eastern border is Poland. We know already that Herr Stresemann and his colleagues do not want to crush Poland. They have a better plan than that of applying force. They are convinced that they can obtain more by the steady pressure of "commonsense." Commonsense in this case would be strengthened in a singular fashion by an agreement

between Berlin and Paris for a joint participation in the economic and financial consolidation of the Polish State.

If we consider this not impossible combination in Europe we are obliged to admit that by its very mass it may become dangerous to British interests. British foreign policy, less than ever before, cannot afford to stand aloof from affairs in Europe. It must watch them always and intervene without hesitation whenever needful. Two years ago a sensation was caused by the publication in the world's Press of a document which purported to be a summary of the views of Sir Austen Chamberlain and of the Foreign Office on the question of international relations. The policy of isolation was condemned utterly, and conclusive proof was furnished of the necessity for British foreign policy to keep in touch with the situation in Europe, and to maintain first of all the Entente with France. The arguments of that splendid Memorandum, like good wine, have improved with time, and have become even more potent than when they were first put down on paper. We gladly say that now, as then, the principles of the Memorandum are the guiding principles of British foreign policy. We have no quarrel with the policy. We cannot say the same about the methods employed to apply it.

It would be wrong to say that, like the Bourbons, professional diplomats are unable to learn by experience. They do learn. Suffice it to compare the treatment meted out to the Press at the Foreign Office before and after the war. In the olden days a few favoured journalists were permitted to hover in the courtyard, and then to obtain from an office-keeper a short statement of what "Lord Salisbury says," if he did say anything. Nowadays the Foreign Office is modernised to the extent that a crowd of journalists is admitted into the sacred building and allowed daily to have intercourse with a staff of clever and intelligent officials. Alas, this is as far as modernisation has gone. For there continues a desperate stand against the disclosure of principles of policy. We may obtain reliable information about the name of the official appointed to go to Washington for a bootlegging consulta-

tion, but it is well nigh impossible to obtain a definite hint on broad lines of policy. The desire to keep diplomatic activities secret is instinctive and overpowering. The general public does not know that even the signature of the historic Locarno Treaties was made public only after several weeks of painful hesitation.

Foreign politics nowadays cannot be separated from domestic affairs. The latter have definitely been brought under democratic control, but people remain who oppose with might and main the extension of that control to international relations. Yet from the British point of view this is essentially desirable. In the extremely delicate circumstances in which British diplomacy now finds itself placed in Europe, it is not sufficient for the Government to know that it wants to do the right thing. It can do it only when backed by an educated and prepared public opinion. Let us recapitulate. We do not apprehend for a moment that Germany contemplates attacking us, we do not think equally that France cares to lose the security of the British Entente for a mess of German pottage. But we must beware of a possible divergence between political and economic interest, and we must not allow a state of affairs to be created when the Franco-British Entente will be found to repose on a mass of Franco-German economic syndicates.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS IN DRAMA

BY DR. J. A. NAIRN, LITT.D.

THE purpose of this paper is to show how the story of Mary Queen of Scots has been treated by two English dramatists, namely, Swinburne and Mr. Drinkwater, and to examine their views of Mary's character.

Swinburne devoted years of study and composition to the subject of Mary Stuart, and wrote three plays upon it—*Chastelard* (1865), *Bothwell* (1874), and *Mary Stuart* (1881).

Chastelard was dedicated to Victor Hugo, "the chief of living poets, the first dramatist of his age, the greatest exile and therefore the greatest man of France."

The first act is entitled "Mary Beaton." It opens with a scene in the Upper Chamber at Holyrood. The four "Queens Maries"—Mary Beaton, Mary Seyton, Mary Carmichael, and Mary Hamilton—speak of love, and of Chastelard, the young poet who has come from France with the queen. He enters, and recites her praises:—

She hath fair eyes: maybe
I love her for sweet eyes or brows or hair,
For the smooth temples, where God, touching her,
Made blue with sweeter veins the flower-sweet white,
Or for the tender turnings of her wrist,
Or marriage of the eyelid with the cheek.

But Chastelard knows that her heart is unstable. He will return to France. Mary Beaton promises that he shall have speech with the queen that night.

The Court assembles at Holyrood. Mary and Chastelard dance. Darnley looks on jealously. The queen asks for music, and Mary Beaton sings the song of love at ebb, the famous lyric "Between the Sunset and the Sea."

Between the sunset and the sea
My love laid hands and lips on me.
Of sweet came sour, of day came night,
Of long desire came brief delight.
Ah love, and what thing came of thee
Between the sea-downs and the sea?

Between the sea-mark and the sea
 Joy grew to grief, grief grew to me.
 Love turned to tears, and tears to fire,
 And dear delight to new desire.
 Love's talk, love's touch there seemed to be
 Between the sea-sand and the sea.

Between the sundown and the sea
 Love watched an hour of love with me.
 Then down the all-golden water ways
 His feet flew after yesterdays.
 I saw them come and saw them flee
 Between the sea-foam and the sea.

Between the sea-strand and the sea
 Love fell on sleep, sleep fell on me.
 The first star saw twain turn to one
 Between the moonrise and the sun.
 The next, that saw not love, saw me,
 Between the sea-banks and the sea.

The next scene is in Mary Beaton's chamber, at night. Chastelard is there, expecting the queen. Mary Beaton, who comes in first, is mistaken for her mistress: filled with shame at having accepted embraces intended for another, she asks Chastelard to kill her: then, on his refusing, he is asked to give her the last kiss she shall ever have of man.

The second act, "Darnley," is in the great chamber at Holyrood. Mary and Chastelard speak of life and of its unrealised ambitions. Mary would be a man and a soldier. She borrows Chastelard's sword, but it hurts her.

Is it not pitiful
 Our souls should be so bound about with flesh,
 Even when they leap and smite with wings and feel,
 The least pain plucks them back, puts out their eyes,
 Turns them to tears and words?

And so the tale proceeds. The courtiers then return: Murray, Darnley, Randolph, Lindsay, Morton; Mary asks Darnley to stand by her side, and presently announces her choice of him as husband.

Now I have chosen a helper to myself,
 I wot the best a woman ever won.
 A man that loves me, and a royal man,
 A goodly love, and lord for any queen.

Mary has thus turned suddenly from Chastelard to Darnley, and we feel that she will turn with equal ease to

another. She is indeed the great enchantress, in love with love, and equally happy with each lover in turn. But it should be noted that Swinburne here takes liberty with history. Chastelard was killed in 1563, and the betrothal to Darnley was not till 1565.

Chastelard is stunned at the news of the betrothal. Mary Beaton takes pity on him, and promises to bring him that night (the wedding night) for a final audience with the queen.

The third act, "The Queen," opens in Mary's apartments, at night. Chastelard is watching the bed in which she is wont to lie.

Here is the very place:
 Here has the body bowed the pillows in,
 And here her head, thrust under, made the sheet
 Smell soft of her mixed hair and spice: even here
 Her arms pushed back the coverlet, pulled here
 The golden silken curtain half-way in
 It may be, and made room to lean out loose,
 Fair tender fallen arms.

He hides: Mary and Darnley enter, and, when Darnley withdraws, Mary begins to disrobe. She sees Chastelard in the mirror. He pleads his love, and she listens. But soon, fearing discovery, she urges him to leave her. He refuses. Darnley enters, and bursts into anger. Chastelard surrenders to the guard and is taken away.

The fourth act, "Murray," is at St. Andrew's, and contains a number of scenes in which Mary asks advice from her Maries, from Darnley, and from the Lords, as to the punishment of Chastelard. She decides for mercy.

I have done with fear: now nothing but pure love
 And power and pity shall have part in me.
 I will not throw them such a spirit in flesh
 To make their prey on. Though he be mad indeed,
 It is the goodliest madness ever smote
 Upon man's heart.

So a reprieve is sent to the prison.

The last act, "Chastelard," is placed at Holyrood. The common people now play their part: burgesses and soldiers. They speak plainly of Mary and of her French friend, and quote John Knox's Sermon, in which the queen

is compared to adulteresses named by the Old Testament prophets. We are then shown Chastelard in prison, preparing for death. He refuses the reprieve. Mary enters, to say that she has become aware that a reprieve will shame her in the eyes of her subjects. Chastelard falls again under her spell, though even now he sees her heartlessness. He thus speaks to Mary :

Why, two nights hence I dreamed that I could see
In through your bosom under the left flower,
And there was a round hollow, and at heart
A little red snake sitting, without spot.
That bit like this, and sucked up sweet, like this,
And curled its lithe, light body right and left,
And quivered like a woman.

The guard enters, and Mary bids Chastelard farewell. She then asks Mary Beaton and Mary Carmichael to watch the execution, leading them to expect that at the last moment she will reprieve Chastelard. So the last scene of the play is in an Upper Chamber at Holyrood. Mary Carmichael is at a window, looking out at the assembling crowds, and describing what she sees to Mary Beaton. Now the queen takes her seat. Bothwell is by her side :

A big man with great shoulders : ah, the face,
You get his face now—wide and duskish, yea,
The youth burnt out of it. A goodly man,
Thewed mightily, and sunburnt to the bone.

Chastelard is brought out of prison, and mounts the scaffold. His crime is recited. The queen leans forward to hear : she then stands up, puts out her hand, and—the axe falls. The final words, spoken by an usher, are significant of the future :

Make way there for the Lord of Bothwell : room—
Place for the Lord of Bothwell next the Queen.

The portrait of Chastelard is drawn by Swinburne with infinite tenderness, into which enters the sympathy of one lyric poet for another. Under the influence of Chastelard's passion, Mary is herself in love : but her emotion is transitory. Chastelard dies for love of her, yet she turns unconcernedly to her next slave.

The second play of the trilogy, *Bothwell*, is concerned with the events from March 9th, 1566 (the night of Rizzio's murder) to May 16th, 1568, when Mary fled from Scotland to throw herself upon the mercy of Elizabeth.

Bothwell is of immense length. There are many characters in the play, and some of the speeches extend to three hundred lines. It is almost necessary, in reading this play, to make an analysis of it, for the dramatic effect is constantly obscured by the historical and the purely poetical elements.

The first act, "David Rizzio," takes place at Holyrood. Darnley is shown in a state of great indignation at Rizzio's preferment to high honour. Darnley conspires with Morton to remove the new favourite. On the other hand, Mary and Rizzio discuss Darnley's growing hostility. Their thoughts then turn to more peaceful themes. The queen calls for music, and Rizzio sings :

Love with shut wings, a little ungrown love,
A blind lost love, lit upon my shut heart,
As on an unblown rose an unfledged dove,
Feeble the flight as yet, feeble the flower.
And I said, "Show me if sleep or love thou art,
Or death, or sorrow, or some obscurer power.
Show me thyself, if thou be some such power,
If thou be god or spirit, sorrow or love,
That I may praise thee for the thing thou art,"
And saying, I felt my soul a sudden flower
Full fledged of petals, and thereon a dove
Sitting full and feathered, singing at my heart.

"Clothed as with power of pinions, O my heart,
Fly like a dove, and seek one sovereign flower,
Whose thrall thou art, and sing for love of love."

Rizzio goes, and Bothwell enters. He tells of his devotion to the queen. They speak of Darnley. Mary will not agree to the use of violence, but it is plain that she hates Darnley for his disloyalty.

The citizens of Edinburgh discuss the queen, and the religious reformation. John Knox announces his determination to rebuke Mary face to face for her conduct towards Darnley. He does so. Mary is filled with indignation, and sheds tears of rage.

Darnley and his uncle Morton make preparations to kill Rizzio that night. The queen is at supper with Rizzio, when a noise is heard in the corridor. Darnley and Ruthven enter. Rizzio is dragged away and killed. Mary resolves on revenge.

In the second act, Mary detaches Darnley from the other conspirators and escapes with him. She rallies her friends round her and leans more on the help of Bothwell. Darnley is sick of the small-pox, and Mary visits him. But presently he is brought to Kirk o' Field, where he is killed by means of gunpowder placed there by Bothwell.

The third act of *Bothwell* is "Jane Gordon." We hear the first mutterings of the storm which is rising against Mary. Bothwell is brought to trial for the murder of Darnley, but is acquitted. He marries the queen, and the people rise in revolt. Jane Gordon, who gives her name to this act, is Bothwell's divorced wife; she comes to see Mary, who has supplanted her, and to take leave of Bothwell. The act ends with the pursuit of Bothwell by the lords.

The fourth act is "John Knox." In it are contained the battle of Carberry Hill, the return of Mary after her defeat to Edinburgh, and the great speech of John Knox to the citizens of Edinburgh, inveighing against Mary's wicked life and Popish faith. The populace are roused to fury.

Fire for the murderess, cast her bones in the lake.
Burn, and burn, and drown. She shall not live to-night.

The last act opens at Holyrood in July, 1567. Mary is deposed by the Council and is then lodged in Lochleven Castle, where she abdicates in favour of her son (with this scene may be compared Walter Scott's *The Abbot*). Mary's escape soon follows. She again rallies her troops, but is defeated at Langside, and is forced to leave Scotland. The last scene of the play is her leave-taking of her friends on the Scottish shore of the Solway Firth.

The Queen : " I now go forth
With but the hate of men to track my way,
And not the face of any friend alive."
Mary Beaton : " But I will never leave you till you die."

As Mr. James Douglas well observes, *Bothwell* was composed by Swinburne in deliberate contempt for the modern stage, in which the drama is divorced from literature. The play is really a dramatic chronicle, or, as Swinburne himself called it, a "chronicle history." Its gigantic scale is due to Swinburne's determination to present a faithful series of historical pictures and portraits. "It is as if a Samuel Gardiner had turned poet in order to paint passionately vivid portraits of Mary, of Bothwell, of Darnley, of John Knox, and of the minor figures in a tragic coil of doom." To these characters may be added perhaps the finest of all—a man of studied moderation amid the war of clashing politics and religion—that is, Murray.

The play is full of magnificent poetry: we may take special note of the dream of Darnley (Act II. sc. xix.), and, indeed, of all the scenes which are enacted in Kirk o' Field (II. xvii. to the end of the act), the dream of Bothwell (Act III. sc. xiii.), and the speech of John Knox (Act IV. sc. vii.). The blank verse in which *Bothwell* (like the other plays of this trilogy) is written is remarkable for its ease, and for the skill with which it is used as the vehicle of long and intricate argument.

The third play of the trilogy (*Mary Stuart*, 1881) was dedicated, like its predecessors, to Victor Hugo, but no longer to "the greatest exile" (for Hugo had returned to France in 1870, on the downfall of the Second Empire), but to "the greatest man of France, the chief of living poets, the first dramatist of his age, my beloved and revered master." The action takes place within a period of six months, from August 14th, 1566 (when Babington's conspiracy was formed), to February 18th, 1587 (when Mary was executed at Fotheringay).

The first act, "Anthony Babington," takes place in Babington's lodging. The plotters discuss their plans for killing Elizabeth and setting Mary at liberty. Soldiers interrupt the meeting. We are then shown Queen Mary with Mary Beaton. The queen is full of hope of the results of her friends' activity. But Elizabeth is on the

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alert. The two secretaries of Mary (Nau and Curle) are arrested. Mary is placed under close surveillance.

The second act is "Walsingham," so named from Elizabeth's watchful protector. Elizabeth discusses with him the dangers of the time, and the means to avert them. It is announced that Mary will be tried for treason. Babington and his fellow-plotters meet their deaths at Tyburn.

The third act is "Burghley." It opens with the trial of Mary, conducted by commissioners, who produce letters from her secretary (Curle) to Babington. She repudiates any thought of killing Elizabeth, and demands to be heard before a full and open Parliament.

The fourth act is "Elizabeth." A protest from the King of France to Elizabeth against her harsh treatment of Mary is met by a spirited reply. Walsingham and Burghley ask for the death penalty, and Elizabeth signs the death warrant. The last act of the play is "Mary Stuart"; it contains a description of Mary's parting from her faithful followers, and of her execution.

It is perhaps unnecessary to quote from a poet whose works are so easily accessible as those of Swinburne. But a few verses may be cited from the last scene of all. (Barbara Mowbray speaks thus of the queen advancing to the scaffold.)

She comes more royally than ever yet
Fell foot of man triumphant on this earth,
Imperial more than empire made her, born
Enthroned as queen sat never. Not a line
Stirs of her sovereign feature: like a bride
Brought home she mounts the scaffold, and her eyes
Sweep regal round the cirque beneath, and rest,
Subsiding with a smile. . . .

And now they lift her veil up from her head
Softly, and softly draw the black robe off,
And all is red as of a funeral flame.
She stands up statelier yet before them, tall
And clothed as if with sunset: and she takes
From Elspeth's hand the crimson sleeves, and draws
Their covering on her arms: and now those twain
Burst out aloud in weeping: and she speaks:
"Weep not, I promised for you." Now she kneels:
And Jane binds round a kerchief on her eyes.
And smiling last her heavenliest smile on earth,
She waves a blind hand toward them, with "Farewell,
Farewell, to meet again?"

I must not omit mention of the two important essays which Swinburne has added to the trilogy: one on the details of Mary's history, and the other on her character. The whole of this great dramatic edifice, poetry and prose, is examined by Mr. Drinkwater in the study on Swinburne to which I refer later.

The second of my dramatists is Mr. John Drinkwater, whose *Mary Stuart* was published in 1921. The play is in prose. It is not divided into acts or scenes.

It opens in a room in modern Edinburgh, late on a summer evening (1900): the town lies bathed in moonlight. Andrew Boyd, an old man, has a friend, John Hunter, a young man, recently married. Hunter's wife, Margaret, has told her husband that she has fallen in love with another man (Finlay). So Boyd and Hunter fall to discussing the situation. Hunter is unable to understand his wife when she claims that she loves both her husband and Finlay. But Boyd understands her. Margaret is "a great lover." Her heart is "insignificant," and perhaps not worth loving, but she has been open and straightforward. Boyd then moves towards a portrait of Mary Queen of Scots which is in the room. Mary, too, was a great lover. Boyd asks Hunter if he had ever reflected on the strangeness of that Edinburgh story of long ago. "All the witnesses lied, and nearly all who have considered it have been absorbed in confirming this word, or confuting that. And, at the centre of it, is one glowing reality, a passionate woman."

According to Boyd, women such as Mary love so well that no man's nature can respond to all they have to give. As he develops this idea, in order to comfort and reassure his friend, a song is heard; its words bear on Mary's love:—

Not Riccio¹ nor Darnley knew
Nor Bothwell, how to find
This Mary's best magnificence,
Of the great lover's mind.

The rustling of a dress is heard. Mary Stuart stands on the terrace outside the window of the room; she says (to Hunter) "Boy, I can tell you everything."

The scene then changes abruptly to Holyrood as it was

(1) I have kept Mr. Drinkwater's spelling.

on March 9th, 1566. Mary Stuart and Mary Beaton discuss Bothwell, Darnley, Riccio. The queen pronounces them to be "a barren stock of lovers." She laments that she will not be allowed time to find the ideal lover, for "Lethington (Maitland) works, and my brother Murray works, and Elizabeth waits."

Riccio discloses his love to Mary. But she finds in him no rest or repose. "There is no peace in you, David; just a buzzing in the jar." Darnley enters, and accuses her of loving Riccio. But Mary denies this; she needs a man with greater strength of purpose. She asks: "Who is there to make me sure? What man is there with authority? Who is he that shall measure me? There are tides in me fierce as any that have troubled women, and they are restless always, always." So she would find peace with a man who could control her waywardness, and thus let her true powers work with their full force.

Randolph, Elizabeth's ambassador at Holyrood, now enters, assuring Mary of Elizabeth's good will. But Mary hands him a letter written by Randolph to Leicester, and intercepted by Mary, in which Randolph, with obvious satisfaction, gives secret news of the growing hostility of Darnley. To Bothwell Mary expresses her wish that Riccio should leave Scotland at once, as his life is in danger. Bothwell would carry her away, but "queens are limed." To the question of Mary Beaton, "Do you love my Lord Bothwell?" the queen replies, "A little of me—a moment."

Mary invites Riccio to supper on his last night in Scotland. There is a knocking at the door. Darnley comes in. Riccio is thrust out, and the door is locked, while he is being killed. Mary looks cynically on his dead body. "A fantastic nothing," she calls him; "poor fellow: but a reckoning shall be as for a great lover." Then, looking out of her window, Mary sings:—

Not Riccio nor Darnley knew
Nor Bothwell, how to find
This Mary's best magnificence,
Of the great lover's mind.

Voices are heard beyond. They are those of Hunter and Boyd continuing their conversation on Hunter's wife,

Mary passes along the balcony out of sight, once more saying to Hunter, "Boy, I can tell you everything."

The form of Mr. Drinkwater's play (its prose, its suitability to the modern stage) is in marked contrast with the glowing but unactable trilogy of Swinburne. But in both these poets the conception of Mary is the same. She is a woman of infinite charm, infinite variety, infinite courage; Cleopatra (as she is in Shakespeare) come to life again.

Mary's zest for strong life, and her contempt of expedient morality, are well brought out in another of Mr. Drinkwater's books, *Swinburne, an Estimate* (Dent: no date). In the fourth chapter of this book (pp. 115-165) we find a valuable survey of Swinburne's dramas, and especially of the trilogy on the subject of Mary Stuart. These dramas are pronounced to be, on the whole, a failure. In spite of many splendid and memorable qualities. It is held that Swinburne succeeded so long as he kept to his central purpose, which was to depict "a beautiful and generous but terrible woman, whom to love was to be destroyed." But Swinburne added to this much that was irrelevant, taken from the political history of the time. From these plays one could set out with precision the whole of Mary's history from her return to Scotland until her death. When a character speaks, he has not only to think of the utterance pertinent to the dramatic moment, which may need two lines, but also of the conduct of the historical situation to its next point, which may need twenty lines. And yet, on occasion, the action moves swiftly to its fitting and dramatic close: instances of this are the last interview between Mary and Chastelard (in *Chastelard*) and the scene of Riccio's murder (in *Bothwell*). To these may be added the final scene of the execution at Fotheringhay (in *Mary Stuart*). The greatness of Swinburne's trilogy lies in its profound sense of the workings and tragic conflict of character. "The chief figures of the trilogy, Mary Stuart, Chastelard, Darnley, Bothwell, Riccio, are drawn with a firmness of characterisation that any but the very greatest dramatists might envy."

According to George Sand (as quoted by Sainte Beuve in the course of his study of Mary Stuart in *Causeries du Lundi*) there are three great blots on Mary's character:

and Chastelard's love Mary had fatally intervened, to keep this fact before the mind of the reader." And the last words of the trilogy, uttered by Mary Beaton, link the fate of Chastelard with that of Mary who had betrayed him (the "cry" referred to in them is "So perish all found enemies of the queen") :—

I heard that very cry go up
Far off long since to God, who answers here.

If this interpretation is correct, *Chastelard* shows us Mary cruel and unloving; *Bothwell* shows her now cruel as Clytemnestra, murdering her husband, now tender as Cleopatra, counting the world well lost for love. *Mary Stuart*, "last scene of all," shows her tender and forgiving, and also possessed of such grace, such dignity, such courage, that we cannot find it in our hearts to pronounce judgment upon her. It is in reference to her words and actions in the death scene at Fotheringhay that the grave and calm Sainte Beuve thus writes :—

Ces sentiments vrais et sincères, cette humilité contrite de ses derniers et sublimes moments, cette intelligence parfaite, et ce profond besoin du pardon, ne laissent plus moyen de voir en elle aucune tache du passé qu'à travers les larmes.

And, in judging her life during the six years spent in Scotland, from 1561 to 1567, let us remember the difficulties which she had to face as a girl queen, the Catholic ruler of a Protestant people, in the midst of rude warriors, of factious politicians, and of religious fanatics. Most of us probably accept the view of the falconer in the *Abbot* : "They may say what they will : many a true heart will be sad for Mary Stuart."

THE NOVELIST OF SUSSEX: SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

BY ANDREW E. MALONE

THERE is no end to the interest of a story about people that live. In the current fiction of to-day may be found many stories about people who not only do not live, but who could not live and who do not deserve to live. It seems to be supposed by many of the writers of contemporary fiction that only "variations from the normal" are of interest to the readers of novels, and so they become obsessed by morbid fancies that serve no purpose other than the perversion of natural gifts. Nasty subjects for stories, of course, there always were in abundance, but it was usually the story rather than the nastiness that made an appeal. With many of the most prominent writers of to-day it is the nastiness only that is of importance; the story may go to the deuce. Inhibitions, the sub-conscious, the Œdipus complex, and such-like dregs of the psychological laboratory and the consulting room are now the complete stock-in-trade of the novelist. No need to trouble about such difficult material as human nature. The great, healthy spaciousness of Dickens, Thackeray, and Meredith may be ignored. All that is necessary is a neurotic and a company of lunatics. After a course of up to date novels it might almost seem to be an impertinence to suggest that human nature is so far from these novelists' conception of it as to be still sane, sound, and healthy. It is said that one of the symptoms of lunacy is the lunatic's belief that all others are insane, and on such evidence many of the supposedly clever young novelists of England might be restrained.

Perhaps it is the war that must be held accountable for this; but much more likely, as an explanation, is the work and the nature of the theories of the psycho-analysts. The freak was exhibited at fairs and travelling shows and was found to be popular. Why not use it in literature? And so it is used in the novel of to-day because the freak

is more attractive to a certain type of mind than is normal life. Life is too big, too round, too spacious for such a mind. It is intractable and obstreperous—it wanders or lingers as the spirit moves it. Life cannot be made to march in order, in strict military step and column of fours, so life is ignored and fictitious humanity accepts the orders of Freud and Jung through the medium of the novelists. Useless, perhaps, to suggest that humanity is various and that there is no necessity to seek the variation. It may be that Don Quixote, Hamlet, or Sir Willoughby Patterne could be explained away by the psycho-analysts, and they would be so busy with their explanations that they would forget the essential humanity of their subjects. So it is with the novelists. Their theories are so exacting that they have neither time nor inclination to consider life or character. Into the theory must humanity go whether it fits or not, and no account is taken of protests, not even of the protest of death. The characters rarely survive the process. The wholesome breezes of life as it is cannot ventilate such work, and so nothing comes of it but the case sheets of the consulting room or the raving shrieks of the lunatic asylum. Evidently there is a public desirous of such sensations, but only vicariously, in books, not in the reality where they may be had in flesh and blood.

How different it was in that age of great novelists which is now supposed to be derided when it is given its name of Victorian! Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Meredith, and Hardy still overshadow the best that the Edwardians or the Georgians have yet produced. But they were all concerned with human beings of the ordinary kind, living an ordinary life in ordinary surroundings. Their characters lived, they never illustrated a theory where the explanation was greater and more important than the thing explained. Humanity likes itself, and it is a very healthy instinct which keeps humanity more interested in the ordinary normal than in the variation freak. So Dickens will keep his place against D. H. Lawrence, or Thackeray against James Joyce, or Hardy against the disciples of Dostoevsky. Variations are, after all, only variations;

the great normal still remains with imperceptible change even though the change be profound. So the great tradition remains in English fiction as the normal does in life.

To this great tradition belongs Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith, the novelist of Sussex. That she is familiar with the "new" theories of art and morality is certain, but she has chosen to leave them alone. The people of the county of Sussex, their struggles, hardships, aspirations, and achievements, provide the material of her stories, as the land of Sussex provides a background and a protagonist. The farms of Sussex, like farms anywhere, look peaceful enough when viewed from the window of a railway carriage, but beneath that peace, and a part of it, is the grim and incessant struggle of man with the land. It is the greatest and most ruthless of all struggles, for upon it depends the very existence of humanity. It is a contest of epic magnitude, yet very little is ever heard or written about it. It is possible to read fiction, and even history, for years without once coming into any intimate contact with man's greatest struggle with nature. The sea is much written about and its conquest made romantic. Railways, telegraphs, and the rest have all had their triumphant shouters. Yet how insignificant they all are when compared with man's struggle with the land! Even the "bucking bronks" of Arizona, or wherever they come from, are more prominent in literature than the folk of the farms. The farm with its continuous struggle for the basis of existence is held to be sordid—and the "bucking bronk" is romantic! The land, of course, figures prominently in English fiction, but it is the land as understood by the landlord rather than as it is understood by the farmer. The country house, with its dogs, game, and shootings, is far from the farm, as John Galsworthy has shown so fully and so powerfully on many occasions. But it is to Thomas Hardy and Maurice Hewlett that the English farmer is indebted for his high place in literature. Hardy's *Wessex* is a farmer's kingdom, and Hewlett's *Song of the Plough* is too magnificent for a public which prefers Zane Gray. To the company of Hardy, Galsworthy and Hewlett must be added Sheila Kaye-Smith.

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What they have done for the rural folk of Dorset, Devon, and Wilts she has done for the farming folk of Sussex. Her love for her county and its folk does not soar as does that of Hilaire Belloc: it goes deep down into the soil, and into the minds and hearts of the people.

In a series of novels which began in 1908, and now includes thirteen volumes, Miss Kaye-Smith has portrayed the Sussex folk of the past and the present. The inspiration of locality provides the stimulus for her work, and while the majority of her contemporaries depend upon instinct and emotion she depends upon close study and observation. To her contemporaries she stands in somewhat similar relation as that of, say, George Eliot to Jane Austen. George Eliot revealed a subject, while Jane Austen revealed herself. Beyond the probability that her religion is that of the Anglican High Church, there is little of Sheila Kaye-Smith revealed in her work. She is as objective as Hardy, and like him she discovers the core of romance which is in all things, however dirty they may seem. Interest in the superficialities of country life, which for so long constituted country life in the urban mind, pretty milkmaids, buttercups, and ploughmen plodding homeward their weary way, she has none. There is little of pastoral loveliness or innocent milkmaids in her work. She is often brutally frank, in speech as in description, sparing no details of the dung and the sweat of the farmyard. Village life may be as sordid and as repulsive as the worst city slum, and Miss Kaye-Smith is as realistic in method as she is romantic in temperament. Some of her critics suggest that her "realism" is derived from books and mere hearsay, that she has not lived in it, but the Backfields in *Sussex Gorse*, the Coalbrans in *The Challenge to Sirius*, and the Goddens in *Joanna Godden*, are lived with by the reader, so they are real enough to be true. All her stories are not, of course, equally convincing, but they are all real enough to make the reader believe that Sheila Kaye-Smith understands her farmers with the understanding of love, even if she never lived the farming life herself. It is, however, difficult to believe that one who describes so intimately and understands so

profoundly the lives of the farming folk of Sussex has not herself been one of them.

There is another aspect of Sheila Kaye-Smith which tends to confirm the view that she has lived the farming life. She is very definitely masculine in her outlook. There is not on the farm that broad mental distinction between the sexes that is such a feature of urban life. Nature is too close to be glossed and veneered, and there is little of that artificial gallantry which is so attractive in the life of cities. That definitely masculine outlook, with its tendency towards melodrama, separates Sheila Kaye-Smith from the woman writers of her time and places her in the succession from Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot, but as is the custom to-day, she makes no attempt to hide her sex by the adoption of a masculine pseudonym. "Of course," says Rita Simons in *The Challenge to Sirius*, "most critics dislike women writers. They say that writing's a man's job, and that we're unsexing ourselves. . . . Have you read those charming little sketches by Mrs. Gaskell in *Household Words*—all about dear old maids in a country village? That's the only sort of stuff a woman should be allowed to write, the only sort she can write without unsexing herself." But that was in early Victorian days, and it is no longer true when the majority of novelists are women. A further remark of Rita Simons' is, however, true of Sheila Kaye-Smith, "My particular ape of manliness is intellectual, not physical."

This quality is excellently exemplified in the book that first brought Miss Kaye-Smith to the notice of the critics. This was *Sussex Gorse*, published in 1916, and hailed by the most competent critics as one of the most remarkable novels of the time. It is the almost-epic story of the fierce and passionate love of a man for the savage common of gorse and furze known as Boarzell. "It lay in a great hush, a great solitude, a quiet beast of power and mystery. It seemed to call to him through the twilight like a love forsaken. There it lay: Boarzell—strong, beautiful, desired, untamed, still his hope, still his battle." Through seventy years Reuben Backfield fought the battle for and against the savagery of Boarzell. Everything in his life

he sacrificed in his mighty struggle for and with the land; his brother, his two wives, his six sons and two daughters were in turn sacrificed for the land. Every human bond was severed in the mad frenzy for its possession and subjugation. Nothing daunted him, nothing could turn him from the determination to own, and reap crops from, that common where the gypsies camped, where the annual fair was held, which was named Boarzell. Boarzell is the dominating thing in *Sussex Gorse* as is Egdon Heath in Hardy's *Return of the Native*. It beat all the humanity out of Reuben Backfield, but in the end he could say to himself, "I've won—and it's bin worth while. I've wanted a thing, and I've got it surely—and I äunt too old to enjoy it nuther. I may live to be a hundred, a man of my might. But if I go next week I shan't complain, for I've lived to see my heart's desire. I've fought and I've suffered, and I've gone hard and gone rough and gone empty—but I haven't gone in vain. It's all bin worth it. Odiam's great and Boarzell's mine—and when I die . . . well I've lived so close to the earth all my days that I reckon I shan't be afraid to lie in it at last." The fierce passion for the land has rarely been so magnificently portrayed as in *Sussex Gorse*, but it will be found in many of Miss Kaye-Smith's books. It is rarely absent entirely, but in some of them it is blended with other motives.

In *The Challenge to Sirius* the love for the Isle of Oxney is strong in the Coalbrans as it is in Frank Rainger. Rainger is not a native—he is the son of a London journalist, who smashed and demoralised by the defection of his wife, had come to live with the Coalbrans at Moon's Green Farm. He grew up with Maggie Coalbran and came to love her, but London called him to that literary career for which his father had destined him. In London he was fascinated by Rita Simons, novelist and stimulator of literary ambitions, and in his absence Maggie Coalbran married. His literary career ending with his inability to find a publisher for his book he returned to Moon's Green. His attentions to Maggie roused the ire of her husband and so, with Tom Coalbran, Frank set out for America to fight for the South in the Civil War. During the war he

met and fell in love with the sister of his commanding officer and friend, Lieutenant Zollicoffer. The advance of the Northern Army not only destroyed the Zollicoffer home but brought about the death of Lorena. Tom Coalbran having been killed, and he having been captured and made his escape, Frank Rainger quitted the war, and in trying to get to the British West Indies was wrecked on the coast of Yucatan. For eleven years he lived in Yucatan as the servant of a priest, whose death and the suggestion of the priest's housekeeper, Maria, determined his return to Sussex and the Maggie Coalbran who had always been in his thoughts. Returning he found Maggie a widow, in control of a very prosperous farm and dairy business, but he resumed his work at Moon's Green. It was Maggie who brought about his marriage with her. "He did not fulfil the local expectation that he would neglect Maggie for her farm. He and she were finishing their life as if they had spent the whole of it together in happy wedlock, instead of having met again only just before it was too late. He had given up his habit of lonely tramps, for after all he was getting old and liked to sit and doze in his spare time. But he would often take Maggie for a drive in his gig—north to the Kentish hills or south to the Sussex woods—and though they were both old people, and filled the gig seat rather too generously, he would feel as if he was living over again the days when they had scoured the country together, and shared wonderful adventures and shining discoveries." In *The Challenge to Sirius* may be found Miss Kaye-Smith at her best and most typical—completely masculine and thoroughly sincere. In it, too, may be found a conversation which completely discovers the peasant mind, and which may very well stand for a summary for her war-time novel, *Little England*. "Oh, I wur disremembering you'd bin in a war—but that's over a long time, I reckon." "Eleven years." "And did your side win?"

It was with *Tamarisk Town* that Miss Kaye-Smith first achieved that larger circle of readers which is called popularity. The publication of this novel in 1919 also differentiated her sharply from the other considerable

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women novelists of her time. It is again the story of a man told from the man's viewpoint and with a man's outlook. It is the story of an egoist, with the town, rather than the village, for its setting. It is the story of a struggle between personality and ambition, between what the man is and the impression he desires to make upon his world. Councillor Monypenny was an idealist with a steady imagination and a strong will. He alone could visualise the town of Marlingate as it might be—select and prosperous, a seaside resort for the "best people," and he alone had the tenacity to realise his ideal. Contrasted with Monypenny is Miss Wells, Morgan le Fay, the elfin woman, to whom the old town is hauntingly beautiful. She loves Monypenny as she loves the old Marlingate. He loves his dream town; he may realise it, but only at the cost of her love. He is too deeply involved to turn back, but in time he realises what his choice has cost him. His thwarted egoism turns upon himself, and he resolves upon the degradation of what his pride had wrought. His marriage with Fanny Vidler had been a dead affair, and his old age is tortured by witnessing a repetition of his own struggle in his son. The boy does not understand the reversal of his father's policy. He, too, loves the town, but the maiden of his love cares little for his civic dreams. Inevitably and instinctively reversing the decision made by his father he finds new happiness in wider fields. By choosing freedom and unselfish love he shows himself less of an egoist and more of a man. The theme is a variant of that of *Sussex Gorse* treated more fully, more sympathetically and more popularly.

Green Apple Harvest, 1920, is something of a reversion to the theme of her first novel *The Tramping Methodist*, 1908. It is, however, much finer and stronger, the characterisation is more vivid and the groupings more dexterous. Robert Fuller is, perhaps, as great a fool as the Humphrey Lyte of *The Tramping Methodist*, but his folly is more human and more full-blooded. *Green Apple Harvest* is much superior in every way to *The Tramping Methodist*, but it shows no advance from *Sussex Gorse*, and is not up to the level of *Tamarisk Town*. It seems

to have been somewhat of a respite precedent to the triumph of *Joanna Godden*, 1921. This is the life story of a woman, but a woman with a man's outlook and a man's occupation. She is, of course, a farmer, she is, nevertheless, woman enough and strong-willed enough to love her shepherd and thus outrage the social system of which she is an important part. Her love for, and her interest in, her farm and her sister, led her to make light of her own love and the love that others had for her—she threw love away with a grand gesture only to find it return and conquer her in the end. Again there is the egoism, the conflict of interests, that is found in *Tamarisk Town*, but the contrast between Monypenny and Joanna Godden is very subtly drawn. Monypenny desires to conquer, Joanna's desire is to give and in sacrifice she finds happiness. *Joanna Godden* is one of the great novels of our time. Joanna herself lives in the memory, she embodies, like all the great characters of fiction, a universal power. She has the strength and the weakness, the primitive ardour and the magic power of the earth she loves and tills. The promise of *Sussex Gorse*, *The Challenge to Sirius*, and *Tamarisk Town* is more than amply fulfilled in *Joanna Godden* which places Sheila Kaye-Smith first of the women novelists and among the greatest novelists of her time.

Her latest novels, *The End of the House of Alard*, 1923, and *The George and The Crown*, published last year, do not, unfortunately, sustain her previous triumph. *The End of the House of Alard* is cramped and mechanical, with little of that vitality which gave such charm and power to even her very early work. It is something of a lament for the passing of the squires, and it carries on its title-page the words of G. K. Chesterton:

We only know the last sad squires ride slowly towards the sea,
And a new people takes the land.

To this theme she has subordinated character, and though the story is, as usual, charmingly written, it lacks the power which makes many of her other works memorable and significant. To John Galsworthy, perhaps, the book owes more than it owes to G. K. Chesterton. It is Galsworthian in its outlook and its structure, and its

preoccupation with a thesis brings John Galsworthy to the mind of the reader rather than Sheila Kaye-Smith. It is very remarkable, however, that *The End of the House of Alard* is the most popular of her books; it was one of the "best sellers" of its year, about fifty thousand copies being sold within a few months of publication. This is a welcome sign that her work is beginning to gain a measure of public appreciation which its excellence undoubtedly deserves. Most of her books may now be found in a popular edition, and from *The End of the House of Alard* readers may be induced to discover the existence and the splendour of *Sussex Gorse*, *The Challenge Gate*, *Sirius*, *Tamarisk Town* and *Joanna Godden*.

Her early work is not especially distinguished, though it is much above the level of the great flood of fiction that threatens to engulf readers of English. Even such comparatively late work as *Isle of Thorns* or *Three Against the World* seems to be little more than preparation for *Sussex Gorse*. *Isle of Thorns* is pure melodrama. Sally Odiarne's fine instincts and inherited refinement have to be taken upon trust—they are rarely exhibited, and she descends too often to the level of the born adventurer. Andy Baird is too much like a parody of George Borrow to be quite convincing, and the nature of Raphael Moore is strained to breaking point. It is the circus and the wanderings in which the reader is interested, for in descriptive passages Miss Kaye-Smith is often at her best. In these earlier books character is subordinated to the picaresque. Miss Kaye-Smith had to settle down to a definite location before she found herself. It was, perhaps, in those earlier stories of the picaresque that the enchantment of place first cast its spell about her. The colour, the customs, the speech and the history of Sussex became incorporated in her being; without them her later and greater work could never have been accomplished.

I will gather and carefully make my friends
Of the men of the Sussex Weald,
They watch the stars from silent folds,
They stiffly plough the field,
By them and the God of the South Country
My poor soul shall be healed.

The Tramping Methodist tramps Sussex in the time of the Regency, and Myles Starbrace, in *Starbrace*, is the companion of smugglers and highwaymen in the coves and on the roads of old Sussex. Humphrey Lyte and Miles Starbrace, like Sally Odiarne and Andy Baird, are rebels, and this spirit of revolt animates many of the characters in the later stories. It is, perhaps, the animating spirit of Sheila Kaye-Smith, as in her work there is nothing of a "philosophy" such as is sought for nowadays in works of fiction.

She has made of the County of Sussex what Thomas Hardy made of the Kingdom of Wessex, a special preserve which she has cultivated with great skill and assiduity. Sussex has been given a definite personality, or rather she has presented to the world the personality which Sussex always had but which none before her had discovered. She has, in common with Thomas Hardy, that imaginative sympathy which finds kinship with silent nature and an understanding with primitive man. Her yeomen and her peasants are simple and unspoilt, not yet caught in that cosmic whirl which is called progress. They are simple in nature and monotonous in speech. Miss Kaye-Smith is criticised sometimes for a, perhaps, too faithful reproduction of that monotonous speech, but she is too much in love with Sussex and its people to take serious note of such carping. That speech is an essential part of her people, and without it her people could never be presented faithfully. Her realism is that of temperamental affinity presented with that romantic glamour which only love can give. Irish novelists could have no more perfect models than the works of Sheila Kaye-Smith. The Irish farmer still awaits the writer who will present him, and make him vocal, to the world. The Sussex folk were silent and unknown until Miss Kaye-Smith began to interpret them. Now the reading world knows them intimately, and Hilaire Belloc has been given that edifice for which he yearned:

And there shall the Sussex songs be sung
And the story of Sussex told.

THE GOVERNMENT AND INDUSTRIAL OPPORTUNITIES

BY LEONARD C. HARVEY

IN the article by Lancelot Lawton under the title of "Industrial Crisis: The Only Solution," which appeared in *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* in June, the author referred to an opinion oft expressed by the present writer as to the one and only self-evident solution of the coal problem.

Mr. Lawton fearlessly states many factors overlooked by the Government and its Coal Inquiry Commissioners, factors which have been firmly established in other countries as being the starting-point of a new era in the history of fuel.

It is because of these references that the writer offers this article to the Editor both in support of Mr. Lawton's effort to bring the mind of the public to bear upon many aspects of the coal crisis and to the mentality of labour which are not allowed to be discussed in the daily Press, and also to reiterate some personal impressions as to the reasons why we have experienced so many trade disturbances of late years.

Many of the statements made by the writer of this article will be adversely criticised, and he claims no supernatural power of intuition or of foresight. Those statements must be taken as merely personal opinions which time alone may confirm or render utterly incorrect.

Other features herein presented will, however, find some measure of approval, for they are but fragments of real life as we know it, and they have already been advanced by men of greater intellect. He will be fully repaid and reassured by the knowledge that some of his thoughts follow the trend of public opinion in those directions.

Indeed, the claim to write at all upon such a vast and vital subject as the future stability of the national industrial position of Great Britain must be given, but before doing so a brief retrospective reference to conditions as they have and do exist between man and man has a prior

claim in its bearing upon the whole present-day industrial situation.

Conditions under which men of mature age have lived must be realised and acknowledged before any permanent betterment of life in our country can be forecast, for the younger generation have been unfortunately born into an atmosphere of doubt.

In 1918 the writer penned a short article bearing upon the lack of fraternal and sympathetic feeling in many of our large industrial sections; the natural result of such a state of insincerity being therein explained by the three words—jealousy, distrust and discontent.

The Editor of *The English Review* at that time agreed with these conclusions, but as the article was more suitable for publication in a journal it did not find expression in print.

That article was based upon confidences given to the writer by men employed in certain special trades, their skill being restricted to the continuance of their employment under somewhat arbitrary conditions.

"We have been here twenty or thirty years. . . . We are married, and we only know our own work. . . . We cannot afford to ask for better conditions, for a man who asks here is given the sack, and after all . . . we do get a leg of mutton at Christmas."

They did not realise further the possibility that their names would be added to a black list to be circulated to the "competitive" concerns, in reality members of a rigid trade ring.

In another way piece rates have been advocated in order that men might increase their weekly wages. They did—for a time!

The new system, however, revealed the maximum of human effort, which no doubt it was desired in some cases to do.

Output perhaps doubled, with consequent additional profit to the company, but then . . . Why should labour participate to such an extent?

Piece rates were accordingly cut, and the soul withered away within many a human breast.

There is no denying such occurrences, and what could possibly have been the natural sequence in the minds not only of the manual workers but of the upper grades approaching the circle of favour at the apex of management?

A heart-broken feeling of despair and resentment can only be the result of such treatment.

The writer retains an active memory on such matters, but the philosophy of life has become to a certain extent as balm to old sores, and his recollections may some time form the basis of a novel.

Notwithstanding the betterment of conditions, we still live in a vicious social atmosphere far distant from the meaning of the Sermon on the Mount.

Those three words previously used may be fused into the one word—Hypocrisy. Social, political and world politics are contaminated with that double intention based upon selfish interests.

The much vaunted League of "Notions" is beginning to crumble, and the meaning of the report submitted by the American Ambassador to his country is perhaps not far afield, for the following small instance may show the sincerity at the seed bed of its supporters.

A local enthusiast—a legal gentleman of great ambition—has often blamed the writer for the present conditions in our country by his refusal to support the League of Nations idea, besides . . . (didn't you see the military march of the Territorials yesterday—I organised that march, for our local regiment is greatly under strength). But the League of Nations is surely formed with the special purpose of curtailing armaments and military power.

Factors of discontent and duplex intentions such as those referred to, and as the writer has mentioned, are no longer advanced in any sense of bitterness except on behalf of the mass of humanity which has had to endure such experiences.

Had it not been for the original Trades Union movement, the Christian right of living in decent circumstances might still have been denied to the workers who, taken

as a whole, represent as "white" a breed of men and women as those who enjoy, or rather exploit to the full, the prosperity and pleasures of life.

The workmen of this and other countries, especially those of America, are fairly well known to the writer. In particular, he drew a comparison between American and British industrial harmony entertained as between employer and employed in a proposal outlined in *The Times Engineering Supplement* of September, 1919.

Suggestions were then made for a basis of eliminating industrial disputes, and the Editor thought sufficiently well of the points raised to record his own views upon them in his leading article.

Sufficient, though so very little, has been said to convince the reader that here is a writer who enters the battle on behalf of the worker. That is so, not because the worker has no faults, but because, in the opinion of an individual, the employer, in the widest sense, has by his misapplication of his better education failed to grasp the cause of our industrial stagnation.

The writer will leave the reader to remember that side of the picture to which Mr. Lawton has confined himself—the Coal Industry.

It is, however, necessary to enlarge that picture so as to embrace at least three other great sections of industry—the iron and steel trade, with its adjuncts, shipbuilding; electric supply; and transport facilities.

At the world power conference the writer condensed into a paper the main features of this country's industrial needs. The chairman of the meeting had the goodness to introduce the paper in terms of superior knowledge, being one of those gentlemen to whom application is usually made by Government Commissioners when a public report is to be published.

The writer has since had the gratification of seeing the appearance of Mr. Lloyd George's book, *Coal and Power*; to see the Government nibble at the extinction of some of the scores of small, excessively inefficient, (on a selling price per unit basis), petty electricity stations; to see the Labour Party advocating the inclusion of a

comprehensive fuel reorganisation programme in their policy, and finally, to see the Miners' Federation advancing the one and only possible solution of the coal crisis, *i.e.*, the scientific utilisation of fuel at the source of production and throughout its tortuous travel to the finished articles of commerce.

Furthermore, the greater use of pulverised fuel referred to at Wembley has "caught on" to so great an extent that one far-seeing board of directors alone has orders to the value of some £3,000,000 for that class of plant.

It only remains now to witness the advent of the final recommendation, and that day is not far distant—*i.e.*, the electrification of, first, our provincial suburban railway systems and, following quick upon that realisation, the conversion of main line traffic to electric traction.

Then will "my Chairman" say: "That is exactly what I foretold so long ago as——" well, yesterday will do.

No, readers all, you will find that not until coal is asked and made to give up its hidden commercial values, and its component parts return a "nett" increase of 10s., 15s. or 20s. per ton over and above the ordinary selling price of the raw material now commercially wasted; not until many iron and steel and other processes are carried through with, say, 5 cwt. of coal (good or indifferent as abroad) instead of 20 and 25 cwt. (mainly good coal as here); and not until the super-power stations of to-morrow absorb the petty stations of to-day, so that efficient distribution of current introduces a reduction of transport charges, will the industries of Great Britain return to that position from which they can laugh at subsidies and foreign competition.

And now, having given but poor evidence of a right to talk upon these matters, you will naturally ask the writer to outline some feasible means of solving this riddle of trade interruptions.

It is perhaps not so much a riddle as a puzzle of cross words.

The opportunities before the Government laid bare by the occurrences of to-day are:—

The improvement and stability of labour conditions.

The birth of a new coal era.

The reorganisation of the nation's factories.

The solidification of our industrial financial position.

As to the first, it has been plainly exposed to all that labour cannot fight capital combined with public opinion and supported by Government authority—neither should it be able to do so, and, moreover, it does not want to do so.

It has been made manifest that a certain element of leadership of labour is both foreign in origin and distasteful to the members.

Trades Unionism has been, and is still, a blessing to the worker, but he, poor fellow, must eat to live, and thus he must needs "cave in."

He is not discontented with his present lot so long as there is encouragement in store and not the constant fear of reduced wages and longer hours.

He is by no means enamoured of some of his leaders whom he is forced to fatten.

The General Strike showed that much, for he went back in his thousands, and to-day miners have returned in their thousands.

Why can it not be possible for the Government to introduce an official Loyal and Constitutional Labour Insurance Policy? Say to Labour: "We recognise your right to a minimum wage with further payment for individual prowess and effort, and we will here and now establish your minimum rates for all grades, the hours of the working day, and give you equal benefits to those offered by your Unions. In return you shall become fully covered by the Government Labour Insurance Policy embracing all labour sections whereby you agree to remain loyal and constitutional citizens abiding by your agreements.

"We will see that the other side acts in like manner.

"There shall be no striking prior to investigation by your own trade fellows, employers and employed of other trade groups forming a panel of reference.

"There shall be no going past or back upon their decisions."

A draft prepared by humane men, without too much of the "whereas" and the "aforesaid," could be framed to draw the bulk of the working world of Great Britain. In

that policy, moreover, there should be a place for those who now are too often hit the hardest—the clerical and technical worker, male and female.

Space does not permit of enlarging upon this proposal. When once the worker knows that he forms part of the constitution of Great Britain, with legislative assurance as to his position, there will be no more spasmodic strikes in our great industries, and alien leadership will wither.

Now the second opportunity—the birth of a new coal era. This has already been outlined by Mr. Lawton, but it is perhaps permissible to the writer to strengthen that invincible citadel—the scientific treatment of Mother Coal, and in this way.

Continental, American and British distillation processes there are in numbers of sufficient age and merit to warrant their adoption on a larger commercial scale.

Government help has been so sympathetic and prolific towards McLaurin, Nielsen, Stainer-Hutchins, McEwen and others, that years of progress have been lost. Yet some millions of pounds have been expended upon a Fuel Research Board Department (since its inception) which has not been of so many pennies' worth of benefit to British industry.

It has been all but decreed that as the small coal pits are unremunerative they must be shut down. Not so all of them.

Why not select fifty at least at which coal suitable for distillation is mined to the extent of 500 to 1,000 tons per day, whereat some hundreds of men are employed who are to be turned adrift.

The latter will not reduce the unemployment roll.

At those fifty pits why can we not instal as many commercial but national coal distillation plants duplicating a few of the acknowledged commercial types?

Such experiments on a grand scale would prove that commercially sound processes would return without any doubt a surplus revenue of greater consideration than is now imagined for the relief of wages at other unfortunate small pits.

But what about the finance for this national distillation experiment? In the interests of the country as a whole

that shall be borne by all industries, with the help of Government money if required, and the latter is doubtful.

The immediate allocation of £100,000,000 for distillation, bulk supply of electricity, and electrification of railways, suggested in 1924, would have been the means by now of causing our machinery, factories, rolling mills, and electrical works and erection men, to be at full speed of output and effort, with absorption of many unemployed workers. That proposal was unattractive, although the ultimate goal is a national saving of anything up to, and perhaps surpassing, £300,000,000 per annum.

The proposal now made will also represent too wide a ditch to jump standing. Then why not take a run at it?

The reorganisation of our national factories must be taken before finance.

It is well known that in our heavy trades works equipment is sadly out of joint with the times in other countries.

Over the past few decades the same mills, the same machinery and the same plant have run a very good race, but time is now being hard with them.

Renewals and replacements cannot be considered. There is no money in the till. Why? Because profits in the past have been squandered in high dividends, bonus shares, capital inflation and huge salaries. No adequate provision for depreciation or renewal of plant has been made.

We have a great fibrous industrial fabric but not a drop of juice, so that our protected trades must be spoon-fed with other people's money and at the expense of the more unimportant trades possessing less statutory influence.

Proclaim a national industrial moratorium, for want of a more significant term. Many readers will doubtless suggest to the writer that the word sanatorium would be more fitting.

Make it inadmissible for more than 10 per cent. (or even $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.) to be paid upon any ordinary variable dividend-carrying industrial security by any company whatsoever of more than five years' standing, and for a period of three years.

Bring in all industries to the help of the whole British nation—the tobacco companies as well as the rubber-broking companies.

If our coal and heavy industries fail, all other industries are affected; and it is for the common weal that Great Britain shall continue with a new lease of scientific process and efficient equipment life to supply the world at lower cost and higher grade than any other country.

The immense proceeds of such a financial restriction shall be applied for distillation at the coal mines and the reorganisation of crippled industries.

This would bring about the solidification—not frozen stiff as some may suggest—of our industrial position. Government funds might assist, but it is doubtful if they would be required.

In any case, the funds would be controlled by a board constituted of men capable of grasping the industrial future of our country, and must not under any circumstances be controlled by the Government or its officials.

If any of these fantastical suggestions or all of them could be taken in hand by some gifted industrial statesman and brought to fruition, we should then have—at once—labour tranquillity and contentment; in a year or so, the prodigious results of distillation made manifest; in two years, a great reorganisation and re-equipment of sectional trades; in three years, the more complete electrification of railways and reduction of freight and passenger rates; in four years, the solidification of industrial finance and power to conquer opposition in the outer world; and, in five years, the remembrance only of a million young and hopeful men at one time, and so recently, out of work and in the depths of despair.

IMPRESSIONS OF CRACOW

BY DUDLEY HEATHCOTE

IF Vilno is the Mecca of Poland and the city which perhaps more than any other Polish town symbolises her imperishable soul, Cracow is the Medina, the town which embodies her past greatness and might. The first leaves you poignantly conscious of a martyrdom nobly borne and overcome; the second of a wonderful historical past that makes her the peer of the greatest cities in the world. You leave Vilno saddened by the very human call that she makes on your soul by virtue of her constant immolation on the altar of patriotism; you leave Cracow conscious of what that soul was prior to that immolation, and thrilled beyond measure at the spectacle of so many beautiful churches and palaces, ghosts of an opulent and cultured past.

To see, therefore, one without the other is unthinkable, if one is really desirous of understanding something of the strangely attractive race which Englishmen understand so little; and to see Vilno and Cracow one after the other is to see two entirely different though interrelated aspects of that same national consciousness, there being no more intensely national cities than they.

Poised among picturesque hills and cut in two by the river Vistula, this old-world city has as setting a countryside that is traversed by charming glens and enlivened by winding rivulets, while beyond the plain lies the distant chain of the Carpathians. Here is everything to stir the mind and conjure up a vision of mediæval splendour. A palace, the Wavel, that is the glory of the Polish monarchy and which stands to Poland as St. Denis stood to monarchist France; a University that is her proudest boast and the home of her science; streets well planned and architecturally arresting by virtue of the old age of many of their buildings; churches and convents innumerable, which, though constructed in many architectural styles, all bear the stamp of a national character unrivalled in its

intensity, and whose tombs, statues, and monuments enshrine the remains or commemorate the work of her most illustrious sons; and a barbican that is almost unique in the world. Here, too, is found a patriotism and religious fervour which are fostered by the flame of persecution and kept alive by the most scrupulous observances of every time-honoured custom; and an atmosphere so charged with memories as to leave you with an undying sense of the immutability of things gone by. . . .

* * * * *

Though Cracow has known many evil days and been subjected not only to Tartar and Swedish invasions, but to a great fire which reduced whole quarters of the town to ashes, she does not impress one acutely with a sense of loss, but, conscious of the beauty of a heritage that singles her out among all Polish cities, continues to live apart, mistrusting both present and future, and enwrap in her ancient memories.

Of this great past the Cathedral of the Wavel is no less a symbol than the Church of Mary, but whereas the latter is the depository of Polish faith, the former is the Westminster of the country.

Built on a high hill from which a commanding view of the town and neighbourhood can be obtained, the Cathedral, to which all styles and periods of architecture have contributed their quota, is a storehouse in which lie enshrined all her greatest sons and monarchs. Here are tombs innumerable, rich with silver and enclosed in exquisite chapels, or as beautiful statues and shrines in which are treasured the relics of the ancient dynasties of the country. I found much to admire in the red granite and sandstone monument erected to Casimir Jagiello, or the more austere magnificence of Casimir the Great's shrine, while I felt the full force of the historical appeal evoked by the tomb in which lie the remains of Stanislaus, Bishop of Cracow, who, like Thomas à Becket, was murdered by his king at the foot of the high altar; yet I confess that my footsteps more often led me to forsake their appeal, after I had once visited the Chapel of Sigismund, the most beautiful Renaissance relic of the

Cathedral. Nothing quite like it exists anywhere else in the world, and I know of no sixteenth century work more arresting or more exquisitely beautiful.

Built by Bartolommeo Berecci, of Florence, it forms a central building with an externally gilt cupola, a pearl of Renaissance work, in which the monuments of the two Kings Sigismund I and Sigismund Augustus are set in the wall with an arcade over them, the whole forming a complete architectural composition, while facing the entrance under a marble throne I see Anne Jagiello, King Stephen Bathory's queen, sleeping in the company of her son and brother. Surrounding the recumbent red granite figures of the monarchs, in which I see reflected the austere light of the silver *repoussé* altar which one of Albert Durer's brothers had designed for accompanying Polish kings to battle, are innumerable pagan Putti, and the most exquisitely quaint little grotesques by Cini that it has ever been my privilege to see. After the discordant contrast of the exterior of the Cathedral, which I confess had impressed me unfavourably, the visit to this shrine proved a delightful surprise, and I particularly appreciated the dexterous manner in which the royal recumbent effigies had been contrasted with the dainty cupids adorning the walls and cupola of the chapel. Of all the beautiful sights that I have seen in Cracow only the Church of Mary has surpassed this shrine for sheer beauty and artistry of design.

* * * * *

Facing me is the Gate of St. Florian and a fairly long stretch of grey time-worn walls on either side of it with two towers at each end: the first the Tower of the Lace-makers, the other the Tower of the Joiners and Carpenters; and after leaving my carriage I stand awhile listening to my friend and guide Count Puslowski as he deplores the fact that of the thirty towers which formerly constituted the old fortifications of the city only these remain. I am told that every guild possessed a tower, which was decorated with its own arms, and that the aldermen of Cracow had committed an act of architectural barbarism when they had wantonly sanctioned their destruction.

"As Cracow is a depository of our oldest traditions," he declares, "our authorities had no right to deprive future generations of anything connecting us with the past, and even the possession of the barbican, that incomparable treasure, cannot efface that fact."

Then motioning me to follow, he passes through the gate, and I after him, until we stand facing one of the most perfect specimens of mediæval fortress architecture that it has ever been my privilege to see.

A round outwork or bastion with seven small turrets enclosing within powerful walls a large court which formerly communicated with St. Florian's Gate by a covered gangway, grimly forbidding, yet not devoid of a certain grace, with loopholes designed for cannon, and a portcullis to defend its access. I recall my visit to Carcassonne and Aiguesmortes, and realise that well preserved as I had found their barbicans, the Cracow barbican was even more intact; nay, that of the few examples which are still preserved of a mediæval fortress, it is probably the finest, by virtue, not only of a certain remote beauty which is only apprehensible by those who search diligently for it, but of the almost perfect condition of its battlements and defensive works.

Preceded by my friend, I cross by the drawbridge into the main court and notice over the arch the arms of Cracow and Lithuania.

All around us are loopholes on the ground floor that are specially designed for cannon, while above is a gangway that runs all round the upper story, with here and there a corbel. Between these stone projections, which jut out from the walls and so enable the defenders to see the attacking force without being seen by them, are *mâchicoulis*, from which the garrison are enabled to pour down lead and pitch on the enemy with impunity, while the seven turrets that surmount the gangway serve as sentry boxes. I realise that this barbican represents one of the oldest methods of systematic defence against firearms, and one, moreover, that for several centuries served admirably in its purpose of lessening the risk entailed by warfare.

And, pondering over these matters, I return to my hotel

seeing in this comparative immunity one of the reasons why our ancestors had regarded fighting in a spirit so entirely different from our own.

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Cracow is no less the city of Madonna the Virgin than Poland is her child. Not here is the Mother of Sorrows who dwells in the shrine of Ostra Brama, whose highly discoloured image is the soul of a tortured nation, and whose eyes are salt with the weeping of generations; but rather it is the Mary of sweet and fair promise, whose harp is ever stringed with consolations and voice magnetic with prescient love. Over this beautiful city the hueless flame of her aureole hovers as a guardian angel, while dwelling in the hearts of her votaries she continues to exercise a sway on their imaginations that alone has enabled them to foster and keep inviolate that national consciousness which so many have sought ineffectually to curb if not to extinguish.

Looming high before me, and symbolising a homage and veneration that the heat of imagination has fused and transformed into a very cult, is the Church, which more than any other Polish church is specially dedicated to the Virgin, the Church of Mary, an imposing basilica with three aisles but without transept, and a polygonally shaped presbytery.

It stands in the very heart of the city, in that famous Market Place in which so many memories dear to the Polish people lie enshrined in stone or marble. Here is the memorial stone that was erected to Thaddæus Kosciuszko, paved into the very spot on which he stood in 1794, when before his peasants armed with scythes he swore never to rest until he had liberated his country, a monument that at every anniversary of his oath is covered with wreaths and patriotic emblems. Here the Drapers' Hall, a late Renaissance building that is slightly reminiscent of the Palazzo di Venezia in Rome, with its Flemish-looking belfry and covered arcades lined with shops, and its beautiful vaultings and nobly proportioned staircase; here many old mansions recalling the time when

Cracow was a city of wealthy patrician merchants, whose friendship was esteemed by all; among these one with a particularly striking portal, the house in which the rich old salt merchant Wierzynek had offered a banquet in honour of the wedding of Casimir the Great's granddaughter, which sovereigns from every part of the world had attended.

Before entering the church I pause for a moment, impressed by the unusual dissimilarity of her towers, of which only the northern is completed. Terminating in a slender octagon, it is surmounted by a pyramidal spire of original workmanship which is itself surrounded by eight graceful turrets. This spire recalls the spire of the church of Teyn, in Prague, and is crowned with a tiara of gold which was dedicated to the Holy Virgin in 1666 by one of the Polish kings during a moment of great national emergency. The whole effect is pleasing, and owes its origin and conception to the fortress architecture of the Middle Ages, of which it is strongly reminiscent. The other tower is smaller, and topped with domes that convey a distinct impression that they were not intended for the same building. I turn to my guide for the explanation of this dissimilarity, and am told that the towers date from the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, when the church had been rebuilt on the foundations of the wooden church burnt during the Tartar raids.

"Two brothers, rival architects," he declares, "were entrusted with the rebuilding of the towers, and so great was the emulation that they displayed that one day the elder brother murdered the younger to prevent his completing his task. He was then seized with remorse, and threw himself out of one of the windows of the church. The knife which the murderer used is still preserved in the Drapers' Hall."

Marvelling at the way in which romance and fact are always inextricably interwoven in this fascinating country, I turn aside for a while to admire the magnificence of the buttresses and stone pinnacles characterising the exterior of the presbytery, and then, following Count Puslowski, make my way into the interior of the church.

The first thing that impresses as I enter by the baroque main entrance is a huge crucifix, the ends of which are so blackened that it appears to be hanging in space, and so narrowed that Christ Himself seems to be literally advancing to meet you as you move forward into the church. The second, that St. Mary is almost as high as Strasburg Cathedral. On all sides are altars and sanctuaries as plentiful as creepers in a luxuriant forest, and adorned with frescoes of saints and angels, some in the baroque style, or with polychrome paintings in the genre of Matejko, while in the central nave I notice some very striking paintings by Hans of Kulmbach, representing scenes from the life of Catherine of Alexandria. Moving towards the choir, I then observe to the right of the high altar a rich marble Renaissance tabernacle, the work of Padovano, which had been erected in honour of the Duchess Sforza of Milan, typical daughter of a fighting and stabbing race, who had poisoned her daughter-in-law, only in her turn to meet with the same death at the hands of her own medical attendant. And hearing that this monument of beauty, on which the artist had lavished all his skill, had been put up in order to enable priests to administer communion to the sick and ailing without unduly interfering with the customary ceremonies of the church, I could not refrain from marvelling at the inconsistencies found in mediæval men and women, and realised that, compared with them, our devitalised modern generations appeared very tame and colourless. Hot-blooded and unrestrained, these ancestors of ours needed not a spur to make them front the battle of existence, but rather the strongest of curbs to make them rein back the ardour of their being, and if *Pecca fortiter* was their motto, and their Borgias and Sforzas would have despised the scented sins of this modern world, it was that very vital unrestraint and indiscipline that enabled their saints and artists to leave behind them a record of saintly and creative achievement which our more valetudinarian martyrs and artists are totally unable to emulate.

The glory of St. Mary lies, however, in her choir and high altar, and for a considerable time I linger and steep

myself in their atmosphere, conscious that of all the delights of Cracow there are none so arresting nor so quickening to the imagination as they.

The walls of the choir are swarming with angels painted by Matejko, which look so realistic in their robes and wings of every hue and with their harps and violins that you imagine they too are joining in the singing of the choristers, while the high altar is a marvel, there being really nothing in Poland to equal it—nay, nor even in Europe.

The work of Veit Stwosz, the famous wood carver, who devoted twelve years of his life to fashioning it, only to lose his sight after completing it, consists of a wonderful wooden triptych which in all probability is the greatest of all mediæval wooden altars in existence. Opening like a gigantic cupboard, it presents the appearance of a shrine which depicts various scenes of the Passion of Our Lord and the death of the Blessed Virgin, and is most delicately poised on a predella in the form of the genealogical tree of Jesse in trellis work, while the whole is surmounted by three baldachins, under which the crowning of the Madonna is taking place as she stands between two archangels and two holy bishops. When closed the triptych portrays twelve episodes of the Passion, of which six are shown on the exterior of the wings of the shrine and the other six on the immovable supplementary wings. Behind the altar are three windows with beautiful glass panes dating from the fourteenth century and representing scenes from the *Biblia Pauperum*, in which the most exquisitely graduated shades of blue blend into one colour as if by magic. Of a truth this reredos is unique in its kind, and the harmony of the design, the exquisite delicacy of the modelling, especially with regard to the hands of the Virgin, have never been surpassed even by Veit Stwosz himself. Especially attractive, moreover, is the central panel, which, except for the very idealised figure of the dying Virgin, whom an apostle is seen supporting, and the more mystical representation of the flight of her astral body, which the apostles are watching being taken up to Heaven by her Heavenly Son, is instinct with realism by virtue of the very human emotion and intensity of expres-

sion that characterise it. Alone of the Nuremberg School Veit Stwosz succeeded in giving here to wood the tenderness and suppleness of paint, as well as the massive potency of stone.

Even more supremely realistic, however, is the Christ, whom I am then shown as I walk down the right nave, preliminary to leaving the church—a stone crucifix which, the Count tells me, was originally discovered in the fourteenth century lashed to a beam in the Vistula and floating by the castle. Here is a Christ whose features are markedly non-Semitic, and a representation of human suffering such as I have never seen paralleled for sheer poignancy and realism. One eye is closed, and, while the face is twisted in a rigidity of pain that harrows the soul, the dolorous emaciation of the body, whose execution denotes a rare knowledge of anatomy, recalls that seen in the Christ of Montañes in Seville Cathedral.

And fancy follows fancy and image succeeds image as I look entranced into the face of this Christ, in whose wasted and lacerated body all the vast inarticulate suffering of humanity appears to have found expression, until the jarring dissonance of a guide's shrill voice recalls me to reality, when I make a rapid exit from the church, my companion drily remarking that even in Poland there are such abominations as tourist parties.

"To conduct a large party of tourists round a historical building must be an awful penance," he declares, "for any man who is at all artistic or appreciative of beauty, since even foreigners of note, and those reputed to be cultured and to have an understanding of artistic things, have been known to offend by their lack of appreciation. Several years ago I had the honour of showing the Archduchess Stéphanie round this church, and when we arrived near the triptych she took a rapid glance at Veit Stwosz' masterpiece, and then, turning towards me, exclaimed:

"'Quelle horrible église.'"

"As several priests of the diocese were accompanying us," he adds, "I was obliged to implore her to speak a little lower.

"Daignez parler plus bas, Altesse," I whispered. "Ça fait de la peine au clergé."

Then as we leave the church and walk across the market place, I hear suddenly a wild strain of music from the taller of the two towers of the church, two bugle notes, one of which stops abruptly, and turning to Count Pusłowski for an explanation, hear that this curious custom of marking the hour by a bugle call had originated in the Tartar wars. There is a legend that this song, called the Heynal, had once served as warning to the citizens of Cracow when the enemy was at the gate, and that when this device was discovered a Tartar archer shot an arrow that pierced the throat of the bugler. To-day a pause in the chromatic scale of the bugle, which is played every six hours, day and night, reminds the citizen of Cracow of this old episode.

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Truly Cracow is a city in which the sense of continuity that is bred in her old buildings is so strongly in evidence that one is always straining for a glimpse of the founders of her history; while in no other town that I have ever visited have I been more conscious of the shades of time stealing over the compact of my life, or of being as close as an echo to the past. . . .

THE POPE'S POLITICS

BY R. E. GORDON GEORGE

It is a common saying in Rome that there are three Popes: the white Pope, the black Pope, and the red Pope. The Pope in white is, indeed, the Pope, the Pope in black is the General of the Jesuits, and the Pope in red is the Cardinal Secretary of State.

That the General of the Jesuits is an important person, even from a political point of view, can hardly be denied. Head of an organisation which was specially designed and was placed at the disposal of the Papacy to protect the interests of Catholicism wherever they were threatened, the black Pope owes his power to the intellectual efficiency of his order and its close acquaintance with the circumstances of the time.

But of far greater importance is the Cardinal Secretary of State, the confidential adviser of the head of a Church with four hundred million adherents, and responsible for supplying him immediately with information on all developments as they arise; this personage from within his suite of apartments on the ground floor of the principal wing of the Vatican is one of the best informed and therefore one of the most powerful people in the world. His office has never been so powerful as it is at the present moment. A few years ago his work could be, and often was, set at naught by three monarchs in almost absolute authority over extremely powerful countries. But now the Czar, the Kaiser, and the Khalif all are gone. Vatican diplomacy, on the other hand, has vastly increased its range. Holland, Switzerland, Roumania, Russia, Poland, Greece, France, Germany, and Great Britain are now among the thirty-four Powers which have formal intercourse with the Papal Court. Fate and the anxiety of Benedict XV to save nations and individuals from affliction have been together the cause of this great change in the prestige of Papal diplomacy.

Early in 1915 the Foreign Office became acutely aware of the disadvantages it suffered from having no representa-

tive at the Holy See, and it was doubtless due to the influence of his private secretary, Sir William Tyrrell, that Sir Edward Grey, as he then was, decided that regular relations, after a break of nearly 400 years, must be resumed. The idea that they in any way involved the position of Catholicism in England could not be for a moment entertained. The pressure of the struggle with Germany compelled the Government not to reject intercourse with a neutral whose influence could not be gainsaid. It is true that as a matter of courtesy a Catholic was first sent as head of the special mission, and a Catholic followed him. But Sir Odo Russell, the present Minister, is not a Catholic, though his diplomatic secretary was. It is fitting that a great non-Catholic Empire, as Great Britain is, and is likely long to remain, should be represented at the Papal Court by non-Catholics. The question of divided allegiance should not distract the political attention of civil servants paid by the British taxpayer. And, on the other hand, the taxpayer does well to know the reasons why the resources to which he contributes should be used for the official intercourse of the British Government with the head of a religion acknowledged by less than five per cent. of the subjects of His Imperial Majesty. That question has been discussed more than once not only in the Parliament of Great Britain, but in those of France and of Holland. The answer to it was given succinctly by the Dutch Prime Minister in 1915, when Holland, although she was a neutral, found herself in urgent need of the political offices of the Holy See. "The Government is neither Catholic nor Protestant," he said. "The Legation forges no link between the State and the Catholic Church. . . . The character of the Legation can be determined only through the fact that in the Pope one sees from the political point of view an important international Power. [That is how the matter stands. One may regret it, but the fact cannot be denied. There is no important political centre which can exert more influence in the direction of peace than the Vatican actually does. And we must work together with it, and therefore the Legation is a necessity. Among the Powers we possess merely a

secondary place, but the Pope is one of the great Powers." When the war was over, and Mr. Lloyd George in 1922 was addressing a general gathering of Nonconformist clergy, he pointed to the Pope as having performed above all others the task of peacemaker, to which the Prime Minister of Holland had referred seven years before.

That task, however, is not yet finished. The present state of Europe is by no means as reassuring to the Pope as the diplomatic prestige gained by Benedict XV and Cardinal Gasparri might suggest. The ills which in his view had followed the convulsion of civil society still require a remedy. He views his Church as the means to provide it, and he saw in the opportunities which 1925 provided him a great means towards his end. The *Anno Santo* was dedicated to the great objects of peace and Christian unity. One of those quarters of a century of which Popes have not infrequently taken advantage as a means of drawing the faithful around them, from the time when, in the words of Dante, the Lateran, at the beginning of the fourteenth century,

alle cose mortali andò di sopra,

the Holy Year of 1925 brought pilgrims to Rome on a scale such as had never been known before. Gay processions from Italian villages passing with banner and song were accompanied by the silent intercessions of hundreds of thousands of all nationalities kneeling in the great basilicas with bowed heads or eager eyes.

It was for some time the intention of the Pope to make this gathering of the faithful the occasion of reopening the Vatican Council, which closed in 1870. But the present condition of Europe has persuaded him that it is better to leave that till a later year. When it does meet it can hardly escape laying down the principles of international law which guide the Church both in her teaching and in her own political relations. Its object must be to take measures for the preservation and well-being of human society.

In the meantime it is worth while to consider the political activities of the Vatican at the present moment, for nothing

more than a suggestion of them has ever been placed before the English public. Like all power, that of the ecclesiastical authorities of Catholicism depends upon rapidity of information: just as the investor with early information makes a fortune on the Stock Exchange, just as the efficiency of its correspondents makes *The Times* the greatest newspaper in the world, just as knowledge of the movements of the enemy gives victory to a general or an admiral, so the Vatican owes its political power most of all to the fact that its world-wide organisation of devoted adherents can provide it both with inside information and with sane views of what is happening in every part of the world. Buddhism outnumbers it, Islam counts on a not less active fervour of loyalty and devotion, but neither of these religions has the political power of Catholicism, because they are not organisations of information throughout widely different nations. When the Germans occupying Belgium refused Cardinal Mercier permission to re-enter Belgium after a visit to Rome, the Pope informed the German Government that if the permission were not given immediately the contents of certain documents would be published. It was given immediately.

The Pope possesses in every intelligent priest an agent who can do the work which a Consul does in relation to a Foreign Minister. He is a means of both information and propaganda: he is in touch with a Bishop, and the Bishop is under an Archbishop who corresponds direct with Rome. This simple organisation enables the Pope to be served far more thoroughly and completely than any newspaper or any great Power. But he is dependent not only on his priests; enthusiastic laymen everywhere are only too glad to assist the priests, and besides this the Vatican has also organised the resources of a diplomatic service.

Although Embassies to the Holy See and the mission of Legates in other countries go back to very early times, the present organisation began to take form at the Renaissance. Innocent VIII, in the Bull *Non debet reprehensibile* of December 31st, 1487, established a College of Apostolic Secretaries, and Leo X divided the work of the Cardinali Nipoti with that of the Confidential

Secretary. In that period the functions of these Cardinals were hotly contested. The Popes, partly through lack of trust in others, partly to give the prestige of the closest possible relationship to these representatives, had confided to a relative whom they had made Cardinal the most important of their business: by the arrangement of Leo X the Cardinal Secret Secretary was to do a subsidiary part of this business. But the contest continued until the reign of Innocent XII (1691-1700), when the Secret Secretary was finally established in the position and began to take the name of the Cardinal Secretary of State. In 1908 Pius X organised the Secretariat into three departments: the Congregation for Extraordinary Affairs, the Secretariat for Ordinary Affairs, and the Chancellery of Apostolic Briefs.

The present system throws an unusually heavy weight of personal work upon the Secretary of State. In other foreign offices the Minister gives few interviews, and receives the ministers accredited to his Government only when there is an important point to discuss. Cardinal Gasparri not only receives each of the Ambassadors and Ministers accredited to the Holy See once a week, but he himself interviews everyone who comes to the Vatican to give information or to seek it. His secretaries refer all these to him, as requiring the authority and the delicacy of their head. He alone returns the visits of royalties to the Vatican. He is responsible for every letter sent out, and for the appointment of every Nuncio, and for every item of news. It is his duty also to answer every letter, despatch or telegram addressed to the Pope. The officials of the Curia are generally appointed on his recommendation, and he, for the most part, suggests who are to receive honours and decorations. He gives the Nuncios their personal instructions on appointment, and directs their work by private letters and telegrams to each of them, as well as by circular letters to them all. He is in fact the Pope's adviser, secretary and minister in all matters which concern the general welfare of the Church and its relations with the world at large. All other authorities and advisers of the Pope are occupied only with matters

concerning its inner life: its dogmas, its discipline and its devotion. On none of them is the Pope dependent as he is on the Secretary of State; with no one else is he on the same confidential terms; no other is so closely identified with his absolute power.

His office has long been the subject of suspicion to non-Catholics. Antonelli, who was not a priest, the Secretary of State to Pius IX, was thought by many European statesmen of his time to be an unscrupulous villain; and so great was his power in Rome, as Mr. Oscar Browning relates, that when the young Queen of Naples fired a shot-gun at his mother's cat, she was almost compelled to leave the *alma città*; of Jacobini we did not hear so much; Rampolla was thought to be not altogether an attractive figure, and was feared so much by the Central Empires that the Emperor of Austria employed his right of veto to prevent his election to the Papacy. A very different figure succeeded him. An ascetic and distinguished man of not quite forty, who had been born and brought up in England, Cardinal Merry del Val was the youngest member of the sacred college when he was given the most important place in it. That he was a Spaniard did not make his work more easy in a country which regarded the most important posts in the Vatican as its inalienable right. That Cardinal Merry del Val, with his cosmopolitan training, his diplomatic connections (for his brother is still the Spanish Ambassador at the Court of St. James's), his keen brain, and his eminent piety was peculiarly fitted for his task no one could deny, and, in fact, at the last Conclave, he was within a few votes of being made Pope. He had an English education, and now, in his sixtieth year, is still a tennis player, a swimmer and no mean Alpinist. In the summer of 1924 the present writer met him at the summit of the famous Col di Lana after a climb of three thousand feet, which he had accomplished in three hours.

A little story is told of how he came to be appointed Secretary of State. At the conclusion of the Conclave in 1904 it was the task of Cardinal Merry del Val to inform the Patriarch of Venice that the office had fallen upon him. Almost overcome, the humble Cardinal Santo

complained that he could not take up a task for which he was so unworthy. "*Coraggio, Monsignore,*" said the young Cardinal. "This is the expression of the Divine Will." And when Pius X had accepted the charge he sent for the young Cardinal to tell him that his choice had fallen upon him to be his principal adviser. It was now the turn of Cardinal Merry to say that he could not take up a task so far beyond him. "*Coraggio, Monsignore,*" said the Pope. "This is the expression of the Divine Will."

The story is told that Cardinal Merry del Val thought that Monsignor della Chiesa was better suited for the governorship of an archdiocese than for a post directly under the Secretary of State. And when in 1914 della Chiesa, after having been Archbishop of Bologna, was elected to the Papal throne, he is said to have applied to himself a text that was once given a more august application: "The stone which the builders rejected is become the headstone in the corner." Cardinal Merry del Val immediately completed it, with a profound inclination: "This is the Lord's doing and it is marvellous in our eyes."

Benedict XV followed the usual rule and appointed different advisers to his predecessor. That is now just ten years ago. A trained Italian diplomat who had long been a Professor of Canon Law in Paris, who had already been a Cardinal for seven years especially charged with supervision of a new code of Canon Law, was made Secretary of State. Since it was under Cardinal Gasparri and Benedict XV that papal politics have been put in the position they now are, it was natural that the present Pope, who had been much in the confidence of his predecessor, should retain Cardinal Gasparri in the post of principal adviser. Now seventy-four years of age, a little inclined to stoutness, with a benevolent expression that does not veil the shrewdness of his glance, the Cardinal Secretary of State has the excellent memory, the quick mind, and the power to make decisions which are necessary for a ruler of men. After emerging from the war, in which great pressure was put upon him from every side, without having compromised the Church in a single particular, and on the other hand having enormously increased the

prestige and range of Vatican diplomacy, so that it is now acknowledged in almost every country of the world, and having seen his principal enemies removed, Cardinal Gasparri may well feel confidence in his capacity to perform his task.

Of the agencies which assist him, the Chancellery of Apostolic Briefs is the least authoritative. The Secretariat for Ordinary Affairs under the *sostituto*, Monsignor Pizzard, and the *pro-sostituto*, Monsignor Centoz, carries on the routine work of the Cardinal, and the Congregation for Extraordinary Affairs is a committee of Cardinals and others which advises him in new or unusual matters of great importance. This is the only instance of a committee working in connection with Papal diplomacy. The Vatican does not compromise with the principle of Cabinet government.

Although certain countries prefer a one-sided intercourse with the Vatican, as, for example, Switzerland, who receives a Nuncio but does not send a Minister, or Great Britain, who sends a Minister but does not receive a Nuncio, there are certain great Powers who have no regular intercourse with the Papal Court. But in these days diplomacy transcends the diplomats, for sovereigns and their ministers do most of their diplomatic work themselves. The telegraph and the newspaper correspondent have put the personnel of Embassies in a very secondary position. And added to this, the mutual visits of royalties are much more frequent. By these visits the Vatican has lately had intercourse not only with those Powers with which she is in regular relationship, but with Japan, the United States and Ethiopia.

And what is the object of it all? The object of all diplomacy is to adjust the interests of one Power with another, in a friendly way, with due regard to their respective positions. In this scheme the Holy See occupies an extraordinary place. In a position where her welfare depends on the welfare of all States whose subjects owe her allegiance or pay her tribute, and anxious to increase her influence over those countries whom she has not won, circumstances make her the great neutral. In one sense, indeed, she is not neutral, she has interests of her own, and

it is, of course, the direct object of Vatican diplomacy to adjust those interests with those of each nation of the world. In the revised Code of Canon Law which, as we have seen, was so long under the personal supervision of Cardinal Gasparri, the duty of the Pope's diplomatic representatives is defined in Canon 267 :

1st. To cultivate good relations, according to the rules received from the Holy See, between the Apostolic See and the civil Governments to which they are accredited.

2nd. In the territory assigned to them to watch over the interests of the Churches, and to give the Roman Pontiff information concerning them.

3rd. Beside these two ordinary powers, to obtain such extraordinary ones as may be specially delegated to them.

The first two paragraphs relate to such matters as appointments, to freedom of religious instruction both in seminaries and in schools, to the boundaries of parishes and dioceses, and to accommodating Christian teaching to national patriotism. Ireland and Alsace-Lorraine are obvious examples of where it was convenient for the Governments concerned to have an understanding with the ecclesiastical authorities at Rome, and the demarcation of dioceses according to new frontiers after the war was another very obvious instance. It was, in fact, on this extremely delicate work that the present Pope was employed in Warsaw during the discussion about the boundaries of Upper Silesia. Yet another instance was the relations of Cardinal Mercier with General von Bissing. Yet one more was the presence of German and other foreign missionaries of Catholicism in British dependencies. This was a subject to which Lord Kitchener gave particular attention when he was Commander-in-Chief in India, for it was naturally irksome to him that an army chaplain might not be a British subject. On such subjects it is imperative for a Government to have an understanding with the supreme authority of the Catholic Church : and the most convenient way of coming to an understanding is by direct official intercourse.

It is, however, the third paragraph of the two hundred and sixty-seventh Canon which especially explains why the Foreign Offices of nations, even of non-Catholic and non-

Christian nations, find it necessary to maintain an envoy at the Papal Court. The Pope not infrequently charges one of his Nuncios with adjusting the interests of one country with those of another. Such instances occurred in the war with regard not only to the ministrations of chaplains and the exchange of prisoners, but, as is well known, in the preparations for the peace negotiations themselves. And this must be, because, as we saw, the Papacy is the one institution which is not only responsible for the moral and general welfare of subjects of all countries, but is dependent on them for its own maintenance. Because, therefore, it is identified with the welfare of different countries it is in that respect an ally of true patriotism, as its diplomacy is a support for diplomacy as a whole. It can mediate between nations who cannot, or will not, deal directly with one another.

In this sense it performs, and it has long performed, the work which many idealists had in view in founding and maintaining the League of Nations. And in some respects it has advantages over Geneva as a centre of efficiency. It has not rejected great countries like Russia or Germany from its circle; it is not dominated by France; and it has not been made the subject of party politics in the United States. But it has still another advantage over the League of Nations. Sure of the allegiance of four hundred million adherents, and strong with the astuteness of an immemorial experience, the Vatican is an independent institution which applies to nations as to individuals the principles of morality and justice. There is in those principles, wherever they are found, a remarkable power to survive and dominate. Again and again in the course of history they have been attacked, despised, defied; but in the constitution of human society they are ineradicable; they are inherent in the principles of life. Every Calvary means finally a Canossa.

There has seldom been a more dramatic instance of this power than the conflict of Benedict XV with militarists and financiers. As early as 1916 he publicly warned them that the exhausting struggle could only lead to economic ruin. In the commitments of 1916 a sudden peace would have been disastrous to many powerful interests, and on both

sides bankers and financiers eagerly supported the war. But in 1921 every one of the chairmen of the five great banks of England were echoing the words the Pope had spoken five years before. Of the capitalists of the Central Empires it is unnecessary to ask the opinion. "Believe me," once said an old Scottish merchant to his son, "honesty is the best policy. I have tried both." Experience in the end cannot but support the moral principle. The Vatican is the only international institution which exists to assert a moral principle. Many diplomacies, after long experience, have failed to reach the conclusion with which it began.

Among the countries which have no representative at the Papal Court the only important ones are Italy and the United States. The relations of the Holy See with America are excellent, and the only time an American President was in Rome he had a cordial audience with the Pope. But America hesitates to establish official relations with a Power whom Italy does not yet admit to have territory. The capture of the States of the Church has prevented Italy from relations with the Holy See from the time that she became the country she at present is, and it was her politicians who prevented the Vatican from being represented at either of the Hague Conferences, at the last Peace Conference, or at Geneva. That is not the present temper of the Italian Government. In 1922, at the Genoa Conference, the Pope was acknowledged once more, and the Fascist Government has indeed pleaded causes for the Vatican at Geneva. And at the present time the Italian Ministry have more than once availed themselves of the indirect assistance of the Vatican politicians. They would now be among the last to deny the power of Papal diplomacy, and the Vatican prefers to take advantage of their occasional help rather than to be associated at Geneva with decisions that perhaps it could not endorse, which it could not overrule, and which might compromise its prestige. As the representative of spiritual interests, it is content to support any good from Geneva separately, and to remain in a position entirely superior to intrigues among the high contracting parties of the League.

OUR VANISHING WILD FLOWERS

BY HENRY S. SALT

"THERE are three classes which need sanctuary more than others—birds, wild flowers, and Prime Ministers." So said Mr. Baldwin, when unveiling the Hudson memorial in Hyde Park;¹ and the remark is specially true of wild flowers, which, unlike birds, have no wings to bear them to a place of safety, and, unlike Prime Ministers, no Chequers to which they can retire from observation. A correspondence printed in *The Times* in the spring of 1925 brought the subject to the fore, and led to the issue of an appeal for the protection of wild flowers, addressed to County Councils by the Society for the Promotion of Nature Reserves. The fact that many plants are diminishing, the rarer ones with greater rapidity, is beyond question, and the cause of the trouble is no less plain; what is not so easy to discover is an available method of protection.

Of the various practices by which the wealth of our native flora is being impaired, the simplest and most obvious is the excessive picking of blossoms by persons who do not realise that this, in the long run, must lessen the abundance of the plant. Nothing is commoner, in the spring, than to see big bunches of primroses, bluebells or some other flower, lying by the roadside, where they have been left by children who have picked them only to throw them aside. Nor are children the sole offenders. A local reputation is often a great danger to a scarce plant; as in the case of certain orchids which, though classed among the rarities, have the doubtful advantage of being locally abundant, with the result that at the season when they are in flower they are systematically raided, and sometimes pulled so clumsily that the life of the plant is endangered. The great brown-winged orchis (*O. purpurea*) may be cited as an instance; and much less rare plants, such as the great butterfly orchis, suffer in

(1) *The Times*, May 20th, 1925.

the same way. Last spring, for example, I came accidentally upon a large colony of these "butterflies," eighty or a hundred in number, on a waste piece of land at the foot of the Sussex Downs; a week later, passing that way again, I saw that hardly a blossom was left. In like manner you may see people going off with huge bouquets of such scarce and beautiful flowers as the marsh gentian; and if you venture to expostulate, the reply will probably be: "Well, if I did not pick them, somebody else would." Which is quite true, and equally irrelevant.

But it is not only the thoughtless casual flower-lover who is thus in fault; a not less dangerous enemy to our wild flowers is the "collector"—I hardly like to say the botanist, but really it is sometimes very difficult to draw the line. To a reasonable collecting no one would be disposed to make objection; but when it passes, as it often does, into "the mania of owning things," and when everyone who calls himself a botanist must have his private herbarium, it becomes necessary to point out that the result is extremely injurious to our wild flowers. The evil is a very old one, which has been steadily on the increase for more than a hundred years. In a reference to the lizard orchis, the following complaint was made as long ago as 1840 in Sowerby's *English Botany*¹ :—

It was formerly plentiful about Dartford, but a specimen is now of rare occurrence. Sir J. E. Smith lamented the cupidity of collectors of the past generation, but how much more evil is enacted by those of the present, some of whom, not content with gathering specimens for the herbarium, root up by thousands the gems and beauties of our national flora, not for the purposes of science, but of sordid gain.*

Instances of this rapacity could easily be multiplied. Here is one, brief but eloquent, taken from Linton's *Flora of Derbyshire*: "Lady's Slipper. Formerly abundant on the Heights of Abraham, but long since extirpated."

The insane greed of collectors sometimes leads to situations which would be comical enough, were it not that the very existence of the flowers is at stake. Thus we read in Mr. F. Hamilton Davey's *Flora of Cornwall* a queer story of the fortunes of the Irish butterwort in

(1) Second edition, Vol. VII., p. 5.

that county. Some specimens had been sent from Ireland to a Cornish botanist, who, fearing they would be lost during his temporary absence, "deposited them" in a secluded corner of a moor. When he returned and looked for the plants, he could not see them; but some years later the discovery was made that they had increased so greatly that they were to be counted in hundreds. Then, when the news spread, the collectors arrived from all quarters, and the butterworts were so nearly exterminated that the remnant had to be again transplanted.

The value of a herbarium is unquestioned; but, like other good things, even the herbarium may become an evil if it is not kept within due limits; in other words, if every man, woman, and child who is interested in rare flowers is going to press them for a collection, there will eventually be none left to press. The operations of the press-gang (for that term is quite justified in the circumstances) are already affecting certain plants very injuriously, and causing some botanists who are sensible of the mischief that is being done to turn to photography or painting, methods of preservation which, except for strictly scientific purposes, are much to be preferred to the mummifying process by which a plant is prepared for the collection.

Still worse than the collector, as a potential destroyer of the choicest British wild flowers, is the gardener; and here again the mischief is of very ancient date, orchids and alpine plants being the chief sufferers. In Bingley's *A Tour in North Wales* (1798) we read how the Rev. W. Bingley himself, with another clergyman, the Rev. Peter Williams, made a successful ascent of one of the spurs of Snowdon, on an errand which has too often sent later marauders to the same locality. "We had along with us," he wrote, "a small basket to contain our provisions and hold the roots of such plants as we wished to transfer to his (the Rev. Peter Williams's) garden"; and thus equipped they arrived at the top "in possession of all the plants we expected to find." This sort of thing has now been going on for over a century, and it is therefore not surprising that on Snowdon, as elsewhere, the rarer flowers are disappearing.

The digging up of choice wild plants is already forbidden in some local by-laws, and ought to be more generally prohibited; but at present there is a lack of sufficiently strong public opinion to enforce legislation. Even as I write this, I see in a London paper the odd suggestion that lovers of nature may anticipate the spring-time by going out with a trowel and a basket, and removing from the crowded bank or hedgerow the roots of some familiar flowers which will flourish earlier and more luxuriantly in a garden; and then, when the season is over, the plants, improved by their change of soil, may be restored to their native habitat. Only common flowers are to be given this jaunt, but, even so, it is to be feared that, if the proposal were widely adopted, the *restoration* of the transplanted plants would too often be forgotten! Rare flowers never return. I have heard of several cases where the *Daphne Mezereum*, for example, has been carried into captivity from its home in the woods, to gratify the gardener's pleasure in so beautiful a flower, but I have yet to hear of a single instance of its being released. The trowel is a deadly instrument which ought never to be seen in the wilds.

Such, then, are the dangers with which the less common wild flowers have to contend, in a struggle which is yearly becoming more difficult for them. I have mentioned only the *avoidable* dangers; for of course the curtailment of our native flora as a consequence of the extension of building, cultivation, drainage of marshy lands, and so forth, falls under a different category, and must be reckoned as inevitable. All the more reason, therefore, that we should guard against any needless addition to such loss.

When we turn from the cause to the cure, it is much more difficult to speak with certainty; not that the cure is in itself less obvious than the cause, but that we lack the power to apply it. Legislation has been tried in South Africa with at least sufficient success to show that the objections commonly raised against it have little force. The chief points of the Cape Town law are as follows¹:—

(1) Article on "The Protection of Wild Flowers," by D. Gordon Mills, in *The Journal of the Botanical Society of South Africa*. Part VI., 1920.

The gathering, uprooting, sale, or export of certain scheduled plants, including various gladioli, heaths, etc., is forbidden. Owners of land may pluck and gather all flowers on their own estates, and give written permission to others to do so, but may not sell or export. Special permits are given when flowers are needed for scientific purposes. Any person found in possession of prohibited plants is under the obligation of proving that he is not liable to a penalty; that is, he must explain how the plants came into his hands, and the police are empowered to require the name and address of anyone thus situated. Also private individuals may be appointed to exercise the functions of a police officer in making such inquiries.

The chief difficulties appear to have been that there is no penalty for purchasing plants, and that many householders have been willing to encourage coloured vendors; that the penalty for breaking the law is itself insufficient; and that the average police officer is not always able to recognise the protected species, though this obstacle has been partly met by the exhibition in police stations, schools, and other public places of coloured illustrations of the flowers. On the whole the results of the law seem to have been satisfactory.

The one practical objection to legislation of this sort in our own country is that, in the present backward state of public opinion, we are not likely to get it; which being so, the question arises whether the increasing vandalism can be stayed by education. Here, too, other countries—America and Switzerland, for instance—are ahead of us. In the United States there are already several societies for the protection of wild flowers, and the methods adopted by them include the exhibition of posters in Government buildings, schools, street cars, country roads, etc., a special week being set aside every spring for propaganda of this sort. If America, with its vast territories, finds it necessary to take such measures, it is surely time that something were done in England.

The suggestions made by the Council of the Society for the Promotion of Nature Reserves are on similar lines:—

The council appeals to the County Councils to take the necessary steps for the protection of the wild flowers in their several districts, by the issue

of by-laws, or in such other ways as may seem desirable to them. Much of the damage may be due to thoughtlessness and ignorance, and good results might be obtained if notices requesting the public not to pick the flowers or remove the plants were placed in suitable places, and if also in such districts the children in the schools could be instructed in the harmfulness of heavily picking flowers or removing plants. It might be desirable in certain instances to constitute reservations for the protection of rare species.¹

A Wild Flowers Preservation Society or, failing that, a joint committee of the already existing organisations concerned with natural scenery, which would make it its special business to keep these questions before the public, and so to prepare the way for legislation, seems to be greatly needed.

As to methods, it may perhaps be said without exaggeration that it does not so much matter at the present time what is done, as that something should be done; the first and most important step is to give publicity to a subject which has too long been overlooked. Without the support of public opinion nothing can be effected; if once such support can be assured, it will be possible to carry the matter to some satisfactory conclusion. Meantime no method of education could be better than to introduce a Bill in Parliament. The Selborne Society is said to have drafted such a Bill some time ago; it is greatly to be desired that it should be brought forward.

What is not understood at present by the majority of persons is that the flora of a country, like its avifauna, is a national possession, and that the destruction of a species, whether it be a bird or a flower, is a national loss, and consequently a matter with which the public is directly concerned. We have to get rid of the too prevalent notion that everything which is owned belongs absolutely to the owner, and that what is unowned may be appropriated by the first person who likes to add it to his collection. In the case of wild birds, this principle has already obtained some legal recognition; when it is applied in like manner to wild flowers all else will follow in due course. To many persons it would sound ludicrous to-day to suggest that the picking of rare flowers should be prohibited, or even deprecated, in this land of the free, yet, as was pointed

(1) *The Times*, August 10th, 1925.

out in an editorial *Times* article,¹ such counsels of perfection "are the principles which the public is ready enough to accept in formal public gardens, and their extension to every meadow, woodland, and hillside, as far as possible, is what is now needed."

It is for the flower-lovers themselves to set an example in this matter, for all will ultimately depend on the spirit in which their cult is carried on. Shall we go to the haunts of the wild flowers as collectors, to pick and to press, or as pilgrims, to visit one of Nature's shrines and keep its image in the memory? The best of all museums is the mind; and it is not by collecting dead flowers but by re-collecting live ones, that the happiest results are attained.

"I look upon the whole country in springtime," so said a writer, Steele perhaps, in the *Tatler*, "as a spacious garden, and make as many visits to a spot of daisies, or a bank of violets, as a florist does to his borders and parterres. There is not a bush in blossom within a mile of me which I am not acquainted with, nor scarce a daffodil or cowslip that withers away in my neighbourhood without my missing it."²

That is the right way to know the plants. For it is not the flower alone, and of itself, that has beauty in perfection, but the flower as seen in the fair setting which Nature has given it, and when withdrawn from that setting it must of necessity lose somewhat of its charm, just as a beautiful line of poetry must suffer when taken from its context. A wild flower, to be fully valued, should be seen in what botanists call its "station," even as, in Wordsworth's lines, it is the "mossy stone" that adds to the picture of the violet. Perhaps the most fascinating group in all the British flora is that of the saxifrages, which are chiefly mountain plants, and it is only when one knows them in their native fastnesses, with the fitting accessories of moist rock, green turf, mosses, and falling streamlet, that one really knows them at all. A saxifrage seen in a herbarium, or even in a rock-garden, may be the dead or the living form of the plant, but it is not the true and actual wild flower that we love.

(1) August 10th, 1925.

(2) *Tatler*, No. 218.

Of the strong attraction which wild flowers possess for many minds there can be no question—it is a fancy, a passion; which seizes not the young only, but the old; and numerous cases occur where the most unlikely persons (I have in mind a retired grocer who devoted his declining years to the pursuit) are strongly affected by it, sometimes to the surprise or even the indignation of relatives who cannot understand such profitless addiction to "weeds." And, by the irony of fate, it is this very interest in the flowers that now threatens to contribute to their ruin, for while their votaries have increased enormously in number during the past century, owing to the general growth of nature-studies, the flowers themselves have been on the decrease, with the prospect that, as years go on, the tragedy of the Lady's Slipper and other vanishing species may be repeated on a wider scale.

Mr. Baldwin was right. Wild flowers need sanctuary, and the first step towards obtaining it for them is to make known the increasing urgency of that need.

THE NECESSITY FOR COMPROMISE

BY JAMES CORBETT

It is difficult to get a group of men to sit down and talk about the decline and fall of the British Empire. It is impossible to get statesmen to talk sanely about national affairs. In other words, it is easy to talk in a glib manner about some political controversy, to discuss finance from the angle of the Stock Exchange, to fume over the Chinese question, but how many individuals are prepared to face the fact that England as an industrial nation may be on the verge of ruin and collapse? This disinclination to face reality may be due to the temperament of the Englishman. The Britisher is an opponent of pessimism. It is impossible for him to realise that we will not "pull through" the aftermath of the Great War as we emerged from other tight corners in history. That may be a national trait of character we are bound to admire. On the other hand, it may be the policy of the ostrich who buries its head in the sand without worrying about a bullet or decapitation. The argument that we are bound to win can only be justified so long as we do not neglect the time factor. It was because the time factor in finance was in our favour that we emerged from many a perilous corner.

Occasionally we are told that the Empire and science offer us the two keys to success. That is wise advice providing we secure the master-key of co-ordination. Some people think that co-ordination is merely the catchword of the Labour Party. But the word can be used in the universal sense. Co-ordination is the secret of success. How can we secure it? That is the problem we are faced with at present. The population of Great Britain is increasing every year by over 400,000. If we compare this total with the figures of unemployment, we realise that the island is overpopulated. Some alarmists believe this a danger of stupendous and sensational growth. A theory is advanced that birth-control is the one means of self-

defence against impoverishment and a decline in the standard of living. We cannot regard the problem of population as domestic, because while the call for work in Britain is insistent, there is a simultaneous call from the Dominions for workers. There is a peril in excess throughout Britain, and a peril in deficiency overseas. We know that the tide of migration has been on the ebb. Before the war there was an annual outflow of 300,000; and since the war, while the population has largely increased, the average has fallen to 100,000. The birth-control faddists argue that if the pre-war rate of movement cannot be speedily surpassed the nation will have no choice but to limit the increase of babies. They forget that this is an excellent manner of diminishing our power to supply the British nations overseas. No, the real secret of national regeneration does not lie in birth-control. The only way we can advance towards the high-water mark of prosperity is by discovering the dividing-line of compromise between the warring factions of the nation.

It has recently looked as if we had reached the biggest crisis that we had witnessed since the Armistice. The gauntlet was thrown down by the employers, and the challenge was accepted by the workers. Is it still going to be war to the knife? Will the final decision be less wages and longer hours, or increased earnings and less time spent in earning the money? That is the proposition we are faced with as a community of British people. We are told that the next few months will be the most critical in our democratic annals. The optimists assure us that the worst will be avoided and that good will result. That is, there is a general disinclination to agree with Dean Inge that democracy has failed. Democracy, in one sense, was not responsible for the industrial revolution that disturbed, apparently once and for all time, our proper agricultural basis. The plain issue is that unless Labour, with all its strength and might, is going to co-operate with Capital, then British democracy will prove the greatest failure in history. Will the saving good sense of the people avert the catastrophe that lies ahead of us within the next few months?

We have all our different views about the mining problem. Doubtless every individual has settled it from his or her own standpoint of thought. But very few have looked at the problem from the national and Imperial aspect. We want statesmen nowadays, not pettifogging, haphazard politicians. A coal deadlock, if continued, is going to knock the bottom out of our efforts at reconstruction. It is going to dislocate the iron and steel trade. It will make the abrupt return to the gold standard the greatest blunder in history, and it may reduce our power and credit abroad to the level of a bankrupt nation. The truth is we cannot afford a deplorable industrial war, with the die-hards on the one side and the foolish extremists on the other. We want equipoise, co-ordination and a determined effort to pull the Old Country out of a howling mess.

No man can understand the necessity for compromise more clearly than the Prime Minister. There are a lot of people still crying out about the manner in which Mr. Baldwin settled the first mining crisis, but it is impossible to understand how people can object to the compromise he then made. Some critics called it, at the time, a temporary solution of the difficulty. It was the only practical solution of the mining problem during a period of unexampled crisis. The miners and the owners, as now, were obdurate in their determination that no concession should be made, and nearly at the last hour of midnight in the coal negotiations the Prime Minister made a steady and deliberate move towards compromise and reconciliation. It was the finest thing he has done since he entered political power. It is true that Mr. Baldwin only secured an armistice between miners and mine-owners by making the nation pay for it, but he prevented the greatest social upheaval by a steady stroke of financial diplomacy. In principle, the subsidy was a gigantic extension of the dole policy, and any recurrence of that experiment will, as the Samuel Report confirms, diminish exertion and raise fresh demands. But look at the argument which Mr. Baldwin presented to the nation. He pointed out that the total national loss by the three months' stoppage in 1921 was £200,000,000. Can we imagine the financial loss to the

nation if this coal conflict is going to continue in a controversy where no man can foresee the end?

Here is the question we wish to ask: Is there to be an end to this internecine struggle in industry? Is the regeneration of this nation to be delayed owing to an eternal conflict that will admit of no compromise? If that is so, and if conference, arbitration and co-operation are factors impossible to obtain without violence and bloodshed, then not merely Germany, France or Russia, but the smallest nation on the Continent will beat us in the march to industrial prosperity.

Arbitration is the keynote of the League of Nations. It is just as imperative a necessity in domestic affairs. In plain words, we have got to get down to the bedrock of human nature. It is logical in one sense for employers to demand longer hours and less wages. In other words a strictly economic policy will admit of no sentiment. But although we may talk about economics from now till the Greek Kalends, we will find it impossible to rule out the human element in industry. Economics, like patriotism, is not enough. We admit how difficult it is to reconcile sentiment with finance, yet the factor of compromise means that each side in a dispute must make some concession. In this manner we are making provision for the human element involved. A demand for a return to the eight-hour standard in the coal-mining industry seems, from one point of view, a perfectly justifiable request; but, on the other hand, mine-owners must ask what guarantee are they going to have for increased output if the men are determined to prevent it? Unless there is harmony, fraternity and co-ordination in the labour world, then we are bound to face chaos, confusion and conflict.

This problem of wages is not impossible of solution providing we can educate the working classes to realise the marginal line of economic safety. There is no good for employers to throw down the challenge in this respect unless the workers can be guaranteed some vital assurance that there is to be a decrease in the cost of living. It is inhuman and absurd to argue that a higher wage must mean a higher cost in living, or that a higher wage does not

mean a higher standard of living. The standard of living has increased in America, and the cost of living has not proportionately increased, and yet wages are three times higher across the Herring Pond than in England. Besides, there is a factor of economic control in the home life which will always find an outlet for greater comfort providing there is a little margin of money at hand.

The vital point which employers must face is the fact that there is no necessity for either a decrease in wages or a reduction in hours. If we can obtain the proper working spirit between employers and men we are securing the best guarantee for increased output and greater exports; and if we are working at full industrial strength during the next few years we are going to be on the crest of the wave that will meet the demand of the Continental purchaser who is emerging slowly from his present financial poverty.

The point we should concentrate on is the relief of the taxpayer. If we can make a compromise of reality in this respect then we are liberating the nation from those manacles and chains which are acting as an octopus and handicap. The House of Commons is still one of the chief spending departments of the State, and we must stand up to the Admiralty chiefs and other Napoleons who threaten us with their summary resignation if we do not foot the bill. We must remember that there is a limit to the money which people can pay for goods, and there is a limit to the taxes which can be obtained from the well-to-do and the middle class. Both limits have been passed.

An appeal for compromise in industry does not mean that we are advocating a policy of weakness and vacillation. As we have already hinted, we will have to be firm with the miners. Our British coal-workers have practised restriction of output for a great number of years to their own advantage and to the detriment of the nation. Their wages have risen for a long time in accordance with the cost of coal. Yet the United States can produce coal at one-third the English price, and not only can they conquer our foreign trade, but, aided by cheap shipping rates, they can dump millions of tons of coal in this country far below the cost of production. Unless coal prices are speedily

reduced, either by doubling the output of the worker or arranging for national distribution of the coal, then half the mines of this country will have to close down. As Mr. Baldwin clearly understood when he promised a Royal Commission that would excel even the Sankey Report investigation, a readjustment and rationalisation of English coal mines to world conditions is inevitable, and the sooner it takes place the better for the miners and the nation.

We must uproot the "ca' canny" principle throughout Britain. The success of the miners in benefiting themselves by making coal scarce and dear has tremendously encouraged the deliberate restriction of output in other industries. We all know that any single industry can greatly benefit its workers by restricting production and exacting fancy prices from the community. If the coal miners had been the only section of labour to reduce output, they would merely have taxed all the other industries without creating a general shortage; but the "go slow" plan has become universal. And with what result? "Ca' canny" simply means that on the average an American worker will produce as much as three British workers, making English goods scarce and dear, and, so far, every rise in wages has been accompanied by a corresponding rise in prices! Accordingly British workers do not enjoy that margin of profit and abundance which they ought to enjoy, but refuse to create, and these conditions are in themselves breeding the reaction of sullen revolt. It also implies that the opportunities of British workers to find work are more and more restricted, because other nations, producing with greater energy and greater cheapness, can undersell England in all markets and even in the home market. Even the United States are underselling this country in dozens of lines, although, as we have stated, American wages are three times as high as English wages; but more intensive production in the Republic seems to counterbalance the higher cost of labour.

If we reflect for a moment, we will see the great opportunities we have lost. When the war came to an end England had the world at her feet. Our industrial

machinery and organisation were vastly improved during the struggle, and the world was starving for manufactured goods of every kind. This country might have enjoyed a long period of unexampled prosperity had it not been for the suicidal folly of the workers. Organised labour has divided the workers into strictly defined castes, and to-day our working population represents a number of rigid compartments. A worker engaged in one trade is not allowed to engage in another trade, and the result is starvation and unemployment in some industries, while other industries suffer from a lack of workers which cannot be made good from the desperate unemployed men belonging to another trade union. This division of the industrial population into rigid castes is ruinous to the workers themselves. We are still suffering acutely for the want of houses, but these cannot be built because the building unions will not allow outsiders to enter the building trade, although the number of workers in that trade has been reduced to an extraordinary extent.

Surely there was never a clearer demand for compromise on the part of trade unionism? If this rigidity of principle is not relaxed, then Unity House is going to kill the goose with the golden eggs. This soulless trade unionism is destroying the fundamental right of men to earn their living by their labour. It also means that starving men may accept charity but must not work at a trade which is short of workers, but which chooses to close that trade, making it a monopoly to its members. The position in this country is becoming similar to that which prevailed in France previous to the Revolution. The mediæval French guilds were determined upon preserving their privileges at any cost. A hat-maker was not allowed to make caps; a cap-maker was prosecuted if he made hats; and the entrance into the guilds was made difficult by absurd restrictions. The Revolution broke out chiefly owing to economic causes, but in the opinion of many of the leading French historians the restrictive policy of the guilds was largely responsible for the cataclysm.

The trade unions have both an admirable and a mischievous aspect. Successive Parliaments have weakened

the best side by transferring the task of finding employment to the State, and they have strengthened their power for mischief by placing them above the law. Yet British workers by instinct are conservative and progressive. They are certainly not revolutionary; but wild men have succeeded in permeating the organisations, and a vast body of workers have fallen under the control of a Socialist junta which enforces the strictest discipline, being able to take away the livelihood of those who refuse to act as they are told. A man expelled from his union becomes an outlaw in his own country. He must either take up another occupation or emigrate to a distant land. Is there no middle path of mediation to all this chaos and insanity of purpose? As matters stand at present, the men who have obtained control of the great trade unions have forced those organisations upon a steep slope which will lead to economic ruin and revolution. We are faced with the fact that unemployment is due to the poverty of the Continental purchaser. Impelled by professional mischief-makers, trade unions are advocating policies which are bound to end in economic disaster. They are still demanding the abolition of private enterprise and the handing over of all the national industries to bureaucratic control. Such a policy is directed not towards providing an abundance of goods, but towards ruining the industries and the experts who control them.

This suicidal policy is due to the ridiculous Marxian doctrine that labour creates all wealth. Wealth is created by the co-operation of three factors: labour, capital and brains. Unfortunately the mind of the workers has been warped by the poisonous doctrines of revolutionaries, who have deluded them with palpable fallacies. The forces of sanity must organise themselves before it is too late. If their eyes were once opened by intelligent propaganda to the real issues at stake, the working classes of Britain would refuse to be used as the cat's paw of revolution. If some reasonable scheme of co-operation between accumulated capital, technical skill, and physical energy could be devised, there is no need to despair of what the future may have in store. Let it be recognised that our capacity to

feed ourselves can only be maintained by energy in production and economy in consumption, and the battle of reconstruction will be half-won.

The self-recriminations that have recently occurred between Labour notabilities afford a slight indication of what is passing in the mind of Labour itself. The rank and file have given utterance to the better instincts of their nature, and even the leaders have observed straws that move in the wind. The political psychologist can see that revolt has been directed against absolute power being vested in a few men at the head of trade unionism. Labour, realising that the game must be played with employers, is crying out that it is a democracy and not a trade union dictatorship.

No one but a mountebank would challenge the utility of trade unionism in this modern age. Protection for workers is imperative in an industrial era where directors are out of touch with employees. No one has made this more clear than Lord Birkenhead himself. His speech on trade unionism should reassure people who fear the Government may deal too drastically with the subject, and it should act as a bracing tonic to those who are half-suspecting a policy of inaction. Whilst the Ministerial programme will avoid anything in the nature of repression, it should certainly clip the wings of revolutionaries who are out to use trade unionism as a means of overthrowing the constitution. The Prime Minister and his colleagues share the general view that adequate safeguards are drastically needed against outrages on the community. A general strike, proclaimed without notice or ballot at the arbitrary will of a little group of executive officials, is nothing short of monstrous in our existing social organism, and the danger is all the more accentuated when a few men are manoeuvred into office either to exploit a purely political project or owing to the apathy of the trade union rank and file. The Cabinet Committee must ascertain how far the law will safeguard us adequately against such a conspiracy. It is also obvious that public opinion, including a large section of trade unionists themselves, demand a secret ballot impartially controlled. "Peaceful picket-

ing," the phrase of a Parliamentary draughtsman, has been used by the mob orator as a priceless joke. It was a cardinal mistake of the 1906 Liberal Ministry, for it gave permission for formidable groups of persons not only to stop workers at their place of employment, but also to surround their homes. The Ministers who formed Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's Cabinet never conceived the permission was capable of such abuse, and in the recent crisis this plan of campaign really formed the Magna Charta of the Reds.

The first thing to be done is a thorough and impartial review of the workings of Trade Union law under the authority of a Royal Commission. There are certain features of these organisations that the country has definitely marked down as being against the public interest. For instance, Is it right that a group of leaders should be able to inflict upon the nation the immeasurable perils and losses of a general strike with entire impunity so far as their own persons and the funds of their societies are concerned? Is it right that a strike of any kind should be ordered by a trade union executive unless it has been sanctioned beforehand by at least two-thirds of the men voting by secret ballot? Is it not wrong, and a stumbling-block to industrial peace and security, that agreements between employers and trade unions can be rejected by the men at will and without penalty? It seems to be imperative that the sanctity of contracts should be re-established throughout the whole sphere of British industry, and that for this purpose the Trades Disputes Act of 1906 will need to be amended. The unions have unhappily shown that they cannot be trusted with the extraordinary powers and immunities conferred upon them, and that the exercise of almost boundless authority, with no financial liabilities attached to it, is bad for the leaders, men, and nation. We want to see trade unionism in this country strong, disciplined and sane, an instrument of industrial peace and efficiency, but not revolutionary, chaotic, above the law, a hunting-ground for the preachers of class war, a drag on production. When we can get these points satisfactorily arranged then there will be even a greater basis for compromise and readjustment.

We are writing these words at a moment when the industrial situation is somewhat depressing, but the feeling of pessimism is passing, and there is a growing disposition to believe that the discipline of deadlock has been necessary and imperative. We are beginning to realise that industry has many human aspects, and although it is difficult to reconcile sentiment with economic compulsion, still we see the wisdom of compromising with the forces of human nature, and such a compromise in the end will mean greater progress in the days ahead. The danger we are forgetting to-day is the fact that industrial regeneration has a time limit. We are tied hand and foot to a rigid system of economics. Experts will confirm that financial disaster is certain if we pass a certain line of safety, and British statesmen who are anxious about the future are ready to acknowledge the same fact. Everything depends upon our ability to seize what, after all, may prove a very fleeting moment of reconstruction. All other countries seem to have awakened months ago to a grim realisation of this stupendous fact. America to-day is in the van of industrial progress. Comparatively speaking, France has only a fragmentary minimum of unemployed. Germany is not merely re-organising herself like a giant refreshed, but has just concluded a potential Treaty with Russia. Spain is recovering fast after her military expeditions abroad; Italy has not merely rejuvenated but is seeking expansion; whilst Russia, China, and Japan all show remarkable signs of re-birth and resuscitation. Every nation is getting down to "brass-tacks" except England. We seem to have forgotten the convulsions of the world-war and to be concentrating on sport, but although sport is right in its proper sphere there is a psychological period in history when ultra-preoccupation on sports may prove a curse instead of a blessing, and future generations of Britishers may lament the decadence, inertia, and inaction of the post-war era in England.

ENGLISH AND BASQUE FOLK DANCES

By VIOLET ALFORD

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THE English Morris exists in three forms—Sword dances, Processional dances, and the Morris proper.

Sword dances belong to the North of England, and are practised at Christmas-time by coal miners who call themselves Guisers (disguisers), or Morris men. Sword dancers used to be accompanied by costumed characters who acted the remnants of a Mumming play. These characters are the old woman Betsy (a man in woman's clothes), the Fool, the Doctor, St. George, sometimes even Wellington and Napoleon Bonaparte!

The germ of the play is always a death and a bringing to life again. St. George kills one of the characters, who is immediately brought to life by the Doctor's potion. If, as in most places to-day, the Mumming play has vanished, the Sword dancers themselves carry on the tradition by a "Calling-on Song." Each verse introduces a dancer by name.

O the next that comes in is a Sailor bold,

and

The fourth he comes on like a ranting young lad,

and

March along, bold Wellington.

As the first man is named he walks forth, sword on shoulder, and continues walking in a circle until all have been called and are walking behind him. Then the dance begins. Each man grasps his own sword in his right hand and seizes the point of the sword on his left. Thus a circle is formed which is never broken. They leap over, pass under, run through arches, until the "lock" or "rose" is made. This is done by weaving the swords into an octagon, hexagon or pentagon, according to their number, and it is held aloft by the captain. Finally the

rose is placed over the kneeling captain's head; at the word of command each man draws his sword from the weaved pattern and the captain falls to the ground—the dead man of the play again. The sword dances of Viscaya so strongly resemble those of Northern England that one can hardly believe in a separate origin. Their captain, however, instead of falling dead, is raised above the heads of his men. It is always affirmed that this is a sign of triumph, but in reality nothing is less like a triumphal and victorious war-captain than the rigid, horizontal figure apparently stretched in mid-air. Can it not be another method of displaying that dead man whom we, in England, believe to be the modern representation of that age-old sacrifice—the essential death of the god of the year, that he may rise again each new spring? In some of our sword dance villages this necessary decapitation is now forgotten. No anthropomorphic victim appears, but the rose alone is displayed aloft.¹ This display might well be taken as a sign of triumph, but we do not look upon our sword dances as war dances at all, and where the rose alone is displayed we take it to be a symbol of the now forgotten sacrifice.

This ancient belief in a dying and resurrected god—Atys, Adonis, Osiris, Balder the Beautiful, together with the yet unknown spring deities of pre-historic peoples—has left traces all over Europe. It is scarcely possible that the Pays Basque, the home of tradition, should be swept bare of similar traces.

Processional dances seem to be descended directly from those spring lustrations which took village folk out into their woods and fields seeking the assurance that their spring god was newly risen. The people brought home representations of the deity in the shape of May boughs or a Maypole.

Costumed characters go with these processions as with the sword dancers; Betsy, or the Queen, or the Lady, always a man dressed in woman's clothes; sometimes a

(1) A Morris dance shows the "hoisting" of one dancer in the final rounds.

"besom man," who sweeps the way clear; nearly always a Fool. The Morris men resemble the Cascarotak and Volontak of Basse Navarre and Labourd. They wear white clothes, decorated with ribbons and jingling bells.

The Processional Danse des Volants, as done at St. Jean-Pied-de-Port and its environs, is an almost exact replica of a processional Morris, while the boughs carried in Dantza Korda¹ (itself, one would say, a spring processional) are in all probability descendants of the May-boughs. Again, Bazandrea or La Dame Sauvage is surely the same personage as our Queen or Betsy? Indeed, at Castleton, in Derbyshire, the Queen with a bonnet and a white veil rides on horse-back precisely as I have seen several "Sauvages" in Basse Navarre. But if she is the same personage—whom does she represent?

The Morris of the Midlands has reached a higher stage of development than these processional dances. It may be compared with the dances of La Soule, which, if sprung from the same source as those of the Volant type, have developed almost out of recognition. It is performed by six men. Their beautifully pleated white shirts are decorated with ribbons, bell pads are worn on the legs. In old days a tall hat decked with flowers and ribbons was worn. Nowadays the old "topper" has become a bowler or ordinary felt hat. Both this Morris and the Processionals sally forth on Whit-Monday or some such date, dance all day in the village and at the principal farms and houses. The traditional characters go with them, children carry "May-hoops," and the Fool cries his stale old jokes. To uninitiated eyes Morris dances are much alike. The form is always the same, and certain figures occur everywhere, such as *rounds*, *keys*, *back-to-back* and *foot-up*. Yet in reality each village tradition keeps its own peculiarities, steps and arm-movements. In the same way one Saut Basque resembles another. Indeed, if it were not for the tune, I think only a technical dancer could tell them apart. This type of Morris may be compared

(1) Dantza Korda is a single file Farandole danced at weddings and on festal occasions.

to the Soule dances, as I have said, on account of its highly developed technique. It must be granted that artistically it outshines the Soule dances in at least two aspects. The Soule men dance with their legs only. Their bodies are rigid, their arms are not used. Morris men are curiously upright also, but every step is accompanied by its own arm-movement. Thus the whole body is brought into use, and with the waving and tossing of white handkerchiefs forms a wonderful picture of rhythmical beauty.

Also, the Soule dances, except the "gavotte," show few *ensemble* movements. They are a series of *pas seuls*, beginning and ending with a concerted figure. The Morris is rich in the beauty of threaded *heys* and the sudden outburst of wide-spread *rounds*. When we consider what is technically called footwork alone, there the Soule men leave nothing to be desired; our Midland farm lads lumber far behind. The wearing of thick boots, of course, precludes such agility, but I also think that Basques are *born* dancers, and that modern Englishmen are *made* dancers. This used not to be so, for the "dancing English" were consistently admired by foreign visitors to our Court and country. The persistent likeness between English and Basque folk forms is perceived again in the characters of the Soule Masquerades. There are the monsieur and the dame, equivalent to the lord and lady; there is the *Tcherrero*, who wears bells like a Morris man, and who sweeps a way for the dancers as does our besom man. We have no *Chat*, though the fool is fond of knocking off hats. *Kantiniersa*¹ is a perplexing person, because she seems to be the equivalent to Betsy, and thus would duplicate the part of the lady or dame. Above all, there is the hobby horse.

This animal is well known in England. He used to be an essential figure in the Morris, but now in the words of Shakespeare he "is quite forgot." He trots forth alone, however, in several places, such as Minehead, in May, where he frightens the girls with his gambols. He is a

(1) Besides, *Kantiniersa* or *La Cantinière* is quite a modern character showing how old traditions may alter even yet.

native of the Basque country, from Pampeluna (at least) to the innermost recesses of La Soule.

Until now I have taken no great interest in the hobby horse. He seemed, having read so much of him in Elizabethan and seventeenth century literature without having seen him with these eyes, to be merely a quaint mediæval survival. It needed a *Zamalzain*¹ to tear down the veil of indifference. He burst upon me like a creature from another world, aloof amid his satellites, beautiful with the strangest beauty imaginable. Afterwards I watched another throughout an entire masquerade on a little *place* in a little village far away. It would be as difficult to make a consecutive play out of a present-day masquerade as good sense out of a Mumming play. The monsieur and dame are, one supposes, the same lord and lady who rule over spring festivals all over Europe—the Lord and Lady of the May—Robin Hood and Maid Marian—the queen and the fool of the Ampleforth sword play—call them what you will. One can understand the accretion of *Les Bohémiens* and their extravagances as a mediæval means of brightening some far older and fading drama, exactly as Robin Hood's men adhered for two hundred years or more to the Morris. But through it all one figure stands out pre-eminent like a king amongst his court—the *Zamalzain* and his *Chibalet*.² His flowery crown, the only one in the scene, shows him to be of a superior order. In the rude pranks of the *Bohémiens*, and the snatchings of the *Chat*, he is never touched. He is treated by the other dancers as a being apart. When paraded for his *finale* the attendant *cueuilleros* assume expressions of the utmost solemnity. They assist his leaps, until the last and highest becomes a veritable "hoisting." Here we come back to the hoisting of the rose, and of the Viscayan sword dance captain. Why do they display him thus? Who is this man-horse?

I tentatively grope for an answer. Disguise has always been a firm characteristic of every type of Morris and Mumming play. Fools, captains, or dancers wear some

(1) *Zamalzain* is Basque for the rider of the hobby horse.
(2) *Chibalet* is *Chevallet* in Soule dialect—the horse itself.

rag or tag of an animal disguise; a hare skin, a fox skin, with the tail hanging down the back, great reindeer horns as at Abbots' Bromley, the shape and trappings of a horse, a cow skin or tail, or merely that easiest of all disguises—a black face. In this invariable custom do we catch a glimpse of those far-off days when men conceived their gods in animal form; when in this animal form the god was killed (and eaten) in order to ensure the continuation of his species? In those twilight days when the tribal god was the main source of the tribal food supply, men invoked him by magic portraits, as, indeed, some Australian tribes do to-day. They draw a picture of their favourite insect on a rock or on the ground, sit around calling upon it to arrive in its multitudes; whereupon it invariably does so, and the tribe eats to repletion. The god, their food and themselves, all are magically and inextricably one. Such was, and is, the tenet of totemism.

E. K. Chambers, in his *Mediæval Stage*, says that in these animal disguises, as well as in the hobby horse, he sees nothing but "worshippers careering in the skins of sacrificial animals." Shall we not rather say a worshipper; the most important of the worshippers; the priest, chief, captain, king, who took upon himself to represent the deity, and, wrapped in the skin, feathers, or horns of the animal god, died in the spring rite?

We know that the first men living about the great rivers of Southern France and the foot of the Pyrenees were artists and hunters. We know they hunted mammoths, reindeer, bison, *horses*. We know they made pictures in their caves of all these animals from which they drew their food supplies. How do we know that these, too, are not magic pictures, executed not for the love of art, but for the utilitarian purpose of attracting the necessary herds?¹

The reindeer tribe would draw its reindeer-god and wear reindeer horns, and the horse tribe would draw its horse-god, and wrap themselves in horse-skins, and at the proper time would kill and eat their deities, which act would magically increase the food supply and ensure the people from

starvation. Thousands of years pass by and men conceive their god not as a grub, a fox, nor a horse, but as a man like themselves. A legend remains that he must be clad in the sacred animal's skin, for once the tribe, like the god, were foxes or horses. So when the time for the spring rite comes round the chief or priest still decks himself in the sacred skin and goes to his death as a representative of the now anthropomorphic god. In England we actually see captains and fools in foxskins killed in the yearly sword dance. In spite of being told that he is a victorious war captain, I venture to see a spring ritual victim in the recumbent Viscayan sword dance leader; is it imagination only which sees a similar victim in the Zamalzain of La Soule? No proof is forthcoming, of course. Do we ever find actual proof when delving into the dim workings of primitive man's mind? To see him in a masquerade is the first step towards belief. When performing disconnected dances, as he often does, he loses the weight of his proper environment. In his traditional place he is the centre, the star of the play. He certainly is not killed nowadays. Was he once? Do the traditional shoeing and gelding take the place of a killing as the rose is displayed in place of a decapitation? And just as certainly is he "hoisted." We know by voluminous literary allusions and churchwardens' accounts that as it was in the fifteenth century so is the Morris to-day. If we had some such history of the masquerade we should be on firmer ground, for it is not even known when its present form began nor when the present unfortunate name was given. We can understand that its very early date for a spring rite is due to Church influence, to ensure the keeping of Lent. The presence of the monsieur and dame ought to clarify its nature, but the intrusion of the *Bohémien* party also obscures it.

However, there, on the very ground trodden by those ancient horse hunters, we see their descendants as "worshippers wrapped in a horse skin"—perhaps *the* worshipper who, in the shape of the horse divinity, went to his sacramental death.¹

(1) We may compare this hypothetical horse victim with the Padstow hobby horse ritual.

(1) This is not merely the writer's idea, but is suggested by Salamon Reinach in his "Cults, Myths and Religions."

THE NAME.

Probably the name Morris comes from Morisco or Moresque, but we cannot suppose that the dance itself does so, nor can we imagine, as is now sometimes mooted, that it was stolen from the Basques. Some such dance rite is spread all over Europe. It is not *only* in England and the Basque country that it is found. Why should Englishmen copy their dance from one particular corner of France any more than from the Swiss, Flemish, or Germans? The difficulty is that what we in England call the Morris is not always what others call the Moresque or Morisco. Moresque was often used for a stage dance, composed for a court masque or ballet, bearing no likeness whatever to the spring folk dance. Monsieur Georges Hérelle writes of the dance of the Volants and Cascarots of Basse Navarre as the "Moresque." It would be valuable to know on what authority he thus names it. Do the dancers themselves ever call it so? English soldiery occupied Aquitaine and the Basque lands for three hundred years. They would have noted the extraordinary similarity of the native dances to their own. At the time of the final reconquest of Spain, Moors came into fashion, as it were. Every dark-skinned man was a "Moor"; negroes were "black-a-moors," and are still. Our soldiers going to and fro might easily have carried home the fashionable word. Finding their own village dances still in full vigour, remarking that the home dancers disguised themselves and even blackened their faces, they fancied it was done to represent those Moors who were so much in the public eye. Forthwith the ancient English rite became the Moorish or Morris dance. If it could be proved that the Basse Navarre dance has been thus called from, say, the fifteenth century, it would go a long way towards clearing up the question of whence came the English name of Morris.

CHILDREN OF THE MORNING

BY W. L. GEORGE

CHAPTER VI—(cont.)

SONG OF SONGS.

NOT much of this early civilisation had penetrated to the hills where lived the Tsarl and a fluctuating population, averaging seven or eight men and a dozen or more women. Marriage by declaration had not penetrated there; group marriage had survived only a few years, and slowly evolved into polygamy about the Tsarl himself; the intolerance of the master extended to his men, all of whom were weaker than he. The Tsarl practised polygamy because he was the chief, and monogamy was enforced upon his followers by the dearth of mates: modern morals sometimes take strange paths. The people of the hills had taken up fire after those of the plains, but they did maintain that flickering centre of social life. They were too idle to build houses of seaweed brick, but they had contrived rude shelters made of boughs bent down towards the ground and lashed into position, enough to keep off the rains. They lived a more sumptuous life, and a little further we shall say something of the court of the Tsarl.

Meanwhile, at Home City, an immense development of the social relation was being produced by two incidents. Arry the Cruel did not definitely belong to Home City, but he was not strong enough to bear the life of the hills; thus he generally camped in a seaweed hut some hundreds of yards up the River of the Plains, where he lived with Loo and a very big girl called Ida, of whom he was secretly afraid. The population of his hut fluctuated, for sometimes Bloo joined their party, and sometimes a girl roved back from the hills, sick of ill-treatment. Arry did not look upon his children as pets. He took malicious pleasure in teasing them, in raising food to their mouths and then taking it away. His household was dirty, quarrelsome, and tears often flowed there, but in the main it was undisturbed. One of his children was a small boy, the first in fact, and called Ovloo; this child somehow had enough vigour to defy his father, to draw away from his cruel home and to live in his own savage manner among the foothills. This irritated Arry, who often beat him. One day, when Ovloo was about five, he entered Home City while Arry sat there.

"Where have you been?" cried the father, angrily. "Twice has the sun risen, and where were you?"

The child, encouraged by the assembly, did not reply, but put out his tongue. Arry gave a yelp of rage, seized the child by the hair, and struck it again and again so that it howled.

"I'll punish you," cried Arry. "I'm tired of you, I'll make you *iseneer*."

He dragged Ovloo to the river nearby, and seizing the child by the neck, thrust him into the water, rejoicing no doubt in the efforts it made to resist drowning. But he did not succeed in drowning Ovloo, for Dzon and Sandy ran towards them, and tore the child out of his hands.

"You mustn't do that," said Dzon.

"Why not?" said Arry.

"You must not make him *izenceer*," said Sandy, shaken out of his placidity.

"I can do what I like," said Arry. "He's mine."

Then Dzon said the new social thing: "Yes, he's yours, but he's also his own. He must not make you *izenceer*, and you must not make him so. All must live."

In other words, mankind was not entitled to take life, and as Dzon pondered what he himself had done in a fit of instinct, it came to him for certain that in the city where he dwelt none might be done to death. Thus children might no longer be slain, and indeed fights were stopped. By degrees sobriety and a certain sedateness invested the peaceful inhabitants. Life was almost idyllic . . . but it was not so in the hills. Civilisation, as it grew in the plains, was sowing the seeds of its own destruction.

Another incident, almost as important, was provided when Dzon and Elnor were twenty-five, by a girl born upon the island, Ovmarion of the red hair. Her mother, Marion, had developed the primitive strain as much as any woman upon the island. Her child was the daughter of the Tsarl, born in these early days when the hills and the plains contained only one people. Marion had been one of those languid bacchantes who had marched into the foothills towards adventure. She was not a hill woman, nor yet a woman of the plains; she was uncertain and unhappy, moving from place to place. Thus, after a few years, like any cat deserting her kittens, she grew tired of her little girl, and indeed of all the children who were born to her. Such children, finding more amusement in the plains, clustered about Home City, where they were treated with negligent kindness by the town dwellers, and fed on handfuls of ground maize. They played with stones and shells as their ancestors had done. They were tolerated in Sandy's seaweed hut, where they mingled with the children of the city. Lineage was still so uncertain, in spite of marriage by declaration, that they gained as much affection, and no more than, those children who knew both their parents. Thus it came that Ovmarion, at the age of seven or eight, settled in the hut which sheltered Dzon and Elnor, Ovelna, her younger brother Stoic, and yet another boy, also called Ovelna, this creating a confusion which confounded nobody in this civilisation where a man was a man, and had no definite relationship with anyone else.

Ovmarion was a fine, fat child, one of those dimpled, cherubic children, with masses of red hair, big blue eyes, and a false air of innocence about the corners of her mouth and eyes. She inherited from Marion nothing at all, none of the restlessness, or of the wandering

spirit. She was a Tsarl, placid, sturdy, and good-humoured, so long as she was not crossed. For five years she lived under the roof of Dzon like a splendid vegetable that drives its roots as deep as it may, and flourished. To Dzon she was one of the children whom sometimes he petted and not often chastised. Though Ovelna, the girl, had for him an attraction different from that of any other child because she was the first of his own, which he had held in his arms, he was fond of Ovmarion. He taught her to make knots, instructed her hands in the art of rubbing down a flint to make it sharp. Perhaps the emotion that was to come to him grew so slowly and so secretly that he would never have been aware of it, and would have stayed uneasily content when Ovmarion formed a home of her own; but it was not so with the little girl. She had been brought up to fear Ankel, and in one of those moods ran to Dzon, screaming, begging him to prevent Ankel from taking her away. Dzon took her into his arms.

"Foolish child," he said, "Ankel will not take you away."

"He will, he will," wailed Ovmarion, clinging to him. "Zulien says I must fear him; what do I fear except that he will take me away?"

Dzon stroked the copper locks, which were pleasant under his hand: "Foolish child," he said again. "Ankel will not take you away so long as I am here."

Ovmarion clung closer to the muscular arm: "Oh, Dzon," she said, "I believe you. You are stronger than Ankel, are you not?"

Thus a greater familiarity arose between them, and as Ovmarion approached the precocious maturity of those latitudes, as she too knew the disturbances which had shaken the island a dozen years ago, now she sought the society of Dzon. The sturdy, black-bearded man, who was always so calm, who never let forth shrilly like the sapajous, represented to her all that is fixed, all that is strong in nature. Perhaps she did not love him, but she worshipped him. Now she sought more often the touch of his hand; she liked to lay food before him upon the flat stone; she liked to serve him. Naturally Dzon was moved by this humble appeal. One day, in the innocence of his nature, in presence of Elnor, he laid an arm about Ovmarion, drew her close to him, half-surprised by the emotion which invaded him. It was not a child he held so, but a woman suddenly yielding, who looked up at him through a curtain of golden lashes, with just the droop of the lips, the droop of the eyebrows, which many years before he had seen upon the face of Elnor. Ovmarion lay very still in his grasp, to which she responded as it grew harsher. Dzon bent down and kissed her cheek. The little girl pressed her face against his and returned his kiss. There was a moment's awkwardness, during which Dzon was disturbed by the beating of his heart. Then, suddenly, as if she were a civilised woman, as if her nerves were drawn so tight that she must do something, Elnor made a jerky movement which brought crashing to the floor the stone axes that stood against the wall. That sound broke the thread which was being woven. Dzon looked up with surprised eyes.

while over the features of Ovmarion passed a look of pain. That noise, that reminder of the outer world, had broken her dream.

"Ovmarion," said Elnor harshly, "go out of the hut; there are too many here."

The child was disciplined, for on that island the generations had not yet learnt that the young are stronger than the old. So, the look of pain changing to one of sulkiness, she rose and went out, followed after a moment by the other two children.

Dzon had stayed where he sat, his mind still bound by his new emotions, by the flicker of memory, by the sweetness which now affected him as a distant music. Then he was surprised by the expression which he could see upon Elnor's face, a new expression, tightly compressed lips and shining brown eyes, warm with fire.

"Why did you send Ovmarion away?" he asked at last.

"Because I can't bear to have her here," said Elnor.

"Why not? She does no harm. I like the child: I would always have her with me."

"So I see," replied Elnor, and though those words were not used she expressed as well as she could what any civilised woman would have said as she sensed a rival, and Dzon, like any civilised man, failed to understand her.

"Yes," he said, "I like the child. Perhaps I will declare myself bound to her."

"Dzon," said Elnor, faintly. Then anger dominated her: "So," she cried, "you would bind yourself to another! You who have lived with me so long, now you would bring a stranger into my house to be your wife, so that you may love her, so that you may love me no more."

"You are foolish," said Dzon. "Why should I love you less because I love her too?"

"You cannot love us both," said Elnor. Savage but sagacious, she added: "Of two women whom a man loves, one must he love more."

"That may be so," said Dzon thoughtfully, for new ideas always interested him. His placidity enraged Elnor.

"Men!" she said, "there is no good in you. How can you hurt me so as to say that one you may love more, and that is not I? Oh, I know it well, it is not I. You have not long known Ovmarion, and since you have known her you have been changed. You love me no more." Her voice rose: "You love me no more, Dzon, and I love you so well. Before I knew it was as if I did not live, and if I am to know you no more, then I shall be *iseneer*. Dzon, Dzon, let it not be so, let us be as we were."

Dzon rose to his feet, came close to her, some of her passionate feeling affecting him. He could not understand what she meant, and he told himself so well as his brain would let him that he did not want Ovmarion if this caused anger and pain to Elnor. Yet his approach disturbed more, as a civilised woman whom in her anger a man tries to soothe.

"Don't touch me," she cried, half in anger, half in agony. "Go

to Ovmarion. She is the one you love, not I. Do not try to make me believe what is not true. Oh, I wish I was *iseneer*, and I should feel no more. Indeed," she cried, "I will!" She picked up one of the shell knives and was about to drive it into her breast when Dzon seized her arm. There was a short moment of wrestling, at the end of which Elnor had to drop the knife, and stood trembling in arms and legs, in the grasp of the man.

"Foolish child," said Dzon, calm, though every feeling in him was inflamed.

Then Elnor wept. While he still held her wrist long shivers passed through her body; the mouth that worked fell open; now from the eyes streamed tears which she did not try to wipe away. For a moment, half-puzzled, the man watched her, accustomed to fury rather than to weeping. But almost at once the sight of those adored features, wet and twisted, caused an equal twist within his heart. He was not thinking of Ovmarion, but only now of the present agony, of Elnor, so familiar and so dear, here beside him. Uttering a sound of sympathy he flung his arms about Elnor, held her close, nuzzling his cheek against hers as a tigress nuzzles her cubs. For a long time she wept, accepting his caresses without response, weeping, however, a little less. When her tears stopped Dzon had time to think, and said:

"I see what you mean, Elnor. One man shall be with one woman, and there shall be no more. Those who are joined shall stay joined, and none other shall be joined with them."

"Oh, Dzon," murmured Elnor, but emotion broke the current of speech. She could only cling to him, breathless, wordless, irradiated by the delight of feeling sure of him. She was his, and he was hers. She would express that it was for ever, and she could not. Pathetically she tried.

"Dzon, when this moon is dark and another shall have risen there shall be only you and I. When that moon is dead and other moons are come, and other moons and other moons, all the moons, until we are *iseneer*, there shall be only you and I."

"Yes, so shall it be," said Dzon firmly. His lips met hers in a kiss of reassurance; then, because he was a man, because emotional tension made him awkward, because he felt that women are always satisfied by a kiss, he put Elnor gently aside and went to stand up against the wall the fallen axes.

Thus monogamy was established in Home City, and though for many years it suffered from breaches, it prevailed because not only Dzon and Elnor, but Sandy and Donal and their wives established that form of domesticity. Meanwhile, however, another form of life was taking definition at the court of the Tsarl. His settlement had become a court because in the vanity of his strength he needed followers, and because on the island, just as in the outer world, there were men who needed a leader as much as the leader needed them. Nearly all the early recruits of the Tsarl had been beaten by him in single combat; then he had conceived for them a sort of contemptuous affection. And

they, when they met him, afraid that he would beat them again, had sought to propitiate him. Bloo, for instance, the weak and hysterical boy, found himself, after his first beating by the Tsarl, haunted by the idea of him. He was neurotic, and now the Tsarl took upon himself in his dreams the part which had been played by Ankel the devourer, by the mythological *pussik*. So strong was his enthrallment that a few days later, when the Tsarl was skirting a little wood, Bloo flung a stone at him. It was as if he courted the wrath of the big youth, for he did not run away, but stood half-palsied, until the Tsarl seized him by his long hair, threw him upon the ground, and beat him with a stick, while he writhed in silence.

When the punishment was done Tsarl said:

"Do that again, and I will make you *iseneer*."

Bloo did not reply. His limbs were trembling, but after a moment, observing a heavily laden guava tree, he broke a branch covered with fruit and mutely held it out to the Tsarl. It was a peace offering, but also an act of fealty. The Tsarl, puzzled, accepted the branch and went up into the hills, eating the fruit, and at times singing hoarsely to himself, while young Bloo, rubbing his sore places, stumbled after him. He hated and he fear the Tsarl, but he loved him. Weak, he must be with one who was strong. The Tsarl took little notice of him, allowed him to follow like a stray dog, and later tolerated his presence about the camp fire where others, Leo, Feodor, Arold, were already gathered. By the prestige of his strength, by ruthlessness, and by a certain barbaric beauty, the Tsarl was making in the hills a rallying centre. Many of the bacchantes who marched into the hills fled because they were ill-treated, but many stayed. Girls such as Ada, Lina, Ruth, the wild and restless Sylil, Vera, Bertha, Ethel, associated themselves with the life of the hillmen. Though there marriage and monogamy never operated, though personal affection dictated only temporary unions, though the children had no definite fathers, little by little a rough order was established.

It was established because even there, where civilisation was not blooming, it was necessary to control that first cattle, woman.

The followers of Tsarl were never to enter the agricultural stage, or even the pastoral; they were hunting people, a people of prey. Thus no question of property could occur in a world comparatively so large that there was room for everybody, food for everybody, and happiness for all, if they had known it. But the predilection for ownership, so strong in man, balked of its normal object, property, found its satisfaction in woman. Here were controllable creatures, animals less strong than men, animals impeded by child-bearing, and, above all, animals capable of delighting the superior sex. All this can be said of fine horses. Though the marriage relation did not exist in the hills, preference did; sometimes there was fighting, because a certain woman had been taken by another. So frequent was this that it occurred to the Tsarl that, since he need not fight because he was strongest, all the women must belong to him.

"This day," he said, suddenly, to Leo, "Ethel shall no longer be your girl."

"Why not?" asked Leo, in a truculent voice.

"Because she is mine," said the Tsarl.

Leo had forgotten his early lesson and laughed, while Arold and Feodor, who stood near him, joined in his merriment. The Tsarl did not reply, but raising a large white fist upon which curled reddish hair, he struck Leo upon the jaw only once. The youth fell, and was unconscious for a couple of minutes, while the Tsarl placed his foot upon the breast of his fallen enemy.

"Ethel is mine," he chanted hoarsely, "she is mine, and Leo is *iseneer*. You, Arold, bring to me Vera, and you, too, Feodor, bring her who is yours."

The two men hesitated, but the sight of Leo under the foot of the Tsarl affrighted them so that with bent heads they went into the forest, returning a little later with the women who were theirs. Mutely they stood before the Tsarl, and mutely they watched him disappear among the trees with his captives.

Thus it became established that all women belonged to the Tsarl, because he was the Tsarl, the chief. Good-humouredly he tolerated the loves of his subjects, but they knew that they held women only by his consent. In fact, the Tsarl developed a curious idea, probably aroused by the gesture of Bloo: when now a link was formed between a woman and a man they must first come to him, and, lying upon their faces, as so many did at dawn before the spirit of Ankel, hold up to him as a symbolic gift a branch of guava laden with fruit. Thus he made dependent upon his will the control of the most valuable cattle of all; instinctively, while he was strong, he had seized upon the most potent means of controlling his people. He was a chief, and soon, because he liked to have the monopoly of fighting, he was able to prevent other fights. It amused him sometimes to see men fight, but after a while he liked still better to strike each combatant a blow so heavy that they broke away.

"Do not strike him," he said once, as Feodor came to blows with Arold. "If he must be struck, then I shall do it. Leave blows to the Tsarl, for the blows of the Tsarl are heavy."

He established the *pax Tsarlica*, a dark and sanguinary peace, a peace based on brute punishment; he established a morality of force, a morality of fire. The picture is rude, but not ignoble. We may imagine the Tsarl sitting alone upon a stone in the midst of a clearing. His heavy white frame is bent under the weight of his great head and flaming hair. The giant is thinking, thinking the small thoughts of giants; that is, of food, of lust, and of battle. But his keen ears can pick up, in the distance, the snore of a man gorged with food, the song of a woman as she plaits her hair. There is no fighting in this camp; there is no quarrelling; passion, ambition, all these are suppressed, because he sits upon his stone, master of them all. Without desiring it, the Tsarl has established order. He is making civilisation, though he hates it, though he despises it; he is creating the rule of

force, essential preliminary to the rule of right. That is to say, he is enforcing the will of one, while the people of the plains, slightly smug in their civilisation, call right what is only the will of a few.

The songs of Mord had penetrated to the hills in snatches, because the brains were not good enough to hold them, except perhaps the brain of Bloo. Besides, the savage instinct to hide things away, as a dog does a bone, had resulted in one discovery—alcohol. It was Leo who made it, by playfully crushing guavas into a large hollow coconut. Then he put the mess away, and some days later was surprised to see that it had fermented, that it was faintly agreeable to drink. He also experienced a slight excitement, something pleasurable, a vague hilarity, and a tendency to think himself as great as the Tsarl. Fortunately he did not encounter the Tsarl in this mood, but often now he crushed out the guava juice, learnt to remove the crust, and to drink the pale liquid which produced these strange effects.

So we come upon a barbaric scene. It is night, and in a glade upon the hills the fire smokes and sputters, piled with dead wood and with green branches. The moon flings her silver scarf across the trees, to wed it with the yellow flame; by the fire squats the Tsarl, a figure picked out in orange; his monstrous shadow flickers about the trees as the flames rise and fall. By his hand are split coconuts filled with fluid, from which he drinks; behind him his men, also squatting, also drinking the precious juice. And in the light of the fire the bacchantes, singing hoarsely the songs of Mord, rhythmically posturing. They dance, they dance while the sultan drinks, his left hand propping before him a flint-headed spear, his right holding the cup.

"*Whezi, illadia? Oh, whezi* . . ."

The shadows rise and mingle; the smoke stings; a heady intoxication rises in the brains of the men, who are moved to follow the song and rhythmically to accentuate it by raising and dropping their spears.

"Oho!" bellows the Tsarl, louder than a hero of Homer. "Bloo, give me a cup, for mine is dry, and you women, dance! Dance in the name of Ankel, if you would not be stung with the spear."

Meanwhile, in the plains life was developing upon the even lines which had been planned for it. The growing complexity of life, the development of the canoe, the invention of the net, had compelled co-operation; fishing especially, since the nets had become so large that at least six men and women were required to handle them. Discussion arose on favourable tides, on the desirability of investigating the River of the Hills. At first Dzon and Sandy settled all such matters, though in the main the city dwellers fished when they chose, and made seaweed bricks when they needed them. But the intense social life of the plains having led to debate, unconsciously it became the custom for the people to meet on the beach every day after dawn, when they had done homage to Ankel. There men, women and children mixed, talked, and still played. By degrees, however, the children were excluded, told to go to their games. Unconsciously, democracy by assembly was forming in the plains; since only a few, such as Dzon, Sandy, Donal and Geoff, thought in general terms, it was about them that the others collected.

There would soon be work to do for the assembly, but its elements were there. Home City had watched without much interest the extension of the hill settlements, but already there was friction. The assembly had something to concern itself with.

"Where is Ada?" Dzon asked Mark, on one of these occasions.

"A man of the Tsarl came, and she followed him."

"That is not good," said Dzon thoughtfully. "Why did you let her go?"

"He was strong," replied Mar, who was one of the weaker men.

"She went as Vera went before."

"Sandy," said Dzon, thoughtfully, "shall all our women go to the Tsarl?"

"Let women go," said Sandy, "since men stay."

"That is true," said Dzon, "but I will not have Elnor go to the Tsarl, and you would not have Winnie."

Sandy did not reply, but looked rather self-conscious. They were a happy couple enough, but within their hut there was often quarrelling, for Winnie had a hot temper, which became hotter when her Scotch husband refused to answer.

"It is not good that men and women should be parted," said Dzon. "I think you must go to the Tsarl, Mark, and say to him that Ada must come back."

"Oh, Dzon, I fear the Tsarl."

Dzon laughed: "Sandy," he said, "and you, Donal, do you fear the Tsarl? Shall we go with Mark and say that Ada must come back to him?"

"No," said Sandy, "go to the Tsarl if you wish, but I say, do not take trouble to meet the Tsarl until he meets you." He had almost committed a proverb.

Therefore, between the hills and the plains there brooded a vague hostility. The two settlements were no longer mingled as they had been. No longer did the men of the hills come down to the plains to play. When a plainsman met a hillman he still nodded to him, but they did not speak. They were becoming different types; even in appearance they were changing, for now the men of the city, merely because they possessed good flint knives, had begun to cut their hair and to keep their beards very close. No doubt this was because women wore their hair long. They wanted to assert themselves over the women by wearing their hair in a different way; beard-cutting naturally followed. But in the hills, as if each man strove to appear as shaggy and as terrible as he might, beards and hair were plaited into strange shapes, and men looked out from bushy hair with the hot eyes of a suspicious beast. Something of this brooding, of this secret excitement, touched Zulien. Until then he had lived in solitude in one of the caves near the River of the Hills, issuing only at dawn to guide the worship of Ankel, or sometimes rather idly strengthening the faith of a doubter. Now he seemed uneasy. He went about the island, accosting whom he might, and speaking to him:

"Friend, things as they are will not stay as they are. Ankel tells

me so. Woe! Fear the wrath of Ankel, fear it! The sword of Ankel is in his hand, sharper than any flint. Woe! A cloud there rises about him who will soon avenge. Impious people that lie before Ankel when he rises from the waters, and think to content him by the noddings of your heads and the wagging of your hands. You are fools! You have not loved him enough, you have not worshipped him enough. You have sunk yourselves into the fatness of your patches of maize, you have wallowed in the fruits that Ankel sows, like a very swine, like a stinking *stoie* of the forest. Woe! Woe to you! for the wrath cometh!"

They stared at him, shaken and terrified by they knew not what, and so more terrified because the origin of their fear must be unseen. Boldly, Fatty, now a very thin young man who had once been so rounded that his father called him Fatty, ventured to say:

"Oh, Zulien, what will Ankel do in his anger?"

Zulien raised up towards the implacable blue sky two thin brown arms: "Speak, Ankel," he shouted, entranced, blinding his eyes as he encountered the fiery orb from which Ankel looked down to him. "Speak, O majestic one! Thou who art armed, and whose voice echoes along the hills when the great light has shone for a little time, speak to the impious, to the content. Oh, Ankel, lay upon thy servant the abasement of a whole people. Oh, Ankel, do not hide in thy palace of cloud, do not endlessly dwell in a region so dim, which lies beyond the world, yet compasses the world, yet is the world. Ankel, for the sake of one who loves thee, manifest thyself. A sign, O Ankel, a sign."

But there was no sign. Only the endless lapping of the sea upon the beaches, the hoarse call of the pelicans, and the sighing of the hot, south wind among the ceiba trees. So Zulien, impatient, descended to commonplace things, a prophet leaping from his turret of flame.

"Vile that you are," he cried, "the wrath cometh. There shall be blood, much blood. Those who love shall be parted, those who are weak shall be smitten, those who are strong shall be humiliated. Woe! There shall be darkness, save where the fire spreads, a darkness where you shall cry out and not be heard, a darkness where you shall strive to see and shall be blind, a darkness where you shall call for your friend, and your tongue shall be bound with thongs of bark. Woe to you! You have called this wrath upon your heads, and your heads shall be bowed."

The people watched him, trembling with excitement and fear, as he strode madly away towards the west, towards the cave where he dwelt alone near the edge of the scorched prairie. After a while Fatty, the incredulous, laughed, curled an arm about the waist of Mord, who smiled, and as she walked away with him, broke off a long branch of bougainvillea with which she wove him a garland.

"*Whezi, illadia?*" she murmured, as she laid upon his cropped dark head the garland of mauve flowers.

They escaped for a moment, and yet they feared. Their minds were captured by Zulien, because their minds were full of fear: fear of the forest, fear of the emptiness—abstract fear. It needed a habitation, and Zulien, removing himself from the common source of fear, afforded

it a home. The days still passed, while the maize still grew, still was stored, and eaten; the children of the settlements became taller; the assembly met nearly every day, discussing in parliamentary form the storing of grain, the capture of fish, and allocating by consent the repair of the bridges, the maintenance of the canoes. Love came to Ovmarion, Ovelna, Ovsybil, smaller children played king of the castle as their ancestors had done, and at the court of the Tsarl people were drunk and glad on guava juice, while the bacchantes danced before the flames. And yet, as if instinct dictated what reason could not, everywhere flints were being polished.

The incident that was to cause conflict was in appearance slight. One of the least distinguished in Home City was Haakon, a Scandinavian, a peaceful, fair young man, with large, slow limbs and a small, slow mind. Apart from the fact that he was a skilled fisherman, he made no history until he was despoiled. He was the husband of Ovmarion, the red-headed girl who was practically expelled from the hut where Dzon and Elnor had brought her up; she was not cruelly expelled, but Dzon dimly realised that her presence in the hut did not correspond with the pact of fidelity which he had made with Elnor. So he took her aside and said:

"Ovmarion, the time is now coming when you, too, shall not live alone. Whom will you live with?"

"With you, Dzon," said Ovmarion, ardently.

"That cannot be," said Dzon gently, as he stroked the rough, red hair. "I live with Elnor, and none may live with us. You must live with your own man. Who shall it be? Speak, and I will carry your embassy."

Ovmarion looked reflective, her blue eyes wide open between the golden lashes. Just then there passed Haakon, carrying with beautiful ease upon one shoulder a tree trunk, which he proposed to hollow out.

"*Bigaakon*," remarked Ovmarion, admiringly. "See, he carries a tree alone!"

Dzon smiled: "Shall it be Haakon?"

Ovmarion was barbarous, but she was a woman, almost. She twisted her fingers together, crossed her ankles, and looked down the side of her nose. Dzon understood not at all these manifestations of coyness, his mind being too well-ordered to understand anything which did not fit his plan. He saw only that Ovmarion did not protest. So he went up to Haakon and stopped him:

"Haakon," he said, "you live alone in your hut, I think?"

"No, Dzon, there is Rex with me."

"I know," said Dzon, "but there is no woman in your hut."

"Why should there be," said Haakon, "when I do not need her there? For when I do, behold, it is easy enough to draw a woman there."

"Haakon," said Dzon, "you do not live as we do. That is wrong."

Haakon was impressed by this argument: to live differently from others, indeed, that might be wrong. So he scratched his matted, fair hair, and said:

"Oh, Dzon, what should I do? Tell me. You are a wise man, you know what is *meen* and *nomeen*. Thus we trust you."

"Take Ovmarion," said Dzon. "She, too, lives alone, and it is not well with her."

Then, while Haakon hesitated, considering with favour the little red-headed girl, Dzon took her hand, led her towards Haakon, while she resisted just enough to make the journey difficult, yet not impossible, and joined their hands.

"Haakon," he said, "now declare before me that you will live with Ovmarion alone and she alone with you."

"So be it," said Haakon, accepting the obvious, and the declaration was made. The household was simply organised by Haakon seizing Rex, who was smaller than he, and throwing him out of the hut, throwing after him his stone axe and hollowed out cocoanuts. He might have been a Roman simply divorcing by telling his companion to take all that was his and go. Thus the wedding of Haakon and Ovmarion was a marriage of convenience, a sort of municipal marriage, a marriage of propriety. But, as often happens in these cases, it almost at once developed into a most passionate love affair. Ovmarion, simple little savage, had ached for Dzon, because he was the strongest man she knew, because he was like unto the all-powerful Ankel. Now there curled about her another arm which seemed as strong as Dzon's, and she yielded to it. Haakon had nothing to displease; neither the cruelty of Arry, nor the stolidity of Sandy, nor the hysterical nature of Bloo. His fine physical and moral health fitted him for the part of the dull husband, and in a civilised society he would have been deceived and divorced, or perhaps merely deceived. But on the island, where a man was just a man, Ovmarion discovered an immense delight in Haakon's great strength. The Scandinavian was second only to the Tsarl in muscular power, and within a few days it became Ovmarion's delight to make him carry her upon one of his great forearms. She liked to ride upon his shoulders, clinging to handfuls of his fair hair, she liked to be tossed in the air like a ball, to be his child as well as his beloved, and Haakon, who had lived a lonely masculine life, finding his greatest adventure in the falling of a tree, or a murderous battle with a four-hundred-pound aguja, discovered a world unknown: a world of gaiety, light laughter, a world where a delightful creature played tricks upon him, tied derisive tails to his costume, or placed oyster shells upon the spot where he sat down. The island notions of humour were simple, but they had effect, and almost at once Haakon fell under the domination of his nimbler little wife. They were very happy, and made a picture akin to that of Bottom and Titania as they went through the forest, seeking fruit, their arms entwined about each other's waists, the rough, red head lying abandoned and yet mischievous upon the massive shoulder.

It was in the course of one of these expeditions into the foothills that the Tsarl for the first time saw Ovmarion. Perhaps she had before, as a child, passed within the field of his vision, but she had then been just a child, one of the large and noisy brood which played by the River of the Plains. He was in a good-humoured mood when he

came across them, because he had just killed a rattle-snake which had stood in his path, swelling its hood. A quick blow with his staff had not only broken its neck, but almost severed its head. So the Tsarl had completed the work, and now wandered about the foothills, having wound the headless serpent about his neck. However, after a while, his pleasure being as short as his ideas, he sat down upon a tree trunk and yawned.

He had not enough ideas to occupy him; because he was alone he could find nothing to interest him, so he yawned again, and he would have gone to sleep if just then, upon the lower slopes, he had not observed the white flash of Haakon and Ovmarion, as they walked, half-embraced. The Tsarl was not greatly interested at first, but idly watched their progress; in fact, he nodded approval when Haakon, with one arm, lifted his little companion over a trunk which barred their road. He had a liking for strong men, knowing that he was stronger than they. But as they came closer he saw that Ovmarion was flushed and panting after the exertion of climbing the hill. He heard Haakon laugh while the girl fanned her heated face with a large palm leaf. Then something happened which aroused in the Tsarl a different emotion. Ovmarion said in a laughing voice something which the Tsarl could not hear. Haakon's face changed, and bending over Ovmarion he gathered her into his arms, lifting her from the ground. These lovers in the leafy wilderness felt entirely alone. So the yellow-haired giant crushed in his arms his little wife, seeking lips which gave themselves to him. The Tsarl watched them, uneasy, half-angered, crouching upon his trunk like a beast ready to spring. Why was he half-angered? He did not know. But he knew when the girl suddenly curled about Haakon's neck two arms where the brown was touched with white and rose, two firm, encompassing arms, graceful as the flanks of an amphora. He gave a growl, and, breaking his way through the leafage, joined the couple, which separated as he drew near.

"Oh, Tsarl," said Haakon. "How is it with you?"

"Well," said the Tsarl harshly, for the islanders had learnt salutations. But his eyes were fixed upon those of Ovmarion. She was to him infinitely desirable, not because she was more beautiful than many of the young girls who now bloomed in the City of the Plains, but because she was alone with two men, because her cheeks were still flushed, her lips still drooping from the kiss of another man; because Haakon held her, he wanted her. He must take her from Haakon.

"Haakon," he said, "who is this woman?"

"Her name is Ovmarion," said Haakon, "and she is mine."

"Give her to me," said the Tsarl.

Haakon stared at him. "Why should I?"

"Because I am the Tsarl. All women are mine."

Haakon, a dweller of the plains, did not know the custom of the hills; he had not been taught by beatings that the first cattle man has known was under the sway of the chief. To him it was a monstrous idea.

"I will not give her to you," he replied. "Go, or I will make you *iseneer*."

"Ho! ho!" laughed the Tsarl, coming a step closer, and seeking to draw from his bark belt the flint knife which lay there.

He would have slain his slower antagonist, not because he was stronger, but because his hand was accustomed to strike. Then Ovmarion, who stood by, watching this conflict, knew that life would become hideous if she fell into the hands of the Tsarl. So, before Haakon could raise it she snatched from his hand the stone axe, and, uttering an animal yelp, swung it, bringing it down among the Tsarl's red locks, so that he tottered and fell to the ground on his hands and knees, slowly collapsing into unconsciousness.

"The knife!" she whispered. "Haakon, give me your knife."

"Why?" asked the giant, puzzled.

"Quick, before he wakes, give me the knife!"

Haakon stared at the convulsed features of his little wife, who so often laughed. He confronted Lady Macbeth, and she frightened him.

"Quick," she said again. "He must be slain before he wakes. Quick, he will not forget this."

Haakon placed an arm about her and drew her away. "Why should we slay him? He can do no harm now. Come away; if he troubles us again I shall slay him."

"Oh, fool, fool!" wailed Ovmarion, as she struggled in the mighty grasp which bore her away down the hill. "Quick, before it is too late! Come back, and let us slay him. Haakon, do not leave an enemy in your path."

But Haakon was a man, so thought that he knew best. Because she struggled he picked her up and carried her away upon his breast; and she wept, her instinct telling her that they were committing the greatest folly human beings could commit.

That evening when the Tsarl returned to the camp he was no longer angry: he was cold. After waking from his short unconsciousness he had wildly ranged the foothills, seeking his enemies. Then, as he could not find them, he sat for a long time, his chin upon his hand. It was not of Haakon he thought, nor did he seek the blood of his rival. He could not conceive rivalry, but only property. Nor did he want to strike Ovmarion as she had struck him. He merely wanted her as his property.

"I shall have her," he said in a low voice. At last twilight fell, and he returned to the camp. There he collected his men about him.

"Oh, Leo," he said, "and you, Arold, come to me. Do you know a maiden called Ovmarion?"

"No, O Tsarl."

"I know her," said Bloo, "she lives in the hut of Haakon."

"So," said the Tsarl. "Then to-night you shall lead them. Leo and Arold, go with Bloo to Home City; take from Haakon the girl Ovmarion, and bring her to me."

"It shall be so," they said; and when night fell, led by Bloo, they worked their way down the foothills to the curtain of ceiba trees.

"Since you know the hut," said Leo, after Bloo had pointed it out, "we will make him *izeneer* and take the girl."

"Fools," said Bloo. "Would you wake them all? Would you have them all attack you?"

Leo held out a strong arm: "With this arm shall I repel them."

Little Bloo spat insults: "You fool! You creature less than the *storie*! Your thoughts are still as the oyster. Will your arm overcome a score?"

"He is right," said Arold.

So it was Bloo who made the scheme. It was he who provided a broad fragment of cocoanut bark, he who drilled his stupid companions as to what they should do, and he, the weak but nimble, who made them rehearse upon him the capture they were to make.

So you will picture these three figures carefully treading the sand, their shadows, monstrous, following them under the light of the moon. They go to the open hut, then enter it, and the friendly moon follows them with a beam, showing them Ovmarion, who lies by the side of Haakon. A nudge of the elbow, a sudden lunge, a rope of bark gagging a sleepy mouth which has not time to cry out, two hands which seize slim ankles, while others imprison the arms . . . and a burden that is trying to kick while it has not yet thrown off sleepiness, is being borne across the sand towards the ceiba trees.

"Go you to the Tsarl," said Bloo. "Take to him the girl he wants. I will follow you."

Because he loved the Tsarl he hated Haakon, and he rejoiced in the pain he would feel next day. But it was not enough. It occurred to Bloo that Haakon might think that Ovmarion had fled in the night. He would not suffer enough then, he would not know that his beloved lay in the arms of the Tsarl. So, after a moment's hesitation, Bloo went back to the hut where the giant slept the heavy sleep of giants. Two or three times he kicked Haakon's side, until with a groan the giant sat up.

"Oh, Haakon," murmured Bloo, "do you not know me?"

"Bloo?" said Haakon, vaguely.

"Yes, Bloo, I am a man of the Tsarl. Seek Ovmarion, seek her well, Haakon, but you will never see her more. We have stolen her, we, the men of the Tsarl, and now she lies in our master's arms. Sleep well, Haakon."

Before the big man could rise to his feet his little enemy had flown across the sand, and now was lost among the ceiba trees, doubling in his tracks now and then, so that if pursued he might not be found.

Soon Home City was aroused by the grief of Haakon, who ran wildly to and fro about the beach, calling the name of Ovmarion, tearing at his yellow hair, beating his breast like an angry gorilla. And he wept, since big men in their agony still know how to weep.

Soon after dawn, when prayers and imprecations had risen to the indifferent ear of Ankel, Dzon went to Haakon, who lay abased, half-sick with anguish, laid his hand upon his shoulder, and said:

"Come, Haakon. Sandy, Geoff and I would speak to you."

"Ovmarion," wailed Haakon, "where is she?"

"Haakon," said Dzon, "I know not, but I swear that she shall come to you." And the giant followed him to the assembly.

(To be continued.)

CURRENT LITERATURE

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE, SWINBURNE, JOHN PAYNE.

BY S. M. ELLIS

I FEAR Mr. Richard Le Gallienne and his halcyon locks (immortalised by Max with two top-bats resting one on each wing of the billowing plumage) are but legendary splendours of old days to new generations, for many years have gone by since Mr. Le Gallienne left England and settled in America. It is not polite to refer to the ages of living persons, but it would, of course, be impossible to disguise the fact that the survivors of the brilliant young men of the 'nineties must now be in or near the sober category of three score. It is difficult to realise this, for it is natural to think of them as young—as they were when they won their fame; and, regarding their niches in the Temple of Fame, peradventure those were most fortunate who died early, as did Beardsley, Lionel Johnson, and Ernest Dowson: for these, Time cannot spoil or alter.

It is the privilege, however, of those who survive to record their impressions and memories of their eventful decade and notable companions in the golden days. *A priori*, Mr. Le Gallienne would be well equipped to write the history of the artistic and literary movement of the 'nineties, for he was part of it from the very outset. He was extremely fortunate by coming in contact, when a very young man, with John Lane, who did so much to provide—though probably not lavishly to feather—nests for the youthful poets who became known as the singing-birds of The Bodley Head. Indeed, Mr. Le Gallienne's pipe here was the earliest of the half-awakened birds, and in addition he soon became Lane's Reader.

Despite these facts and the writer's ability, this book is a little disappointing: it is by no means the history of the Romantic 'Nineties, but a record, rather, of random memories—memories very often of trivial and unessential things. To the trivial—though amusingly trivial—appertain the reminiscences of Swinburne and Watts-Dunton.

Every book of literary memories now specialises in the inevitable visit to The Pines, all more or less alike presenting Watts-Dunton as the proprietorial janitor or jailer of a deaf and dancing elf-like figure who was permitted to imbibe but one small bottle of Bass with his dinner. (The brewers of this beverage should surely utilise this fact in their advertisements—"as drunk exclusively by the great poet Swinburne.") So here, once again, we have Mr. Le Gallienne serving up the Beer Bottle with the addition of a greengage tart, but he is able to add the palate-stirring fact that Swinburne secured more substantial libation during his daily walk to Wimbledon. On one occasion Mr. Le Gallienne

(1) *The Romantic 90's*, by Richard Le Gallienne. (Doubleday, Page, and Company, New York, \$2.50.)

noted Swinburne's "epileptic gait" exciting the profane gibes of some carters, all unaware of the genius and greatness concealed in that "odd, scarcely human figure." The poet disappeared into the *Rose and Crown* tavern "as a billiard-ball glides into the pocket"; and by judicious badinage with the barmaid Mr. Le Gallienne learned that every day Swinburne visited this honoured hostelry to consume a bottle of Burgundy in a private room: "I laughed to think of Watts-Dunton at the bottom of the hill." The most interesting glimpse of Swinburne is this:—

He had come to the table waving a copy of *The Saint James's Gazette* with considerable excitement, even irascibility. Something he had been reading had evidently roused his indignation. It was a review of a new poet, for whom he expressed a true Swinburnean, polysyllabic scorn. He read aloud to us some extracts, with his high, singing voice, breathing hard and spasmodically, and, catching sight of the paper afterwards, I noticed that he had written in French on the margins remarks of a highly oburgatory nature. The poet, I regret to add, was Francis Thompson. I kept to myself the fact that, as Mr. John Lane's Reader, I was responsible for the publication of the offending poems.

Mr. Le Gallienne's account of Meredith is well done, and he vividly conveys the flood of loud, artificial talk which poured from the Lord of Box Hill. He was himself to experience the lash of that scornful tongue so unreasonably addicted to cruel personalities at the expense of guests at his table, though this aggressive offensive was designed simply as a guard to a sensitive nature fearful of riposte.

Mr. Le Gallienne is a trifle malicious in his anecdotes of Tennyson and Herbert Spencer—particularly in the story of the two little ladies, dressed in faded black silk, who provided music and female companionship in the home of The Sage of Brighton. Their tinkling melodies on the piano soothed Spencer when irritated, though their performances, apparently, were only on a par with Jane Eyre's, summed up in Mr. Rochester's comment, "Yes, you play a little." Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, when on a visit to Spencer's house, said to these two ladies, "I suppose you have lived with Mr. Spencer for many years?" "Oh, no, indeed," rippled the spinsters, gaily; "Mr. Spencer never keeps any of us for more than six months—for fear we should grow too attached to him." To which Mr. Le Gallienne adds the observation: "It is necessary, perhaps, to know Herbert Spencer's physiognomy to appreciate the full flavour of this remark."

Mr. Le Gallienne is at his best in a brilliant description of Björnson, whom he visited at the dramatist's home in a pine-clad valley adjoining a lake, near Lillehammer, in Norway:—

Aulestad was a big verandahed house on the side of a wooded slope, and, as we climbed up to it, there was our host, with his leonine head and great shaggy white hair, awaiting us, his arms stretched out in welcome, like a patriarch. He was an impressive figure of a man, with his broad, sturdy shoulders, his eyes and his nose like an eagle's—half lion, half eagle, so to say—suggesting immense strength and magnetic force. He seemed indeed like a hero from the old Scandinavian sagas come to life again, and, as he embraced us, we felt swept up into a larger, keener air. . . . Presently the three of us were tramping through the woods till we came to where a mountain stream fell in a torrent of white water

down the face of a rock. Planks had been placed at the foot of the fall. "This is my shower-bath," said Björnson, as he stripped, and there presently he stood, firm as a rock, beneath the cataract, the water pouring over his strong shoulders, his white head white as the foam, and shouting with joy of the morning. So might some great old water-god have stood and laughed amid the sun-flashing spray. It was a picture of elemental energy never to be forgotten.

Björnson had no love for Ibsen. "Ibsen," he thundered to Mr. Le Gallienne, "Ibsen is not a man—he is only a *pen*!" Curiously enough, it came about that Björnson's daughter Bergliot married Ibsen's son Sigurd, and dangerous possibilities concerning the precedence of the fiery fathers at the wedding ceremony were circumvented by arranging for the rival dramatists to walk side by side.

Mr. Le Gallienne again writes very finely in his description of Tennyson's funeral in Westminster Abbey and the poignant effect of the singing of the poet's *Silent Voices*; and I like greatly his picture of William Morris's grave:—

It is a sad stone village, is Kelmiscott—sad with something of the sadness of the stone villages of the Cotswolds. The hard life of the earth seems to have made grim the wintry faces of the buildings, as it makes grim the faces of old farm hands that have feared God for eighty years, yet with just that sweetness which comes of being worn and worn, like old silver. It is a place of many trees, which crowd shelteringly close around the tiny church, with its one great grave. Grave so great, yet almost hidden away beneath the boundary hedge of the churchyard: a careless, mouldering place, where no official sexton disturbs the dead with nicely ordered gravel and packets of forget-me-not, but where the moss creeps stealthily in the night of forgetfulness and the weeds fearlessly thicken. Just a sarcophagus of plain stone with a touch of simple beauty in its shape, and William Morris, 1834-1896.

It will be seen that Mr. Le Gallienne's power in this book consists of scenes and impressions of people painted in picturesque phraseology. There is but little attempt to deal with the history of the 'nineties as an artistic movement with certain aspirations and aims—that is, if it had any aspirations and aims beyond those of artistic expression in a form intentionally calculated *épater la bourgeoisie*. But, correctly enough, Mr. Le Gallienne points out that the basis of the movement was a reaction or revolt against Victorianism, then on its death-bed, or at any rate moribund. Both theological and evolutionary views were changing: "A larger and deeper spirituality, a more human morality, in which the influence of Walt Whitman counted for much, was breaking the old moulds and making for a freer exercise of vital emotions and functions than had been considered proper, or had been even possible before. The senses were beginning outspokenly to assert their natural rights against the hypocritical prudery which had hushed them up, and by its artificial reticences outlawed them as forbidden and unmentionable."

Swinburne, of course, had had a great deal to do with inspiring this new acclamation of the senses and physical beauty. The tragedy for its exponents, the *fin-de-siècle* deities, is that they are now regarded as *passé* by disrespectful and even more self-confident youthful

successors in their arts. Even the latest biographer of Swinburne speaks of the present distaste for that poet, who "appears to our later generations as almost unutterably dull,"¹ together with a great deal of other searching criticism. I do not think the statement would be substantiated by a plebiscite of readers, but that it should even be suggested is sad evidence of how lightly the Gods of the Romantic 'Nineties are now estimated.

A poet of the 'nineties, but who was not a member of the Romantic Movement we have been considering, was John Payne. Five years younger than Swinburne, he won the full recognition of that poet, who so seldom accorded generous praise to his junior contemporaries; and Watts-Dunton wrote to Payne: "There is more imagination, more romance, and of what I call beauty, in your work than in that of any living man save one" (Swinburne). Payne wrote many exquisite things, particularly when voicing the Omarian philosophy of life, and is at his best in *The Prelude to Hafiz*:—

If your souls are sick with sorrow, here is that which shall appease;
If your lips are pale with passion, here is that which hath the keys
To the sanctuaries of solace and the halidomes of ease.

Leave your striving never-ending; let the weary world go by;
Let its bondmen hug their fetters, let its traders sell and buy;
With the roses in the garden we will sojourn, you and I.

What is heaven, that we should seek it? Wherefore question How or Why?
See, the roses are in blossom; see, the sun is in the sky;
See, the land is lit with summer! Let us live before we die.

Despite his rich, imaginative work; his skill as the translator of Villon, *The Arabian Nights*, Omar Khayyám, Hafiz, Boccaccio, and Heine; and the efforts of his devoted friend and biographer, Mr. Thomas Wright (who founded the still flourishing John Payne Society in 1905), Payne has never received the wide appreciation and fame which are so clearly his due. He remains the prize of the fortunate few who know him.

Mr. Wright has now published the short Autobiography² given to him by Payne some ten years before the death of the poet, which occurred in 1916. It throws additional light on Payne's sensitive and retiring, but ever pugnacious and critical, nature. Here, again, are illustrated his love for beautiful coloured words like *evenglome*, *malison*, *wandesire*; his dislike for Stevenson, Grant Allen, Andrew Lang, Austin Dobson, and certain well-known critics who are still alive; his own self-complacency and perception of his own merits; his keen humour; his devotion to cats; and his sound sense.

(1) Swinburne, by Harold Nicolson, in *English Men of Letters* (Macmillan and Company, 5s. net.)

(2) *The Autobiography of John Payne*, of Villon Society fame, Poet and Scholar: with Preface and Annotations by Thomas Wright. With ten drawings by Cecil W. Paul Jones, and seven photographs. (Thomas Wright, Olney, near Bedford, 15s.)

NEW BOOKS

BY J. A. T. LLOYD

A BOUQUET FROM FRANCE. By Wilfrid Thorley. (Harrap. 7s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Thorley makes no claim to give us, in this wholly delightful volume, the best hundred poems of French literature. So far, he disarms the usual carping at selection. Moreover, as a translator, he anticipates criticism by adopting quite frankly in his rendering of French poets the example of André Chénier in regard to the Greek, when he claimed to

Faire, en s'éloignant d'eux avec un soin jaloux
Ce qu'eux-mêmes ils feraient, s'ils vivaient parmi nous.

The anthologist, in short, has aimed at producing translations that read like originals, and he has been daring enough to place, side by side in the two languages, a hundred poems ranging from the thirteenth to the twentieth century. It is a strong challenge, and it must be admitted that, repeatedly, Mr. Thorley has established his claim to liberty. Let us take, from the very beginning, the first stanza of that world-famed anonymous "Aubade," a very difficult test—

En un vergier, setz fuetla d'albespi,
Tenc la dompna son amie costa si
Tro la gayta crida que l'alba vi.
Oy dieus! oy dieus! de l'alba tan tost ve!

The translation runs:—

Within an orchard, under the white bloom,
Two lovers clasp through all the night's long gloom,
Until the watch cry out, "The night is done!"
Ah, God! Ah, God! how soon the dawn is here!

Here, it is submitted, the translator is not only more veritably a poet but far less a traditional "traitor" than if he had been faithful to the compression of the original. In many instances, though, including, by a sort of irony of poetical justice one of his renderings of André Chénier himself, "A Chromis," the liberty has been slightly overstrained. The translation of Baudelaire's "Une Nuit que j'étais près d'une affreuse Juive," excellent as it is in its vigour, is another example of this, but the best perhaps of all is that of Mr. Thorley's rendering of Musset's "Sur une Morte." Here is the last stanza:—

Elle est morte et n'a point vécu.
Elle faisait semblant de vivre.
De ses mains est tombé le livre
Dans lequel elle n'a rien lu.

Now compare the English rendering:—

This woman has not lived at all,
But worn life's mask. She's dead indeed,
And from her hand she has let fall
The book wherein she could not read.

There is no arguing about this, just as there is no arguing about the superiority of Valère Gille's lines, for the tomb of Baudelaire, to the English translation.

On the other hand, the translator is at his very happiest in his versions of Richepin, particularly in his rendering of "Achetez mes belles violettes," and he has given us an intensely sympathetic interpretation of that extraordinary poem, "La Marjolaine," of Jean Lorrain. And, though it cannot be said that he recaptures the velvety richness of Samain's "La Tour," he goes very close to the very heart of the same poet's "Mon cœur est un beau lac solitaire qui tremble." In short, lovers of French poetry will be grateful to Mr. Thorley not only for his charming anthology, but also for his daring and, frequently, really successful attempt at following in the footsteps of that half-Greek poet when he approached the poets of ancient Hellas.

TWO VAGABONDS IN SWEDEN AND LAPLAND. By Jan and Cora Gordon. (Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)

Personality nowadays more and more assumes the proportions of sack in Falstaff's bill, while talent is reduced to the humble item, bread. This is particularly evident in books of travel where this or that writer warms to his or her own personality through the haunted places of the world. But Jan and Cora Gordon are wanderers of a quite different kind, and, though their personalities are strong, they happen to be attractive as well. Besides, they have talent which in itself is the surest safeguard against strutting and posturing. Then they have, in addition to all this, that very rare attribute—a philosophy of travel, so lucid and unpretentious that it finds expression in a single paragraph:—

Essentially there are two sorts of pleasure travellers, as we have said in other places. There is the traveller in Temples and the traveller in Taverns. The traveller in Temples is a traveller in works of art, the traveller in Taverns is a traveller in worlds of conscience; the traveller in Temples is interested in everything that man has made outside of himself; the traveller in Taverns studies what man has made of himself. As a rule, the traveller in Temples finds the traveller in Taverns difficult to understand.

Of course, the authors are travellers in taverns by instinct, but it would be difficult for the other sort of traveller in temples to pick holes in the stores of quiet, easy-going information, artistic and historical, that spread themselves carelessly over these light-hearted pages. Still, these authors are primarily preoccupied by people rather than by things. They are at their best in inns, at village *fêtes*, dances, picnics, or any other occasions at which national life can slip out of the stiff traces of humdrum civilisa-

tion. And here, there, and everywhere, these seemingly careless observers snatch wonderful stories from life, that of Gösta Berling, for example, which they learned in a walk up into the mountains. Altogether, "Two Vagabonds in Sweden and Lapland" is a charming, companionable volume which should lead many an admiring reader northward. Seriously, these vagabonds could send anyone almost anywhere at their will.

THUNDER ON THE LEFT. By Christopher Morley. (Heinemann.)

Whatever else may be said about this American novel it is a most welcome variation from the familiar fiction of the Middle West. And, although it cannot be claimed that Mr. Christopher Morley ever penetrates the shadowy realms of Maeterlinck, he gives us here a curious fantasy sensitively realised and imaginatively interpreted. The children are wonderfully real, and the most callous reader will enter into the spirit of the thing when they start the game of spying on Grown-Ups in order to see if they really have a good time. Two of them, Martin and Bunny, carry the business through, and are projected, as it were, into their own future. Bunny in this world is rather like a wandering ghost, but Martin is solidly disguised as a man of flesh and blood. He is only a child, though, all the time, and he is bewildered by all the cross-currents of passion which disturb these unhappy beings. In George—a sort of Babbitt "translated" as was the Weaver under Titania's magic—he sees more and more clearly his own doom. For George is what he, Martin, must become. There are other children, too, who have fulfilled themselves horribly, and Martin and Bunny are only too thankful to escape back into their own world of childhood. Martin warns them never to play the terrible game again, and his final advice may be summed up thus:—"Ben, don't *you* grow up. It isn't fun. Ben, I—I *advise* you not to grow up." Peter Pan himself is not more on the side of perpetual childhood than is this wise child, who has observed men and women too closely ever to wish to be like them.

* * The Editor of this Review does not undertake to return any manuscripts; nor in any case can he do so unless either stamps or a stamped envelope be sent to cover the cost of postage.

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THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

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THE ORDER OF RELEASE (A Little Play of Saint Francis)

BY LAURENCE HOUSMAN

It is morning; the sun shines upon the wall of the Convent of St. Damien, in the centre of which stands a door—the upper part of it a grille. Inside a Lay-Sister is seen sweeping. Immediately above the door is a window, all bars, with inner shutters which, being part open, let out from within the sound of the sisters of the community singing their office. Juniper enters, carrying a large basket laden with eatables. With a heavy sigh he sets it down before the door, and seats himself dejectedly on a stone bench by the side of it. The singing catches his melancholy attention; he raises his head to listen, but finds no cheer in it. Presently he sights a wood-louse crossing the path in front of him. That is better; here is life that he can talk to.

JUNIPER: Aye; go your way, little Sister, go your way! You've the legs for it—more than I have; sixteen to my two! You'll die a good death before I do—the Lord helping you. And if anybody finds you good to eat, you'll be more use to the world than ever I'll be! (*With a sigh he returns to silent meditation.*)

At this point the Lay-sister opens one half of the door inwards, on the side away from where Juniper is seated, and begins to sweep out the refuse. As she does so, she sights the basket, lays by her broom, and comes out to inspect. Then she sees Juniper, but—his face being covered by his hood—is not quite sure of him.

LAY-SISTER: Brother, Brother Juniper, is that you?
JUNIPER (*melancholy of tone*): Aye.

LAY-SISTER: What brings you here, so early?

JUNIPER: Yon thing without legs asked me to carry it. In there is food for you.

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not because he's dying that I've lost myself. It's the way they're making him die is what breaks my heart. Sister, they are killing him!

CLARE: Where is he, Brother? Two days ago we heard he had returned—not to Portiuncula, but to Assisi.

JUNIPER: He's at the Bishop's palace, Sister. The citizens have put a guard round him.

CLARE: A guard? Why, Brother?

JUNIPER: So that he mayn't get out: so that they shan't take him away. He's got to stay in Assisi, they say—till he dies there.

CLARE: And our little Father: what does he say?

JUNIPER: They don't let him say anything—that they'll give any heed to. He wants to be down at Portiuncula—for the end, Sister, so as to be where he first made us become Brethren. But they don't let him!

CLARE: Doubt not, Brother, if it be God's will, the little Father will find a way to it.

JUNIPER: Yes, Sister: but they are making it hard for him.

CLARE: He never wanted things made easy, Brother.

JUNIPER: No, Sister, dear . . . but I'm not happy about him; nor he's not happy about himself, either. The way they've got hold of him—it's like the Day of Judgment; and them with a pair of scales, all so terribly holy, weighing the pieces of him. And there they sit, like a row of death-candles, watching him, and one of them with a big extinguisher, holding it over his head, ready to come down on him, and pinch him out the shape they want him to be.

CLARE: What shape, Brother?

JUNIPER: They are breaking him to bits, to make a miracle of him! It's just this, Sister (*he breaks into weeping*), it's just this: they want him dead and gone to his glory, more than they want him alive!

CLARE: He wants that himself, Brother.

JUNIPER: He has the right to want it: they haven't! They want it for bad reasons, not good ones like him.

CLARE: Do not forget charity, Brother!

JUNIPER: No, Sister. But it's in queer places one has to look to find her, nowadays. They've put her away. He wants her at his side to comfort him—so that he can smile

and laugh, when the pain lets him. They won't let him smile: they won't let him laugh, either; it's not holy enough for 'em.

CLARE: But he always has you, Brother.

JUNIPER: Yes, Sister; but what can I do? Playing the fool is all I'm good for.

CLARE: That is where you are of most use to him, Juniper.

JUNIPER: Yes, Sister; but they don't think so. That's why I was turned out and sent here—on "an errand of charity." . . . Do you know, Sister, I was tempted—sore tempted, I was—as soon as I'd got through the gate where no one could see, to throw it all away and run back again, and just pretend I'd brought it?

CLARE (*smiling*): You did well, Brother, not to yield to the temptation. (*A Sister appears within the grille as if to make request. Clare beckons.*) Yes, Sisters, come and listen, all of you. (*The Sisters appear, and stand looking out at Juniper through the grille.*) (*Then to Juniper*) For would not the little Father wish that we should have news of him? Are not we also his sheep in another fold? And is not his voice dear to us?

JUNIPER: Yes, Sister.

CLARE: And who can bring him near to us better than you, Brother Juniper? Had you come empty-handed you would have been as welcome. (*Taking the basket from the hand of the Lay-sister, she sets it outside again, while the Lay-sister goes on her errand to the garden.*) But had you not come at all you would have left us hungry and sorrowful, having no word of him. Did he send us no message?

JUNIPER (*shaking his head*): He was asleep, Sister. That's how they got me away—he being asleep, and knowing nothing of it.

CLARE: That is good news, Brother—that the little Father can sleep. Give us more news of him.

JUNIPER: Eh! There he lies—just a bright shadow of himself—in the room the Bishop has lodged him. It's a great honour, so they tell me. Yes, I suppose; but it isn't quiet and comfortable like Portiuncula would be. All hours there's folk pushing in and out—peering at him; and twice

a day having him up to the window, showing him to the people; and he too sick by rights to see anybody. "Take me down to Portiuncula!" he says, but his voice is all so weak now they pretend not to hear him; so nothing's done. And he pining to go, Sister! It's hard, hard treatment they're giving him; but I can't make 'em do different—can I?

CLARE: Maybe no, Brother. Do not let that discourage you.

JUNIPER: If it'd do him any good, me standing on my head all day, or having myself beaten or flayed alive for him—I wouldn't wish for better than have it done to me.

CLARE: I well believe it, Brother.

JUNIPER: Yesterday—while 'twas going on, the way I've been telling you—the little Father (he can't see now, Sister, hardly at all with his eyes, the light such a pain to 'em)—"Who's there?" he says. "It's me, Father," says I; "and there's others waiting outside, wanting to have word of you." And so there were, Sister, and Father Elias preaching to them—all about how holy he was, there in the midst of us. Then the little Father, "Sing!" he says to me. So I sang, Sister. And you know what kind of a voice I've got. Then he sang, too; and a wonder it was where he got his voice from—the Lord helping him; but like enough me being the stronger there was more noise than tune to it; so we'd hardly got started when, killed of his preaching, in comes Father Elias—eyes first—they were so out of his head, Sister. "You mustn't make that noise here!" he says. "We can't help it," says the little Father, "we are hungry for Heaven." And then Father Elias, to make a short bolt of it, tells him it's not the proper and expected way for a saint to die in. "Maybe not," says the little Father, "but it's the right way for a sinner. For in all my sinful life," he says, "I've never praised God as much as I ought to do; so I'm making up for it now." Then Father Elias gets the Bishop to him—but that's no good; for, between them, the Bishop—by God's mercy—hasn't a thought he can call his own; so leave it for the Doctor to say whether or no it's good for him. And the Doctor, God being merciful, says anything's good for him to do now that pleases him, so long as it's within reason.

So then, Father Elias leaving us for a while, he sends me for Brother Bernard, and Brother Giles, and Brother John—not one of us with a voice you can fit a tune to—that we may all sing joyfully together—or separately maybe—according to how we feel about it. So there we were, Sister, our hearts full of the love of God and of the little Father—making a great noise, like as he'd asked us to do—and Father Elias in and out the whole time, on the flutter like a cook when the pancakes are burning—wanting it to stop, but not knowing how—the Doctor having said it was good for him. So when the little Father sleeps we stop for a while, and when he wakes we go on again. It's a wonderful concert we've been having, Sister; and a marvel how the little Father doesn't tire of it. It's making a great scandal, Father Elias says, and he fears if the Pope hears of it he'll not make a saint of him. Is he doing it for a penance, do you think, Sister?

CLARE: No, Brother.

JUNIPER: What for, then?

CLARE: For love—of you, and the Brethren, and Portiuncula.

JUNIPER: Love? I wish we all loved him, as he loves us. Sister, what's the use for us to say we love him, and then do all so different from what he'd have us do?

CLARE: That is what we are always doing to Christ, Brother, when we sin. And since we make Him suffer, must not the little Father suffer also in like kind?

JUNIPER: Yes, I suppose so. But it's not fair to either, is it, Sister?

CLARE: No, Brother.

JUNIPER: Here, only the other day, we were bringing him back home again. "Take me back to Assisi soon," he'd told us. "Soon!" We knew what that meant: that if we were too long he'd never get there. So we were bringing him as fast as he could bear it—the shortest way, by Perugia. Then we heard, Sister, that in Perugia they wanted to catch him, and keep him—so that they might have his body!—and had sent out a band to lie in wait for him. Is that loving him? Is that loving him, I say?

CLARE: No, Brother, lust of possession is not love. But some day they will know better.

JUNIPER: Aye, "possession." And didn't the little Father say we were to have none?

CLARE: Well, Brother?

JUNIPER: So, when Father Elias hears of it, he sends word we're to go the other way, by Foligno. And when they in Assisi hear of it—the citizens—they send armed men to be a guard for him—against them of Perugia. Oh, think of that happening to *him*! Doesn't it hit your heart? . . . When I saw them come out with swords and with spears to take him, I thought of Him in the garden at Gethsemane, and I wondered which was going to kiss him for a sign to the rest. They all kissed him, Sister,—hands, feet, cord of his girdle, hem of his robe! And the little Father gave them a sweet blessing; but he was crying, Sister. They were breaking his heart for him, but he said nothing. 'Twasn't his life they cared about, for the wonder that was in it: 'twas his body, that's going to make them rich!

CLARE: But where his body lies, Brother, he will not be.

JUNIPER: No, Sister.

CLARE: Therefore what they do to his body matters little.

JUNIPER: No, Sister.

CLARE: Neither to him, nor to any that truly love him. Therefore be of good cheer, Brother, as he would have us be. And when you go back, sing to him again.

JUNIPER: You comfort me, Sister. I knew you could do it, if anybody.

CLARE: So now, Brother, return quickly, for when he wakes again he will need you.

JUNIPER: I've a sort of fear, Sister, that when I go back Father Elias will have locked me out.

CLARE: He will not, Brother. But if he did there would still be others. Sister, have you brought what I told you?

LAY-SISTER: They all have it, little Mother, between them. I gave it to them. (*Through the grille, one sees that each Sister has in her hand a few sprigs of lavender, which they have just received from the Lay-sister.*)

CLARE: Here is some of our lavender, Brother. Give it to the little Father from all of us. Tell him it is from the bush which he planted. Tell him it grows well, and

is now full of flower. And, when you give it him, give him our love, Brother; and say that we all pray for him that he may have joy. (*The Sisters stretch out their hands through the grille; Juniper collects the lavender into one bunch. The Sisters surrender their gift with little murmurs of love. Juniper responds with nods and smiles. Meanwhile Brother Jerome has entered and is surveying the scene with an air not of entire approval. He waits, however, till the whole bunch is collected before speaking.*)

JEROME: Brother Juniper, you are wanted.

JUNIPER (*turning in trepidation*): Who wants me?

JEROME: Father Minister, Brother Elias wants you. . . . My Lord Bishop wants you. . . . And the little Father wants you.

JUNIPER: Holy Trinity! All three of 'em. What's happening now?

JEROME: They are taking the little Father to Portiuncula. You are to go with him. The little Father will not start till you're there to go with him. (*With a whoop of joy, and a kick to the basket which lies in his way, Juniper makes a sprint across the stage and is off.*)

JEROME (*calling after him*): Brother Juniper—your basket!

CLARE: Aye! But run, run, Juniper! Oh, what a joyful pair of legs. The Lord be with them!

JEROME (*in tone of rebuke*): The Lord does not rejoice in any man's legs, Sister.

CLARE: Perhaps not, Brother! But when a man's heart is in them, as Brother Juniper's is now—it becomes a question.

JEROME: Which I cannot discuss, Sister.

CLARE: No, Brother. Oh, Sisters, how much ought we not to thank God for the making of this Juniper! There goes love to the little Father! Run, run, Juniper! Run! (*Entirely oblivious to the disapproval of Brother Jerome, the Sisters all stand at the grille watching the departure of Juniper, and the excited motion of their hands is like the fluttering of doves. Jerome grudgingly picks up the basket left by Juniper and goes his disapproving way back to Assisi.*)

[CURTAIN.]

ZINOVIEFF'S OVERTHROW AND AFTER

BY ROBERT CROZIER LONG

THE collapse of Zinovieff, till lately dictator of Leningrad and the most vigorous if least effective figure in the Left wing of Soviet Communism, marks the end of a minor struggle for Communist principle and for political power. It probably marks the beginning of a major struggle in which economic principles, internal power, and international policy will all play interconnected parts. The Soviet Union system has simply got out of one crisis into another. The first crisis, that provoked by Zinovieff at the Communist Congress last December, and now terminated by his dismissal, was little more than what Germans call a *Putsch*, a flash in the pan which might, but was not likely to, have exploded the neighbouring powder-barrel.

Of the second crisis one can say that it will be bigger and more enduring, but one cannot yet say what its nature will be. Superficially its nature is a struggle between Leningrad's diehard Communism and the so far successful policy of expediency and compromise pursued at Moscow. The suppressed but not yet annihilated Leningradists might conceivably capture the Kremlin, and restore the raw Communism of 1917-1920. But the deeper nature of the crisis may be something very different, something which may confirm and consolidate the Soviet Union's political and economic system by giving it a non-revolutionary, permanent form similar to the old forms of Europe. The Russian Revolution, that is, may be at an end. Its end would inevitably involve the cessation of the Dictatorship of the Proletariat, that is of the handful of urban workmen, which materialises through the acts of the misnamed Bolshevik oligarchy in the Kremlin.

One says "misnamed" because the strength of the official Bolsheviks, who somewhat resemble the Janissaries or Memelukes, lies in the fact that they are no oligarchy. They take in all men who are fit and disciplined, and they

expel ruthlessly all who are not both. The termination of this system would produce something like a tolerated Opposition, which is the essence of European political systems. As long as Russia's Revolution persists tolerance is impossible. If the Revolution is really at an end, overt divergences of opinion are not only possible but are inevitable. The enforcement of uniform political opinions permanently is inconceivable. It was not the rule even under the Russian autocracy. The real significance of the Leningrad revolt may therefore lie not in attempted counter-revolution but in the decline of revolution itself. This is on the assumption that though Zinovieff and his big following are suppressed they cannot be eradicated. As long as Zinovieff is still at the head of the Communist International, which in theory is supreme even over Communist Moscow, it cannot be said that the Kremlin's triumph is definitive.

The crisis was a political crisis, even though it drew its strength from an economic crisis which began with the failure of last year's export programme. The Bolsheviks, though known abroad mainly through their radical economic measures, have never pretended that the Soviet Union is primarily an economic State. Soviet Russia is still the old political Russia with its contests for power at home, its aspirations for prestige, and its claim to have a "mission" to the benighted outside world. An economic revolution could be put through only by consolidating such a political State. "The primacy of policy over economics," said Lenin in one of his essays on the New Economic Policy, "is an unqualified tenet," and he added that Marxism (as he characteristically called Bolshevism) could be established only on political lines. The opposition of the last half-year between Leningrad and Moscow was primarily political. It was even international-political. While Zinovieff, at the head of the "Comintern," aimed at co-operation with the radical elements of Central and Western Europe, his strongest opponent, Stalin, turned his face towards the East. He ridiculed the weakness of German, French and British Communism, and he concentrated interest and intrigue in

Asia. The Chinese Bolshevik outbreak was not an accident.

Zinovieff's views on domestic politics, though more extreme than the Kremlin's, were also paradoxically more European. The Kremlin worked first of all for the State interest, here following the methods of the Romanoffs. Could the State interest only be served, Communist principles and prejudices might be thrown overboard; and thrown overboard they have been ever since early 1921. This policy was inevitably the policy of a few men—Conservatives, experts, compromisers. It was therefore the Dictatorship of the Proletariat pushed to extremes. Dictatorship of the Proletariat in Soviet Russia has professedly meant rule by the minority of urban industrial workmen. Once this usurpation was held to be legitimate and expedient it was natural to push the principle farther, and to entrust all power to the Conservatives, the experts and the compromisers at the top. Compared with this system, Zinovieff's extremism was almost Democracy. He demanded for the workmen a real share in power, which would be exercised through restored Councils of Workmen's Deputies. As Leningrad regarded the State interest as subordinate, it was in this respect nearer to Western Parliamentarism. The fanatics of pure Communism and the champions of "popular" Government were one and the same individuals. It was natural that the youths organisations of Leningrad, while frantic enthusiasts for Communism, also agitated for a share in political power. This was a repetition of the history of the autocracy, when University students clamored for a Constitution. And the history of the autocracy again repeated itself six months before Zinovieff's fall, when the Kremlin took measures of repression against Leningrad's undisciplined young men.

The crisis was political, and though it began only last mid-winter its political causes were old. The economic factor later appeared. In the winter of 1925-26 for the first time since 1921 the New Economic Policy seemed to be failing. The Policy was the well-justified boast of the Kremlin. To paraphrase President

Rykoff's last speech on the currency: "All sacrifices to expediency have just been justified by results." The Soviet Union, which is a material reality, had been saved by abating Communism, which is first of all merely a principle. This reasoning was cogent as long as the N.E.P. flourished, but when it seemed that the N.E.P. was beginning to die, logic passed to the diehard Communists in Leningrad. Leningrad necessarily rejoiced at the economic difficulties of last winter. "We have sacrificed," it said, "principles, suppressed enthusiasms, and watered propaganda for the sake of material gains. Now we see that the material gains are losses. Our economic condition would be better to-day had we adhered to the crude local Communism of 1918." The moment chosen for revolt by Zinovieff and by his numerous party (which was not confined to Leningrad—Kameneff also had his revolt) was the moment when industry, home and foreign trade currency, and in fact everything economic except the still flourishing federal finances, seemed to be threatened with ruin.

While this threat has dwindled it has not yet been overcome. In this fact lies the possibility of a new and more successful revolt by the temporarily beaten Left. The economic crisis of last winter arose exclusively on the basis of crop factors, and the crop factors of 1926 will probably decide whether the revolt is dead or merely dormant. To foreigners last winter's troubles were first advertised by the threat to the tchervonetz currency. This threat was admitted by President Rykoff to be so serious that only "ruthless measures," he said, could avert it. The real trouble had begun in the autumn of 1925, with failure to export grain according to the programme. Grain export was the key to the rouble exchange. This again was a repetition of history. During his historical struggle with German rouble-exchange speculators Count Witte boasted to the Council of State that the issue would be decided not in the Berlin Burgstrasse but on the wheat-fields of the Ukraine. In general this is still true. The Soviets have indeed a weapon which Witte had not, in that their foreign trade monopoly enables them to reduce

imports and so to influence the exchanges—at the cost of starving their country of necessary manufactured goods. The crops of 1925 were the best since the Revolution. Large exports, which were to pay for correspondingly large imports of raw materials and industrial plant, constituted the official foreign trade plan for the business year 1925-26. But the buying up and mobilisation of crops failed. For the buying-up failure there were many reasons. The chief reason was that the peasantry, while able to obtain stable money for their surplus produce, could not convert it into the manufactured goods which they needed. The wares famine was universal. For practical purposes the moujik of 1925 with a good rouble was little better off than a moujik of 1920 with a bad one. Grain was held back from the Governmental buying centres. When later it began to come in abundantly, the condition of road transport was bad, and this trouble was aggravated by the chronic railway difficulties, and, of course, by the chronic official incapacity. The export programme was cut down, and the import programme had also necessarily to be cut down. Next followed a drastic reduction of the industrial production programme. This reduction was a political misfortune. The Soviets push industrialisation for reasons which have nothing to do with economics. When Count Witte industrialised at high tension, his enemies declared that he was undermining an autocracy based upon rural submissiveness. Soviet Russia's peasantry is submissive through inertia and not through good will, and the only buttress of the State is the city workman. The Kremlin had therefore two reasons for industrialisation—one economic, one political—to reinforce the ranks of urban labour. From both points of view the winter of 1925-26 looked unpleasantly black.

Late in the winter it was affirmed that the *tchervonetz* currency was depreciated. This was not true and could not be. The *tchervonetz* is not officially quoted on important European Bourses; and Moscow not only quoted it at par but also maintained in fact the par quotation. This was not difficult. Sales of exchange were severely rationed, imports were cut down, and considerable German

and other foreign export credits were negotiated. But even officially it was admitted that on the Black Bourses of Moscow and Petrograd sterling and dollars were being sold at a 25 to 30 per cent. premium. This illicit depreciation lasted only a short time; and its life was shortened by the summary shooting of three officials for the mere offence of surreptitiously dealing in pounds. But though Moscow did its best to export copiously and to limit imports, it could not, owing to the indispensability of certain imports, keep a balance in its foreign trade. The period of active foreign trade balances, which enabled the State Bank to accumulate large gold and exchange reserves, had come to an end. In the first nine months, ending June 30th last, of the business year 1925-26, exports totalled only 437,400,000 roubles, against 521,100,000 roubles imports. If this condition continues in the last quarter of the present business year and in the business year 1926-27, the economic reconstruction programme will be at best seriously impeded, and at worst a new and much more serious currency crisis may result.

Every measure possible is being taken to avert this misfortune. Not content with its Foreign Trade Monopoly power to forbid imports absolutely, the Council of People's Commissaries last June greatly increased the import duties on a number of luxury or semi-necessary wares. On some articles it increased duties to 100 per cent. *ad valorem*. But these measures will not avail except under one condition, and that condition is the copious export of grain. This, as already indicated, is not a mere question of a good harvest. A good harvest, as in 1925, may merely start a vicious circle. The circle consists of: good crops, prospect of abundant money for peasants, consequent big demand by peasants for industrial products, failure to meet demand, peasant reluctance to sell surplus grain, failure of export plan, curtailment of imports of raw materials and machinery, consequent reduction of industrial production programme, persistence of wares famines, and again, next year, unwillingness of peasantry to sell their surplus grain. If the crops of 1926 turned out badly, trouble would come without these intermediate causes.

But good crops seem to be assured. They are particularly good in the Ukraine, the Crimea and the Volga district. The official chart published in the early summer showed only one small patch of territory (near the North-East European frontier) where the crops were below average. On the 1st June, 1925, the crops condition index for the whole Soviet Union (an ascending index with 3 equalling "average") was 3.1; and this improved to 3.3 at date of harvesting, and was followed by a record yield. (The yield was, nevertheless, 3,000,000 tons lower than the highest estimate.) On June 1st this year the index was 3.3, on July 1st it had improved to 3.34, and in the Southern wheat districts it was as high as 3.7. The actual grain crop of 1925 totalled 4,067 million puds, or, with the produce of State farms, 4,144 million puds. Of this, after provision for home consumption, an estimated 789 to 622 million puds remained over for export and reserve, but owing to the defective concentration, only 64,600,000 puds were actually exported for the first half of the business year. While the crops this year will probably be very good, the success of their mobilisation is again in doubt. A week before his death the President of the Supreme Council of Economy, Dzerzhinsky, expressed the fear that despite his six months' efforts to provide sufficient manufactured goods, the peasants would again refuse to sell. A further threat lies in the food price-fall. This has already begun. The peasants are interested in two apparently incompatible things, a big volume of crops and high food prices. Before the bad crops of 1924 agricultural prices were relatively very much lower than industrial, and this "scissors," as the disparity was called, refused to close. The semi-famine of 1924 led to a great rise in agricultural prices, and for some time, with the high prices-index of 200 (basis 100 in 1913-14) for manufactured goods, the agricultural prices-index was around 190. But last spring the "scissors" began to open again, and in May, June and July, food prices fell considerably. Meantime industrial prices rose, though very slightly. The newly increased price disparity, taken together with the shortage of manufactured goods, may easily impede the

concentration of the 1926 crops, and if so in the business year 1926-27, as in 1925-26, the abundance of the crops may be in vain. Concentration and export may for a second time fail, import of necessary goods for industrial production may again be retarded, and the vicious circle may again be completed. Worst of all, the currency, the one unqualified success of the N.E.P., may again be threatened.

In his speech on the threatened currency collapse, President Rykoff declared that the necessary remedy is Industrialisation. Industrialisation, he said, is the direct cure for the ills of Agriculture. An *exportable* surplus of agricultural products, which is something different from a mere surplus, is attainable only by elevating the material standard of peasant life, and this elevation must consist primarily in the purchase by the country of goods produced by the cities. The Soviet Press has for months past been discussing devices for attaining this aim. But the official attitude here, as always, is ambiguous. On the one hand one reads of the necessity of admitting private initiative—with this aim a Commission is at present investigating "The Part of Private Capital in Business." A long series of concessions and leases to natives and foreigners proves that this attitude is not all empty demonstration. The ambiguity lies in the fact that empty demonstrations against "Capitalism" are simultaneously made in order to propitiate the Communist die-hards. Last spring the official *Ekonomicheskaya Zhizn* published a series of articles to prove that State Industry, with which is classed co-operative industry, plays an ever more important rôle in the whole nation's manufacturing, while private industry relatively declines. In the business year 1923-24, State industry's production was 63.5 per cent. of the whole; in 1925-26, according to programme, it is to be 71.5 per cent. Co-operative industry's share rose in the same time from 3.6 to 4.6 per cent. Private industry's share declined from 3.5 to 2.7 per cent. The remaining industrial production was provided by the petty (*kustarniye*) industries, conducted by peasants, or at home. The absolute production of all four kinds of industry increased. Since 1920-21, the

worst post-war year, the value rose from 981 million roubles to 3,950 millions in 1924-25, or from 17.4 per cent. of a pre-war figure of 5,621 million roubles, to 70.3 per cent. In the last-mentioned business year the whole national production, agricultural and industrial, was reported at 13,576 million roubles. There is a "Gosplan" scheme providing for its increase to 24,491 million roubles in 1929-30, with complete estimates for the intervening years. This plan assumes many things, and ignores possible accidents, and it is, therefore, more than unreliable.

The vicissitudes to which "Gosplan" programmes for even one year ahead are subject are illustrated by the collapse of the manufacturing programme for 1925-26. This programme provided for an increase of no less than 49.1 per cent. above the output of 2,774 million roubles in 1924-25. How it was injured by the failure to export grain and to import machinery, failures which compelled its radical revision, appears from the following table:—

					Business Year 1925-26.	
					Original Plan	Revised Plan.
					Millions of Roubles.	
Mining	..	..	..	..	551.6	550.9
Metal	..	..	..	..	803.4	803.4
Electrotechnical	..	..	..	..	104.9	120.0
Textile	..	..	..	..	1,324.7	1,154.8
Chemical	..	..	..	..	332.6	296.6
Pottery	..	..	..	..	79.1	77.2
Paper	..	..	..	..	63.8	50.7
Wood	..	..	..	..	171.6	103.1
Leather	..	..	..	..	173.8	124.7
Food	..	..	..	..	527.7	217.6
					4,140.6	3,499.0

The mere accident of the crops concentration fiasco resulted in the big programme reduction shown. Many other one-year programmes have ended in similar failures. Sometimes in individual branches they have shown success greater than estimated in the programmes. In general Soviet industrial-production statistics are reliable (and then not altogether reliable) only when they record past facts. In the first half of the business year 1925-26, the actually attained value of industrial output is put at

1,752.5 million roubles, which is almost exactly the required 50 per cent. of the above-shown revised programme. But the revised programme itself was compiled after part of the half year had elapsed; in the main, therefore, it recorded facts, and was not a programme at all. From the failure of the original 1925-26 programme the "Gosplan" has apparently learned caution. Whereas its last preceding yearly estimate provided for a 49 per cent. increase of output over that of the preceding year, the 1926-27 programme so far (it is not yet definitive) estimates an increase of only between 16 and 17 per cent. over the *reduced* programme of 1925-26. In other words, the coming business year's production will be only a little larger than that of two years ago. While half the total reduced programme of 1925-26 was realised as stated in the first six months of the year, there were very unfavourable results in individual branches. The mining output was only 40.5 per cent. instead of 50 per cent., the iron and steel output only 44.5 per cent., and the chemicals output only 43.1 per cent. This is doubly unfavourable because all these branches suffered particularly badly in the first Revolution years, and until lately they were recovering more rapidly than branches which had suffered less. The coal output, which in 1913 (including new Polish area) was 35,800,000 tons, and which fell in 1920 to 7,560,000 tons, recovered in 1924-25, the last complete business year, to 16,100,000 tons. The revival until lately of the iron and steel industry was still more striking. Here decay almost became devastation. The output figures are:—

		1913	1921-22 In Metric Tons.	1924-25
Pig-Iron	..	4,206,990	170,565	1,303,611
Steel	..	4,246,810	317,619	1,864,786
Rolled Goods	..	3,508,924	256,691	1,334,864

The recovery of Soviet industry since 1921 has been considerable, and has been an advantage to the world. If one assumes, as one must assume, that the Union's present form of government is permanent, the set-back now threatened would be an international as well as a national misfortune. The threat, however, is very real for reasons

other than those given. A German commission in the Ukraine (following the views of some of the Soviet's own experts) declares that the reported revival of the past five years, though a fact, has been purchased at a price which prejudices the future. The new capital outlay in these years was not sufficient to counterbalance the physical deterioration. The Soviet industrial experts ruthlessly used machinery which was at best in a bad condition, exhausted stocks of materials, including in the iron and steel branch a vast stock of scrap iron left over from the war, and measured their own services and chances of promotion by their past records, leaving the future to chance. The Moscow *Ekonomicheskaya Zhizn* constantly harps upon the vast capital investment which will be necessary in the next few years. This capital can only come from abroad, which means from America. At present in the United States there is a strong movement in favour of recognition of, and conclusion of, a commercial treaty with Moscow. If this movement wins, American capital, which has so far in the main been confined to short-term credits for cotton and other materials, may very likely come in on a big scale. But the crisis in export and in the currency, and the much more dangerous associated political crisis, will first have to be overcome. Whether this is to happen or not will first be known in the autumn, when the fate of the crops concentration and of the export programme of 1926-27 will be decided.

BRITISH INTERESTS IN SOUTH AMERICA

By W. A. HIRST

THE trade of South America has always been a matter of lively interest to Great Britain. From the days of Drake till those of Jenkins, our seamen claimed a share in the golden harvest of the West, and several wars and many rough piratical deeds were the consequences of the claim. As the power of Spain waned, so did her competence to uphold the much-prized monopoly, and as her "plantations" became more discontented, so did their friendliness increase towards that power who, like themselves, was struggling to break through the old-world restrictions that cramped the growth of a Continent. Not even our filibustering expedition of 1807 (which was very nearly successful) disturbed the friendliness of the people of the River Plate; indeed it was the first step in the establishment of extensive trade relations.

When the Napoleonic War ended, the good will of the Colonists was greatly increased by our sympathy with them in their struggle for independence. Thousands of our veterans from the Peninsular War fought under Bolivar the Liberator, and the exploits of our knight-errant sea-captains were of incalculable value to the South American insurgents. Finally, the action of Castlereagh and Canning averted European intervention and turned the scale against Spain.

We had the reward of our discernment and enterprise. The famous financial crisis of 1826 was, indeed, chiefly caused by wild and irrational speculation in the (supposedly) unlimited market of South America. Like many of our traders to-day, their great-grandparents were lacking in vision and in appreciation of the needs of their customers. Large consignments of skates were exported which were of little use to the inhabitants of lands "where the skies for ever smile." But heavy losses taught our traders a lesson, and now, for a hundred years, we have transacted a large, steady trade with South America,

pouring into the Continent a stream of capital by which railways have been constructed and its resources developed in manifold ways.

The Great War and other causes have seriously impaired our position, and this can only be regained by patient enterprise, long views and intelligent policy. The day for haphazard methods and perfunctory routine has long since gone by. Our influence and our prosperous commerce can only be maintained by establishing a sympathetic understanding with the numerous and varied nations of South America. The trade in material goods is necessary to our physical existence, but, as Aristotle says, the object of human association is not merely to live but to live well. The trade in ideas—the understanding of South American politics, literature, art and social conditions—is the soul of foreign intercourse as commerce is the body, and unless the soul is vigorous the body will be correspondingly feeble.

Whatever allowances may be made for the effects of the war, the fact remains that we are losing ground as compared with our competitors, and from avoidable causes.

In 1909 I visited South America, and in a work on Argentina, published in 1910, I called attention to our trade supremacy in that country. But in a later work, written some time before the War, although not published till 1915, I was obliged to point out, with regret, that a very few years had seen a considerable change for the worse in our position, *i.e.*: "A few years ago Great Britain sent to Argentina more goods than the United States, Germany and Belgium combined; now it will be seen that this is far from being the case."

Figures are dull and may easily be misinterpreted, but the following microscopic dose of statistics will show that the United States, from being a comparatively weak competitor, has become a most formidable rival, and in some cases a conqueror.

Four important countries shall be taken. Brazil is larger than Australia and has nearly six times her population; she teems with natural wealth. Four-fifths of the world's coffee is supplied by Brazil, and hence comes the best rubber in the world. Sugar, tobacco, cocoa, cotton,

hides and meat are produced in large quantities. The land is quite undeveloped; greatly superior though Brazil is to Australia in population, her seaborne trade is less than half as great. In 1907 we had 30 per cent. of Brazil's import trade, while the United States had to be content with about 12½. Now (1922) we have 22½ per cent. and the United States 18½.

Argentina is nearly two-thirds the size of India and has a somewhat scanty population—less than half that of Spain. But her vast industries—meat, wheat, maize, linseed and wool—are too well known to need any description. Her foreign trade exceeds in value that of Australia by about £140,000,000. In 1907 our percentage of the import trade was 34 and that of the United States about 14½. Now (1923) we have 19 to 14 claimed by the United States.

Chile is a flourishing country—the home of the nitrate industry in which we were the pioneers. Here our falling off is worst of all. In 1907 we sent 37 per cent. of the imports, while the United States accounted for only 10. Now (1923) we contribute a percentage of 22, while the United States are actually ahead of us with nearly 25.

Peru is a country where we have every reason to expect favourable results. We always maintain a brisk demand for her sugar, cotton and minerals, and, further, ever since the financial collapse, due to the war of 1879-83, the Peruvian Corporation, an English concern, has administered a considerable part of the resources of the country. In 1906 we sent Peru nearly 26 per cent. of her total imports, while the United States contributed about 22 per cent. In 1923 the United States sent double the quantity which we exported—their percentage was 38, ours 19.

We see, then, a sufficiently serious state of affairs. It is true that in Brazil and Argentina, the two larger markets, we still lead. But our advantage is slight, and in the two smaller markets, Chile and Peru, the change in our position as compared with the United States can only be described as catastrophic. Here, however, it should be said that the opening of the Panama Canal has been of

elementary information. Further, a Frenchman has published a very valuable critical study of Olmedo with verse translations.

Our bookshelves show a complete lack of original work in this field. Seeing that it is practically virgin country—it is certain that no Englishman has had the curiosity to record and appreciate the coming of a national literature which has been growing up under his eyes—we may wonder that no one has taken the trouble to make it his subject. As in everything else, we have resigned the lead to the United States. As might be expected, we have to go across the Atlantic to study the subject. Again it is a professor in an American University upon whom we are dependent for such knowledge as we possess—*The Literary History of Spanish America*, by Alfred Coester.

It is a heartbreaking task to search bibliographies in the hope of discovering some work by an English author on Spanish American literature. The only contribution I have been able to find is a translation of the famous Argentine novel, *La Gloria de Don Ramiro*, by Enrique Laretta, which has been put into English by L. B. Walton. To introduce this fine work to English readers is certainly an action deserving great praise, but such a solitary straggler serves only to show up the nakedness of the land. Also Francisco Garcia Calderon's *Latin America* has appeared in an English dress. These are the only two translations of Spanish American books which I can discover to have been published in this country, and are a miserable intellectual capital for a great nation to rely on for its dealings with a Continent.

Abundant literary histories and critical essays have been published in Buenos Aires, Santiago and Lima, but it has never occurred to anyone in this country to translate a single one, still less to write any kind of guide; we are thus left to steer our course as best we may. It is strange to reflect how singularly divorced are our universities from the national life of this country, whereas in the United States they are foremost in everything. Further, the United States have the Pan-American Union, whose *Bulletin* does everything possible to advance American

interests, and there is the Hispanic-American Society whose object is to promote its appropriate studies. Even France, whose trading interests are very small compared with ours, maintains a monthly periodical, the *Revue de l'Amérique latine*, as well as a weekly newspaper. Indeed, if our trade and associations with Latin America were as negligible as they are great, our inertia would be surprising and discreditable.

The truth is that our methods are obsolete; our manufacturers and tradesmen have not moved with the times, and still cling to the practices of their grandfathers, oblivious of the immense changes which have taken place and the higher standards which are now insisted upon by the Latin American nations. Our Government is equally behind the times—it is equally unable to appreciate the changed conditions and the need for renewed energy; it gives our trade little more help than when the United States were a pioneer nation and when Germany was pre-occupied with her domestic troubles.

Trade now requires to be stimulated by vigorous diplomatic action, and the minds of our foreign customers need to be impressed by the ability and energy of our representatives. Governments as well as private firms have to advertise, and for this purpose judicious expenditure and diplomatic ability are required. As nearly every nation aims at being an exporter of manufactured goods, so does this class of merchandise become increasingly difficult to sell, and we shall have no chance with our competitors if we are supine while they are active.

The Government of the United States spares no effort to stimulate its South American trade; the Department of Commerce at Washington has issued a *Commercial Travellers' Guide to Latin America*, containing upwards of seven hundred pages, closely packed with valuable information for all its citizens who wish to trade from Mexico to Patagonia, including our own West Indies which have been so neglected by us that they are mere dumping grounds for the United States—our own trader and steamship lines are hardly allowed access to their ports. Our Government does nothing, and its inaction

is reflected in the lack of energy shown by our private firms.

The position is sufficiently serious to demand concerted action. The remedial measures must be chiefly gradual and indirect—as has been already implied, we need a closer study of the Spanish language and literature and of the peculiarities of the Latin American races. Lectures ought to be arranged at various populous centres with a view to spreading this kind of knowledge. Undoubtedly more information should be published in book form, and our daily press ought to give more South American news. It is also very desirable that a South American Society should be established, which should have a monthly organ. The more widely knowledge and interest in these matters are spread, the more chance we have of occupying once more our proper position in South America. Again, our consular service ought to be improved and extended. It is also surely time that some steps were taken to break down the monopoly which the United States have established in our West Indian possessions. Our prestige wanes there, and the fact is noted by all neighbouring countries; as long as these islands belong to us, we ought to develop them and make them a source of pride and profit to us.

In these matters, as in many others, we are suffering from the effects of the war. The United States had long been gaining upon us, and they took advantage of the catastrophe to establish themselves firmly in the markets which were necessarily abandoned by Great Britain. We have now much lost ground to regain; but our position can be recovered if we show the qualities we employed in building up our trade, reinforced by the new methods and knowledge which are necessary to the new conditions. But we have a long uphill task before us, and patient, intelligent work is indispensable.

M. POINCARÉ'S RETURN

By JOHN BELL

THE circumstances under which M. Poincaré assumed the offices of Premier and Finance Minister of France can be counted among the most remarkable that have arisen in the Parliamentary history of that country. It is necessary to recount them in order to obtain a just conception of the difficult task he has inherited, and of the manner in which he is seeking to accomplish it.

On May 11th, 1924, M. Poincaré and the political combination known as the Bloc National, by which he had governed, were defeated at the General Election. M. Poincaré, who is not an electioneering politician, did not take an active part in the campaign. He delivered two speeches only, and they were not of a fighting character. In fact, he was reproached by the Bloc National organs for not having given a sufficient lead to the party which had faithfully supported his policy. The opponents of the Bloc National, on the other hand, who had formed themselves into a Bloc des Gauches, put up a stiff fight, and were determined that the electors in the great majority should vote against M. Poincaré and all that the Bloc National stood for. At the General Election much bitterness was shown against the head of the Government. This bitterness was not so much directed against the occupation of the Ruhr as against the measures which M. Poincaré found it necessary to take in order to deal with the financial situation, which had become acute.

In the light of what has happened recently it is useful to indicate what M. Poincaré had proposed in the early months of 1924 for restoring the finances. He has often been described as an obstinate man who would accept advice from no one, who always persisted in going his own way. It is a fact, however, that he sought advice outside France from those who, by reason of their situation in the financial world, were competent to give it. The counsel was that France had to do two things: to increase taxa-

tion and to effect economies. M. Poincaré decided to do both. He increased taxation and formulated a plan for the reduction of expenditure. It is a singular fact that the measures he had adopted were used as arguments against him in the election of 1924 by the famous Cartel des Gauches, made up of Radicals, Radical Socialists, and Socialists under the leadership of M. Herriot, and it is not less singular that when he was called upon to form a Government in the latter days of July he had to begin where he left off a little over two years ago.

The régime of the Cartel des Gauches was a veritable disaster for France in so far as restoring the finances were concerned. When the political history of the last two years comes to be written, let the historian be ever so dispassionate he will have hard things to say of the Cartel des Gauches. Poor France suffered greatly at the hands of this unholy political combination which persistently refused to face realities, and in a fashion which many Frenchmen have described as criminal insisted on reaching solutions based on party considerations in order to gain political ends. The Cartel politicians refused to see the writing on the wall. They ignored the warning conveyed to them by the state of the franc. While they were wrangling in the Chamber, trying to force upon it financial projects which entirely lacked the spirit of equity (for it was their wish to curry favour with the electors by heaping taxes on the possessing classes and practically exonerating others), the poor franc went from bad to worse.

As Premier in the first Government formed by the Cartel M. Herriot set to work with zeal to "rectify the faults committed by the previous Government." But he and his motley followers soon discovered that they were handicapped by the promises they had given to the electors. In truth, it was an utter impossibility to fulfil these promises. Ardent politicians anxious to reach the goal indicated by their parties pay more attention to ideals than to facts. The ideals of the Cartel, however honest and sincere, did not respond to the immediate needs of France. How in the actual situation could the taxation imposed by the Poincaré Government be reduced, as the electors were given

to believe it would be? The Herriot Government, if it did not admit the allegation that the electors had been tricked, realised soon enough that even heavier taxes would have to be imposed. It was their manner of imposing these taxes that caused much of the trouble from which France has suffered during the last two years. There was one truth that the first Cartel Government would not accept: the necessity of reducing State expenditure by curtailing the number of functionaries. And there was an eloquent reason for their hesitancy to take this step. Was not the Cartel assisted to power by the votes of a large number of functionaries? The civil servants, considering that their situations were jeopardised by the economy scheme of M. Poincaré, had decided to vote against the Bloc National. The assistance which they rendered to the Cartel was not forgotten by M. Herriot, who showed his gratitude by not only refusing to reduce their number, but by allowing them to form themselves into trade unions. This act of his led to no end of trouble; it gave the functionaries the power to agitate like ordinary workmen discontented with their conditions, and Paris has witnessed several demonstrations of discontent which have necessitated the employment of large forces of police. There are many policemen injured in scuffles with civil servant agitators who do not think kindly of M. Herriot on account of the licence he gave to these State employees to agitate.

The Herriot Government fell, a victim of its election promises. The word inflation was never mentioned until it came into power. M. Herriot himself forbade the use of the word; and yet the painful discovery was made that the bank-note circulation had been increased by four milliard francs during his Premiership. This fact, together with the policy he thought fit to pursue against the Catholics, impressed the Senate, which repudiated him, and his Government fell rather ingloriously. He had found the franc under 70 to the pound when he took office. It gradually decreased in value. Its behaviour was the surest indication of waning confidence.

His successor, M. Painlevé, endeavoured to profit from

his blunders. M. Painlevé saw that an ugly spirit had been created, and that it was necessary to make an effort to promote national appeasement. He undid much of what M. Herriot had done in so far as the Catholics were concerned, and the Centre and Moderate Right of the Chamber of Deputies seemed to respond to his overtures notwithstanding that he had sought M. Caillaux as his Minister of Finance. M. Painlevé, however, lost grace when, at the dictation of the Cartel, he refused to accept M. Caillaux's scheme of financial restoration. The Centre and Moderate Right, if they had not forgotten M. Caillaux's attitude during the war, could not help sympathising with him, could not but admire his courage in refusing to quit the Ministry of Finance so that a politician imbued with Cartellist ideas of financial purification should take his place. M. Painlevé appeared to have abandoned his efforts to promote national appeasement and to have resumed his place in the Cartel, of which he had always been regarded as the second-in-command. The two Ministries of which he was the head failed to achieve anything in the direction of restoring the finances, for the reason that his projects bore the stamp of the impracticable Cartellist ideals.

It was now the turn of M. Briand to make the attempt to put things right. M. Briand is not a financier. He is a statesman with wonderful gifts; he is subtle and supple. The fact that he was called to the Premiership furnished the best proof of the incompetency of the Cartellist politicians to get France out of her financial mess. There is this to be said for M. Briand: he never had any difficulty in conciliating the policy of France with that of England in regard to the attitude to be assumed towards Germany. It is an attitude of peace consistent with French security, and Sir Austen Chamberlain, to the satisfaction and gratification of Frenchmen, speedily realised the French point of view, which, after all, must be the view of all fair-minded Englishmen who desire real peace in Europe. While there never was any serious criticism in the French Chamber of M. Briand's peace policy, he was intrigued against all the time he was Premier. A section of the

Radical Socialists and the Socialists proper always remembered that he was outside the Cartel. The Socialists replied to his advances for co-operation with a negative that was rudely curt. M. Briand made valiant efforts to reach solutions of the financial problem, and honest M. Paul Doumer rendered him faithful service. But however feasible might be the schemes evolved, the Cartel des Gauches took pride in turning them down.

M. Briand might have done better during the life of his first Cabinet had he given way to the Centre and Moderate Right of the Chamber, but he refused to make overtures to these politicians, and he put their backs up when he went out of his way to proclaim himself a man of the Left. The Centre and Right did not forget that he governed with their aid when he was Premier in 1921. After the fall of M. Paul Doumer as Minister of Finance M. Briand included in his reconstituted Cabinet M. Raoul Péret, who had made a remarkable speech in the Chamber, in which he warned the deputies that if they rejected M. Doumer's financial projects France would see the franc at 150 to the pound. M. Raoul Péret laboured very strenuously to increase the value of the franc and to elaborate schemes for restoring confidence in the country. But he had the same difficulty as his predecessors to contend with—the opposition of the Socialists and the fraction of the Radical Socialists whom these avowed partisans of spoliation had in tow. The franc continued to fall in spite of M. Péret's optimism, and finally he became disheartened and resigned, thus creating another Cabinet crisis.

There were now signs that France was growing weary of these continual Cabinet changes. The demand had been put forward by business men and manufacturers concerned for the prosperity of the country for a Government of National Union, but the Cartel would not hear of it. They still clung to the hope that the country would be governed by the old Cartel majority, which had to all intents and purposes disappeared when the Socialists returned to their independent attitude, and M. Herriot was spoken of as the successor of M. Briand. But his

hour had not yet struck, and he refused to join a Cabinet of National Union which M. Briand attempted to form.

It is interesting to recall that the leaders of the Cartel forbade M. Herriot joining a Cabinet in which M. Poincaré had to figure. Not being able to secure the services of M. Poincaré as his Minister of Finance M. Briand fell back on M. Caillaux, who attached conditions to his acceptance of the post. M. Caillaux did not intend to run the risk of being again treated as he had been by the first Painlevé Government. It was, therefore, as Minister of Finance and Vice-President of the Council that he joined the Government, which was known as the Briand-Caillaux Cabinet. M. Briand and M. Caillaux were in agreement that if anything had to be achieved, if financial reforms had to be effected and the currency stabilised, it should be given wide powers. This was the note of the Ministerial declaration. Then a dramatic incident occurred. M. Herriot, who was President of the Chamber, vacated the presidential tribune and made a bitter attack on the Government, whose demand, he declared, had wounded him to the depth of his Republican conscience. The attack had not been made in vain. The Briand-Caillaux Government was defeated, and the President of the Republic had to ask M. Herriot to form a new Cabinet. The news of the return to power of the Mayor of Lyons caused a profound impression throughout the country, and had a disastrous effect on the franc, which went down to 220 to the pound on July 19th, and on the following day to 240.

The rapidly descending value of the franc was the surest proof that M. Herriot and his band were not wanted. Hitherto their ambition to rule France in accordance with their political ideas had not been modified by the persistent depreciation of the franc. When, however, the 240 point was reached the entire nation was seized with fear, and there is no doubt that M. Herriot and the members of his Cabinet, which was practically a Cartellist combination, became afraid.

M. Herriot, whose speech had killed the Briand-Caillaux Government, took exception to the procedure, which was justified, having regard to the precious time wasted in the

Chamber by useless talk. Now, strangely enough, the Herriot Government pleaded for "liberty and latitude." There was a smack of the policy of spoliation dear to the old Cartel when it was dominated by the Socialists about the Ministerial declaration. The old phrase, "possessing classes," was trotted out, and a shiver of fear marked the Chamber when M. de Monzie, the Minister of Finance, made the alarming confession that only 60 million francs remained in the Treasury. There were strange scenes outside the Chamber; the great crowd assembled felt that the future of France was at stake, and it gave vent to its feeling by shouting cries which were the reverse of complimentary to M. Herriot. What was expected happened. The man who had brought down the Briand-Caillaux Cabinet was himself thrown out after a bitter taste of power lasting only 48 hours. His fall gave rise to much rejoicing, and there was a general consensus of opinion that he had met a just fate.

The next act in the financial drama of France was supremely interesting. An old actor returned to the stage. The advent of M. Poincaré, whose defeat in 1924 was a matter for jubilation by his adversaries, is one of the strangest things that has happened in French political life. In an article he had written on the financial situation of France a few months previously M. Poincaré had said that if the house was not burning the chimney was on fire. Behold him now called upon to extinguish the flames and to disperse the smoke. If he were a vain man he would have been justified in gloating over the discomfiture of M. Herriot and the incapable politicians who had undoubtedly brought France to her present unhappy plight. But M. Poincaré is not a man of that sort. He had other things to think about. Not a moment had to be lost, for time was precious. He himself had calculated the delay at 11,000 francs a minute. He did what should have been done over twelve months ago. He formed a Government of National Union, and succeeded in inducing M. Herriot to join it, to the surprise and disappointment of many of the Radical leader's friends.

The Cartel, or what remained of it, had to swallow a bitter

pill. The majority which had sustained its policy was no more. Common-sense replaced the political ineptitude of which successive Cartel Governments had furnished notorious examples. The nation had called a halt to the Parliamentary fooling, and M. Poincaré appeared at the helm of the ship of State. "You are always there in the hour of misfortune," M. Marcel Cachin, the leader of the twenty-eight Communists, shouted to the Premier after he had mounted the steps of the tribune in the Chamber. This was intended as an insult to "Poincaré-la-guerre," as *Humanité* always calls him, but in reality it was a compliment. France had struggled vainly against the misfortune which menaced her ruin, and M. Poincaré had come with all his intelligence, his tireless activity, and his force of character, to make an honest effort to get her out of her troubles.

Most Frenchmen had regarded the situation of their country as an extremely complicated one. Even the financial experts viewed it with something like dismay. When M. Poincaré essayed to accomplish the herculean task which others had failed, rather ignominiously, to achieve, the franc, in relation to the pound, had practically lost all value. The Treasury coffers were virtually empty, and there was no possibility of raising money either at home or abroad. While she was bleeding and suffering during the war France never lost confidence, but it is the truth to say that as a result of the bungling and fumbling of her politicians from May, 1924, until the latter end of July of this year, her confidence had been brought to a low ebb. Her credit had almost entirely disappeared. People with money sent it abroad for safety lest the Socialist spoliators should lay hands on it, as they had threatened when M. Herriot was their prisoner. It is a significant fact that while the floating debt of France has been officially put at forty-nine milliard francs, capital valued at between thirty and forty milliards has found its way abroad. To make matters worse food prices were steadily rising, and there was no doubt that people with limited and fixed incomes were suffering.

Such was the situation that M. Poincaré had to face.

What was the method he employed to evolve order out of financial chaos? There was nothing abstruse and little that was technical about it. In a large measure it was the same method he had employed before he was last driven from power. When a country finds itself in the position of not being able to make both ends meet the obvious thing to do is to increase taxation, decrease expenditure, and take steps to lessen and finally extinguish the national debt. This is M. Poincaré's programme in a nutshell.

Let us see how he is carrying it out. His first duty was to ensure beyond any possible doubt the equilibrium of the Budget. He has done so by imposing additional taxes, which will yield eleven milliard francs, over two milliards for the remaining months of the present year, and something like nine milliards for 1927. The new taxes are already in force, and Frenchmen now have the unenviable distinction of being the most heavily taxed people in the world. The tax on industrial and commercial profits is 50 per cent., 12 per cent. on agricultural profits, 12 per cent. on salaries beyond 40,000 francs, 25 per cent. on mining royalties, and 18 per cent. on property. When property changes hands there is an exceptional tax of 7 per cent. The succession duties have been fixed from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 25 per cent. in a direct line, from 12 to 35 per cent. in a collateral line, and from 27 to 49 per cent. beyond the fourth degree.

There are heavy taxes on transport. People travelling on the principal railways will have to pay a tax of from 32 to 50 per cent. on the price of their tickets, while the transport of merchandise will be taxed 11.50 per cent. What is called luxurious travel will be taxed 65 per cent. There is a crushing tax on automobiles, rising from 72 to 144 francs. Sugar, tobacco, matches, etc., are taxed six times higher than the rates of 1914, and the taxes on drinks of all kinds have been increased. The turnover tax has been brought up to 2 per cent., and there is an export tax of 1.30 per cent. for ordinary merchandise and 12 per cent. for articles of luxury. The price of the identity card for foreigners, which was 12 francs before the war, has

been increased to 375 francs, but it is reduced to 40 francs for manual and intellectual workers and the parents of French children. Foreigners who have fought in the French army are relieved.

The foregoing are only a few of the new taxes, but they convey an idea of the heavy burdens that the French people will have to bear. Having made sure of his Budget balance, M. Poincaré turned his attention to the great incubus that was fast throttling the country—the floating debt. Some months ago M. François Coty, who, besides being a wealthy perfume manufacturer, is the proprietor of the *Figaro*, wrote a series of articles in his paper in which he advocated the institution of a Sinking Fund for redeeming the national debt. It was M. Coty's idea that this fund should be independent of Parliament, that the politician would not be able to touch it. His idea commended itself to all classes of the community. For various reasons, which were never clearly defined, the Briand Government did not adopt M. Coty's plan. M. Poincaré, however, anxious to avail himself of any suggestion that would aid him to reach his goal, readily accepted the idea of a Sinking Fund to be managed independently of Parliament. By the scheme drawn up and accepted by Parliament the succession duties, and a supplementary tax to be paid when property changes hands, will constitute the resources of the fund, to which will be added the profits resulting from the industrial exploitation of the tobacco monopoly, no longer to be run by the State, but by the Board of Management of the Sinking Fund. It is with the resources of the fund that the National Defence Bonds will be redeemed. The Board of Management, composed of twenty-one members, including the president, will be divided into finance and technical committees, the latter to be assisted by a consultative committee.

In order to ensure the absolute independence of the fund it was necessary that its dispositions should be incorporated in the Constitutional Law, and so that this important formality could be effected, so that what M. Poincaré called the "solemn guarantees" could be secured. Senators and Deputies met in National Assembly at

Versailles and consecrated the institution of the Sinking Fund.

So much for the arrangements for redeeming the floating debt. There remained the serious matter of improving the value of the franc. M. Poincaré was conscious of the fact that the serious fall, caused undoubtedly by speculation in which Frenchmen themselves, it is regrettable to have to record, participated, was far below its real value. The franc had to be defended, and the Premier promptly utilised the suggestion contained in the report of the Committee of Experts appointed by the Briand Cabinet. It was a case of the Banque de France being given the power to purchase appreciated foreign currencies to be covered by banknotes up to 100 per cent. By means of these gold purchases the franc could be defended against any onslaughts made upon it by the speculators, whether French or foreign. Certain critics of this arrangement contend that the furnishing of banknotes to cover the gold purchases means that inflation will be resorted to. M. Poincaré holds that there will be no inflation. The object of this agreement between the State and the Banque de France is to secure the stabilisation of the franc.

That M. Poincaré's policy of financial restoration responds to the immediate necessities of the country is shown by the conduct of the franc since it was formulated. Its rise in value during and after the discussion of the Premier's projects in Parliament was remarkable. Its rapid ascent was attended by a revival of confidence which had almost entirely disappeared as the result of the inability of the politicians to come to a decision as to the measures to be taken for dealing with the financial crisis. All this is a warm tribute to the master-mind of M. Poincaré. It is yet too early to say that the great Lorrainer has surmounted, or that he will be able to surmount, all the difficulties with which France is faced. But at any rate he has brought a clear brain and an activity which is nothing less than phenomenal to bear upon the intricate and anguishing problems. Also he has introduced a method of action which is bound to yield concrete results, for he has brought about national union, without which it would have

been impossible to accomplish anything. Beyond the Socialists and Communists and a small section of Radical-Socialists and a few representatives of the Extreme Right, Parliament has readily accepted his leadership. It has faith in him, and so has the country, which is looking forward to emerging from the financial impasse which has been a frightful nightmare during the last two years.

While all the friends of France, that France which bled and suffered and bore with a brave heart the heaviest sacrifices during the war, will rejoice to see her once more firmly on her financial legs, it must not be forgotten that M. Poincaré is confronted with other problems before financial salvation can be achieved. It is all very well to find the means of balancing the Budget, of redeeming the colossal debt and of stabilising the franc; but there is the question of reducing expenditure, which has reached gigantic proportions. The economy axe will have to be rigorously applied in France. Functionarism has become a menace. The number of civil servants has increased to an alarming degree since the war, and it is imperative that their number should be diminished. M. Poincaré has certain ideas for effecting economies which, if put into practice, will in no wise impair the efficiency of State administration, but may, on the contrary, improve it. When the time comes to make drastic cuts in expenditure it may be that he will meet with considerable opposition, for the army of functionaries represents a heavy electoral vote, and the party politicians will bear this in mind. If, however, the Premier adopts the principle of urgency in the interest of the State, he will reach the end in view.

His other task is the debt settlements. He is a partisan of speedy ratification, for he knows that when the debt question is done with France will breathe freely. It looks, however, as if there will be trouble concerning the arrangement made with America for funding the French debt. M. Clemenceau's vigorous letter to President Coolidge made people think, and there is a persistent campaign for revision. Whatever may be the fate of the Churchill-Caillaux agreement, which, it has to be said, is not a subject of much criticism, France counts on a revision of the Washington terms of settlement.

MME. DE STAËL IN SEARCH OF A HUSBAND

BY FRANCIS GRIBBLE

"GLORY," said Mme. de Staël, "is only a splendid mourning for happiness." The implication clearly is that she herself, though she had achieved glory, had missed happiness. It is a point which, since "happiness is in the mind," no biographer is entitled to argue with her. He can only accept her statement and enquire: How and why did she fail in the quest for happiness?

It is not a question which can be authoritatively answered in a short sentence. Accident, no doubt, played its part in the matter: the accident first of an uncongenial marriage, prompted by a mother's ambition, and then the accident of embarrassing political developments, entailing exile and persecution. But her too conscious pursuit of happiness must also have been a factor in the case. She explored too many avenues in search of it, and was too ready to allow any sentimental will-o'-the-wisp to lure her into a sentimental quagmire. Sentimentally, like Poor Jo, she was "allus a-movin' on."

Her sentimental life, in short, lacked continuity. It was no complete and rounded romance, but a fragmentary and episodic collection of ill-assorted short stories; and her case was neither the more gracious nor the more tranquil because the plots of the short stories so frequently overlapped each other. M. de Narbonne, Benjamin Constant, Rocca—each of these has in turn been named as the only man she ever really loved; and now we are introduced to a new claimant to that honour—one whose name, as a rule, does not even appear in the biographies.

And his claim, as will be seen, is at least as well substantiated as that of any of the others, seeing that Mme. de Staël wanted to marry him, and had, for a while, some reason to believe that she would succeed in so doing.

His name was Maurice O'Donnell. He was an Austrian Count of Irish extraction, holding, when Mme. de Staël met him, the rank of captain in the Austrian army. A

bundle of letters written to him by Mme. de Staël, seventy-nine in number, had been preserved in the family archives. Two years ago Count and Countess Roderick O'Donnell entrusted them to M. Jean Mistler, with the request that he would publish them; and the result is a very interesting addition to that series of short stories of which, as has been said, Mme. de Staël's sentimental life is composed.

The story begins in 1805, Maurice O'Donnell being then twenty-five and Mme. de Staël thirty-nine and the mother of three children approaching adolescence. He was on leave, after a period of service on the Illyrian frontier, travelling in Italy; and Mme. de Staël accidentally made his acquaintance at Venice. They spent only five days in each other's society; but, at the end of those five days, she had quite evidently marked him for her own. The correspondence begins as soon as he has returned to Vienna and she to Coppet.

The letters are not yet love letters. Their tone is playful, and Maurice is addressed in them as "Monsieur." Things, we may safely infer, had not yet gone very far; but it is quite clear that Mme. de Staël intended them to go further, for she begins with a very pressing invitation to her young friend to visit her at Coppet:—

You will there meet the most beautiful woman in Paris, Mme. Récamier, of whom you must certainly have heard. I am looking out, you see, for every possible means of attracting you; and yet I want your knowledge of the pleasure I shall feel in receiving you to be the determining motive of your journey.

The invitation was not accepted; rumours of imminent war appear to have been the obstacle; so we find Mme. de Staël making alternative proposals. If a meeting in Switzerland is impossible, why not meet elsewhere?

Let me know (she wrote) whether you still think of visiting Rome. Would that be possible with a war going on? Would it be prudent for me and my children? Certainly I should prefer Italy to Germany; but, if Germany were out of the question, what would you say to Weimar, with Goethe and me and an excellent doctor whom I know there and who, I am sure, would do you good? Reply at once about these two suggestions.

Nothing, however, came of that proposal. Maurice O'Donnell was ordered to Dalmatia. Mme. de Staël went

to France in the hope of recovering the money advanced, many years before, by her father to the French Government. His letters failed to reach her. On his return from Dalmatia, however, she resolved to pursue him to Vienna. Her letter to him, dated June 16th, 1807, shows that that was the real purpose of her first visit to that city:—

The five days (she declared) which I passed in your society inspired me with an esteem for your character and an interest in your fortunes which an absence of two years has not effaced. It is quite true that I should like to spend the winter at Vienna, for the completion of my sons' education, North Germany seeming altogether inaccessible. But shall we be still at peace? . . . If your new occupations do not absorb you too much, I shall look for great pleasure in such society as yours.

Happily the political horizon cleared, and, at the end of the year, Mme. de Staël was able to start, accompanied by her son Albert, his tutor Schlegel, her daughter Albertine, and a considerable retinue of attendants, arriving in the last days of December, 1807. After a few days in an hotel she settled in an apartment which had been taken for her, and, as a matter of course, announced that she would be "at home" to important people.

Socially she was not a great success. Though she was not excluded from exclusive circles, she was not very cordially welcomed in them. She was not sufficiently "highly well-born" for the Viennese aristocracy, then, as always, inclined to the view that intellectual distinction is but an indifferent substitute for armorial bearings. Even her notorious quarrels with Napoleon did not suffice to win her the favour of his enemies.

What, suspicious people wanted to know, was she doing in Vienna? They did not guess that she had come there simply and solely to lay her heart at the feet of a captain in the Austrian infantry. They thought it more likely that she had been secretly reconciled to Napoleon, and entrusted by him with some political mission. The attention paid to her, in compliance with Talleyrand's instructions, by the French Ambassador, lent some colour to that suspicion. So she was shadowed wherever she went by the secret police; while the diaries of the period abound in depreciatory, and even spiteful, remarks at her expense.

Literary people complained that she ignored them in order to associate with the nobility and gentry, with whom she had no right to mix because she was not of equal birth with them. The nobility and gentry, on their part, hardly did more than accept her with passive acquiescence. Her brilliant talk proved to be a double-edged weapon. The women were exasperated because men liked to listen to her. They ridiculed her turban and her red arms. They said that "her loud and daring style of dress evinced pretensions hardly in accord either with her age" (she was now forty-two) "or with her lack of physical attractions." They said that she had been heard talking about Marie-Antoinette "like a fish-fag," and did not know how to behave in Court circles; and they reported with glee that the Empress had "spoken to two hundred ladies without addressing a single word to Mme. de Staël, who had once ventured to take the initiative in opening a conversation with her."

Here, no doubt, we have at least a partial explanation of the disdain which, in her book on Germany, Mme. de Staël expressed for Viennese society—so tedious, it seemed to her, in spite of its polished manners, because "no one ever said anything outside the range of the commonplace." And here also, it seems equally certain, we may discover one of the reasons why she was destined to find her courtship of Maurice O'Donnell a more than ordinarily difficult enterprise. She had so many rivals, and there were so many people able and eager to warn him that she was making him look ridiculous.

At first, indeed, all seemed to be going, and to promise well.

It was not enough for Mme. Staël to meet Maurice O'Donnell occasionally, by accident, and in public. She wanted to see him frequently and to be alone with him and there was only one obvious way of arranging that. There were, in those days, no stenographers, typewriters or professional literary secretaries. It was considered a compliment to be asked by a literary lady to copy out her writings for her. Mme. de Staël paid Maurice that compliment. He became her unpaid secretary; and she

attached him to her the more closely by encouraging him to attempt some literary work on his own account—a translation, among other things, of Coxe's "House of Austria."

The police were watching them. Several of their reports have been preserved. Already, on February 8, they note that "the young O'Donnell enjoys her marked confidence" and also that "their intercourse does not appear to be restricted to conversation on intellectual subjects." On May 4th they note that things have gone further—that "Mme. Staël spends with him all the time that is not taken up with her social engagements," that O'Donnell has been seen "writing at her dictation by night," and that a long dissertation on music, apparently dictated by her, has been found among his papers.

That is all, and it amounts to very little. For the actual truth, which the police may or may not have guessed, we must turn to the newly published letters. As they are not dated, the order in which they ought to be read is uncertain; but M. Mistler's arrangement is more likely to be correct than any other, though he admits that it is, in some respects, arbitrary, so we will follow it and trace the romance through its several stages.

One remarks, from the very beginning, symptoms of evasiveness on his part and anxious jealousy on hers. She fears he must be ill because he has not been to see her. If that is not the reason of his absence he is "an abominable man," for "one is always in the wrong when one fails to make anyone who loves one happy." So she will call for him at nine o'clock and carry him off to have supper with her. "Does not that convince you, dear Maurice," she asks, "that the only pleasant hours in the course of my day are those which I pass in conversation with you?"

A reference follows to some amateur theatrical performance in which she has taken part. She had desired applause, she says, only because he was present; and she quotes:—

Plaire à celui que j'aime est ma seule victoire
Et mes talents pour lui sont de nouveaux tributs,
Je les ai cultivés sans prétendre à la gloire,
J'ai cherché pour l'amour un langage de plus.

Even that flattery, however, does not suffice to bring him running to her. She exhorts him to read poetry—a poem of Haller's in particular—in order that he may “understand that there is a special kind of enthusiasm which one needs to meet in the object of one's affection, failing which life—and sentiment, which is the essence of life—is only continual suffering.” She also exhibits jealousy of the beautiful daughter of the Prince de Ligne—the jealousy of a neglected author as well as neglected woman:—

As I have told you, your behaviour at Princess Lubomirska's was very distressing to me. . . . At a dinner at which a dozen persons were present, you were the only one to disdain the general conversation and even to spoil it by incessantly whispering to Princess Flère. After dinner the same thing happened. Nothing that I said, nothing that the Prince de Ligne said, seemed to be of the faintest interest to you. If a stranger had shown himself so indifferent to make things pleasant for everybody, I should have thought him rude. What am I to think when my intimate friend shows this indifference, and devotes himself exclusively to a person to whom he had promised me that he would not speak?

Apparently Maurice offered excuses or explanations, and was forgiven, Mme. de Staël being so much in love that she forgave easily. At all events, she was melted to tenderness when she heard that he was ill, though the careful student of the correspondence cannot altogether stifle a suspicion that the illness may have been diplomatic. The motherliness which played its part in almost all her love affairs now begins to assert itself. She sends him orangeade, she sends him ices, she sends him a dentifrice “which, I hope, will be good for your pretty teeth.” As he cannot visit her, she proposes to visit him. She will arrange her visit so that nobody shall know about it; and yet what does it matter if people do know?

What would be the use of the liberty to which my fame entitles me if I could not do here the things which it would be quite simple for me to do in France? My dear Maurice, is the world which the arbitrary power of one man has laid waste of such importance that one need sacrifice to it the most tender emotions of one's heart?

His letters have not been preserved—or, at all events, have not been published—so we do not know how he answered these questions. It seems not to have been until

the end of Mme. de Staël's sojourn at Vienna that they were put to him; but there is strong reason to suppose that his attitude was modified by his knowledge that her departure was imminent. Anything, he may well have argued, to avoid an avoidable scene with a mistress so tempestuous. It would save so much trouble if the affair died a natural instead of a violent death. So the quarrels of the lovers led to an appearance of the renewal of love; and a police report of May 20th tells us that, for the last three days, “Mme. de Staël has been spending her evenings with her favourite, Count Maurice O'Donnell, who has also ordered a carriage for to-morrow and will accompany Mme. de Staël for a part of her journey.” The report of May 23rd runs as follows:—

On Saturday, the 21st, Mme. de Staël drove with Count Maurice O'Donnell to Laxenburg, and did not return until eleven o'clock in the evening. Insignificant as this detail is, it merits attention because Mme. de Staël, on her return to the house, assembled all her attendants and strictly forbade them to tell anyone anything about this excursion. She had probably made herself conspicuous there by her behaviour with her friend.

That is likely enough, though all that one knows for certain is that he and she had cut their names together on the bark of a tree in the valley of the Bruhl as a memorial of their parting. Probably, however the mystery was made at his wish, not at hers; for whereas she claimed that her literary renown gave her a right to *afficher* herself with anyone whom she desired to favour, he, seemingly, had submitted to her attentions in constant terror of public opinion. And now, of course, in her absence, public opinion could exercise its full force; and it did so.

What vows they had exchanged we can only guess. The depositions of the witnesses conflict. According to one of the police reports they had formed the project of sharing a villa at Baden. According to the Viennese scandalmongers Maurice had made her an offer of marriage, which she had declined. From her own letters one would infer that it was she who had proposed marriage, and that, though nothing was definitely settled, he had left her under the impression that he was seriously entertaining the proposal. It is hard to attach any other meaning to

her statement that she is "impatient to hear what are your father's feelings towards me." It is impossible to attach any other meaning to the remark: "Ten times, in the course of the winter, I have been on the point of telling you that, if you were truly attached to me, I should be happy and proud to consecrate my life to you."

They had agreed, at any rate, to correspond, and they did continue to exchange letters. But, whereas *Mme. de Staël* wrote continually, Maurice wrote seldom, and her letters are largely composed of complaints of his silence. For instance:—

You write to me at Weimar for Wednesday, June 15, and after that at M. Maurice Bethmann's, at Frankfort. But what is the use of telling you that, if you neglect me? No, Maurice, I cannot believe it of you. Your good heart and your pledged word are both too sacred to you. But this silence! This silence! I have sent three times to the post. I have sent to two bankers. I am in a state of inexpressible agitation. My dear, you must cease this silence. It hurts me too much. I shall be capable of nothing if your letters do not arrive regularly.

And so on, at frequent intervals, until she got home. She has received "eleven letters from Benjamin" and none (since the last) from Maurice, in spite of his promise—his "word of honour"—that he would write twice a week, and would come to see her at Coppet. His behaviour is "inconceivable." It has given her a "fever and an unceasing cough." She has been obliged to take opium in order to get a little sleep. What can be his motive for treating her so badly? Can it be that he has been listening to the voice of calumny? Has she done him any wrong which merits such a punishment as he is inflicting? Would he like her to return to Vienna to see him?

You told me once that perhaps I should some day hate you. Were you trying to make me love you in order that you might be able to hurt me? Is the sympathy which used to subsist between us altogether effaced? You are a free man. I demand from you nothing more than is due to me—some return for my tenderness. Love cannot be exacted. It may come to an end without the heart having the right to complain. But how can friendship be refused when so many vows have been exchanged?

She wrote a dozen letters or so in that tone before she got an answer. In one of them we find her trying to attach

her lover to her by a pecuniary link. She proposes to send him, she writes, a banker's draft for 125 louis. He must accept it. If there is war, it will purchase him some alleviation of the hardships of campaigning. If there is no war, then it will serve to defray the cost of a journey to Coppet, or to Italy, where she will gladly join him and travel with him. She will be "hurt" if she is not allowed to render him this service, which she can easily afford, since she has an income of 120,000 francs and owes nobody a penny.

And then, at last, early in August, 1808, she received her answer; and it was by no means the sort of answer that she was hoping for.

We know its contents only from the quotations in her reply; but these suffice to give us a clear idea of its manner and tone. *Mme. de Staël*, we see, has been addressed ceremoniously as "Madame." She is told that her lover "knows everything." She is accused of "dissimulation" and "breach of confidence." She is wished "an eternal farewell."

What had happened? What was the trouble about? These, too, are questions to which we can only guess the answer—or answers; but if we wish to guess them correctly we must not confine ourselves to the indications given in *Mme. de Staël's* reply.

Maurice had evidently been affronted by the offer of money, which he seems to have interpreted as a suggestion that he was a lover for sale to the highest bidder. Slander had not less evidently played its part. The report— unquestionably a false report—that *Mme. de Staël* had boasted that she had received and refused an offer of marriage from Maurice had come to his ears and helped his friends to persuade him that he was in danger of making a fool of himself. And the probability is strong that he had also, by some means or other, come to know more than he had known before about *Mme. de Staël's* relations with that Benjamin Constant from whom she had, as we have seen, received "eleven letters" while waiting for a letter from him.

It is certain, at any rate, that it was at the time of one

of her periodical quarrels with Benjamin that Mme. de Staël first set her cap at Maurice. Benjamin's *Journal Intime* proves that to demonstration. We find there such entries as these :—

A letter from Mme. de Staël. What a fury! Heaven save us from each other!

A letter from Mme. de Staël arrives at this moment, and her insults find me covered with blood and fainting.

A touching letter from Charlotte. I am unjust to her. She is an angel. A stiff and bitter letter from Mme. de Staël! My God, how she bores me!

Schlegel writes that Mme. de Staël says she will kill herself if I leave her. I don't believe a word of it, but it is an untimely rumour for my ears. I feel that I shall be regarded as a monster if I do abandon her; if I do not abandon her I shall die.

It would doubtless have relieved Benjamin at that date to learn that Mme. de Staël was saved by her love for another from any danger of committing suicide on account of the waning of his affection. But he and she, as we know, had not ceased to correspond while she was in Austria, and some of her letters were intercepted by the Austrian police, copied, and pigeon-holed. Here is an extract from one of them, dated May 15th, 1808—a time when she was assuring Maurice O'Donnell that her one ambition was to consecrate her life to him :—

I am writing to you on the eve of my departure. I am hoping to receive further letters from you to-morrow morning. When I do get an affectionate letter from you, it keeps me going for two or three days, and then I tell myself that your mood has changed, and that, very likely, at the very moment when my soul is taking refuge with you, I am wrong in trusting you. However, it is a matter for God to settle. I am coming home with as much attachment to you as ever—an attachment which no homage has affected—an attachment which does not permit me to compare anyone with you. My heart, my life, my all, belong to you if you want them, and as you want them. Think of that. I am convinced that no one will ever replace me and Albertine in your life.

We have no direct and actual proof that a copy of that letter was shown to Maurice; but the indirect evidence that, if he had not seen it, he was aware of its existence and its substance is very strong. The hypothesis explains, as nothing else can, the use of that word "dissimulation" in his letter of farewell; and it also gives the charge a basis which it would not otherwise possess; and the reasons why

it did not figure in the correspondence are also tolerably obvious. Mme. de Staël would have been as reluctant to confess her double dealing as Maurice to violate the secrecy of the *cabinet noir*. He may be assumed, however, to have welcomed the handle thus given to him. He was not in love with Mme. de Staël, though he had been dazzled by her, and also, no doubt, at first flattered by the attentions which he eventually found embarrassing. He was in love with Titine de Ligne—Flore de Ligne's sister—whom he married not long afterwards.

Mme. de Staël did not accept her dismissal with docility. She wrote long letters arguing all the points except those which really mattered. She implored Maurice to reconsider his decision. "Never," she assured him, "will you have a friend who loves you as well, appreciates you as much, or is as devoted to you in every way as I am." She reminded him of an occasion on which the Prince de Ligne had placed her hand in his. She declared herself "incapable" of the "dissimulation" which we have just seen her practising. She asked that her letters should either be returned to her or burnt. She proposed to go and fetch them as they were too sacred to be entrusted to the post. She announced her intention of going to America to see if she could forget her troubles in the New World. She wrote :—

I loved you. I respected you. You were for me the ideal man, the ideal protector, the ideal support of my life. Some day, Maurice, you will repent of the wrong which you have done me. Even if you never see me again, my unhappy fortunes, attributable to you, and the sight of a single page of my writings will remind you of the pain which you have caused and the friend whom you have repelled.

Maurice, however, remained unmoved and unresponsive; and though Mme. de Staël wrote him many more letters, extending over a period of several years, the tone of the correspondence gradually changed. Violence disappeared from it. It became mellow; and it may be said as truthfully of Mme. de Staël's affair with Maurice as of her mother's affair with Gibbon that "love subsided in friendship and esteem."

BULWARKS AGAINST BOLSHEVISM

BY SIR JOHN MARRIOTT, M.P.

I. THE DIFFUSION OF CAPITAL

OF the bulwarks which the existing order possesses against revolutionary Bolshevism it may well be that the strongest will in the long run prove to be Bolshevism itself. No system which involves a direct negation of fundamental economic laws, though it may endure for a season, can permanently survive, and, for some time past, there have been indications in the home of Bolshevism that the futility of the experiment is recognised if not acknowledged, and that a serious attempt is being made to get back on to less unsound lines. The inauguration of the New Economic Policy in 1921 marked the end, for practical purposes, of the attempt to put into practice the impracticable theories of Karl Marx. A system of State capitalism (as a recent report on Russia points out) has taken the place of military Communism. "The basic units in the existing economic system" (so the report proceeds) are "the State trusts and the Co-operative Society. It should be realised that the principle of profit in the management of State industries has now been adopted, and that the economic system, envisaged by the Soviet Government for the immediate future, is a peasantry based on individualism exchanging products with an industrial population or proletariat based on Socialism."

The death of Dzerhinsky, the monster in human form who organised with diabolical ability the Red Terror, may in this connection be regarded as of sinister significance. If his sudden death was, as is commonly reported, a case of murder, or even of suicide, it will be interpreted throughout Russia as yet another symptom of the collapse, sure though slow, of the Terrorist Party, and of a gradual return to economic and political sanity. Kameneff, one of the leaders of the Communist extremists, was expelled last year from the Political Bureau, which is the governing

body of the Communist Party organisation, and his expulsion is now said to have been followed by that of Zinovieff, the notorious head of the Communist International. If this news be confirmed it must, taken in conjunction with the suspected murder or suicide of Dzerhinsky, be regarded as symptomatic of a definite recoil from the policy of unadulterated terrorism. A French workman, gazing on the body of Robespierre, is said to have ejaculated: "Oui, il y a un Dieu." The death of Robespierre marked the end of the Terror in France. May Russia and the world indulge a hope that the death of Dzerhinsky marks the beginning of the end of the longer drawn-out Terror in Russia? Be that as it may, the available evidence would all seem to be tending towards the establishment of the conclusion that such is, in fact, the position.

At best, however, the palpable, if not confessed, failure of the Bolshevik economic *régime* can only be a negative prophylactic against the spread of the infection. What are the positive prophylactics on which we in this country can rely?

Among these, too little importance is, I submit, commonly attached to the extraordinarily wide diffusion of capital among all sections of our population. To the historic aphorism of Sir William Harcourt, "We are all Imperialists to-day"; to Lord Salisbury's complacent utterance, "We are all Socialists now," we may, and with greater accuracy, add a third, "We are all capitalists." Mr. Philip Snowden, when occupying the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer in a Socialist Government, confessed that he was "staggered by the magnitude of the contributions which are made by the working people of this country to-day, in one form or another, to provide for what we colloquially call a rainy day" (Official Report of House of Commons, February 20th, 1924). Mr. Snowden subsequently supplied me with the figures of the annual savings of the classes to which he referred for the year ending March 31st, 1924. Those savings amounted in a single, and far from prosperous, year to over £216,000,000—a total made up as follows:—

1. Post Office Savings Bank (gross deposits) ...	£81,300,000
2. Trustee Savings Banks (gross deposits) ...	£40,000,000
3. Railway Savings Bank (gross deposits) ...	£4,000,000
4. Co-operative Societies (average net increase in shares and deposits) ...	£4,000,000
5. Building Societies ...	£21,000,000
6. National Savings Certificates (net, after allowing for withdrawals) ...	£11,000,000
7. Friendly Societies (partly estimated for 1922) ...	£9,000,000
8. Collecting Societies (premiums, 1922) ...	£7,080,000
9. Trade Unions (Benefit Funds) ...	£8,000,000
10. Industrial Assurance Companies (premium income, 1922) ...	£31,000,000
	£216,380,000

It will be noted that in some cases these figures (which I give precisely as they were supplied to me officially by the Treasury) are gross, and take no account of withdrawals; but even so they are indeed as "staggering" as they are satisfactory. Yet they disclose only a fragment of the facts. They do not include the immense volume of investments in small house property and chief-rents, nor of railway shares, nor of investments in other forms of joint-stock enterprises such as the Lancashire cotton mills.

It is by no means easy to arrive at anything like an accurate, still less a complete, computation of the total number of small investors in this country; but Mr. Walter Runciman, M.P., who is unquestionably one of the best financiers in the House of Commons, and who has, moreover, exceptionally good opportunities for forming an accurate estimate, has published some figures which confirm certain rougher and more partial estimates at which I had myself arrived. Nor are they in any way contradictory of the conclusions which may be drawn from the figures supplied to me by the Treasury. Speaking as chairman at the annual meeting of the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution in 1925, Mr. Runciman stated that at that time the number of small investors worked out at more than 15,000,000 of our people, made up as follows:—In Post Office savings banks, 12,300,000

individual accounts; in trustees savings banks, 2,282,100; small investors in National Savings Certificates estimated at 500,000, making a total of 15,082,100 in these investments alone. The number of *small* investors in Savings Certificates is, of course, approximate only, but in view of the fact (recorded in the last report of the National Savings Committee) that the total number of certificates sold exceeds 770,000,000, the figure probably represents an understatement. It should perhaps be pointed out that in the above aggregate of 15,000,000 there may be a considerable amount of overlapping, since a single individual may be a depositor both in the G.P.O. and a trustee savings bank; but, on the other hand, as no mention has yet been made of small investors in Government loans, in railways, banks, in ordinary or industrial life insurance funds, in building societies, in other registered provident societies, in approved societies, in house property, chief-rents, or other popular working-class investments, it may be said that the estimate of 15,000,000 is very much on the conservative side. The number of stock accounts in all classes of British funds is about 5,400,000, and, according to Mr. Runciman, probably about 3,000,000 are personal as distinguished from corporation accounts, while the *additional* amount of Government stock bought through the Post Office amounted during the years 1914-1924 to no less a sum than £220,366,000. A short time ago the Liverpool and District Economic League published, in conjunction with the Central Council of Economic Leagues, a singularly interesting table showing the total number of shareholders, and the average amount of their holdings, in twenty-five of the leading financial, industrial and railway undertakings of the country. From that table it appears that the "big five" banks have between them over 275,000 shareholders, distributed as follows:—

	No. of Holders.	Average Amount of Holding (nominal).
Midland Bank ...	57,250	£209
Lloyds' Bank ...	55,668	£258
National Provincial Bank ...	41,603	£227
Westminster Bank ...	69,882	£130
Barclay's Bank ...	51,011	£306

I had occasion at the time of the railway amalgamation to compute the number of shareholders in the railway companies, and I arrived at the conclusion that they exceeded 800,000. The number as given for the four big groups alone, in the table referred to above, is over 786,000—a close confirmation of my own estimate, which included all the railways. They are distributed as follows:—

	No. of Holders.	Average Holding.
London, Midland, and Scottish ...	308,028	£1,319
London and North-Eastern ...	252,961	£1,442
Great Western ...	135,108	£1,087
Southern ...	90,000	£1,664

The average holding might appear to suggest that small investors are not numerous in railways, but I have reason to know that the inference is not justified. The average is raised by the large holdings of trustees and other large investors, and the number of small investors is, in fact, very large. Among other undertakings which are evidently attractive to the small investor I note the following: Cunard S.S. Co., Ltd., which has 27,100 shareholders with an average holding of £404; the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board, which has 42,240 with an average of £773; Courtaulds with 43,826 and £456; Vickers, 73,382 and £326; Harrods, 33,253 and £178; and Lyons and Co., 25,834 and £245. The diffusion of capital in these and similar undertakings is, indeed, a very remarkable symptom of the time.

These figures do not, however, stand by any means alone. In his speech to the members of the United Kingdom and Temperance and General Provident Institution (March 17th, 1926) Mr. Runciman gave some very interesting details supplementary to those quoted above in regard to the average size of life policies, as well as to the capital and deposits, of the building societies and friendly and other industrial and provident institutions. In his own institution 85 per cent. of the new whole-life and endowment policies were, he said, for amounts not exceeding £500. Those represented in sums assured 38 per cent. of the whole (or 49 per cent. excluding single premium cases), and he reached the conclusion that about 60 per

cent. of the total funds of his institution (amounting in the aggregate to over £15,000,000) is the property of small policy-holders. The average size of policies for all British offices works out at about £230 (excluding bonus). It is, therefore, Mr. Runciman proceeded, "not unreasonable to assume that, of the total ordinary funds of all British life offices, amounting to some £550,000,000, £340,000,000 represent the reserves and are the property of small policy-holders. To this must be added the reserves of the industrial insurance companies, amounting at the present time to about £130,000,000, making £470,000,000 in all," in the form of life insurance alone, not to mention the contingent addition of a much larger sum (roughly, £16,000,000) representing the ordinary and industrial sums assured. Besides all this, the capital and deposits of the building societies now amount to about £140,000,000, belonging to over 1,000,000 members, nearly all of whom are quite small capitalists. The funds held by friendly and other industrial and provident institutions are computed at £300,000,000, while the share of employed contributors in the approved societies should be about £60,000,000. Thus Mr. Runciman reaches the following summary, which I reproduce:—

Post Office Savings Bank ...	£285,000,000
Trustee Savings Banks ...	£83,000,000
National Savings Certificates (small investors) ...	£223,000,000
Small Holdings in British Government Loans ...	£189,000,000
Share of Ordinary Life Assurance Funds ...	£340,000,000
Industrial Life Assurance Funds ...	£130,000,000
Building Societies ...	£140,000,000
Other Registered Provident Societies ...	£300,000,000
Employees' Share in Approved Societies ...	£60,000,000

Making a Grand Total of £1,750,000,000

These, adds Mr. Runciman, are "very remarkable figures, and although they are not sufficient to justify anyone in stating that poverty is a thing of the past, they go to prove that there is a much wider diffusion of wealth now than at any other time in the history of this country, and that capitalists, so far from being restricted to a small

circle, now include an ever-increasing number of millions of our people. Indeed, only a minority of the adult population (a very substantial minority, but still a minority) are not to a greater or smaller extent capitalists. The wiping out of private property, if such a thing were possible, would mean such a revolution in the status and rights of the fifteen or sixteen million capitalists included in our population that, apart from the indirect effects of transforming our system of property, it would obliterate the tangible assets of thrift in three households out of four in Great Britain."

This is admirably and truly said; but it is far from putting the whole case. It takes no account, as I have said, of small investments in railways, banks, joint-stock industrial companies, in chief-rents (a particularly popular form of investment in Lancashire), and, above, all, in small house property. The last item can be ascertained from the Report of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, from which it would appear that, before the war, £30,000,000 a year was paid in rent to persons who were exempt from the payment of income tax. This would mean that the capital value of their property was, even at that time, not far short of £600,000,000. Adding this to the above table and allowing only £150,000,000 for investments in railways, banks, cotton mills, and other industrial concerns, I feel justified in putting the amount of working and lower middle class investments in this country at the stupendous but gratifying total of some £2,500,000,000.

Even so, these results represent only a relatively small proportion of the total wealth of the country, and I sincerely wish that this proportion were larger; but the aggregate sum is far from insignificant and, if things proceed normally, it will rapidly increase.

The increasingly wide diffusion of capital is a fact strangely ignored by those ethical philosophers who are so eager to instruct the world in the principles of Economics and the facts of the industrial situation. Thus the late Dr. Scott Holland (greatly loved as a man, and, in his own sphere, much respected as a teacher) in a volume of

essays on *Property*, edited by Bishop Gore, and published shortly before the war, wrote as follows:—

The strange thing is that the very Society, which in theory has so emphatically grounded itself on the fundamental basis of private property, and has found in the source of ownership the spring and source of those moral excellences on which it builds its own security, nevertheless allows itself to develop in a direction *which is constantly reducing the number of people who can have a chance of experiencing what ownership means.* (The italics are mine.)

In view of the statistics quoted in the preceding paragraphs of this paper, could any statement be more grotesquely misleading? Were the indictment thus preferred against modern industrialism true it would, I agree, constitute a serious if not a conclusive argument in favour of a drastic modification of the existing order. A system which curtails the opportunities of ownership would, in the eyes of every sane and consistent individualist, stand condemned. To multiply the proprietors of land and capital, to diffuse the rights and obligations of ownership is supremely important on ethical, no less than on economic and political grounds. Such a policy is not merely inculcated by the higher precepts of philosophy, but is dictated by considerations of common prudence. Civilisation, the association of men in ordered communities, presupposes a material basis. Evidently, then, it is desirable that the basis should be broad, and that the provision of wealth or commodities should, for all members of the community, be on a sufficiently generous scale. This is not, of course, to suggest that the higher life is, in special cases, inconsistent with narrow means. Opulence is not essential to virtue, either in the civic or the personal sense. None the less, property is an important, nay an indispensable, attribute of the complete citizen, if not of the fully-statured man. Can it, for instance, be denied that, other things being equal, the artisan who owns his own house is apt to be both a better citizen and a better man than his fellow who pays rent either to a private landlord or to a municipality? It may not be possible, under the peculiar economic conditions of our own country, to replant on the

soil the stout yeomen who were the pride and the strength of England for more than two centuries; it may not even be possible to secure for every agricultural labourer the ownership of an allotment, but it is by no means outside the bounds of proximate possibility that every wage-earner should be a capitalist.

A very large proportion of wage-earners are, fortunately, already capitalists. That has been rendered possible not only by the multiplication of thrift agencies, but by the development of the joint-stock principle, or rather by the law of limited liability. How anyone who appreciates the revolution effected during the last half century in the organisation of industry by the development of the limited liability company can suggest that we are moving in a direction "which is constantly reducing the number of people who can have a chance of experiencing what ownership means," passes comprehension. Rarely does a multi-millionaire "own" a whole business. Even Lord Leverhulme did not own Port Sunlight; there are, I suppose, many thousands of partners in Lever Bros. The significance of the "company" development is, however, curiously ignored, perhaps designedly, by socialist commentators. If and when they recognise it, they find in it only a stage in the evolution of the co-operative commonwealth. This inference is not, indeed, devoid of plausibility; but the more accurate interpretation discerns in the development of joint-stock industry a means of reconciling the multiplication of proprietors with that unity of control which is essential to the success of industrial enterprise. It affords, moreover, an opportunity for the encouragement of the accumulative instinct.

Nor is this a small matter. It is, on the contrary, of the highest moment, alike on economic and on ethical grounds. On the ethical aspect of thrift I cannot do better than quote a distinguished American theologian:—

"Jesus," writes Dr. Peabody of Harvard, "being not a deviser of social programmes does not enter into the question of the economics of thrift; but as an inspirer of personal lives offers a teaching which has a distinct

bearing upon the ethics of saving. The reason which that teaching would emphasise for encouraging the saving of money is not that it makes more money, but that it makes better men." That is admirably said, and the distinction between ethics and economics never stood in more need of enforcement than it does to-day. But it is with the economic aspect of saving that I am primarily concerned.

If in the preceding paragraphs I have laid stress upon the imposing aggregate of the savings of the working classes, it is because the cultivation of habits of thrift was never more insistently necessary in the world than it is to-day. A great and devastating war has dissipated the savings of several generations. The commercial and industrial fabric has got to be rebuilt. It can be rebuilt only by the help of cheap capital; but capital cannot be cheap unless there is an abundant supply of it, and an abundant supply can be obtained only by high production coupled with parsimonious consumption. The economic virtue of thrift may, it is true, very easily degenerate in individuals into an unlovely vice; at no time, indeed, is thrift a popular virtue. Its unpopularity is due, however, partly to prejudices generated in a state of society wherein "capital" played a relatively unimportant part in the promotion of human welfare; partly to a profound but widely prevalent misconception as to the economics of consumption. I am not wont to look to Ruskin for the enunciation of economic truths, but I find a sentence in *The Crown of Wild Olive* with which I cordially agree: "I have fearlessly declared your so-called science of political economy to be no science; because, namely, it has omitted the study of exactly the most important branch of the business—the study of spending." The omission has, be it observed, been to a great extent repaired since Ruskin wrote that sentence in 1869, and by none more industriously than by the American School of Economists. Thus Francis A. Walker writes: "It matters far less for the future greatness of a nation what is the sum of its wealth to-day, than what are the habits of its people in the daily consumption of that wealth."

It may in some minds excite surprise that I should speak

of the *consumption* of wealth in connection with saving and "accumulation," but I do so designedly in order to enforce a consideration which is far too frequently ignored, but is not actually controverted. What we call "saving" is only one of several forms of spending; and from the point of view of the provision of employment for labour it is generally the most judicious form. Saving is the indispensable preliminary to the accumulation of capital; but capital can perform its function in industrial production or distribution only if it is spent; and a large proportion of it is spent on the employment of labour. Consequently it is not, as thoughtless people imagine, luxury, but parsimony (falsely so-called) that is good for trade. Lavish expenditure on luxuries may undeniably give an impetus to the particular trades which cater for the supply of luxuries, but it is the careful man who transmutes wealth into capital who provides recurrent employment for labour, and thus gives to trade in general the steady support which is essential to diffused prosperity.

There is, however, no economic advantage in the concentration of capital in relatively few hands. Such an advantage might, indeed, have been claimed in the earlier stages of the evolution of capitalistic industry. Capital and direction then went hand in hand. Capitalist and employer were practically synonymous terms. That industrial era has almost entirely passed away. The great captains of industry to-day are men who not only direct and organise the employment of large armies of manual workers, but who control and employ the capital of innumerable capitalists.

But there is, as I have attempted in this paper to show, another and even more important aspect of capital accumulation and diffusion. From the point of view of pure economics it matters nothing whether a capital of £1,000,000 is supplied to a given industrial concern by one millionaire or by one million shareholders each subscribing £1. Politically, on the contrary, it matters much. Ethical and political philosophers have alike emphasised the truth that the institution of private property is essential

both to the complete man and the complete citizen. Without property man cannot attain to his full stature, ethical or political. The late Mr. Bernard Bosanquet pressed this truth home in a peculiarly penetrating essay. Is it, he would ask, sufficient to the complete development of human character that a man's momentary wants should be momentarily supplied? A dog whines when he is hungry; you toss him a bone and he is content. He takes no thought for the satisfaction of the wants of the other dogs of the village; nor for his own meals on the morrow. Sufficient unto the day or the hour is his creed. The position of the child is much the same. His day-to-day wants are from day to day supplied, or on necessity, denied. If they are daily supplied, he is satisfied. As to the future he is without care.

The man of full stature is distinguished from a child or an animal by his power of seeing life steadily and seeing it whole. To such a vision property is essential. "Private property," writes Mr. Bosanquet, "is the unity of life in its external or material form; the result of past dealing with the material world and the possibility of future dealing with it; the general or universal means of possible action and expression corresponding to the moral self that looks before and after, as opposed to the momentary wants of a child or an animal" (*Aspects of the Social Problem*, pp. 308, *seq.*). Another great teacher whose words should carry weight with Socialists expressed himself not less strongly on the same subject. "Property," wrote Sir Henry Jones, "is always personal, and is rightly called private. . . . The right to gain and hold it is as fundamental as the right to life and liberty. . . . It is in truth a condition without which the latter can have no real value. . . . A person who owns nothing can do nothing and be nothing" (*Principles of Citizenship*, p. 163).

The argument put forward in this paper has not been on this high ethical plane. I have sought only to argue that there is no stronger guarantee for social order and political stability than a wide diffusion of property and the multiplication of small capitalists, and I have attempted to reassure those who are apprehensive as to the outbreak

of revolution in this country by demonstrating that, in fact, capital is far more widely distributed than most people suppose.

I would gladly see this entirely wholesome development proceed even more rapidly than it has proceeded in the recent past. But we may at least derive comfort from the fact that, taking the whole population through—men, women, and children—one person out of every three in Great Britain is a capitalist, and as such is making his contribution, direct or indirect, to the processes of industry and commerce, and as such has a substantial stake in the stability of the Commonwealth.

THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE: WORDS OR ACTS?

BY ARCHIBALD HURD

THE Imperial Conference will meet in London on October 19th. What will it achieve? Will the Prime Ministers of the Empire be content to pass more or less meaningless resolutions, emissions of goodwill, devoting the intervals between the sessions to hospitality, 'speechmaking' and sightseeing? Or will they "get down to business," endeavouring to find the basis of an effective scheme of Imperial co-operation in matters of policy, internal and external; defence, naval, military and aerial; communications by sea as well as by air; the redistribution of population so as to adjust the present anomalous want of balance of man-power; the development of the vacant spaces overseas; and the improvement of marketing arrangements in this country and in the Dominions, Colonies and Dependencies? In a word, is the coming Conference to be a frank and sincere investigation of all the problems which have been so much discussed since the last assembly took place three years ago, or is it to end in words, more words, and yet more words?

Conferences are becoming the bane of our civilisation. We have acquired the conference habit. The procedure is familiar. A large number of men are got together at one time and at one place, if possible an attractive city, a spa, or other health resort. That is the strategy of the matter. Usually they are already of one mind, and in that case they pass, *nemine contradicente*, resolutions which are intended either to put pressure upon the Government or other authorities or to educate public opinion, or to achieve both aims. These are the tactics of such conferences. They are, as a rule, comparatively innocuous, in view of the fact that the more popular and widely circulated newspapers are increasingly anxious to interest rather than instruct their readers, and consequently devote little space to such proceedings unless they are marked by more or less sensational

incidents. There are other conferences where differences of opinion arise. In that case the procedure is to find a "formula," and then to draft a resolution which will express it, and everyone goes home happy, having conceded little or nothing.

But the Imperial Conference belongs to quite another and higher order. It is a gathering of practical men, more or less versed in affairs, the representatives of the only effective league of nations which has ever existed. The Prime Ministers and their colleagues are idealists, and they and the communities they represent, subject to one limited monarchy, pay allegiance to one ideal. If the heads of Ministers are in the upper air they have to keep their feet on the solid ground, because behind them stand the Parliaments and communities for whom they speak, and who necessarily have not at their disposal the same sources of information. There is complete agreement as to the aims to be attained, but a considerable difference of opinion as to methods to be adopted. This diversity of view as to measures is inevitable, in view of the varied conditions which exist in different parts of the Empire. The purpose of the Imperial Conference should surely be not to gloss over these differences but to drag them out into the light of the day, so that they may be examined, with a view to finding a practical mean between the extremes of such a character as will promote real co-operation to the common ends.

The Imperial Conference might well be regarded as being in the nature of a consultation of specialists who have been called together to examine the health of a patient whose well-being is of vital importance to the world. The British Empire is the great exponent of liberal civilisation, and its ills are apt to affect the destinies not of one State but of every State. Consequently the British peoples, if they were not so characteristically casual and illogical, would ask that the Imperial Conference should diagnose the case of the British Empire, and frankly state, not in ambiguous phrases but in words which everyone can understand, exactly what is the matter with it, and how its ills can be cured, and its vitality stimulated. Although pro-

gress is being made in translating the Empire into a working alliance of sovereign States with wide-flung colonies, dependencies and mandated territories (for which, in the main, the Mother State is responsible), the progress is slow and halting. That is not because the spirit of co-operation is wanting, but because there is a lack of candour in tackling the common problems in their reaction, or rather reactions, on the fortunes of the various communities which constitute the Commonwealth.

One of the fundamental difficulties is that the British Empire is described as a partnership of equal nations. That is, however, the ideal rather than the reality, and must continue to be merely an ideal so long as population and wealth are so unequally distributed between the various nations. Earlier in the year Mr. Baldwin broadcast a striking speech in which he stated that if he were to attempt to crystallise an Empire Day message in a phrase he might take the words "know thyself," in which the ancients expressed the duty of the individual man, and widen them to embrace the duty of the British statesmen of to-day—"Know your Empire." It is a common cause of complaint that the people of the United Kingdom know too little of the conditions in which their kith and kin overseas are living. There is ample justification for that criticism. But is it not also true that Dominion Prime Ministers and their constituents often reveal embarrassing ignorance of the Mother Country, with its ancient civilisation and all the troubles which come with old age? In a group of small islands, with an area of less than 122,000 square miles, is crowded a population of 46,000,000 people, as compared with 9,500,000 in the vast spaces of Canada, aggregating 3,729,000 square miles; 6,000,000 men, women and children scattered over the Australian Commonwealth of 2,974,000 square miles; and 7,000,000 persons distributed over the Union of South Africa, which embraces 473,000 square miles. The distribution of population is the key to every Imperial problem.

There is a tendency in some quarters overseas to ignore the embarrassing conditions which the density of the population in the United Kingdom has created in these

post-war days. The people of the Mother Country, with the fullest support of the Dominions, who sacrificed life and money which they could ill spare, spent themselves and their treasure, as well as their young manhood, in saving civilisation during the Great War, and they are now paying the price. They are burdened with a new debt superimposed on the old debt, which is the legacy of other wars waged in the upbuilding of the Empire, and in consequence they are subject to a standard of taxation which is higher than has ever existed in any other country. Not far short of £1,000,000 each day throughout every year has to be found by the Treasury to pay the interest on those debts, and, over and above that liability, Parliament, under compelling influences, has created social services which cost £332,000,000 every year.¹ Further economies in national expenditure may be possible, but any savings which may be effected must prove inconsiderable in comparison with a scale of expenditure of upwards of £800,000,000. That sum includes no inconsiderable amount which is spent by the taxpayers of the United Kingdom in the interests of the Empire as a whole. The British votes make provision, not only for the Crown, but for the diplomatic, consular and other services, world-wide in their ramifications, which are really Imperial, and on these votes fall the charges for the Navy, Army and Air Force, which are also Imperial in their mission. The British Fleet remains to-day, as in the past, the foundation upon which the security of the Empire rests, and the British Army, which cannot move except the Navy assures its safe passage, is held on the leash ready to go anywhere it may be required. It may be said that circumstances are unthinkable in which either the British Fleet or the British Army would be required to assist either of the Dominions. But is such a development to be ruled out of practical politics? Is it not the fact that the British Fleet is still the one sure guarantee of the inviolability of the Empire as a whole, and is not there a corresponding implication that the British Army is at the service of the whole Empire?

(1) White Paper (1926), 205.

At an early stage of the Imperial Conference the staffs of the Navy, Army and Air Force will presumably review the standing of these three fighting forces in accordance with precedents which are based on the assumption that they are, in fact, though not in name, Imperial. The Dominion Prime Ministers will learn that the Royal Air Force is weaker than the aerial establishment of France, that the British Army has been "cut to ribbons," and that the British Fleet has descended from its high estate of the days when we spoke with pride of the Two-Power standard; its battle squadrons on duty at sea, once stronger than those of any other two Powers, are now inferior in strength to those of one Power, the United States. When it is borne in mind that "the Empire is incurably maritime" the decline of British sea-power, under the dual influence of financial stringency and the sentiment in favour of disarmament, may cause the visitors from overseas to wonder whether all is well. Australia and New Zealand are making greater naval efforts than at any period, but South Africa and Canada are doing little by way of co-operation in sea affairs; the Dominion on the other side of the Atlantic has to all intents and purposes ceased to support any naval force at sea, practically all her expenditure being absorbed by shore establishments. Though the taxpayers of the United Kingdom are spending in the current year £58,100,000 on the Navy, that sum is less by nearly £18,000,000 than the amount voted five years ago. The Dominion Prime Ministers may, with advantage to the nations they represent, study the contrast in naval strength which is presented in the table on the following page, revealing the falling off which has occurred since (a) the signing of the Armistice and (b) the Washington Conference.

Will that revelation of the influence of finance and sentiment on the essential defence of the interests, territorial and seaborne, of the British peoples convey nothing to the minds of the Dominion Prime Ministers? The Mother Country can no longer afford to support a Fleet of a size which the extent and sea dependence of the British

STRENGTH OF THE FLEET.*

(a) Ships in Full Commission; (b) Ships in Commission with Special Reduced or Reserve Complements; (c) Ships paid off, including Ships in charge of Care and Maintenance Parties.

	NOVEMBER 11, 1918.			APRIL 1, 1921.			APRIL 1, 1926.		
	(a)	(b)	(c)	(a)	(b)	(c)	(a)	(b)	(c)
Battleships† ..	No. 36	No. 2	No. 12	No. 13	No. 15	No. 1	No. 11	No. 7†	No. —
Battle Cruisers	8	—	—	3	3	1	1	2	1
Cruisers† ..	94	3	7	37	10	2	31	7†	4
Monitors ..	34	—	—	—	3	2	—	3	—
Aircraft Carriers	13	—	—	1	4	—	3	2	3
Flotilla Leaders	19	—	2	10	5	—	6	9	1
Destroyers ..	389	—	12	80	91	1	48	104	5
Torpedo Boats	90	—	2	—	1	2	—	—	—
Submarines ..	131	—	10	46	13	26	46	9	—
Sloops (new) ..	102	—	5	18	1	8	23	1†	7
Sloops (old) ..	5	1	2	1	—	—	—	—	—
Paddle Mine-sweepers ..	28	—	2	—	6	—	—	6	—
Twin Screw Minesweepers	55	—	—	3	44	9	11	44	—
Tunnel Mine-sweepers ..	8	—	1	—	—	—	—	—	—
Patrol Boats ..	60	—	2	3	9	4	3	2	—
Gunboats, 1st Class ..	13	—	—	2	—	—	—	—	—
River Gunboats	18	—	4	17	—	1	15	—	3
Whalers ..	12	—	—	—	2	—	1	1	—
Destroyer Depot Ships ..	13	—	—	4	3	—	1	1	—
Submarine Depot Ships ..	13	1	—	8	—	—	9	—	—
Minelayers ..	8	—	—	—	—	1	—	1	—
„ Monitors (converted)	—	—	—	—	2	—	—	2	—
Repair Ships ..	4	—	—	1	1	—	1	—	—
Armed Merchant Cruisers ..	30	—	2	—	—	—	—	—	—
Commissioned Escort Vessels	9	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Armed Boarding Steamers ..	19	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
	1,211	7	63	247	213	58	210	201	24
Additional ships in commission§	3,831			145			60		

* Ships in the Naval Service of the Dominions and ships paid off for disposal are not included.

† The numbers for November 11th, 1918, exclude 12 Battleships and 20 Cruisers converted from their original type to Depot Ships, etc.

‡ Includes one commissioned for trials.

|| Excluding River Gunboats transferred to other Departments.

§ Stationary Ships, Motor Launches, Coastal Motor Boats, Surveying Vessels, Particular Service Vessels, Yachts, Tugs, Trawlers, Drifters, etc.

peoples require. The Sea Lords have repeatedly stated that risks are being run which they find it difficult to reconcile with their professional opinion of the standard of naval power which ought to be maintained if a reasonable measure of security is to be attained, in the interests, not of the Mother Country, as one unit in the British Commonwealth, but of the Empire as a whole.

The Mother Country is bearing many Imperial burdens, and at the same time is bowed down under her own troubles. Apart from upwards of 1,000,000 miners in idleness, she has 1,600,000 men and women who, because they cannot find work, have to be supported out of the public funds; there are nearly 2,400,000 other persons receiving poor law relief; the old age pensioners number another 1,000,000, and thousands of widows and orphans have also recently come upon the public funds. These are obviously considerations which cannot be ignored when discussions arise on Imperial problems, and there is talk of financial co-operation for their solution. Nor, on the other hand, can it be forgotten that the trading account of the Mother Country, that is the value of the imports and exports, never balances. Last year there was a deficit of £407,000,000, which was made good by means of "invisible exports," the interest on foreign loans, freights earned by shipping, and commissions received by bankers, brokers, and others. It must be obvious in these circumstances that the economic stability of the United Kingdom is most delicately, if not dangerously, poised, and that any change of policy, prompted by a desire to co-operate in the development and settlement of the Empire, must be studied with the greatest care lest the balance be upset. Every scheme touching trade and commerce must be examined in the knowledge that, though the Empire is a partnership, its responsibilities are not at present equally shared, either on the basis of population or wealth, and that the Mother Country, the product of an intensified industrial civilisation based on European conditions, which have controlled its development, is not a free agent.

In face of these conditions the British people are

making what it is no exaggeration to describe as heavy sacrifices in the interest of the Empire as a whole. The movement of public opinion can be gauged not merely by the declarations of statesmen and politicians, but by concrete Acts of Parliament, reflecting the views of men and women of all classes. It was significant that Sir Alfred Mond, M.P., brought up in the traditions of the Manchester school, should have asked some time ago: "Were we to be economically and politically tied to the Continent of Europe or were we to be economically and politically tied to the British Empire?" and that he should have answered the question by stating that "We must range ourselves unhesitatingly and with no doubt on the side of the Empire." It is not less significant that Mr. J. H. Thomas should be finding himself surrounded by an increasing number of men of influence sitting on the Opposition Benches in the House of Commons who give much the same answer to that question. Since the Imperial Conference of 1923 met in London public opinion has developed rapidly, and Mr. Baldwin's Government has kept pace with that movement, stimulated by the British Empire Exhibition. It would be an exaggeration to suggest that no differences of opinion exist on such matters as Imperial defence, inter-Imperial trade, based on mutual preference, or Empire settlement and development. But it can be said that there is a larger body of opinion than ever before convinced that the fortunes of this country are inalienably tied to the fortunes of the Empire, and that, to the limit of our power, we must march with the younger nations oversea rather than with the old nations of Europe. That orientation of policy is finding expression in the distribution of the Fleet, the main squadrons of which are now based on Malta, as well as in the organisation of the Army. Additional testimony may be found in the Empire Settlement Act, under which a sum of £3,000,000 is set aside annually to promote migration; in the increased preference which is given to Dominion and Colonial produce in the British markets; and in the work which has been achieved by the Imperial Economic Committee, and approved by the Government.

Mr. Bruce, speaking recently in Melbourne, remarked that "by the preferential duties Australia was giving Great Britain to-day an advantage over other nations which was worth £8,000,000 last year," and he added that "they must say to Great Britain, 'You must help us in your markets.'" That request is now being answered by the creation of the Imperial Marketing Board, and the setting aside of £1,000,000 annually, provided by the British taxpayer, for propaganda work and research, so that overseas producers may fare even better than they have hitherto done in the best, because the biggest and most open, market in the world.

Has it occurred to Dominion statesmen that the Mother Country is in even greater need of help in securing markets than are the Dominions? It is encompassed by the high tariff walls of its immediate neighbours, shutting out goods of other nations, and as the people of the British Isles constitute the largest industrial community in the world, they suffer from this restriction on the freedom of trade more than others. These nations contend that all their resources must be devoted to stimulating their own industries, even though in the process they hamper their export trade and impose onerous burdens upon their own peoples, raising the cost of living. On the other side of the Atlantic, the United States have raised still higher the tariff barriers since the war, and have thus further embarrassed British producers and merchants.

On the other hand, so far as its necessities and even its luxuries are concerned, the United Kingdom, in spite of post-war measures, is still the citadel of the policy of the "open market." Its old customers are no longer in a position to buy British manufactures as they did in the past, and new customers are needed on terms which will not vitiate the essential condition that food and raw materials must continue to be available at the cheapest world price. If from overseas there comes to us in this overcrowded country of consumers the cry, "You must help us in your markets," we on our part, constrained by our necessities, can well reply in the same terms: "You must help us in *your* markets." Inter-Imperial trade in-

volves mutual obligations, and it may be mutual sacrifices, in pursuit of the common end. But the people of the Mother Country must have cheap food and raw materials if cheap manufactures are to be placed on sale in face of the keenest competition. An Empire Marketing Board has recently been established to promote the distribution and consumption in this country of the things the Dominions as well as Colonies and Dependencies desire to sell. Should there not also be a Marketing Board in each of the Dominions, whose mission it would be to promote the sale of British manufactures? The system of Trade Commissioners, who are sent out from these shores, is obviously inadequate. The active co-operation of overseas consumers and merchants is necessary to sustain the sentiment which has already done so much to promote the sale of British manufactures.¹

The economic interests of all the nations of the British Empire are, in the last analysis, similar. They are confronted with "a chain of causation."

The development of the home market for Empire goods will stimulate the migration of the surplus population at home into the other parts of the Empire and increase the number of Britons overseas who demand the products of British industry. Three desirable results will be attained simultaneously—the greater prosperity of the Overseas Empire, the better distribution of the white population within the British Commonwealth, and the better employment of the population which remains at home. But, even so, the sequence of economic benefit is not exhausted. The parts of the Empire are separated not by the narrow seas but by broad oceans, so that Imperial development makes a special demand on the services of shipping and tends to the growth of the merchant fleets on which the very existence of the Empire depends, as was shown during the Great War. Finally, it is evident that with the migration of population must also go the investment of capital, and that migration within the Empire will lead to the material development of the Dominions rather than of foreign countries.²

The future of the Empire depends upon a healthy inter-Imperial trade. There can be no development and settlement overseas unless markets are assured for the produce of the settlers. Similarly there can be no market in this densely crowded country for Dominion and Colonial

(1) The overseas Empire took 39.3 per cent. of the exports of the United Kingdom in 1925.

(2) Report of the Imperial Economic Committee (Cond. 2493.)

produce unless the British peoples overseas are prepared to help in balancing our trading account. That is not merely a matter of goods, but it is one also of services. It is sometimes suggested that the trade of the Mother Country and the overseas Empire is complementary, since this country lives on its manufactures and on the revenue of such services as shipping and banking, while the Dominions and Colonies live, in the main, by selling foodstuffs and raw materials. Such an economic balance would be ideal, but the weakness of the present position must be apparent. In the first place, voices from overseas proclaim that every Dominion must be self-sufficing, and must develop, therefore, its secondary as well as its primary industries, and consequently become less dependent on imported manufactures. In the second place, the Mother Country, in pursuance of its Free Trade policy, has sacrificed its primary industry—agriculture, and has reared up a great industrial population, which, if it is to be fed, must exchange the goods it produces and the services it can render for vast volumes of food and raw materials, bought as cheaply as possible.

The essential difference between the Dominions and the Mother Country lies in fiscal doctrine. They protect their markets, offering to us a preference as against foreigners, but the preference does not always place the British and Dominion producers on terms of equality, for even with preference the tariff is usually protective. We, on the other hand, requiring cheap food if we are to place cheap manufactures on sale, are, in theory at least, Free Traders, throwing our markets open, without let or hindrance, to all the nations of the world, foreign and Dominion, but showing more and more favour to our kith and kin, who are treated as well as are our own producers. Our policy of the "open market" has been an unqualified success in the past, as is attested by the remarkable growth of our population, which has quadrupled in the past hundred years or so, and by the steady rise in the standard of living, which is now higher than in any country in the Old World. Whether undiluted Free Trade is the best policy to be pursued in the future is a matter upon which

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public opinion is still divided, though the balance tends to such variations of policy as are practicable with a view to consolidating and developing the Empire, and thus promoting its closer settlement. But it would be a cardinal error if the coming Imperial Conference ignored the fact that, though we are all Imperialists in the Mother Country, the term has not the same significance for different political parties. Free Traders protest that the Dominions are practising policies which are based on what they regard as their own necessities. They are, it is claimed, the apostles of a narrow nationalism in that their aim is to foster by tariffs industries which are not, and cannot be, conducted in open competition, and thus gradually to close the door to the goods which we must sell if we are to live. All the economic problems which will be discussed at the forthcoming Conference can be reduced to the one basic problem—the preservation of the balance of British trade. Unless some sort of agreement can be reached on this matter, progress in every other direction will be arrested. Such statements as that attributed to Mr. Bruce tend to obscure the realities of the situation. The people of the United Kingdom, with 5,000,000 or 6,000,000 persons out of work, receiving Poor Law relief, or living on Old Age Pensions, urgently declare to their kith and kin: “You must help us in your markets even more than you have done in the past if we are to answer your call.”

Apart from these economic issues, the Imperial Conference will deal with controversies which have arisen since the conclusion of the Locarno Pact. It is obvious that the Mother Country cannot pursue one line of foreign policy, and the Dominions, each an independent sovereign State, pursue other lines of policy. That way leads to disaster and ruin. If each Dominion is at liberty to decide in an emergency whether or not it shall enter a war—and wars are the outcome of policy—the contrary must also be accepted. It must be recognised that the Mother Country, in her strength, must be free to choose whether she shall employ her armaments in defence of the interests of any Dominion. The only hope in matters of foreign policy lies in the mind of the whole Empire being reflected

at every stage in negotiations with foreign Powers, as well as at the conferences at Geneva under the auspices of the League of Nations. Any such concordat is unattainable until the machinery for consultation between Downing Street and the overseas capitals of the Empire works more continuously, smoothly, and efficiently. It is an anomaly that the liaison between the Empire Governments is less close than it is between the Government in London and the Governments of foreign Powers. The latter have their ambassadors, or other representatives, accredited to the Court of St. James's, with whom the Foreign or other Minister can discuss every common problem that arises without a day's delay, and ambassadors from the Court of St. James's reside in every foreign capital. These diplomats in the various capitals are on the spot, each looking at things through his own national spectacles, and interpreting them in the language and with the feelings of his own country. They keep open communications freely; everything is done by word of mouth, and little by direct or written communication between the several Foreign Offices. The Empire, on the other hand, has, unhappily, no such machinery of continuous consultation. The Dominions have no ambassadors at the Court of St. James's, but only High Commissioners, who, though they are welcomed and treated with the consideration due to them, are not concerned with matters of foreign policy. Nor does any such machinery exist as is to be found, for instance, in the United States, with its thirteen constituent States. Development on the American model is impracticable in the British Empire in view of the course which its evolution has already taken. It has been suggested, alternatively, that each Dominion Government should have a Minister in London, whose province it would be to keep in daily touch with the Foreign Office and possibly also with the Office for Dominion affairs. But the suggestion does not apparently commend itself to the overseas Governments.

These are vital matters which depend upon the initiative of the Dominions, each mistress of her own destiny. The present methods of consultation are not compatible with real partnership. That is admitted on all hands. But the remedy lies, not with the British Govern-

ment, but with the Dominion Governments, and it is apparent that no suggestion which they may make will be regarded unfavourably or even unsympathetically.

When the Conference meets, Mr. Baldwin will welcome the visitors. He could do no better than recall words which he himself used some time ago. "The Empire," he remarked, "means more than markets and homes. What is the greatest production of our Empire? It is the production of British men and women. We in Great Britain are the unit, but the whole Empire is the home of the stock of that British race which we believe to be a powerful factor in the development of the human race in the world to-day." Let us realise that the British peoples are embarked on a great and glorious and beneficent adventure. In the long history of mankind there has been nothing comparable to the British Empire, a commonwealth of free nations distributed over the face of the globe and seeking in all matters of policy to find the common denominator. Progress is not to be achieved by finding "a formula" and then passing resolutions which will mean little or nothing to the great constituencies which will be eagerly watching the course of proceedings from day to day. They will look to the Conference, not for words, but for acts having an obvious bearing upon their own destinies and their own aspirations. If the Conference is to achieve a full measure of success it must mean something to every man, woman, and child within the wide orbit of the British Commonwealth. It must not only proclaim once more the ideal of the British peoples, working towards a common end, the consolidation and development of a unique commonwealth; but it must produce evidence that measures are being taken to reach that ideal and to protect it from violation by those nations outside the family circle which have other and, as we believe, lower ideals and purposes. The British Empire has been described as "a family affair," and all its business should be discussed with the frankness and sincerity and goodwill which are exhibited between those who are of one kith and kin.

THE LEAGUE AT THE CROSS-ROADS

BY HUGH F. SPENDER

THE League of Nations is still suffering from the effects of its blundering in March, when it failed to bring Germany back to the comity of Nations owing to the dispute over the question of additional permanent seats on the Council. If Germany had then entered the League, the Pact of Locarno would have come into force, and with this added sense of security the Great Powers would have been able to give their undivided attention to the problems which confront Europe. France with her frontier guaranteed by Great Britain in a special way over and above the guarantees of the covenant, would have shown less uneasiness in dealing with the question of disarmament.

As it was, long days were spent in July and August in the wearisome discussion of small points, as the Committees of the Preparatory Disarmament Commission pursued their task. It could not be said that the representatives of France and the smaller countries of Europe which, like satellites, revolve round France, were deliberately obstructing the work of the Commission; but the British and American delegations appeared to be far more earnest and sincere in trying to arrive at conclusions which would afford a basis for the International Conference on the limitation of armaments which is to be called when the Council of the League thinks that the opportune moment has arrived. It would, however, be false to assume that French opinion is on the whole opposed to a reduction of armaments. Such a limitation is, indeed, absolutely necessary if the French Budget is to be balanced, even with the increased taxation proposed by Monsieur Poincaré. To the people of no other country in Europe were the horrors of war brought home in such a terrible way as to the French. When, therefore, French statesmen assure us that their country has no Imperialistic aims, and that her one desire is to live in peace, there is no doubt that they speak in good faith. But their military men, who

are also no Chauvinists, sincerely believe that the future is full of menace for France. They are convinced that Germany, which is rapidly recovering from the effects of the war, will one day, when she feels strong enough, make a desperate effort to break the chains of the Treaty of Versailles and recover her position in Europe. Some day, who knows, her scientists and chemists may discover more terrible methods of making war. Her population is increasing, that of France is stationary. Her industrial strength is far greater than that of the French. Germany's resources in steel and iron and coal, in dye and chemical factories—all that the French mean when they speak of the *potentiels de guerre*—if a balance of armaments is to be struck, appear to the French military mind to constitute a growing danger to France. One need read only the book on chemical warfare by Major Victor Lefebure, with a preface by Marshal Foch and the late Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson, to realise that French military opinion is seriously alarmed about the future. Until an additional sense of security can be provided for France this feeling will not be removed by vague generalities as to the moral aspects of disarmament or predictions as to the dire results which will follow from a competition in armaments. This psychology has had a most blighting effect on the disarmament discussions in Geneva, and there is no hope of a disarmament conference producing any result so long as this mood prevails, in spite of the fact that if there is one country effectively disarmed in Europe at present, it is Germany. The "Allies" have admitted this, for according to their own declaration, the Germans, except for a few technical details, have fulfilled their obligations under the Treaty. The Germans would not otherwise be invited to take their place in the League.

It is, however, so often denied that the Germans are effectively disarmed that it may perhaps be useful to take a brief survey of the disarmament clauses of the Treaty of Versailles. The German Army consists of 100,000 men only, and as it is a long-service army, it has no reserve. For the German soldier must be recruited for a term of twelve years, while the officers, who are not to number

more than 1 in 25 of the whole permitted strength, are all professional soldiers obliged to serve for 25 years at least. Moreover, so strictly are the disarmament clauses of the Treaty designed to prevent any increase of the German Army by the creation of reserves that discharges must not exceed more than 5 per cent. of the total strength in any given year. As an additional precaution, it is laid down that no ex-officer of the German Army may take part in military exercises of any kind. The number of non-commissioned officers is also strictly limited.

It will be seen from this that the military experts who drew up the disarmament clauses of the Treaty of Versailles attached great importance to preventing the Germans from building up any reserves for their army. The result is that even if the Germans were able to pass secretly more men through the ranks, they would not have the necessary cadres nor organisation for embodying these reserves in their army. It may be argued that the Germans have a large force of potential soldiers in their war veterans; but every year greatly reduces the military value of these men, and in a short time they will be practically useless as combatants. With her small existing army, which would be unable to make any stand against an army of the same numbers equipped with modern guns, aeroplanes and bombers, Germany would have no chance. She could not possibly put up a defence which would give her time to train whatever potential soldiers she possesses, and even if her police force were included in her army they would make little difference. What use in war would an army be, however numerous, which, like the German, possesses no armoured cars or tanks, and has no military or naval aircraft, and no guns of a calibre greater than 4 in., except a few in fixed mountings in fortified works, and whose machine guns and ammunition supplies are strictly limited? The German Army is never allowed to indulge in the annual manœuvres which other armies practise as an essential part of the art of war.

Indeed, the treaty of disarmament which the Germans were compelled to carry out would afford an excellent model for a general treaty of disarmament, for it would

solve the endless argument which is being carried on at Geneva as to the ratio and the methods by which general disarmament might be effected. There is, of course, no chance of the principles on which the treaty with Germany was founded being applied to other European Powers. No argument will induce the French generals to reduce their reserves or to limit the equipment of the French Army in such a way that its total strength in effectives, weight of metal and aerial force, would not be sufficient to overpower the Germans at once. Nevertheless, the fact remains that in the opinion of other experts the French could materially reduce their army with complete safety. For even if the German chemists succeeded in inventing some deadly compound in the way of gas, spreading fire and destruction, and the Germans were able to adapt their commercial aircraft to its use, bombing attacks which were not followed up by an invading army to end the war would be an act of madness on their part. The Germans have certainly no such army, nor is it conceivable that they could build one up without the whole world knowing. If, therefore, they were insane enough to try to recover by force what they have lost, the Germans would suffer the horrors of an invasion which would be unsurpassed in its ferocity.

The determined stand which the French, supported by Italy and the smaller Powers, made in the military sub-committee of the Military Commission "A," against the inclusion of reserves in the scale of peace armaments, which admittedly are the only armaments which can be limited by common consent, was a startling revelation of the nervousness of the French military staff in regard to Germany. For it would appear self-evident that reserves, being an important part of the fighting strength of an army, must be included in any scale adopted for the comparison of the military strength of nations. The Committee finally decided that reserves were a factor of importance. But what hair-splitting over long summer days in seemingly endless speeches preceded this decision, only the military experts themselves could reveal, and they naturally tried to put the best face on it out of loyalty to their colleagues.

I take up the diary of events which I kept at the time and find the following notes, drawn from an American source, on the proceedings of a certain day in July:—

The meeting of the Military Sub-Committee on Tuesday morning was given over to a lengthy discussion of the subject of trained reserves being taken as a basis of comparison between the land armaments of different countries. During the course of the discussion, General Nolan set forth the position of the delegation of the United States. Sub-Committee voted ten to two (United States and Germany) that trained reserves did not constitute a practical standard of comparison—and voted six to four (United States, Germany, Holland, Bulgaria) that trained reserves did not constitute a standard of comparison at all. On the question of whether or not trained reserves constitute a factor of importance for the comparison of armaments of different countries, the sub-Committee voted seventeen to none in the affirmative. On the question of trained reserves being of great importance the sub-Committee voted nine to eight in the negative (United States, Great Britain, Holland, Sweden, Germany, Brazil, Finland and Bulgaria) being in the minority.

This gives a fair idea of the extraordinary nature of the discussions which were carried on in the sub-committees.

To the ordinary man the statement quoted above appears to be contradictory, for trained reserves are stated in the third sentence to have been regarded as being of so little importance as a factor in the scale of comparisons, as to constitute no standard of comparison at all. Yet in the next sentence we are told that the Committee voted seventeen to none in the affirmative on the question whether or not trained reserves constitute a factor of importance for the comparison of the armaments of different countries. Why after this the Committee should have refused to accept the view that they were a factor of great importance, or, indeed, have insisted on debating this point at all, appears to the non-military mind to have involved pure waste of time.

The argument for the inclusion of reserves would seem to be self-evident, but the debate on this point came near producing a deadlock in the work of the sub-committee. Nevertheless, the following reproduction of an American summary of the situation a few days later shows that real progress was made in spite of all this fine spinning of words:—

The Military Sub-Committee on Wednesday morning undertook to consider standards of comparison dealing with "ultimate" war armaments. The French document was used as a basis of discussion. This document, with certain amendments, was adopted unanimously. The conclusion reached by this unanimous vote is to the effect that "ultimate" war armaments do lend themselves to approximate comparisons, the results of which should be taken into account in reaching any agreement on limitation and reduction of armaments. It is made clear, of course, that in forming any such comparisons, careful consideration must be given to the raw materials available in each country, its industrial situation, etc.

The Committee then adopted a modified text of a further French document which summarises the conclusions of the Committee with regard to the entire question: "By what standards may land armaments be compared?" This conclusion stated that trained effectives constitute the primary standard, but must be considered in conjunction with other factors, namely, material in service and in stock, trained reserves, number and composition of the larger peace-time units, period of service with colours, time and organisation required for the complete mobilisation of national resources, etc.

It is a remarkable testimony to the work of the Military Sub-Committee that it should have been able to arrive so far in dealing with the first part of the third question of the Questionnaire, which was handed over to the Chief Military Sub-Committee "A," by the Preparatory Disarmament Commission. The standards by which it is possible to measure the armaments of one country against another have been laid down in principle, which is certainly more than seemed possible at one stage of the discussion. There still remains the crux of question three, namely the methods by which the reduction and limitation of land, naval and air forces can be effected, and the comparative advantages and disadvantages of such methods. In the circumstances the Committee was wise to postpone the attempt to grapple with this problem, and the absence of Admiral Aubery Smith, who had unfortunately met with an accident in Paris, gave the Commission an excuse to pass on to question four, which deals with the possibility of distinguishing between defensive and offensive armaments.

All armaments, as the British memorandum which was put in on this subject declared, may be said to have a defensive origin. No government would admit that its military budget was designed for any other purpose. But

since the question had to be answered a list of defensive armaments, as compared with those which could be used for offensive purposes, was finally drawn up on the report of a small committee of experts consisting of General Marinis, Commandant Lucien and Colonel MacNeece. The importance of this discussion lay in the efforts of the French to place smaller ships, including submarines of a limited radius, operating in distant waters, within the defensive list. But as these vessels might be transported to narrower fields of operation, such as the English Channel and the Mediterranean, and thus assume an aggressive character, they were not included in this list, although the possibility of considering some of them as purely defensive weapons was not ruled out. Agreement was finally reached on the main point that armaments, generally speaking, are not established in a spirit of aggression. One could hardly expect any other conclusion, for if the experts had declared that any important branch of armaments was designed for aggressive purposes, they would have greatly strengthened the case for sweeping reductions in armies or navies.

Here we arrive at the root difficulty of appointing committees of soldiers, sailors and airmen, and expecting them to decide on the ratio methods by which a reduction of armaments should be carried out. One might as well expect, as a wag at Geneva suggested, a committee of butchers to pass a resolution in favour of vegetarianism. Nevertheless, experts like Colonel Temperley and Colonel MacNeece, of the British Delegation, and Major-General E. Nolan and Admiral Jones, of the American Delegation, have rendered admirable service to the cause of disarmament. But even the most sincere military advocate for reduction would admit that it is the statesmen who must ultimately decide the question. In the meantime, the discussions at Geneva have been educating public opinion on the necessity for a limitation of armaments, and it is in this enlightenment of the public that the hope lies of ridding the world of a competition which, by sowing distrust and suspicion between nations, greatly increases the danger of war. If only the work

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of the committees, like that of the Preparatory Disarmament Commission itself, had been open to the public the experts might have learnt something to their advantage which would probably have saved time in the discussion of needlessly small points. The light of publicity should be thrown on the work of the Disarmament Committees so that they may become a clearing-house, not only for expert views, but for the public opinion of the world. This especially applies to the problem of aircraft, military and civil, which Commission "A" (wisely postponing for the moment Question five on the scale of armaments permissible to the various countries), called on the Aerial Sub-Committee to solve. The dreadful mystery which surrounds the use to which civil aircraft might be put in time of war, and the horrible descriptions which have been given by military men of the air-raids of the future, have greatly disturbed the public imagination. Rightly so, if half the truth has been told. For the destruction which will rain from the air in high explosives and gas-bombs will, it is certain, surpass the horrors of the most vivid imagination. Moreover, it is in the air that the battles of the future will in the main in all probability be fought. If, therefore, no agreement can be reached as to a reduction of aircraft, experts go so far as to say that all other treaties as to the limitations of armaments will be of little avail.

The crux of this problem is to devise a plan by which a distinction can be drawn between military and commercial aircraft so as to prevent the latter from being applied to purposes of war. As admittedly the development of civil aircraft cannot be prevented or controlled, the problem is a very difficult one, and a very alarming one for all of us who are within reach of hostile aircraft. This applies in particular to the security of a great city like London, which is especially open to attacks from the air. The problem, therefore, must be faced and solved if a new and most insidious competition in armaments is not to spring up.

From this point of view the German thesis, which was delivered in a written memorandum to the Aerial Committee, that a distinction can be drawn between civil and

military aircraft for the purposes of disarmament, and that civil aircraft is in fact of such a different type in Germany that it could not be converted into bomb-carriers without being completely reconstructed is of great interest. The argument is one that admits of immediate proof, for the assertion that it cannot be adapted to military purposes, such as bomb-carrying, without great expense and delay in reconstruction can at once be tested. If this is true, why should not other nations reap the most advantageous consequences of the Treaty of Versailles, which forbids the use of naval and military aircraft to Germany and restricts her to certain types of harmless commercial aircraft by applying these self-denying ordinances, as far as civil aircraft is concerned, to themselves? At least we should then know where we stood as far as the danger from the development of commercial aircraft is concerned. For civil aircraft could then be restricted to purely commercial purposes without the danger of its being applied in time of war to the most deadly of all forms of destruction, and, a clear distinction having been arrived at between military and civil aircraft, an agreement as to the reduction of military aircraft would be far easier to reach. Unfortunately the German thesis was not accepted by the experts of the other powers.

Finally, all these questions must be settled by the Governments themselves, for they raise not only technical but political issues. An agreement as to limitation of armaments will depend on whether the politicians are in earnest or not. There is no doubt that Great Britain and the United States desire a reduction of armaments at the earliest possible date, and that France is not opposed in principle to a limitation if she can be convinced that her security is not endangered. But it would greatly facilitate the progress of the discussions at Geneva if the French experts, instead of trying to score debating points, would rid their minds of the suspicion that other countries have some sinister design in desiring to effect a limitation of French armaments. At any rate, if the politicians are in earnest, when the debate at Geneva comes to an end, they will no longer be faced with the argument which has so often been used

against disarmament—that their military advisers have not been consulted. The ground will have been cleared of this obstacle to progress, and the principles on which a limitation of armaments can be based will ultimately be found capable of reduction to certain plain principles for the consideration of a disarmament conference.

How difficult it is in the meantime to bridge the difference between the Anglo-Saxon and the French point of view may be gathered from the discussion in Committee "A" on the question of the supervision of armaments. The French expert maintained that such supervision was absolutely necessary, if only to reassure public opinion that none of the nations which had agreed to disarmament were acting in bad faith. Admiral Jones, on the other hand, speaking for the American delegation, declared that any attempt to control the armaments of a country by the supervision of the nationals of other countries would serve only to increase the fears and suspicions which it is the aim of disarmament to remove. An agreement as to the limitation of armaments must rest, he declared, on international good faith and the loyalty of all parties concerned in carrying out a treaty of disarmament. The United States, he explained, would never submit to control. General Marinis, the Italian expert, took the same view, which was supported by the British delegation. But the French thesis was finally carried by a majority of eight to six. It remains to be seen what the Preparatory Disarmament Commission will say to this when it meets again.

The discussion brought Committee "A" to the crux of the disarmament problem, which is that, unless nations can be persuaded to regard one another in a more friendly spirit, any effective agreement as to the limitation of armaments will prove impossible in practice. We touch the fundamental issue of the controversy here, namely, the necessity for an improved atmosphere in international relations. It would sometimes seem as if Europe were in a vicious circle in trying to solve the disarmament problem, and the danger is that if this discussion goes on too long the fears and suspicions caused by armaments may be increased instead of being removed.

Perhaps the first step towards the solution of the problem is to be found in the improvement of the relations between France and Germany by economic agreements. For if Frenchman and Germans can learn to work together and realise the truth that their interests are interdependent they may gradually approach a state of mind in which they will regard armaments as a secondary consideration. We may then hope that the long-drawn-out discussions about the standards of comparisons and methods of reduction will slip into the background of the consciousness of Europe, and that armies will assume their proper function as police forces for the maintenance of internal order.

I have little space left to deal with other questions. The ground is now cleared for the entrance of Germany into the League, and it is whispered in diplomatic circles that Spain, by asking for a meeting of the Commission on the Reconstruction of the Council at the end of August, is anxious to find a compromise which will enable her to take her seat on the Council again in spite of her demand for an equal status with Germany. It is possible that when Germany has once entered the League and is in possession of her permanent seat she will be willing to make a conciliatory gesture to Spain. At all events, the League will gain immensely in moral prestige by the admission of Germany, for this will remove the reproach that it is mainly a Concert of the victorious Powers. The Germans will be wise to go slowly at first, and not to attempt to use Geneva as a sounding-board for their grievances until they have proved the sincerity of their desire to co-operate with their former enemies for the good of Europe. With Germany a member of the Society of Nations the Pact of Locarno will come into force, and this should have an appeasing effect upon the European situation. If all goes well when the Assembly meets, the League will be established on firmer foundations.

TALKS WITH MINERS IN THE RHONDDA VALLEY

By J. H. MIALL

HEART-TO-HEART talks with the South Wales miners, with access to their real thoughts, their real suspicions, their real grievances—this privilege was mine when my professional engagements made it necessary for me to visit the Rhondda Valley several days a week for nearly thirty weeks.

My work made me a *persona grata* to the miners, for services rendered to their children, and many a little note was slipped into my hand expressing gratitude from mother or father, as the case might be. The views, therefore, which are here reported were given to me in friendly conversation, and hence their value.

The Rhondda Valley is situated about thirty miles north-west of Cardiff, and consists of a series of mining towns, mostly in the valleys, which encircle hills nearly big enough to be called mountains. At Pentre is the seat of the Urban Council, a very progressive body indeed, there being on the Council many Labour members of sound intelligence, and few, if any, extremists. The schools are very efficiently staffed under excellent management. The miners' houses are terraced and well built. If there were more of them, and if they could be let at lower rentals to meet the present hard times, the housing conditions would be perfect. There are good train, motor 'bus and tram services.

A cloud has loomed over the Rhondda district for the past twelve months—a cloud of anxiety, of general "hard-upness," of fear for the future. The recollections of the strike of 1921 are still with the miners and their families, for credits then given by the tradespeople are in most cases still unredeemed.

The cloud has just broken and the rain has descended "upon the just and upon the unjust." Do not think the Rhondda miners are a violent, quarrelsome, uncouth

set of people. On the contrary, a stranger will seldom find such civility, bonhomie and intelligence in a body of working men. Most of us recollect the now historical riots in Tonypandy, and one anticipated finding the inhabitants rather rough—but I seldom went along the street without several strangers wishing me "Good-morning." One might walk about in London for many days and never meet this sign of civility and goodwill. Tonypandy has been much maligned.

As for education—several colliers with whom I talked had matriculated, many of them attend chapels, and their gift for music is very marked. Welsh singers are known world-wide, and in all these little mining towns it is seldom that a week passes without two or three concerts, vocal and instrumental.

Did the South Wales miners wish this latest strike? Except for a comparatively few young extremists the answer is decidedly in the negative. Married miners and tradespeople greatly feared it. The young men who joined the body during the war, and as pit boys received then five or six pounds a week, resent having to be satisfied with two pounds a week or less. Satisfied they are not. The minimum wage is thirty-six to thirty-eight shillings per week.

The established miners, mostly married men, did not want a strike, and would prefer working an extra half-hour per shift. They certainly deprecate any reduction of the present meagre minimum wage, but it is doubtful if the married men would willingly strike to prevent this; they are, however, over-ruled by the young men and extremist leaders.

The low minimum wage in existence at the South Wales pits certainly should not be reduced.

Have the miners any grievances? I think they have; but it is "suspicions" rather than "grievances" which brought about the recent unrest.

The mineowners must be aware of these suspicions, but have chosen to treat them with contempt—a great folly, for which they are now paying, as there are men amongst the miners whose business it is to fan the smouldering

fire of suspicion into the flame of certainty. Groundless suspicions *can* be and surely *should* be refuted. Take, for instance, one which is held by every collier with whom I came into contact, viz., that the owners pay huge sums for plant out of current profits instead of from capital, with the deliberate intention of showing a loss on the year's working, and so justifying low wages. No one, apparently, has ever explained to the miners that such payments would have to appear on balance-sheets, and would be objected to by both shareholders and the Inland Revenue.

Then there is the suspicion that owners interested in subsidiary companies (shipping and steel combinations) sell coal to them at uneconomic prices—again reducing mining profits without real loss to themselves, but fortifying the claim for reduction of wages.

Whether either of these charges be true or not, the miners have been taught to believe them, and if untrue they should have been disproved, not ignored.

But even if these suspicions are malicious or ignorant fabrications, there are grievances which appear to have substance. Hundreds of strong men eager and anxious to earn more than the minimum wage are daily held up within the mine by reason of the congestion of drums and trucks within the galleries. This certainly suggests faulty organisation. Mentioning this to a mineowner's agent, he admitted the fact, but said: "These conditions have greatly improved of late—what remains of them are in the nature of things and cannot be altered." I wonder! He stated that in the old days of practically unrestricted hours the men would make up for such lost time by keeping at work when conditions were favourable, and in this way made good both in production and wages. This is now generally impossible, for which the mineowner's agent blamed the trade unions.

The miners complain that there is much antiquated machinery which reduces production and handicaps their earning power. The cost of production can be greatly lessened by the capacity of cars or trucks. In the United States such cars have a capacity of from two to four tons of coal, whilst most European mines use cars which hold only

1,000 to 1,500 lb. These are the cars used in hauling and which haul at about 200 ft. per minute; the capacity of these cars, therefore, is an important factor in production and earning power. Modern engines of improved character have been erected at Llanbradack, also at the Bargoed Pit of the Powell Duffryn Steam Coal Company, but in most mines replacement by modern equipment has been delayed, presumably from need of capital.

During last summer I was watching with great interest a match being played on a newly created golf-course at Parc, and during an interval overheard a conversation carried on by half a dozen colliers who had been, like myself, watching the game. They were speaking of the long distances within the mine which colliers have to walk before beginning and after completing their day's work—this at one pit was said to be four miles each way. These miners also complained of the great increase of officials and supervisors, forming an overhead charge for which they, the colliers, are asked to pay. There are three times as many officials in proportion to colliers as in 1914. The miners mentioned these points without bitterness, but were of opinion that these officials and supervisors, if they are really necessary, should be reduced in salary before touching the wages of the working collier.

As a rule, the miners are quite capable of discussing with intelligence and fully realise the effect on foreign markets of reparation coal and the rates of exchange, for, as I have said, the collier is frequently well educated; I did not find one out of twenty with whom I talked (and these quite young men) implacably hostile to the owners, nor did they endorse the "not one penny off the wages, not one minute on the hours" shibboleth of Mr. Cook. Most agreed and many welcomed the solution to the present problem of an increased half-hour to the shift, for which they have a day's pay. At present, although many men work more than the seven-hour shift, the extra time is charged as part of the next shift, and the owners claim that the production is not an equivalent for the wages. Of course, there is *some* piecework, but the trade unions do not encourage this method of working.

I found the royalty question a singularly obsessing one;

the colliers will not believe it means only 6d. to 9d. per ton, and they apparently cannot see that if land is made useless for other purposes the owner is entitled to substantial compensation. On this one question the older men are as impervious to argument as the younger ones. I call it "an obsession," and an obsession surely it is.

TEA-TABLE WISDOM

It was in a tea-shop at Tylorstown that I heard a most interesting conversation—taking part in it were two colliers, a mineowner's agent, and a collector of rents to a mining district.

The talk commenced by a remark of my own that there would appear to be some good houses in the district for miners. This remark drew from one of the colliers the reply: "Yes, but very few of us can afford more than one or two rooms." This the collector of rents confirmed. Another collier expressed the view that mineowners should be obliged to find suitable cheap accommodation for their workers. Quite a reasonable suggestion to my mind—such an obligation would bring about more content. Then one of the older miners complained that in the Rhondda Valley many men get only three days' work in one week, and in such cases he takes home to his family only 15s. or 20s. The owner's agent said the object of this was to employ as many men in bad times as possible, whilst my friend the collier contended that it was because if a man worked five days he would be entitled to additional bonus, and the owner's motive is to avoid this payment.

This may be another instance of unjust suspicion. One wonders!

Then collier No. 3 stated very deliberately that full-work preference should be given to married men, and that it would be a great gain to all parties if the unmarried men were weeded out, for (I quote his words) "it is they who cause all the trouble."

I asked what the younger men should do in that case; and the general view was that they should be assisted to emigrate, that as they only thought of becoming miners owing to the high wages paid during the war they are not as miners born into the industry.

I am afraid if there had been any young miner present he might have objected, but there it is. The mineowner's agent seemed in agreement with the colliers in this, and I gather that there are a good many shirkers amongst the younger men, although no doubt there are also some hard workers.

Then the question came up of profit sharing, or rather profit distribution—this is somewhat in the nature of a principle with the writer, who believes that eventually compulsory distribution of profits in profit-making industries will be found to be the true remedy for labour unrest in every industry.

The colliers are not at present enthusiastic about profit distribution, owing to their distrust of the mineowners, but agree that if such distributions were made from profits before the shareholders' dividends were allotted it would increase the zest of the miners in their work and well repay the owners by increasing production and so rendering the industry stable.

It was in this company that I asked the colliers present why they were not satisfied with the finding of the Mines Commission. They expressed the opinion that the Government should have taken steps to render possible the tracing of costs of coal from the pit-mouth to the consumer, the difference between something like 12s. and 48s. per ton being obviously excessive. Who, they ask, retains such huge profits, and why should the miners have their inadequate wages still further reduced whilst such margins exist?

In conclusion, I would not have it understood that all or any of these arguments heard in the Rhondda Valley are perfectly sound—some certainly are open to question; my part has been that of a "listener-in," but in these days, when the mining puzzle is in everyone's mind, it is of public interest to know what are the thoughts, opinions and suspicions which have led to unrest and discontent. The miners comprise, in the main, a deserving and hard-working body of men engaged in work of vast importance of the community, and it is to the interest of the public that they should receive a fair deal in the inevitable reconstruction of the mining industry.

THE FUTURE OF CRICKET

BY "NOMAD"

THE various proposals recently put forward with the object of "speeding up" cricket and so bringing it into line with other things in an age of "hustle" cannot be described as novelties. On the contrary, the latest discussion can be submitted as additional evidence that there is nothing new under the sun. One of the greatest charms about cricket is its glorious uncertainty. One of the outstanding features of our English climate is likewise its uncertainty, though its glory may be limited. And so it happens that every few years a spell of real summer results in a temporary supremacy of the bat over the ball in first-class cricket and lays the foundation for demands for fundamental changes in the conditions under which the game is played. The suggestions made vary from the Spartan to the fantastic and from the highly technical to the purely futile, while those who make them range from the famous cricketer with wide experience to the unit of the shilling "gate" who may be a professional spectator, but whose practical knowledge of the game is frequently *nil*.

The channels through which these widely differing opinions are expressed naturally vary greatly, but in one way or another the general views of the communities which play or watch first-class cricket do crystallise into something upon which our cricket legislators can base their deliberations. But in framing any conclusions they may reach, these legislators must, like Agag, "walk delicately." They must be satisfied that whatever demands are being made are fully justified by facts and are not the outcome of purely temporary circumstances or of a cyclical agitation. Above all, they must remember that any change in the rules of the game or in the implements with which it is played must affect cricket of every class in all parts of the world.

These considerations appear to have carried considerable weight in the past, for fundamental changes during the last hundred and fifty years or so have been very few. Since the year 1770, the size and shape of the wickets has

been changed five times and always in favour of the bowler. The bat has likewise varied but little. Before the year 1745 it could be of any size or shape, and this freedom was exploited to such an extent as to lead to the introduction of a measuring-gauge. In the early part of the nineteenth century the bat was curved and resembled an immature hockey stick. It was of little use in defence, and designed primarily for hitting; but with the advent of round-arm and, later, of over-arm bowling, it was replaced by the straight blade. It was in 1797 that the first shoulders were made to a bat, the splice appearing somewhat later.

About the 'nineties of last century Lord Harris raised again the question of the size of bats, and since then gauges have been kept on every county ground, the limits of length and breadth being specified in the laws of cricket.

The ball, during the period under review, has undergone practically no serious change in size or weight, the alteration being confined almost entirely to improvements in material and manufacture. It is obvious, therefore, that for a century at least changing conditions have not convinced the controlling bodies that any serious modifications of existing practice are called for. Has anything occurred now to justify a revision of this view? What are the causes of the most recent agitation? How can the arguments advanced best be met? Among the great mass of arguments recently launched upon the cricket world three opinions are found to be almost universal:

(1) That modern wickets are "doctored" and prepared to such an extent that, in dry weather, the batsman enjoys a permanent advantage.

(2) That the protection of the stumps by a batsman's pads is exploited to an unforeseen extent.

(3) That a certain number of batsmen adopt the principle of "safety first," and habitually play innings which are quite contrary to the spirit of the game.

In considering these three points it must again be remembered that they apply almost exclusively to first-class cricket; that they bring about their most extreme results only during fine, warm weather; and that the whole

of the most recent agitation is the result of the series of drawn Test Matches, which are in a class by themselves and of infrequent occurrence. The statistics of the county championship during the last few years throw an interesting light on the danger of generalising.

The final positions of the three leading counties in 1923, 1924 and 1925 were as follows:—

Year.	County.	Played.	Completed.	Abandoned.
1923	Yorkshire	32	26	1
	Notts	26	18	1
	Lancashire	30	17	1
1924	Yorkshire	30	19	7
	Middlesex	22	14	2
	Surrey	24	10	4
1925	Yorkshire	32	21	5
	Surrey	26	16	4
	Lancashire	32	23	1

The matches shown as "abandoned" include those in which an innings on either side was not completed. The remaining matches which were not completed, but won or lost on the first innings, were curtailed quite as often by bad weather as by high scoring or slow batting. The percentage of finished matches to games played by the three leading counties was consequently as follows:—

1923	Yorkshire	81.25
	Notts	69.23
	Lancashire	56.66
1924	Yorkshire	63.33
	Middlesex	63.63
	Surrey	41.66
1925	Yorkshire	65.62
	Surrey	61.53
	Lancashire	71.87

During the present year of outcry the statistics of the three leading counties at the end of July, when three-quarters of the fixtures had been completed, were as follows:—

Year.	County.	Played.	Completed.	Abandoned.
1926 (To end of July)	Yorkshire	21	11	1
	Lancashire	23	13	3
	Hampshire	20	12	1

The percentage of finished matches to games played was, therefore, as follows:—

Yorkshire	52.33
Lancashire	56.52
Hampshire	60.00

Taking these figures as a whole and remembering that they refer to the three presumably strongest sides, and that among the weaker counties the percentage of finished matches to games played is, generally speaking, considerably higher, can it be said that a case has been made out for "four stumps or four days"? In the unlikely event of an affirmative answer, the effect of such changes in circles outside first-class cricket must be considered. For every county or similar fixture there are played thousands of matches on village greens, in public parks and on private grounds. The question of time does not greatly concern them, as, with the exception of a comparatively few two-day fixtures among the best clubs, all these games are played in one day or even in a single afternoon. In all one-day fixtures a result may be assessed on the first innings, and, since 1919, this rule applies to two-day matches if there is no play on the first day.

Among the village greens and public parks the average total for a whole side probably does not exceed 60, and for an individual batsman to reach double figures is, in hundreds of games, still something of an achievement. To make any changes in favour of the bowler by widening the wicket or narrowing the bat would be to reduce such matches to a farce and rob them of much of their enjoyment.

For the same reason any sweeping alteration in the l.b.w. rule would probably have unforeseen results, especially when one remembers the type of umpire found in such games. There remains the pitch, and it is in this direction that possible legislation seems to lie. If the use of marl, binding clays and similar preparations were prohibited, except in the first construction of a new ground, we should get back, not to rough wickets, but to pure turf, which could be mown, rolled and watered *ad lib.* before a match, but on which a ball would always "bite." Add to

this a rule that, once a match has begun, no implement of any kind may be used on the pitch except a stiff broom, and allow the bowler in first-class matches to claim a new ball after every 100 runs instead of 200, and most of the present complaints of the batsman's domination would probably disappear.

In matches not officially recognised as first-class, but in which large scores may reasonably be expected, the question of whether a new ball should be demanded after 100 or 200 runs could be settled by the captains before the game began. Holes dug by a player's foot could still be filled in with sawdust as at present, and if it be considered that no rolling of the pitch gives the side batting first an unduly great advantage, let it be arranged that in the return fixture the other side shall automatically have choice of innings. A somewhat similar principle was advocated during the last M.C.C. tour in Australia, when Mr. A. E. R. Gilligan repeatedly lost the toss.

It was then suggested that in view of the concrete-like wickets in Australia, the sides should toss for innings in the first Test Match and thereafter have choice alternately, tossing again in the fifth and last game in order to be quite fair.

None of these innovations would make much appreciable difference outside first-class cricket, as even the best private grounds are not "doctored" to the extent of Old Trafford or the Oval, while a new ball every hundred runs might just turn the scale against drawn one-day matches among the strongest private clubs.

It may, of course, be argued that the absence of rolling would make fast bowling dangerous; but there are very few fast bowlers in modern county cricket who habitually pitch short or "bump"; and when, on a marl wicket, the fastest bowling often does not rise more than stump high, there is no reason to suppose that similar bowling on a really good turf wicket would "get up" to a dangerous extent. There are plenty of fast bowlers outside first-class cricket who often lack length and accuracy and bowl on much worse wickets, but they do not appear to do much personal damage.

The proposal to divide or limit the time available for batting may, no doubt, be effective in one-day matches or in games where only a few hours are available, but its application to three-day fixtures would almost certainly lead to difficulties. The hours of play are different on each of the three days, and often have to be curtailed considerably on the third day to enable one of the teams to reach the scene of its next match in time; while there is the probability of each or any of the days being cut into by our uncertain climate.

It seems probable that umpires and captains would spend a good deal of their time in mathematical calculations of the exact periods available for batting by either side.

In addition, ten minutes between innings must be deducted from the time nominally available for batting. And what of the tea interval and the extra half-hour on the last day, both of which are optional and cannot be decided in advance? When one comes to examine the question, the division of time in three-day matches is not without its pitfalls.

The second point, regarding pad play, is almost entirely confined to county matches. It is a form of play which can only be effectually and habitually employed by a first-class bat—a fact which makes the practice all the more indefensible. To amend the l.b.w. rule so as to make a batsman out to any ball which would have hit his stumps, irrespective of where it pitches, would be to penalise unjustly the man who is quite ready to hit anything hittable. It would, moreover, put a premium on the "leg-theory," which certainly requires no undue encouragement to-day. But if Law 24 were amended so as to read "the ball . . . pitched in a straight line . . . to the striker's wicket *or on the off side of it*," it would compel batsmen to play at all off breaks or "in-swingers" and at the same time would not encourage the type of "off theory" which produces over after over just wide of the off stump in the hope of slip catches, which the batsman makes no attempt to play. This amendment, again, would not affect cricket other than first-class, where pad play is almost non-existent.

The final question of "safety first" is the most difficult. One does not wish to do anything which might, in time, cause all defensive batting to be regarded as a crime. Who has not acclaimed the hero who went in last and kept up his wicket while his more able partner knocked off the necessary runs to snatch a glorious victory? Or who has not experienced the tension of those last twenty minutes, with the last man in and an impossible number of runs to win? Closer and closer the fieldsmen crowd in, and then the long-drawn sigh and the cheers that greet the call of time and the conversion of certain defeat into a gallant draw. Nothing must be done to discourage that type of defence, for often it makes cricket history; but where cricket is regarded first and foremost as a commercial undertaking which must be made to pay, there inevitably grows up among the players a sort of indefinable consciousness that they are expected not so much to win matches as to make sure of not losing them. It is difficult to explain what a cricket "atmosphere" means, but everyone in or on the edge of first-class cricket will understand. One cannot altogether blame the players. They are subconsciously influenced by their surroundings, and cases can be cited where men's play has entirely changed on transfer to another county.

Contrast the "atmosphere" of such an organisation—for that is the appropriate word—with that at Canterbury, Horsham or Taunton. In both one finds keenness and quick and generous recognition of good play; but the one is the keenness of a business man intent on completing a successful deal, while the other is the keenness of a man intent on having a jolly day and winning a cricket match in the process if it can possibly be done. The only remedy for this lies in the hands of county committees and the captains, who, admittedly, never fail to set a personal example. But so long as success—or, rather, absence of defeat—is allowed to come before the spirit of the game, so long will "safety first" continue to be the cause of at all events a considerable proportion of drawn first-class matches.

CHAOS IN IRELAND

By "MACDARA"

CHAOTIC in the extreme is now the only description to be applied to the political situation in Ireland. We all know that strange and bewildering shadows are cast in the darkness that lies just before the breaking of the dawn. So may it be with Ireland. Shadowy indefinite parties, misty resurrections of old faiths seem to be lurking everywhere. Every second man with bated breath can tell you of a new hope, born maybe the night before, that is going to sweep men off their feet and make all well for Ireland. But nothing has developed yet, all the efforts seem premature and weakly, and if not still-born, at least moribund. But I see great hope for Ireland, because the spirit of faith propagation is abroad, and the eyes of the young men gleam sometimes now with the old light that Pearse loved.

May that burning light come back to all young eyes in Ireland, for her people have proved themselves a decadent race since they ceased to dream and their hot blood no longer responded to the thrilling call of Nationality. It is utterly impossible successfully to anglicise or imperialise a Celtic race like the Irish; even the attempt undoubtedly made since the Treaty was signed has proved as tragic and disastrous as if the work of an Old Master had been seized by uncultured hands and turned to the use of modern commercial purposes.

Economically speaking, the Treaty might have been—and still could be—a great success for the Irish, but through bad leadership and most unfortunate circumstances it has so far been little more than a spiritual setback. Morally and spiritually the people have deteriorated since its passing, because the faith that was in them has gone. Cruelty, baby murder, immorality, violence have increased simply because the people no longer find it necessary, or perhaps possible, to keep clean hands for the serving of Kathleen ni Houlihan. They evidently paid too heavy a price for their Treaty. How

much England is to blame is for the politicians to say, but it took from the Free State the possibility of unity in mutual spiritual achievement for an ideal.

A Pearse certainly, a Griffith or Collins probably, could have avoided such a débâcle. Collins, I know, already foresaw, and was planning to avoid it. A Constitutional Republican Party working forwards would have been his method. It is doubtful if a Cosgrave could even sense it.

Ireland will recover, but very slowly and painfully, and I only write these things in the hope that the English will leave her alone while she works out in painful labour her salvation. An Irishman never works for bread alone, but always for some dream that lies beyond. And he works best when he idealises best.

He will never be an Englishman, nor his way our ways, but if the taking of less and less control of him will help him to get back his dreams, why then the price will be well worth the paying for the achievement of a royally good Celtic neighbour. There is at present the possibility of a neighbour who will be as bankrupt in morality as in finance.

The people are so listless and inept that presently they will not even work; indeed, the chief activity they show is to persuade a disliked Government to give grants, grants, and more grants. Less proud and united they are less self-reliant.

What they really need, although they do not realise it, is to have a Government or a great priest who will lead them—who will find for them another great goal ahead.

I have no hesitation in saying that it is absolutely impossible for Ireland to become a prosperous economic nation until she again becomes a spiritually alert one.

I have just returned from a trip to the South and West, where I talked to all manner of people, and from what I hear I believe that Kerry may lead the vanguard towards unity and brotherhood.

Both from the Free State and Republican side there is a definite and determined movement to co-ordinate the different national sections. The difficulties are stupendous, but leading men of Kerry have bent to the yoke

and are pulling mightily. Their immediate objective is to get a round table conference between the four chief national sections, the two Republican movements, de Valera's and Austin Stack's, Professor Magennis's Clann Eireann with its eager young men, and the official Government Party.

They do not suggest that any of these strong-willed sections should give up their individual views, but they do suggest that they can unite on a definite economic programme, and instead of dissipating their energy by fighting each other use it for an economic coalition and community of interests which will save Ireland.

Teach nationality broadly instead of sectionally, substitute kindred aims for personal hatreds.

I doubt if the present Irish leaders are big enough for such a scheme, but the people are big enough, and, standing in the little meeting place in Tralee, where it was being discussed, men told me that if the leaders would not accept the scheme the alternative was that the scheme could swamp the leaders.

The latter would go unwept and unsung. In no place in Ireland was there more bitter feeling and savage fighting than in Kerry, therefore her attitude is an indication that the Irish common people are ready to forgive each other.

The prosaic fact that a general election is approaching may make great changes. It may prove Ireland's salvation or her doom.

Political activity is already manifest, at least ten political groups have put forward policies and leaders, but not many of these, I fancy, will stand the acid test of public criticism.

If you talk to the common people of the Free State, the car driver, the charwoman, the dealers in the little hucksters' shops, the wives of the manual workers, and such like, they will tell you the Government Party has failed Ireland and failed them; that the Government are anglicised and more English than the English; and they love to point to such crude details that while the President had an allowance of seven pounds a week for

petrol for his motor car some of the old age pensioners had been cut down to a shilling a week. In fact, they will give you a thousand arguments against the Government which are only interesting because they indicate there will not be many votes for the present Government Party as at present constituted. Certainly from an Irish point of view they do not appear to err on the side of super-nationality. Or else they have seen the error of their Sinn Fein days.

One of the most alert Government leaders informed me a few days ago that his party were aware of their unpopularity, but had not yet decided what steps they would take to face the electors. They will, to a considerable extent, depend on their records for the last five years, but it shows how much out of touch with the people they are when they forget that in Ireland records never count until their owners are dead.

The Government Party is divided on the issue of Protection, of which the plain people are in favour, and if the matter is ever forced to a division the Party will split in two. An extern minister, Mr. J. J. Walshe, has been up to the present the leader of the Protectionist forces, and he is also chairman of the Government political party outside the Dail. As, however, he took the Government side in the Tariff Commission Bill, much to the disappointment of his followers, he will presumably be superseded by a stronger man.

A dark-visaged South of Ireland man, redundant of energy, forcible and swift-moving, Mr. Walshe had raised great hopes as a leader, and might conceivably have been returned as the head of the next Government. But in the opinion of the people he compromised at the critical moment, and I think in his case it will be, in the poet's words, "let him never come back to us, there would be doubt, hesitation and fear; forced praise on our part, the glimmer of twilight, never glad, confident morning again." Ireland still wants a leader.

I hear from the country that the Irish small farmers, in defiance of their own parliamentary party, will back Protection; the Irish Irelanders will stand for it too, for they

regard it as Griffith's policy, and Griffith was their economic god. Many other Irish sections will back it for a trial.

A definite Protection policy will also cut right through the ranks of every other party in the field, and will bring adherents to its leader from extraordinary quarters.

On the other hand, an effort may be made to resurrect and remodel the present Government Party, make it "selectively protective," bring in a business element and rename the whole. This policy may be tried because it would enable the Government Party to face the country with solid ranks, but I do not think it has much chance of success, because of the apathy and personal dislike of the people towards their present leaders.

The ablest man in the Government ranks is easily Kevin O'Higgins, Minister for Justice, but he is not, I understand, Protectionist. He is unpopular, but he is clever, hardworking, and the only debater on the Government benches. If the break in the Government ranks comes he will probably be the head of a kind of moderate party with several of his ministerial colleagues. The President is neither able enough nor strong enough to count in an upheaval, but he is an extremely adroit politician.

Protection, in a word, will be a winning policy in the Free State provided the people can be induced to vote at all. It is an interesting fact that it is being urged as a policy by the three extreme Nationalist parties, namely, Mr. de Valera's, Mr. O'Maille's and Professor Magennis's, and the left wing of the Government. This is a second proof of what I indicated some months ago in the *FORT-NIGHTLY REVIEW*, namely, that the various groups of extreme Nationalists are already beginning to swing into line for a common cause. No liaison arrangements as yet exist between them, but such are inevitable if the Free State is to survive.

I think, however, that Mr. de Valera's sun is setting. He missed the tide in his affairs which would have led him on to fortune, and the opinion is freely voiced here that when he split his party to lead a more moderate section, it was already too late. I understand that some of his party

desire, rather sensibly, to enter the Dail, oath or no oath; others will only enter if the oath is removed. How the oath is going to be removed if no one is present to take steps for its removal remains an irritating enigma to most people.

The extreme wing of Sinn Fein, led now by Art O'Connor, Father O'Flanagan, and Miss McSwiney, is, I hear, making little or no progress. Some of their leaders are apparently again hinting at possible warfare. It is the old story that when the people are divided among themselves no cause can make progress, and I shall own myself a bad prophet if the revival of nationality comes under either of the existing Republican banners. Possibly it will not come under the banner of Republicanism at all, but will be engineered by the good nationality and commonsense of the Kerry men.

So far as I can judge, Mr. de Valera's only hope of success now would be to merge his own personality and his party with some newer, wider group, who have not made quite so many political mistakes.

Prominent among other parties who are fighting for expression and leadership are the Parliamentary Labour Party, who are entirely distinct from and opposed to Jim Larkin's followers. They are arranging a political offensive on a bigger scale than ever yet attempted, and for the first time in Ireland, or perhaps elsewhere, are making a determined attempt to bring the professional classes into their ranks. They have at least the invaluable asset of knowing their own mind, and as they have been in opposition since the Free State started they are only tainted in a minor degree with the more or less unjust opprobrium of the civil war and the circumstances arising therefrom. They are not unanimous on Protection, but I understand will by agreement put it on their platform.

Professor Magennis's party, I am afraid, has lingered too long to have as good a chance of re-teaching Nationality as they had six months ago. But it is difficult to judge, for they are more or less standing steadily without either advancing or retreating on the piece of ground which they first seized. With them, too, is the difficulty of the lack of outstanding men.

Then the old Redmondite Party is to be revived as an "alternative," I am informed, to the present Ministry. John Redmond's only son, and Tom O'Donnell, his old colleague, are the moving spirits in the revival. They, too, have not yet published the details of their policy and plans, and with them, too, if report speaks truly, have been divided counsels. But they will do well.

There is talk of and much demand for a Centre or mildly conservative party. There may be a Catholic group whose chief plank will be temperance. There will certainly be publicans' candidates to advocate the interests of their trade.

Various stormy little organisations are proclaiming that they want and will have Parliamentary representation.

There are certainly enough ingredients to form a very exciting and historical election. This election must come before September, 1927; and it is itself a sign of renewed national vitality that so many and such varied groups of people are anxious to display at it a strong constitutional activity.

Wanted, a leader. No man or woman or priest endowed with the divine powers of leadership has appeared in Ireland since Michael Collins died. Quickly, strongly, picturesquely must the Irish people be wooed now if they are to be roused from their lethargy, and every political party and leader so far in the field is proving too timid; the Irish need a quicker, stronger wooer.

As a layman I write with diffidence of Church matters. Yet I do not think that the Roman Catholic Church is at present doing all that it could do for the people of Ireland.

This may be partly due to the fact that the priests, or some of them, took sides in the civil war, and therefore necessarily lost some of their best influence with their people. To identify oneself politically with the fortunes of any section of people means the acceptance of responsibility for their actions and there were, unfortunately, actions committed by both sides in the civil war with which a minister of religion should not have been identified. It ought to have been a case of choosing God or mammon, not a case of adoring God at his altars and condoning the

breaking of His Commandments for the sake of an earthly political creed. I do not say that many priests did this, but the few who did were responsible for a serious change in the outlook of the Irish people.

Secondly, I think that the teaching of religious and commercial morality is not sufficiently stressed in Ireland. It may not be elsewhere, either, but I am only concerned with Ireland where religion permeates to the very root of the people's nature. In other words, I think the Church does not grasp that the tendency of the people is to keep religion for Sundays and holidays, but to leave its teachings entirely outside their daily life.

I could give some extraordinary instances of this, but two will suffice. Speaking to a prominent Irishman the other day I referred rather sadly to an acknowledged atrocity which his side had committed during the civil war. He was a good living, pious man, but he looked at me in astonishment. "But," he said, "we had to fight our way through; they gave us an awful lot of trouble, we had to teach a lesson." The spokesman of a savage tribe could hardly say more or less.

A second instance of this strange isolation of religion. A girl of a certain unfortunate profession in conversation with a social worker who was trying to persuade her to give up the life, stated that before starting on her horrible rounds she always went into a church and said a prayer for her safety. She saw nothing whatever incongruous in her conduct until the social worker gently brought it home to her. Then she was quick to respond. She knew nothing of the practical application of Christianity to modern life. No one had taught her.

The churches of Ireland, it seems to me, have not changed in their teaching or their outlook for the last century, while the people of Ireland have passed through an educational and social revolution. They know how to pray, but they do not know how to translate prayer into action. Partly the churches where they do not learn practical Christianity, partly the schools where they do not learn citizenship, are to blame.

The subject, of course, is too big to be more than touched

on in the limits of a general article, but I will try to give one concrete instance. There is a great deal of cruelty to animals in Ireland, but not so much deliberate cruelty as cruelty through callousness and indifference.

Take, for example, cattle maiming, a peculiarly brutal form of revenge resorted to by warring neighbours. The perpetrators do not see that their action is cowardly and contrary to the teaching of Christ. If you can make them see it they are instantly repentant and will never do it again. I have proved that.

There is some kink in the teaching of Church and State where the people lay aside their religion with their morning and evening prayers, and where, in spite of it, they can practise public hatreds and cruelties unashamed.

There is another incongruity which introduces an even more delicate subject. Namely, clergymen in Ireland are regular patrons of coursing matches, and even occasionally of illegal cock fights. I do not intend to discuss the pros and cons of sport of any kind, but I do maintain, and I have witnessed it, that it is not a pleasant or an inspiring sight to see a clergyman, a leader of the Christ's religion, standing red-faced and hot, uncontrolled with enthusiasm, shrieking with delight while the cocks tear each other's flesh, and the dogs seize the wretched hares. All right for an ordinary man, perhaps, but one can visualise that it is difficult for a priestly patron of some blood sports to persuade his people that cattle maiming is cowardly and wicked. Simply because his own atmosphere has had a coarsening effect not only on his people but on him.

Of course, the majority of Irish clergymen are recruited from the farming class, whose training and instincts make it difficult for them to change some of their pastimes even when they become priests. Nevertheless, it is unfortunate for the Irish people that it should be so; unfortunate also, perhaps, for the Christian churches in Ireland.

Truly Ireland, her churches and her people, have big difficulties to face, but they have had bigger and have conquered.

Commercial and ethical problems, too, face them. The Shannon scheme is bringing many Germans here, so many

with their wives and families that special schools are being built for their children, while Irish children are emigrating. How far foreign penetration is desirable in a small country is another problem to be faced. I think myself that a new Government will face it best with eyes that are not politically dimmed and kindlier hearts because they are not seared with war memories.

Under the present *régime* there is at least no fear that Ireland will become too democratic, for autocratic legislation is on the increase. It is, indeed, impossible to overestimate the constitutional dangers surrounding a country whose government has no substantial opposition and a majority which can carry any vote. To give some example of recent autocratic legislation passed in the Free State there is a provision in the Tariff Commission Bill aimed at the Press and inflicting penalties if only one side of a case is reported. Under the new Betting Bill the Postmaster-General can open and detain any letters which he has "reasonable" grounds for supposing may refer to betting transactions. On two commissions sitting, if witnesses refuse to give evidence or produce papers asked for, they may be sent to prison. Under yet another Bill the goods of citizens may be seized for the debts of their relatives.

These facts and others relating thereto make people on the Irish side of the Channel realise that hardly anything is more desirable for the welfare of Ireland than the providing of a strong constitutional Opposition for whatever Government may be elected. For this reason it may be taken as certain that the 48 seats held now by non-participant Republicans will not be held by any non-participants after the next general election.

No election, in fact, ever held will be so pregnant of good or evil for Ireland. It may decide her destiny and her prospects for a century to come.

CLEMENCEAU

By PHILIP CARR

GEORGES CLEMENCEAU, who has lately become notorious as the author of an eloquent letter to President Coolidge concerning the French debt to America, was born in eighteen hundred and forty-one.

I begin by saying this, not merely in order to state things chronologically, but because, to those of us who have known him in this generation, the most important thing about him is that he is a wonderful old man. He is not only wonderful in having been actively and in effect solely in command of the affairs of his country at the age of eighty. As much could have been said of Gladstone and of one or two others in history; but a man of whom at this age the statement could be posted in every public building of the land that he had "deserved well of his country" would have been by then in the serene calm of universal and rather tolerant veneration. Veneration Clemenceau certainly commanded; but he neither asked for nor received tolerance any more than he gave it.

Clemenceau was born on September 28th, 1841, in a little house belonging to his mother's family at Mouilleron-en-Pareds, which means Paradise in the local dialect of the western Vendée countryside—a land of stubborn rocks, whose fields, contrary to the habit of most of France, are divided by hedges, and so have resemblance to the landscape of that England political association with which was the keystone of Clemenceau's foreign policy throughout his life. Nearly every Frenchman of strength and originality is either the son or the grandson of a peasant. This is the tough fibre which produces the intelligence of the country, as that of the upper middle class does of our own. Clemenceau was no exception. On his father's side he came of a family who had been village doctors for several generations, but on his mother's there was even less than this short remove from the soil.

His father was not only a doctor but he possessed, and transmitted to his son, that passionate Republicanism which elevates the Revolution into little less than a religion. In 1851 he had already been interned for sedition, and after the Orsini attempt on the third Napoleon's life he was arrested and imprisoned. "I will avenge you," said the boy Georges. "Then work," was his father's laconic reply.

At eighteen Clemenceau went to pursue his medical studies in Paris, which for the remainder of his life remained the centre of his thoughts, his dreams and his activity. At twenty-one he founded his first newspaper, *Le Travail*, in which he wrote not only political articles but dramatic criticism; and it was in connection with the first performance of *Gatana* by the reactionary Edmond About that he was imprisoned for "proclaiming the Republic" from the table of a café. In 1865 began his years of wandering. He went to England, and visited John Stuart Mill, whose *Auguste Comte and Positivism* he translated later. Indeed, it was to Positivism that his considered opinion and very free thought on religious matters ultimately bore the closest relation. He crossed to the United States, and was for a time correspondent of the *Temps* in New York. He became professor of French literature in a girls' school in Connecticut, and there fell in love with one of his pupils, the orphan Mary Plummer. It was long before he could persuade her guardian to a civil marriage, and in the meanwhile he paid a visit to France; but he returned in 1870, married the lady (from whom he was eventually separated), and brought her back to France just in time to leave her with his parents in the Vendée whilst he threw himself into the whirlpool of affairs in Paris.

He practised as a doctor in Montmartre, and grew to be loved by the people—as he loved, understood and sympathised with them. Indeed, Clemenceau had always had in his character a quality of mischievous outspokenness which is typical of the Parisian *gamin*. When war broke out it was impossible for any sincere Republican to hope for immediate success for Napoleon's flamboyant

policy, but, once the Empire was beaten at Sedan, a patriot such as Clemenceau has always been could work without scruple for the defence of France. The Empire fell like a pack of cards, and the Republic was proclaimed. Clemenceau's old friend Étienne Arago became Maire of Paris, and nominated Clemenceau to the Mairie of Montmartre. There for a short time he accomplished wonders of practical organisation. He established secular schools and, incidentally, came into collaboration with that strangely passionate and devoted revolutionary figure Louise Michel, then a young school-teacher.

In March, 1871, when all was lost, he was sent as a delegate to the National Assembly at Bordeaux, and there he was one of those few, like Victor Hugo and Gambetta, who joined the deputies of Alsace and Lorraine and signed the protest by which they refused to vote for the cession of those provinces to Germany. He came back to Paris in time for the early struggles of the Commune, and it was then that occurred the famous incident of the guns of Montmartre. They had been subscribed and paid for by the National Guard, and had successfully escaped seizure by the Germans; but they were taken by the French reactionaries and only recovered after a struggle, in the course of which the generals Lecomte and Thomas were placed against a wall and shot by the people. Clemenceau, though heaven knows he had no sympathy for them, risked his own life in trying to save theirs, and this courage cost him the animosity of the Commune, who accused him of being himself reactionary. A young Brazilian who resembled him was captured, and was about to be shot when the mistaken identity was discovered.

Clemenceau himself had to leave Paris. He found a few days for a flying visit to his father's Château de l'Aubraie to see his wife and new-born child; but most of his time was spent in touring the country and making speeches on behalf of unity and Republican principles. This naturally did not please Thiers, whose policy was to fish in troubled reactionary waters; and it was consequently not until 1876 that he returned to an active part

in national politics. However, he filled in the time most usefully by becoming member of the new Municipal Council of Paris in 1871, and eventually its president in 1875, thus adding further to his knowledge of the local affairs of the city.

In 1876 he was elected to the National Assembly for one of the districts of Paris as a thoroughgoing Republican, and took his seat on the extreme left under Gambetta. When the victory over MacMahon's attempt at a reactionary *coup d'état* had been won Clemenceau tried hard to persuade Gambetta to lead the Government; but the latter contented himself with the influential but mainly decorative post of President of the Chamber, and as the great tribune grew more and more opportunist and retired from the active battle to the background Clemenceau came to be regarded as the acknowledged leader of the Radical Left.

Clemenceau was a leader, an intrepid, an inspiring and a passionately just leader. From this time, however, his political activity begins to take the character, which it retained for many years, of being critical and destructive rather than of co-operating in the practical work of administration. He was scrupulously fair. He argued in favour of the amnesty to the Communists. No doubt his personal indifference to danger made him take into little account the fact that they had tried to shoot him. He was devotedly and sternly a Republican in principle, and he forsook even his old leader, Gambetta, when that leader appeared to be aiming at personal power. On principle he opposed the *scrutin de liste* as being undemocratic. On principle he was against the creation of a Senate. On principle he disliked the compromise which was represented by the Constitution of 1875. And yet it was only by negative criticism that he was willing to give effect to these principles. He was directly responsible for the fall of eighteen Ministries before he formed a Ministry himself, and he acquired the nickname of "le Tombeur," which was perhaps better suited to his political character than the better known "le Tigre"; for nothing so wild and unprincipled as the tiger ever represented Clemenceau's

action. He began by bringing down Gambetta. He brought down Jules Ferry. He brought down Grévy as President of the Republic. Indeed, with regard to that high office he acquired a speciality not merely of inducing the holders to resign, but of securing the election of the candidates whom he favoured. Carnot was his candidate. So was Loubet. So was Fallières. And it was perhaps the fact that Poincaré's election represented almost his first failure in this field which accounted for the animosity between the two men, when co-operation and mutual advice might have led to wisdom at the time of the Peace Conference, with one as President of the Republic and the other as Prime Minister.

In 1880 Clemenceau founded *Justice*, in collaboration with Camille Pelletan, that brilliant journalist and black-and-white draughtsman, whose great talents were more fitted for the arts than for politics. During the next five years it was through this paper that Clemenceau influenced the politics of the country. In 1885 he was returned to the Chamber of Deputies for the southern Department of the Var, a constituency to which he ever after remained electorally attached, first as deputy and then as a member of that Senate to whose original creation he had been so much opposed. In his paper and in the Chamber he waged relentless war against the reactionary Boulanger, although Boulanger had invited him to join his projected *coup d'état* as Prime Minister, with himself as Minister of War. Though a silent and unforgetting patriot, he combated the flamboyant patriotism of Deroulède, and eventually fought a duel with him. This was in connection with the Panama scandal, in which attempts were made to involve the honesty of Clemenceau, owing to the fact that in its early days Cornelius Herz had been accepted as a shareholder in *Justice*. He combated the proposed Russian alliance, which he regarded as undemocratic for a country with France's splendid revolutionary record, and also as likely to lessen the chance of an understanding with England, which Clemenceau, with the interest of France solely at heart, had always regarded as the right objective. He never lost a chance

of combating the influence of clericalism and of pointing out the anti-Republican attitude of the heads of the Catholic Church. He combated Jules Ferry's great schemes of colonial expansion in the East and brought them to naught: for he believed that it was France's duty first to concentrate her forces nearer home.

All these antagonisms resulted in his losing his parliamentary seat in the elections of 1893, and, at the age of fifty-two, there seemed so little chance of his ever recovering it that his political career might have been considered to have been at an end, and for several years he devoted himself to literature. It was the Dreyfus case which brought him back into the front line of politics. In 1897 he left *Justice*, to become the principal writer on *L'Aurore*, and it was in the columns of that paper that he conducted the magnificent campaign which resulted in the revision of the trial. He had at first believed Dreyfus to be guilty, and had said so in scathing terms. Even when, later, he became sure that the trial had been grossly irregular and ought justly to be revised, he did not yet believe him to be innocent. It was the distinguished Alsatian M. Scheurer-Kestner who eventually convinced him of the innocence of the accused. From that time Clemenceau, though no friend of the Jews, worked with a whole heart for the revision; and with the courageous collaboration of Emile Zola, of Jaurès, and of Colonel Picquart that revision was at last secured.

In 1902 Clemenceau became Senator for the Var, and supported the Combes Ministry in its enactments with regard to secular education, the establishment of the religious congregations as legalised secular associations, and, eventually, the separation of Church and State. In 1906, for the first time in his career, he assumed executive responsibility as Minister of the Interior under Sarrien, in a Cabinet which included Bourgeois, Poincaré, Briand, and Barthou; and, in October of the same year, he formed his first Government with a Ministry of much the same composition, but without Bourgeois and Poincaré, without Delcassé (who had been forced to resign at the dictation of Germany), and with Caillaux as Minister of

Finance, Viviani in the newly created Ministry of Labour, and Picquart—a just reward for political honour and courage—at the Ministry of War. This Government was probably the most Radical that had ever taken office under the Republic, and it lasted longer than any since the fall of the Empire. It would have been memorable if only for the passing of Caillaux's income-tax proposals, a notable reform in a country which had hitherto never been educated to any but indirect taxation. However, in the course of his occupancy of the Interior under Sarrien, and during his own Government, Clemenceau managed to create two dangerous oppositions, one of which led to the fall of the Government in 1909, while the other remained at his heels for the rest of his career. The latter was the opposition of the Labour Party and the Socialists. In spite of his passionate Republicanism and fervent Radicalism, Clemenceau was always too vigorous an individualist in theory and in practice ever to refuse the right to a blackleg not to strike. In the miners' strike at Courrières, after the awful explosion, he went, with his usual courage, alone into the district, and personally addressed the men; but although he won their respect he could not win their support, and he permanently estranged them by his use of the military. This use he put to an even more ingenious application when he mobilised the Engineers to provide Paris with light during the electrical strike, and the whole opposing principles of Individualism and Socialism were debated between himself and Jaurès in two historic sittings of the Chamber. Such debates could probably have taken place in no country at such a crisis except France, where abstract ideas are always disputed with enthusiasm. The debate is also remembered for its contrast between the picturesque, emotional and gesticulating charm and ringing voice of the vigorous personality of Jaurès and the quiet, steady, but burningly incisive logic of Clemenceau's short and always conversational form of oratory. What definitely crystallised the enmity of the Labour forces, however, was the rapidly decisive use of troops to suppress the entirely anarchical wine strike of 1907, which found expression in the destruction

of public buildings and the organised refusal to pay taxes.

The other opposition, which it might be said that Clemenceau almost wilfully created against himself, was on a question of foreign policy. It eventually culminated in a debate which was little more than a violently personal contest between Clemenceau and Delcassé, and allowed the latter to satisfy an old enmity by bringing about the fall of the Government. The theme was Morocco. Throughout his career Clemenceau had followed two guiding principles abroad: one was to discourage colonial expansion, the other to work towards an understanding with England. The latter he had triumphantly achieved during the course of his Ministry in the face of endless difficulties and prejudices. The former he was induced virtually to sacrifice by having to pursue the Moroccan policy which Delcassé had left as a legacy of his long control of the Quai d'Orsay. Delcassé was ultimately no doubt a friend of England also, although he worked through the devious ways of an Anglo-Russian entente, as leading to a triple entente; but although he was certainly responsible for the Anglo-French convention of 1904, some earlier expressions of his policy were not very friendly to English colonial aspirations, while Clemenceau's instinctive distrust of colonial adventures, as dissipating forces which might at any time be needed nearer home, in itself disposed him to be more tolerant of British claims.

The Moroccan question had so great an influence upon the career of Clemenceau and upon the events leading up to the war that it is worth while to indicate the chief landmarks in its history. In 1905 Delcassé opposed the growing German influence in that country, and eventually refused to join in a European conference to consider the relations of Morocco with the great Powers. That refusal led to his resignation. The early part of 1906 saw the Algeciras Conference, in which Great Britain supported France, with a resulting settlement which was favourable to French contentions. In 1907 came the French occupation of Casablanca, and in 1908 General Amadé's

advance into the interior and Clemenceau's declaration—so contrary to the principles which had previously guided him in colonial policy—that France would not evacuate Morocco. Nineteen hundred and nine was the year of the Franco-German agreement and Germany's assurances that her interests in Morocco were purely economic; but as quickly as 1911 this was followed by the Agadir incident, which was settled by the Franco-German convention and followed by the declaration of the French Protectorate in 1912. Clemenceau, who was by this time in opposition, returned to his old principles by opposing the ratification of the convention in a speech in which he used the since famous phrase: "We desire peace, but if war is forced upon us we shall be there."

After the fall of his Government, which seemed once more to have brought his political career to an end, Clemenceau went on a lecturing tour in the Argentine, from which he returned at the end of 1910 to found the *Homme Libre*, with a new group of collaborators, among whom for the first time appears the name of Georges Mandel, that curious personality afterwards so familiar in the corridors of the Peace Conference. During the two years which preceded the war, Clemenceau, through the columns of his paper, constantly warned his countrymen to sink all their differences and to prepare for war. When that war eventually broke out he continued as a patriotic but outspoken critic of the Government, and towards the end of 1914 the *Homme Libre* was suppressed by the censorship, only to reappear immediately afterwards as the *Homme Enchaîné*. The general line which he took with regard to strategy was always in favour of concentration upon the Western Front, but at this time it was only as President of the War Commission of the Senate that he had any official connection with the National Defence.

It was on November 16th, 1917, that Clemenceau, at the age of nearly 77, once more became Prime Minister of his country, and this in a time of grave national crisis. In spite of the support of patriotic opinion, he had strong opposition to face. He was thwarted by the Socialists on one side, by certain money interests on the other, while

his personal relations with M. Poincaré at the Elysée were anything but cordial. The money interests were perhaps his most dangerous enemy, especially as they had the support of the brains of M. Caillaux, who, like Giolitti in Italy and Lansdowne in England, was disposed to come to terms with Germany in order to bring the war to an end. M. Caillaux had, indeed, always been in sympathy with a Franco-German understanding, even at the expense of British good will, and he was certainly a thorn in the flesh of the President of the Council, whose proudest boast, whose answer to all criticism, was: "*Je fais la guerre, je fais la guerre.*" This thorn Clemenceau did not tolerate for long. In January, 1918, M. Caillaux was arrested, but only after M. Clemenceau had threatened to resign if the arrest was not agreed upon. After remaining for long without trial, he was eventually condemned by the High Court of the Senate to the forfeiture of civil rights and to banishment from Paris, though not from France. Meanwhile, Bolo Pasha had been executed for treason, in April, 1918, and M. Malvy, the former Minister of the Interior, had been condemned to exile in July.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the debt which France and Europe owe to the gallant inspiration and the fiery, tireless, and simplifying energy of this splendid old man during the years 1917-1918. His visits to the trenches became a legend. He turned up everywhere; and the words "Good morning, gentlemen," with which he invariably greeted a group of soldiers, had just the right touch of that fine Republican equality with which a civilian knows no rank.

Of his work and of the great influence which he exercised at the Peace Conference it is perhaps too early to speak with justice. It is one of the ironies of history that only one of the three Allied statesmen who dictated the Peace was a statesman who owed his position to peace-making qualities. Clemenceau was one of the two others who had obtained command because of the persistence and resource with which they had conducted war, and he himself, though never a militarist, had always been a fighter.

At last, in November, 1919, he resigned the office of

Prime Minister, but only because his friends had persuaded him that his election as President of the Republic in the following January was assured. As it turned out, he, like so many previous confident Presidential candidates whose defeat he had contrived, was this time himself defeated, and Deschanel was elected in his place. He then announced his final retirement from public life, and although his name appeared as founder on the front page of M. Tardieu's paper, the *Echo National*, which started in 1921, he took no further part in affairs until the series of lectures on America's responsibilities with regard to Europe which he gave in the United States at the end of November, 1922.

His appearance and personality at the time of the Peace Conference were familiar to many Englishmen, and have often been described. His square-tailed black coat, his grey suède or worsted gloves, which he never took off, his buckled shoes, were indispensable parts of his external aspect. The apparent sleepiness of the protective lethargy with which he reserved his incisiveness and mordant wit for special occasions was well expressed by the drooping eye-lids in that almost Chinese and parchment-skinned face, and in the comparative silence with which he allowed most of the talking to be done by his subordinates. Those, however, who were privileged to see him in his home at 8 rue Franklin—an old-fashioned flat in an old-fashioned house amongst modern surroundings—were better able to judge of the extraordinary versatility and sparkling energy of his mind. I can remember calling upon him one morning at nine o'clock when he was more than eighty years old, and waiting for him in his study, the typical workroom of a well-travelled and well-read French man of letters and amateur of the arts. There were books on all the chairs, and they were piled on the shelves in that ordered confusion which is the result of constant reference. On the walls, modern paintings hung beside photographs of Greece and Italy, and in the middle of the room was that large horseshoe-shaped writing table in whose hemicycle Clemenceau would sit and talk to you, his black skull-cap on his head. As he came in and greeted me in

excellent English, he explained that he had been obliged to keep me waiting because he had not yet finished the athletic exercises which he did every morning after his bath—more than eighty years old!

Such a personality fortunately has not escaped the interpretation of great artists. Edouard Manet painted him in 1879, Raffaelli in 1885, and Carrière in 1900, while there is a bust of him by Rodin; but perhaps the most characteristic of all his portraits is that little pen-and-ink sketch by Pellétan in 1883 which already gives the suggestion of the heavy eye-lids and the Chinese look which he has as an old man.

His life and his habits are simple. He is a teetotaler. He cares nothing for society, though he is a brilliant conversationalist among his own friends. Conversation, indeed, is the manner of his oratory—severely logical, in short sentences without gesture, though he is a master of quick retort and irony, and is always on the attack rather than the defence. He is a duellist to be feared, a left-hand swordsman, and a perfect pistol-shot. His honesty is absolute, and he has never been other than a poor man.

Clemenceau is no respecter of persons nor of party, and has relentlessly disregarded individual claims at all times. If he has the habit of saying uncomplimentary things behind the backs of his colleagues and subordinates as well as of his opponents—things which penetrate to each man's moral nudity with a corrosive accuracy of malicious wit—he has equally the habit of saying the same things to their faces. He is what the French call "*cassant*." His orders are laconic and peremptory, and he is impatient of discussion; but if he broke men as readily as he broke talk, it was with so disinterested a purpose of putting better men in their places that he commanded respect. His recognition of service was almost entirely negative; but so loyal was he in his own transparent patriotism, and so unsparing of himself, as of others, that the service which he could command was enthusiastic.

Clemenceau's philosophy might be described as humanist-materialist. Though he is at bottom a profound pessimist, his attitude towards humanity is kindly

and sympathetic and full of pity. In politics he was always willing to champion the oppressed, but never on condition of a change in the social system. His mind could not grasp anything that was not individualist, and his only hope of progress was that, under an individualist system, the mind and heart of man might be softened.

In the years of his comparative retirement from politics he made several excursions into literature. He issued four volumes of essays, sketches, and articles which had appeared from time to time in the various newspapers which he directed, and by no means all of these dealt directly with political and social subjects. He published a novel, *Les Plus Forts*. Its theme was the contest between the real father and the legal father of the heroine, and it had been originally written as a play, which was never produced. Another dramatic work, a sentimental duologue in one act, called *Le Retour de Cythère*, was about to be acted in Paris when the war broke out, but has never yet been seen. His one acted play was, however, quite sufficient to make a literary reputation. This was the *Voile du Bonheur*, a Chinese story in two acts, produced by Gémier in 1901. Its tenderly pessimistic philosophy and touching refusal to see the ugliness of life well represented its author's kindest side. An English translation of it by the present writer was privately produced in London before the war. After he definitely forsook politics, Clemenceau again took to the pen, and this year he published a study of Demosthenes, in which an analogy can easily be found between the great orator's patriotism, his fiery encouragement of the Athenians against the foreign enemy, Philip of Macedon, and the ingratitude of those same Athenians towards the man who had rallied them, on the one hand—and the latter part of Clemenceau's career, as it appeared to him, on the other.

THE BULGAR-YUGOSLAV TENSION

BY A. CHRISTITCH

THE predominant rôle which naturally falls to the progressive and steadily consolidating kingdom of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes in South-East Europe cannot be assumed while there is variance with the racially nearest neighbour. How much of latent rancour for past misdeeds of the "non-brother" is responsible for Serbia's mistrust is immaterial, so long as her borders are exposed to continual aggressive raids. It is futile for distant mentors to counsel amity so long as shot and shell molest the population.

The Balkan Pact, propounded as expedient by both Great Britain and France, is not feasible while Bulgar *komitadjis* roam at large wreaking their terrible will on Serbian territory and finding sanctuary in Bulgaria. Any step towards effective reconciliation and union of purpose with the sister Slav nation is impossible to Yugoslavia while banditry parading as patriotism is tolerated by the Government at Sofia. Whether through weakness or through complicity, condonation of outrage on Bulgaria's neighbours has been a feature of the Liaptcheff régime. Greece and Rumania have been involved, but Yugoslavia has been the most constant sufferer. Nevertheless, a bullet is a bad argument against an editorial pen, as Bulgarian fanatics should by now have discovered. The murder last July of Spassoje Hadji-Popovitch, editor of the Bitolj *Southern Star*, in a public café, served as a signal for a series of similar misdeeds in other frontier districts that justify the Yugoslav protest against financial assistance to Bulgaria without adequate control. It is true that Sofia press organs advocate a policy of mutual confidence; but all this is fallacious if the inhabitants of Southern Serbia cannot sleep peacefully in their beds. A miscreant named Velichko Veljanoff still organises with impunity armed attacks on the village of Kriva Palanka and the adjacent hamlets, shooting, burning, pillaging in the approved *komitadji* style. His lair on the Bulgar side

of the frontier should not be inaccessible to Bulgar gendarmes if the Liaptcheff Government be genuinely desirous of peace and order in the Balkans. Meantime, the work of reconstruction, incumbent on Yugoslavia in these war-riven regions, is delayed and frustrated by the uncertain conditions that prevail. The freedom conferred on the inhabitants by the Serbian victory of Kumanovo over the Turks in 1912 was but preliminary to the more onerous task of cultural and economic development. Roads, railways and schools were needed for the dwellers themselves in this fertile land, and for the would-be colonists from the more advanced parts of the kingdom. Settlers from the Banat, whose well-built, red-tiled roofs excited my admiration, told me that the generous harvest yield and the favourable climatic conditions, in spite of drought and lack of modern agricultural implements, made their venture well worth while, were it not for the everlasting menace of the *komitadjis*. Some of these valiant pioneers have since returned to northern Yugoslavia, inveighing against the Government that had failed to protect themselves and their property from nightly raids. The law prohibiting the possession of firearms had been rigorously enforced by the authorities until the futility of disarmament for one side only was made clear to the peacemongers who imagined that example would influence the *komitadjis*!

I spoke also with Dalmatians who had come hither from their barren rocks to make a living by tillage instead of by fishing, and learned from one disconsolate matron that her husband was murdered before her eyes by a band of Bulgar miscreants whose demands for money he was unable to satisfy. In another case a young mother was shot with her babe in her arms. "We thought that the war was over," they said bitterly, "and were lured here to face plunder and assassins. The risk is too great, and now we only wish to go back."

By the time the Home Ministry had acquiesced to the demand for firearms of the border population many homes had been vacated.

One cannot wonder that in such conditions the administration leaves much to be desired. Some valiant souls,

indeed, readily undertake the dangers and responsibilities of a post in these regions; but the lesser officials are not the pick of Yugoslavia's civil servants. In spite of higher pay and various privileges attached to the service Southern Serbia does not attract a sufficient number of capable officials to ensure a uniform system of administration. The married man with a family to bring up looks upon Southern Serbia as a kind of Siberia, and will often retire from Government service rather than join issue with the *komitadjis*.

Deliverance of Serbian Macedonia from the bandit plague must necessarily precede exploitation of its mineral wealth and furtherance of the budding silkworm, tobacco and earthenware industries. It is not merely a question of economics and culture but of State sovereignty and prestige. Anarchy in one spot produces demoralisation elsewhere. A government which cannot secure tranquillity on its frontiers in peace time ceases to inspire confidence in the mass of its citizens. Realisation of this fact, coupled with the persistent determination to avoid overt hostilities, will no doubt have inspired the Belgrade Cabinet to seek the collaboration of Rumania and Greece in the Note to Bulgaria. Dr. Nintchitch is not unaffected in this case by the clamours of the Opposition, usually not unappreciative, on the whole, of his cleverly cautious foreign policy. He will not, however, go the lengths suggested by his critics who are partisans of the eye for an eye and tooth for a tooth principle. No armed Yugoslav force will cross the frontier to retaliate for incursions from the Bulgarian side. But the firm tone of the Note, and irrefutable data concerning the criminal activities of the Macedonian Revolutionary Organisation whose headquarters are at Sofia, leave but one course open to the Bulgarian Government. The sanguinary leader of the raids between Veliki and Mali Rujn, Jankul Milcheff by name, must be arrested, as well as the outlaw Stamenkovitch, whose feats as a highwayman have made his name a terror in the district. He is actually in the uniform of a Bulgar gendarme, and terrorises indiscriminately Serb and Bulgar dwellers on the border. The followers of these and similar "heroes" must be disarmed, and this is certainly within

the power of the Government at Sofia. The extraordinary immunity enjoyed by the Macedonian Revolutionary Organisation, an irregular Government within a Government, has emboldened it to formulate a memorandum demanding autonomy for the unhappy districts now subjected to its depredations. Co-operation with the League of Nations itself in ruling an "autonomous Macedonia" is sought by an organisation which includes some genuine patriots among a majority of ordinary freebooters. Its record for the year 1925 is a holocaust of seventy-five Yugoslav lives, passive or active victims in twenty-five different skirmishes. In this year, during the month of May, there were no fewer than four irruptions into Yugoslav territory, including the Easter bomb outrage at Strumitsa on the Orthodox feast of Holy Saturday. The most pitiable element in Southern Serbia seemed to me the frontier guards, exposed to blame, as well as peril. Haggard and weary, their attenuated frames shivering with malaria, they have no rest by night or by day. They complained that they were too few, especially in those parts where crags and fastnesses afford cover to the assailants. All the more touching are the tiny well-cultivated gardens (with never a vegetable but plenty of flowers, as these are immune from loot) which form the chief joy of the solitary sentinel in this danger zone of Europe. Two pieces of wood, roughly joined together to form a cross, catch the traveller's eye here and there on the roadside, marking the spot where one more guardian of the law in Yugoslavia met his doom at the hands of Bulgarian desperadoes.

I was told in Sofia that the Treaty of Neuilly was responsible for the dangerous conditions on the frontiers, and that, deservedly or not, Bulgaria has ground for discontent. But revision of an obnoxious treaty is hardly furthered by an exterminating campaign against border populations. Meantime the Allied signatories of the Treaty of Neuilly have not only the right but the duty to maintain its integrity. This can only be achieved by rigorous condemnation of the laxity, not to say complicity, of official Bulgarian factors towards the campaign of terrorism employed to procure its abrogation.

SALUTE TO THE MUSE

BY ERIC B. W. CHAPPELOW

O first beloved and last in all my goings,
Whether it be by those far-fabled seas
That laugh defiance at Time's overthrowings,
Seeing they kiss those shores loud fame calls Greece,
Or whether to the Thracian Chersonese
I sail with Argo and the Minyæ,
Under the stars, seeking the Golden Fleece,
I care not so it only be with thee!
For where thou art I follow, whether I see
Thy beauty glimmering o'er those water-ways
That gird with song immortal Italy
Whom saints and singers ring with prayer and praise,
Or whether, O beloved, 'neath English skies
I sit and drink in wonder from thine eyes!

Thee did my boyhood worship from afar
With that high rapture only boyhood knows,
Saw thee in heaven alone a guiding star,
Caught thy fresh fragrance from the dewy rose,
Or heard thy laughter in the wind that blows
O'er silver grass down gusty April ways,
Knew the superb magnificence that glows
In thy full loveliness those singing days
When June's glad feet have followed after May's.
So was it ever, ever so shall be
Till, when at last the quickening Angel lays
His healing hands on my infirmity
And bids me forth upon my latest cruise,
Even with my swan-song I salute thee, Muse!

CHILDREN OF THE MORNING

BY W. L. GEORGE

CHAPTER VII

THE WOMEN'S WAR

SINCE, in the main, the people of Dzon inhabited the northern beaches, the foothills had become neutral ground, and the camp of the Tsarl lay some three miles away from the water's edge. So, after he had run about the trees, doubling as a fox, Bloo put his ear to the ground, and, locating footfalls, went up the hills, where after a while he found Leo and Arold, who had deposited their burden. During the struggle most of the decoration of shell and bark which Ovmarion wore about her neck had been torn away; now she lay before them, white in the light of the moon, her red locks tumbled about her eyes, and in those eyes a look of fear. She was so frightened that she dared not raise her hands to the gag of bark.

"Touch not that bark," Leo admonished her, "and strive not to cry out to your friends, or I shall make you *izenecr*."

Bloo tore the strip of bark away from the girl's lips: "Fool," he said to Leo. "Let her cry out. What woman's voice can reach so many paces? Cry, Ovmarion," he said, "cry if you will: none shall hear you."

The girl was too frightened to weep, so Bloo considered her, smiling to himself because he had been successful in his attack, because he had done well, because he had deserved well of the Tsarl whom he feared and loved. Also he considered Ovmarion, so young and white, more delicate, more refined, than the women of the hills, who lived in the open about their fires, like beasts. "Weep," he said, as he put out a hand to caress the red curls. "You go to the master, yes, but when he is weary of you, still shall you be loved."

She shrank away as if she understood him, for she feared this small man, almost as sinister as Arry the Cruel, though, in fact, he attracted her a little, because there lived in his eyes what did not reign in those of Arry, a bright, a hard intelligence.

"Come, now," he said to Leo and to Arold, "hurry back, men, hurry back, fools and dull wits! Do you wait for Haakon and morning?"

Obediently, the two heavy men raised Ovmarion and, holding her each by one arm, led her away into the forest, while Bloo, his hands knotted behind him, followed, his head in the air. So at last they came to the glade and the grove of the banyans, where the eternal fire burned, where now many slept, where, alone, squatting before the fire, watched by two men with grounded spears, waited the Tsarl. In the light of the fire which played upon his ruddy hair, upon the vast whiteness of his torso, fringed with moss entwined with bark, his hair

studded with the feathers of the paloma, silent and engrossed, it was a barbaric sovereign before whom at last appeared the three soldiers of the Tsarl, pushing before them their prisoner. When he saw her the Tsarl smiled, a slow, half-revengeful smile, as if he hated the people of the plains, and as if he rejoiced not so much in his captive as in his capture.

"So," he said, "you have her. It is well done, Leo and Arold. Well done, Bloo, for I know it is you who schemed this. Bring her closer."

The three pushed Ovmarion, who trembled as if she were a child encountering in a dream the ogre of stories.

"White and fat Ovmarion," said the Tsarl, ironically, "there is much to eat in the plains, is there not? Here you will encounter hardship. Conduct yourself well or you shall suffer." He put out a hand, grasped her arm, which shrinkingly she tried to free. "So already you conduct yourself badly. Remember this." With the full sweep of his arm he struck the girl across the face, so that she fell upon her knees, her arms upheld to ward off another blow, which did not come. The Tsarl stood over her, stained with orange by the flickering flames, so big, so terrifying, that indeed no blow was needed, for weakness brought Ovmarion from her knees to her face. She crawled at his feet, long quivers passing over her back, she crawled as before Ankel at dawn in the forest; Ankel was the Tsarl.

"Take her back to my shelter," said the Tsarl, looking away, "and you, Leo, see that she does not escape. If she tries to, bring her to me and I will teach her to prefer the hills to the plains."

Bloo he detained, while the others led away Ovmarion, the first prize of war. He questioned him, nodding his shaggy head as his lieutenant recounted how easy it had been.

"So," said the Tsarl, "now these people know that I am not to be defied, and that if I ask I must be given, because I am the Tsarl. This is the end, Bloo. I am master of all, and none shall stand against me."

"Tsarl," said Bloo, after a pause, "it may be so, but still I am uneasy."

"Uneasy?" cried the Tsarl, laughing. "Oh, you fear Haakon. Bloo, you always were a coward. But fear not; I shall protect you."

"Tsarl, it is not only Haakon. Dzon I fear, and Sandy, too. Sandy more than any."

"Sandy?" cried the Tsarl, opening wide blue eyes. "Why, with one hand only I could swing Sandy above my head like a dead monkey."

"Tsarl, I am uneasy. It is true that you are strong, stronger than Haakon himself. True, too, Sandy you could break in your hands like a thin branch, but Sandy has something for which I know not the name." The wild man made an effort to express the word "thought," but failed, so used a metaphor: "Oh, Tsarl, Sandy knows what will come to-morrow, so when to-morrow comes it is as if it were to-day."

"You talk foolishness," said the Tsarl. "It is like your foolish dreams when you cry out in fear of Ankel."

"Tsarl, to-day I fear Sandy, Dzon, and all those men of the plains more than Ankel. Master, they are together as we are. What you take from one you take from all. All are against you now."

"With these arms shall I break them all," cried the Tsarl.

"Then," said Bloo, suddenly inspired, "do it now, O Tsarl. Do not wait for them to attack you."

"Why should I attack them?" asked the stupid chief. "So long as they bow to me I am content. I have the girl, and they are weak."

"No, Tsarl," said Bloo, shaking his head. "I am uneasy. You have injured them, but you have not made them weak. O chief, do not leave in your path injured people who are still strong. Attack them lest they attack you. Call us together now, all who can wield an axe or carry a spear. In one hour, long before the dawn, we shall have destroyed them. Some of them shall be *iseneer*, some will have bowed their heads to you, O chief, and the light which hurts will be about their huts, making ash of your enemy."

The Tsarl hesitated before the counsel of a born general, not because he realised at all the wisdom of Bloo, who, ideal military man, preferred the offensive to the defensive, but the idea of fighting and slaughter appealed to him:

"Maybe I will," he said, "maybe." Then from the shelter of boughs were heard the sounds of a girl weeping. It was Ovmarion, her nerves at last relaxed, who lay a prisoner watched by a silent guard; her face buried in her hands, she wept for Haakon, who was far away. That sound, that sure token of victory, a woman's tears, the most complete proof of abasement which a woman can yield a man, penetrated into the heart of the Tsarl, and filled it with an immense vainglory.

"She weeps," he said. "I will dry her tears."

"Tsarl," cried Bloo, "Tsarl, attack them before it is too late."

"When the sun rises again," cried the Tsarl, pushing him away; and Bloo, hanging his head, watched his chief go to his pleasures. Sighing, he, too, soon lay down, but he had enough influence in the camp to make Leo and Feodor put themselves half a mile out of the camp upon a spur from which they could see well down into the foothills. At least they should not be surprised.

Bloo was a general, but he was not a psychologist or a student of history. Had he so been, this soldier of an autocrat would have slept easy, contemptuous of the democracy of the beaches, knowing that they would talk, but not act. Indeed, the comforting of Haakon, the promises of redress, had taken time. Home City was roused, and for a while buzzed from hut to hut, discussing the incident. Already all the signs of democracy were present, for within an hour rumour was awake.

"They say that two men of the Tsarl stole Ovmarion," said Winnie.

"So they say," replied Phoebe, "but I believe she went gladly. Otherwise would she not have called us?"

"So it is," replied Winnie, and went back to her hut, where she found Geoff.

"Geoff," said she, "Ovmarion has left Haakon; she was not stolen."

For a long time she loved Feodor. It is with Feodor that she has gone."

Before Geoff went to sleep, caring, after all, very little whether anything so trifling as a young girl had disappeared or not, he heard that Ovmarion had not been stolen, that no men had come, but actually two women of the Tsarl, jealous of her red hair. So it came to be believed that in the night Ovmarion had flown with her lover, that she had been murdered by jealous women, that she had a quarrel with Haakon, and was in fact hiding in one of the huts. The incident which was to modify the life of the island revolved in a vast pool of imbecility.

Dzon, however, who had the confidence of Haakon, kept his mind clear, and soon after dawn, when the worship of Ankel was finished, called to him Sandy and Geoff, the latter casual and still rather bored.

"Sandy," said Dzon, "evil has been done last night."

"Indeed it is so," said Sandy, nodding his head.

"It is not well," said Dzon, "that man should be parted from woman."

"Women are many," said Geoff. "Let Haakon choose another."

Dzon shook his head: "No, Haakon took Ovmarion, and she took him, before me. She is his and he is hers. Geoff . . ." his savage mind succeeded in expressing himself: "What would you say, what would you do, if the Tsarl took from you the woman who has been joined to you?"

"I should slay him," replied Geoff.

"Yes, and I should slay him too," said Sandy thoughtfully, "if he took Winnie from me."

"Then," said Dzon, directing upon him the gaze of his black-fringed blue eyes, "can you bear that the Tsarl should have taken from Haakon that for which you would slay if it were taken from you?" They stared at him, understanding slowly. Then he went on: "You must protect Haakon so that he may protect you. If you were alone, the Tsarl and his men would take Winnie from you, Sandy. So you must not be alone. You must restore Ovmarion so that Winnie may be safe."

"It is well spoken," said Sandy.

"It is," said Geoff.

"Then," said Dzon, "let us call our people together and take counsel with them."

Within half an hour most of the dwellers of Home City were collected in the open space before the huts. The rumours which had spread during the night were now associated with this message that went from one to the other, calling them together. Even Arry, Ida, and Loo, in their remote establishment, heard the call, and, though they held little fellowship with Home City, curiosity brought them to the scene. Only Zulien was missing. He had gone to his lair in the western caves, and none dared fetch him, for he sometimes emerged furious and raving.

Dzon stood upon a large stone, and surveyed the scene. It was indeed a strange one, the first public meeting ever called upon the

island. Nearly a hundred people, of whom the majority were children, growing boys and girls, were collected about him. There they stood in every stage of dignity or decoration, some staring at Dzon and wearing the ox-like expression of the mild and foolish; others chattered, wagging their jaws, thus spreading more rumours; the children either stared, or began to play among the legs of their seniors, and there were a few couples of young lovers, arms about waists, who smiled at each other, fondled each other, made love as was their nature in the midst of this ceremony. It was, in fact, just such a crowd as collects in civilised lands about any orator. Only the ornaments of bark and shell, the head-dresses of feathers, the occasional spears held by the men, and above all the sky, so hot that its blue was wasted to whiteness, picked it out from a civilised scene.

"O people," said Dzon, slowly turning his head and surveying the assembly, "I am glad that you have come at my bidding, for a thing was done last night that must not be done again. Two who were one are now two again, and Haakon, our friend, mourns her whom he has lost. Ovmarion has been stolen by the men of the Tsarl, and now in the arms of the Tsarl she lies. I ask you, is it well?" He paused, but there was no reply from the eddying, puzzled crowd. Their slow minds were too much employed absorbing information to respond and to protest. "Friends, that which was done last night may be done again. I have taken my head into my hands, and it has ached. I have sought the truth, and I have sought to know what will come to-morrow. Friends, I do not know, and none know, save Ankel. But something tells me, as if Ankel stood by my ear and whispered, that danger hangs over us, as the shadow of a pelican's wings makes a fleeting darkness upon the sand. If one has been stolen, another will be stolen. Will you have it so?" Still there was no response, and only the squeal of a child, the tittering of a girl, replied to him. Then instinct moved Dzon, and saved his speech from failure by striking the humanity of his hearers. "Hans," he cried, pointing to one of the men, "would you have Gracie stolen from you in the night?"

"No," shouted Hans.

"Yet, Hans, it may be. Think well, think of the Gracie whom you love in the arms of the Tsarl: see his arms about her. See his mouth pressing kisses upon hers . . ."

"Let him come!" shouted Hans, stepping forward, and raising his stone axe.

"Yes, let him come," shouted half a dozen voices, "and we shall make him *izeneer*."

"Then, arise," cried Dzon, "arise while there is yet time, and prevent that from being which otherwise must be! Mark, her whom you love was taken from you. Haakon, her whom you love was taken from you. Arise while there is time! Carl, if you will not take arms Una will be taken from you. I tell you all: you, Sandy, and you, Donal, and you, Geoff, if you do not take arms the women you love, the children who live in your huts, the girls with the flowing hair,

shall be taken from you, shall be taken by the Tsarl, and I tell you . . ."

His voice was not heard, for now the assembly, whipped into anger, was raising spears, swinging axes, and only the lack of a leader prevented men and women from rushing towards the foothills to attack the Tsarl's camp. At last, when the voices grew less loud, Dzon cried that all would be well, that he wished only to know that they were with him, accepting his leadership. He said: "Sandy and Geoff, stay with me. Others, for the moment, go to your pleasures or your tasks—and watch your women well."

Followed by Sandy and Geoff, he went into Sandy's hut, and there for a long time there was argument. Geoff wanted forthwith to collect all the men and the stronger women, and to attack the camp of the Tsarl.

"No, Geoff," said Dzon, "not yet. After all, what do we seek? That Ovmarion should return. Then, why should we take arms so soon? enter a struggle in which more than one will be made *izeneer*!"

"That is true," said Sandy, the coolest of all.

"Attack them, or they will attack you," said Geoff, a man of the same mind as Bloo, and doomed by the moderation of his chief, as Bloo had been doomed by the self-indulgence of his own.

"No, Geoff," said Dzon, "we do not seek blood. We seek only that what evil has been done shall be repaired."

The discussion lasted nearly an hour, at the end of which it was decided that Dzon, Geoff, and Sandy should go as ambassadors into the hills, and negotiate the release of the captive. So, about an hour later, these three walked into the hills, and, after a search of two hours, came upon the camp of the Tsarl. They found there a scene which puzzled them, half a dozen men casting the throwing stick at the trees, and among them Bloo, urging them, mocking them, mimicking their efforts. The sound they made in the brushwood caused Bloo to turn.

"Ha!" cried Leo, and was about to cast his throwing stick. "They come!"

Bloo caught his arm. "Wait, big fool, and let them speak. What do you want?" he asked Dzon, who now drew near.

"I would speak with the Tsarl."

Bloo laughed; the answer he could give delighted him: "The Tsarl, fools? The Tsarl has no time for men to-day."

Dzon flushed, for he understood the taunt. "Bloo," he said, "do not jest. This is no time for jesting. Fetch the Tsarl, and bring him here. I would speak with him."

Bloo looked about him, at the half dozen men who now held their sticks in their hands, watching the scene, and he laughed, so that they echoed him. "Hear you this fool," he cried. "Hear him! Fetch the Tsarl, says he. Let the master come at my bidding. Oh, Dzon, you are indeed a Tsarl, and he shall come running to you as a cub to the peccari when she squeals. He shall lie at your feet and shall worship you as you worship Ankel at dawn." He bowed mockingly. "You have only to command."

"Bloo," said Geoff harshly, "enough of this fooling." His hand went towards the axe hung in his belt.

Colour covered the face of Bloo, and he drew back. Nimble, he was yet craven, so he said in a gentler voice:

"Speak then, Dzon. The Tsarl you cannot see, and even I dare not go to him, but say to me what you have to say, and I will speak with him."

Dzon looked doubtfully towards Sandy, who nodded his head, and whispered:

"You can do nothing by force. They are six and we are three."

"Bloo," said Dzon, "you know why we have come. You know what troubles us. The Tsarl has stolen Ovmarion. She does not belong to him."

"All women belong to the Tsarl," replied Bloo.

"No," said Dzon. "We do not think so. She has been joined to Haakon, and Haakon needs her. Give her back to us."

Bloo hesitated. Though his men were six and the enemy were three, he feared battle, for he knew that some unpleasant stroke might befall him, so he bargained:

"Oh, Dzon, this is foolish. You will anger the Tsarl, and he against whom the Tsarl feels anger may become *izeneer*."

"Let him come," said Geoff angrily, "and we shall see who first *izeneer*."

"Wait," said Dzon, "this talk of *izeneer* is foolish. We seek only that which is ours. Oh, Bloo, when have we disturbed you? Is not Sybil with you? Are not Ida and Ethel? Vera, Bertha, Lina, their children, many more, these are with you, and we grudge them not. You live after the fashion of your people, and we after our own. We grudge you not one woman that is yours, but the woman that is ours, Ovmarion, she must return to us."

If one of his men, Arold, had not then spoken, Bloo might have incited them to attack, but Arold said:

"It is well spoken, Dzon. They who are ours must stay with us, and she who is yours must return."

There was an uncertain pause, at the end of which Bloo, whose mind had been working fast, realised that, if now he went to the Tsarl, risking his anger, his men meanwhile might fraternise with the men of the plains. Also, the words of Arold showed that they might not attack with a steady heart. He dared neither attack nor withdraw, so negotiated:

"Dzon," he said, "come closer. I am a friend of yours."

"I am glad," said Dzon.

"Do not listen to him," said Sandy, "until he proves himself a friend."

"So I will," cried Bloo. "Listen to me. If I go to the Tsarl and bring him to you, he will come with his hair blowing, his eyes and his mouth full of flame."

"I will meet him," cried Geoff.

"Fool!" said Bloo. "If you meet him, indeed you may slay him,

but if you slay him, we shall slay you, and you shall not have Ovmarion. Dzon, listen. Before sunset I will go to the Tsarl. After he has slept, drunk, and eaten, and when the world looks fair in his eyes, yes, I will go to him, and I will say to him what you have said to me. I will plead with him, I will pray to him. I will ask him to send Ovmarion back to you because she is yours." He laid his hand upon Dzon's forearm, and said, in the ingratiating voice of a girl who begs for a present: "It will please me if you do this, Dzon, because I am your friend, because long I have desired so to be, and I am the Tsarl's friend too. He listens to me, and listens only when he chooses."

"It is well spoken," said Dzon innocently. Geoff fingered his axe with an air of doubt, but Sandy nodded his head, agreeing with Dzon.

"So," said Bloo, "that is agreed. I will go to the Tsarl when the time is ripe, and I shall return the girl to you because I love you well."

"So be it," said Dzon, and, turning, went slowly down the hill with his two followers. Bloo watched him go with an expression of maniacal fury upon his white features, and when they had disappeared he turned to his men and said:

"Now, fools, go on with the throwing stick, since I am trying to teach you to be men."

"What for?" asked Arold.

"Because, fool, within one day, or perhaps two, these will come back again, followed by many, many more than we. Go on, fool, let me see you strike that banyan tree. Go on," and relying upon his intelligent, fierce mind, he dared to strike the giant across the back, so that the other looked up, within his eyes a sulky gleam, yet obeyed.

"*Roombah!*" shouted Bloo, as he drilled his men. "*Roombah!*" In his excitement he picked up one of the rhythms of Mord, and as he drilled his men and insulted them, he sang the song of war:

Roombah! Roombah! Roombah!
Yastarikan izeneer!
Roombah!
Tsarl yo! Ovankel Tsarl
Roombah! Roombah! Roombah!

"*Hirak!*" he cried, as he persuaded them to cast the throwing sticks together, so as to obtain the effect of a broadside. "*Roombah!*"

He did not know what the word meant, but it expressed his mood: it contained the brave spirit of the word War. So the obedient soldiers drilled while Bloo sang in the honour of his chief:

War! War! War!
 Now shall we slay them!
 War!
 I am the Tsarl! The Tsarl of the Lord!
 War! War! War!

Bloo did not carry to the Tsarl much detail of what the ambassadors had spoken. In fact, when later in the day he went to him, waiting until he woke, he told him only that Dzon had come, demanding Ovmarion, and saying that all women belonged to Dzon.

"Ho!" laughed the Tsarl, "why did you not slay him?"

"Because," said Bloo, "slaying belongs to the Tsarl, to the son of Ankel. I did not slay him, but you, Tsarl, shall slay him when you will."

"It is well spoken," said the Tsarl, patting the shoulder of his small lieutenant. "Yes, I shall slay him, and soon."

"He said that you should not, O Tsarl. He said that he was stronger than you, that his blows were heavier than yours."

The Tsarl jumped up, his face red, his hair tangled, a terrible picture of bestiality: "So. I will go to him now, and we shall see."

Bloo seized the big forearm and hung to it like an ardent girl: "No, Tsarl, do not that yet. Wait until to-morrow at dawn, so that all of us may go with you, so that nothing can befall you."

"Nothing shall befall me," shouted the Tsarl. "I shall prevail."

"Can you prevail against three? Can you prevail against ten? Can you prevail against a hundred?" pleaded Bloo. "O master, listen to me. We cannot risk that you should be slain by those unworthy. You are our master, you are our father, you the son of Ankel."

"What would you have me do?" said the Tsarl sulkily, and thus giving Bloo what he wanted.

"Tsarl, let me tell all our people what they should do, and if they will do as I tell them, soon you will prevail. I will teach them how to use their arms. I will think for them."

"I can do that," said the Tsarl laughing, "and I need you not."

"Yes, my master," said Bloo, in his soft voice, "I know that, but is it worthy of you? Do you not dwell so far above men and women who crawl about the earth like the peccari? Is it not well that one should think for you, while you sit in your majesty?"

"It is well spoken," said the Tsarl, after a while, stroking his red beard. "Yes, I am above all men. Call my people together, I will speak with them."

When a little later another assembly was collected, the speech of the Tsarl was more direct than that of Dzon the democrat:

"People," he said, "listen to Bloo as if you listened to me, and in all things do his bidding. Only my word shall prevail over his. Now go, for you weary me."

Thus did Bloo bring the Tsarl by flattery to the point he had desired; now he, the weakest, the most neurotic, and yet the most gifted of all the hillmen, enjoyed power—power that was absolute, because behind it stood the ruthlessness of the Tsarl.

Misjudging the mental grade of his enemies, he feared attack, for the next day if not for that night. So, hurriedly, he forbade hunting, fishing, or straying from the camp. He collected seven men—Leo, Arold, and Feodor, who had long been followers of the Tsarl, together with the women whom they had brought into the camp; Jack, Cisco, Fred, Pepe, who during the last months had taken to the hills. Also a few growing boys: Ovada, Ovethel, Ovena, and some more oddly named, Nigoun, Voji, Elwin, children of chance, all of them. Altogether, he had a force of eighteen men and boys, fortunately, armed.

His first task was to examine the weapons, all of which were laid before him, so that he might verify that the flint heads of spears were well held by the hardened clay, that every knife had a sharp shell, and that the thongs of bark held the flint heads of the axes in place. Many of the weapons were faulty; some hours were spent in converting them into effective arms. Bloo was almost hysterical with excitement, giving contradictory orders, abusing and wheedling, while the Tsarl, drinking deep of guava juice, lay in his shelter, his favourites about him, near the weeping Ovmariön, watched by two girls armed with axes, who would kill her if she tried to flee.

The one fear of Bloo was that he would be attacked during the night, before he had time to convert his small force into an effective fighting machine. So he did not sleep, but all night went from sentry to sentry, having posted them in the foothills, and all next day, since the men of the plains watched and chattered, he was able to show his men how to stand in a single line, how to use their weapons all together; how to deliver a broadside of throwing sticks. He was general, ordnance officer, chief of staff, and the Tsarl looked upon his activity with the heavy indulgent smile of a father who could do better himself, and who likes to see his son show brains.

(To be continued.)

NEW BOOKS

By J. A. T. LLOYD

RAW LIFE. By Alfons Petzold. (Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

It is some six years now since this extraordinary indictment of our civilisation was first published in Germany. Born in Vienna in 1882, of German parents, Alfons Petzold ran in his brief life almost the full gamut of proletarian experience. Great writers, from Gorky to Strindberg, have written down unflinchingly their bitter Odysseys, but *Raw Life* stands comparison for utter sincerity, for stoical endurance, for the power to translate the ordinary into art with almost any life-record in literature. Simple and direct like Defoe, unemotional, he leads you from one factory to another, from one hospital to another, from one tenement house to another, until you experience the sensation of being, in that rough, honest phrase, "put through it" yourself.

Yet almost from his childhood Petzold was a poet, and after the day's work he would muse on the message that he found stirring within him, in spite of all external horrors:—

More and more often during these happy hours I heard words which were not in the book I was reading, words which resounded within myself and forced me to write them down on scraps of paper. It was still verse, but not so sad as that of earlier date. I was already attempting to interpret the feelings of others, and one evening I succeeded, in some verses, in expressing the sorrow and joy in the lot of a workman such as I was myself.

He might easily have attained popularity, even in those early days, as a writer of topical verse, but he clung desperately to his solidarity with the class from which he had sprung. He had to support his mother; there is the woe of the disinherited in his plea to the director of a hospital who has decided that the old woman's bed is wanted for another patient:—"I stammered out my fears most humbly to him, told him how ill I thought my mother looked, explained how terribly poor we were, and in what a hole we lived, that she would have no chance of being looked after as I had to go to work at four o'clock every morning and did not get home until the evening. I told him of my tiny wage that was hardly enough for bread and rent, and begged that they would keep mother until I had time to communicate with my sister, who did not live in Vienna." The official answer was to the effect that talk was useless, that the place was a hospital and not a home for infirm old women. It was the answer of life itself to Alfons Petzold, who was to tread, step by step, to the very verge of death "the Via Dolorosa of the working class." Inevitably, the philosophy of the man became warped, and it is well, perhaps, that he was never destined to see the triumph of the proletariat as it was afterwards actually to flower in Petrograd and Moscow. For that, assuredly, more than the pressure of his individual life would have withered the sensitive creative artist who has written this book, almost too literally, with his own heart's blood.

ANTIGONE. Translated by Hugh Macnaghten. (Cambridge University Press. 2s. net.)

This translation of *The Antigone*, at once powerful and flexible, sets one marvelling once more at the irresistible appeal of that alien and exotic artistry which flowered thousands of years ago in Greek drama. Civilisation sheds mask after mask through the centuries, but Greek tragedy persists. What is the secret? Mr. Macnaghten, steeped as he is in the ancient spell, is modern in outlook, and makes no divorce between antiquity and the other phases that pass. He can compare Creon, for example, with a modern autocrat whose doom, in a sense, has been no less. And there, perhaps, lies the inner secret of Greek pre-eminence. It might, indeed, be argued that there is no greatness in any work of art without the sense of potential doom. Even in comedy this is borne out; Harpagon becomes tragic through the vibrations of Molière's laughter. Physical suffering of itself will not create tragedy. A Babbitt, for instance, might be crucified, but he would never be tragic. The instances in modern literature could be multiplied *ad nauseam*, but, for all that, the moderns from time to time have caught this sense of doom, and have produced tragedy in an alien form. Thomas Hardy has given us tragedy, and so have the Russian novelists of the nineteenth century—that is to say, tragedy as it would have been accepted by these same Theban elders who watched so impotently the fulfilled torment of Antigone, of Hæmon, of the tyrant himself.

But in its astonishing compression, the *Antigone* stands out like a sculptured group, illuminating for all time the abstraction of self-destroying doom. The grey crow of our later criticism, overweighted by his borrowed Crocean wings, hops truculently enough through the sacred places. But even he caws almost humbly the formulæ of his carrion inhibitions in the presence of those lonely and indifferent statues.

That other thesis—the conflict between the two rights as the essence of tragedy—is clearly caught thousands of years before the advent of German philosophy. But it is in the swift, automaton-like hurling of the noble, in an inner sense, and of the powerful, in a merely external sense, into the same foreseen destruction that Greek tragedy owes its universal and compelling force. Antigone is destroyed through her nobility, Creon through his physical power; the doom is the same for both, since both have broken themselves against the impenetrable bastions of the gods. Antigone who serves the gods perishes none the less by their will. In vain she asks: "For what transgression of the law divine?" The implacable fate is unanswerable; all have striven in vain, as is shown in that fifth lyric, the full beauty of which Mr. Macnaghten has interpreted with such sensitive and imaginative strength:

But O! resistless Fate, mysterious might,
Stronger than towers! you neither storm outstrips
Nor Ares, nor on surges white
The dark sea-beaten ships.

Such is the view of the chorus of Theban elders. Sophocles, with a tact on which the distinguished translator lays much stress, insinuates a

deeper insight into the meaning of human conduct and destiny. Time which has swept the gods laughingly away has hesitated before the implacable fate. That, at least, under one aspect or another, strangely survives. Its noblest victim, and symbol, was perhaps Antigone, and time has certainly been powerless against her.

IN DARKEST LONDON. By Mrs. Cecil Chesterton. (Stanley Paul. 5s. net.)

It is difficult to elude the compulsion of these pages. With an art that easily conceals itself in its complete innocence of artifice, the author shows us Annie Turner homeless and helpless in phase after phase of stagnant destitution. She is able to speak at first hand because she herself was Annie Turner, determined to find things out for herself: "I decided to see what would happen if I started from zero with nothing but my personality to stand on." In unforgettable detail Mrs. Chesterton gives us the adventures of the first few hours until the Salvation Army welcomed her to its midst without an unnecessary question: "I had not dreamed that such a thing could happen. The homeless woman has so much insult and contumely to bear; all the pomps and panoplies of existence are against her. But this one thing remains. The outcast can find shelter and kindness in Mare Street, Hackney, and for this reason it will always be to me a blessed place." One after the other the sanctuaries of outcasts are examined in turn, and the humanity of the author has enabled her, again and again, to detect strong, beautiful characters in the very dustbins of life. Her pleading has not only the eloquence of pity but the force of experience when she sums up her Odyssey in homeless London:

I have run the gamut of lodging-house accommodation. I have slept in the same room as match sellers, tramps and prostitutes, and the general conditions—always excepting the Salvation Army—are a standing reproach to every woman who believes in what she calls social reform or has any touch of feeling for her sex.

No student of sociology can afford to miss *In Darkest London*. There is nothing of the mere journalistic "stunt" about it. At the same time, it is written with an extraordinary sense of actuality and a knowledge of the human heart that are utterly denied to pontifical and pretentious writers who so often churn their complacent "copy" out of the tears of things.

GOLDEN GREEN. By Bart Kennedy. (Cecil Palmer. 10s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Bart Kennedy in this captivating volume reminds us of how much English literature owes to the inn. Perhaps some anthologist will come along with a long series of great passages vibrating from the village tap-room. Such an anthologist should not neglect *Golden Green*, for Mr. Kennedy has the heart of the thing in him, that capacity to mix easily with his fellow man, which, like genius in spite of Carlyle's

dogma, can never be acquired by infinite pains. Moreover, he can give the bite of character quickly, almost abruptly, whereas so many of our rambling philosophers merely fumble over stock characters in their standardised village idylls.

For instance, there is the inevitable philosopher in one of these jolly gatherings at the Kentish inn. The minor novelists have been hammering away at him for over a century until he has been, as it were, nailed with platitudes like Hindenburg's wooden statue. How, one asks, can Mr. Bart Kennedy do anything with him, make him real in the sense that the landlord is real or the glowing pint-pots? How, in short, can he show the man as a philosopher without showing him up as a bore? He does it, in passing, within the limits of two half paragraphs. The author has ordered five pints: "The philosopher gripped his pint with his usual affection, and then he blew the foam gently aside. And he handed the mug back to the landlord, who just pumped a little more beer into it." That, you may say, is the gesture of a man of action rather than of a man of thought, but listen to this conclusion of an oration worthy of an ampler rostrum: "They talks about harmies, an' they talks about navies. An' they talks about Hengland, an' they talks about this an' that an' t'other thing. But them stars! They're always the same—always shinin'." That hit them, and there was silence in the bar, silence tinged with "the sense of poetry and of wonder," which Mr. Kennedy knows very well how to infuse into the tap-room, whereas so many unctuous instructors fumble dismally over it in the cathedral. It follows him all through his rambles, this sense of poetry and wonder, whether he is listening to the song of a bird, or peering into the ultimate secrets of human destiny. For, like the splendid Falstaff, so idly belittled not only by his boon companions but by a too academic posterity, Mr. Kennedy's philosophy can become suddenly comprehensive of humanity at large. This man of tap-room councils can speculate, too, with almost disconcerting profundity, on Variation, "the power that we humans call Chance." But for the general public *Golden Green* is at its best in the village inn or on the high roads.

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GERMANY AND ITALY AT GENEVA

By "AUGUR"

THE entry of Germany into the League of Nations brings an accession of strength to the latter in excess of the damage done by the sulky attitude of Spain and of Brazil. This is the view of the supporters of the League in its present form. We are inclined to agree with them that German participation in the work done at Geneva opens a new period in the history of Europe. Will the change be for good? All will depend on the policies pursued by the individual States and, especially, on their ability to distinguish between essential and non-essential issues.

The trouble caused in and around Geneva by the squabble over the distribution of seats on the Council is of less importance than could be imagined from the noise which accompanied it. We will retain the fact for future appreciation that it was Germany which started the trouble by her demand for solitary admittance, and we place on record also that she was sufficiently powerful to obtain satisfaction on the point she had raised. Otherwise to talk about seats, permanent or temporary, is useless. For, whatever the decision arrived at in respect of the allotment of upholstered or hard seats round the Council table, the future will adjust everything in accordance with the formula of effective power by which the rights of each State shall be judged. We are convinced that it is impossible to occupy a permanent seat by hereditary right alone, even if it is inscribed in the sacrosanct clauses of the Treaty of Versailles. It will be impossible to refuse a permanent seat to any sufficiently powerful State. This quarrel about seats is typical of the stupid quibbles constantly being raised in international relations, as if on purpose to obscure the issues which matter.

In the League of Nations the States composing it should be divided into groups according to their attitude towards the Covenant. In this respect the logical classification follows the line of demarcation between essential interests. It occurs to us that in the League of Nations there are two principal groups: States the chief preoccupation of which is to keep what they have got, and States which are in the need of finding a solution for pressing national problems. There are States who Have, and States who Have Not. The Haves want the League of Nations to protect the *status quo* of their proprietary interests. The Have Nots look to the League to satisfy their crying need. The division between the Haves and the Have Nots is the line which separates the two principal groups of nations confronting each other in the League.

For the first years of its existence the League of Nations was directed by the first group. Great Britain and France, the influence of which dominated until now, are proprietary nations, ruled by the desire of keeping their possessions. Members of the League in a less favoured position were pressed into the background by the preponderance of the two great partners of the Entente. These first years of the existence of the League constituted a period when British and French policies, if they had been united, could have shaped the destinies of Europe to suit their own interests. For better or for worse, this chance has been allowed to pass; it has flitted away and will not return in the near future. The advent of Germany has changed the situation.

Germany comes to strengthen in the League the group of the Have Nots. For her needs are pressing. They can be subdivided into two categories. In the first are the demands for a readjustment of the conditions of certain clauses of the Treaty of Versailles, especially of the Rhineland occupation and of military control. These demands, though they cause much heartburning, are concerned with temporary things and are destined to disappear soon from the political horizon, because Germany will be given satisfaction on most points. Not so with the demands of the second category: they will

become international issues and will hang heavily over the deliberations of the League. Germany is a nation of high rank in Europe, with a swiftly growing population and an amazing productive energy. These characteristics are cramped by the limits imposed upon Germany by post-war conditions in Europe and in the world generally. The demand for a readjustment of these conditions is heard from Berlin and will come with increasing force. The League of Nations will be drawn into the discussion of the issue. For Germany intends to treat the issues of population and of trade as international problems.

Great Britain and France are working their hardest to draw Germany over into the camp of the Haves, and it looks as if they may succeed for a time, by giving in on the demands of the first category, to stem the tide of demand for satisfaction of the needs under the second. Germany, partially satisfied, can afford to wait and to proceed cautiously, for time will be working for her. This brings Italy into the foreground as the prospective leader of the Have Not group. Her needs are identical with those of Germany and are even of a more pressing nature.

But before we pass to the study of the Italian attitude towards the League we think it useful to mention a preconceived notion about Germany which has served to mislead public opinion and which has brought in its train grave diplomatic mistakes. The impression prevailed that Germany was going into the League of Nations under compulsion, and that at heart the German Government and the political leaders had misgivings about the ultimate usefulness of the step they were taking at Geneva. For future reference it is necessary to establish the fact that this notion about German reluctance in joining the League is contrary to the truth. The Germans had not only accepted the idea of the inevitable necessity of the League membership, but they were convinced of the advantages which would accrue to them from it. They were anxious to get the business of entry over as quickly as possible. Any doubt which may have lingered as to

their intentions in this respect was dispelled when, in the month which preceded their triumphant reception at Geneva, one saw the fever of expectancy of Herr Stresemann and of his diplomatic representatives. The possibility of being baulked once more by the action of Spain or of Italy kept them on tenterhooks. It is certain that Germany has joined the League of her own free will, being convinced of the advantages of this political step.

A curious sidelight on the nervous anxiety in Berlin before Geneva is shed by the following circumstance. Immediately after the signing of the Mosul Treaty the Turks showed a changed attitude towards the League of Nations. Through semi-official agents they began to feel the ground to discover if their application for membership would be well received. The Turks were influenced principally by their fear of future Italian action against them. It is interesting to note that so great was the fear in Berlin of something untoward happening at Geneva that the advice was given to Angora to defer the putting in of the application.

Preconceived notions are the bane of politics. This is well seen in the case of Italy. Few countries are surrounded by such a fog of preconceived notions as is the Italy of Mussolini. In consequence, anxiety prevailed in regard to the Italian attitude at the last meeting in Geneva. Many politicians were afraid that Italy would cause trouble under the pretext of supporting the claim of Spain for a permanent seat. For Signor Mussolini is generally known to have but little sympathy for the League. He is suspected of a desire to weaken it if possible; but observers acquainted with the real personality of the Dictator of Italy warned the circles interested against being swayed by preconceived notions. They said that there was no reason to apprehend trouble yet. The flamboyant public utterances of Mussolini and the fact that some of his assistants are not up to his intellectual standard cannot destroy the axiomatic truth of his statesmanship. Mussolini is a statesman, cold as ice in his judgment, laying his plans long in advance, a student of essentials and careful of detail. When the Spanish

Government caused an inquiry to be made in Rome about the attitude which Italy would take if Madrid withdraws from the League, the answer was that Mussolini would not commit himself to any drastic step unless the moment were opportune, the action well prepared and based on solid grounds. Mussolini is a realist and knows that, with Great Britain and France supporting the League and with Germany joining it, there can be no question of destroying it. He will not waste his time, therefore, on useless plans of destruction, but he will try to extract from the League to the last ounce all that he can to further the vital interests of his country.

Italy at present has one national problem overshadowing all others to such an extent that it really is the "only" problem. This is her surplus of population, for which to-day there is no good outlet. The need of solving this problem is so pressing that there can be no suggestion of Mussolini discussing it when he wants, and shelving it when it so suits him. He must concentrate, willy-nilly, on the all-important issue. It is certain that he has given serious thought to the matter. When whole continents are closed against the Italian emigrant, and when there is the danger of the few meagre outlets yet open being intercepted, as for example in France, Mussolini cannot hesitate and must look round to find the empty land towards which emigration may be directed in a broad stream. It is clear that it is not in Tangier or in Abyssinia that the promised land can be found. Morocco, Egypt, Tunis and Syria are under the hand of the two Great Powers with which Mussolini is not ready to try conclusions. Agrarian concessions in Soviet Russia have been considered and set aside as impracticable. Unavoidably the eyes of the Italians turn to the empty spaces in Asia Minor, where an uncultured government continues its efforts to change a fertile land into a wilderness. Official loyalty towards Turkey may prevent the formation of an openly avowed plan, and fear of other Powers may prove an obstacle, yet a populous and civilised nation is drawn with irresistible force to look towards a sparsely inhabited and weakly held land. The

thing cannot be prevented. And there is the idea that ways may be devised to satisfy the land hunger without having recourse to violence. The Turks at Angora instinctively feel the pressure of the Italian eye turned towards them. This fear has helped them to make up their minds to sign the Treaty of Mosul with Great Britain. The same fear drives them to seek additional security in the membership of the League of Nations.

Mussolini has weighed the facts and seems to have arrived at a decision. There is reason to believe that his first step will be to have recourse to the League of Nations. He will ask his fellow-members to consider the conditions in overcrowded Italy, and he will ask for an international effort to solve the problem. The League will be expected to declare its views on the principle involved and to devise practical means of assistance. This appeal to the League will come at the opportune moment. The latter is not yet, because, thanks to Mussolini's statesmanship, Italy is stemming the tide of unemployment caused by an industrial crisis. But, when the expected economic stringency arises in France, thousands of Italians will be thrown back into their own country; there will be difficulty in absorbing them, and Mussolini will then go before the League of Nations.

The League will have to consider carefully its decision. If through lack of courage the issue is shelved, Mussolini will return to a purely national plane of action, whilst morally his position will be strong. He will be able to treat the question of the surplus of population as one concerning Italy alone, and the Powers, which as members of the League had refused to discuss the issue, will be politely asked to stand neutral whilst Mussolini takes appropriate action backed by all the energy which is now being accumulated in the nation. Political observers insist that this forecast should not be dismissed with a wave of the hand. For timely discussion and an intelligent understanding of the legitimate needs of the Italian nation may help to avoid serious complications in a future not too far removed. When the author mentioned the issue in the

presence of an Italian statesman of moderate views, the latter exclaimed: "And now, my dear sir, you see why we cannot give up the Dodecanese." A look at the map shows that Rhodes and the other islands of the Dodecanese form an excellent springing board—to Asia Minor.

It should be understood that Mussolini's claim is powerfully supported by the fact that the problem of the surplus of population has a European character. In this respect it is worth noting that a German statesman of no mean standing has been heard to say that the interests of his country are identical with those of Italy. This valuable statement needs explaining. As a result of the War the barriers which divide Europe have risen to a greater height. There is an increased difficulty, political and economical, in the circulation of people and of manufactured goods. Whilst Italy's chief trouble is the hindrance to the circulation of her human material, the trouble of Germany is that goods cannot get across her borders with the desired facility. In addition, both Italy and Germany have their respective share of difficulties: the first with the export of manufactured goods, and the second in moving the surplus of population. In principle the German and the Italian embarrassments arise from the same source. This leads to the idea of united action. Germany has already spoken of her intention of raising the question of a *Zollverein* for Europe. Those who follow the statements of her political economists have no doubts on the subject. These remarks will give an idea of the problem with which the League of Nations will find itself confronted on the initiative of Germany or of Italy or of both together. This problem will be a test more serious than the squabble over seats at the Council.

British policy in regard to the issue will be guided by the essential principles of Imperial diplomacy as they have been laid down in the famous Memorandum of 1925, so fortunately disclosed to public opinion, and which is the logical continuation of an even more famous pre-war Memorandum of 1904. After having laid down the prin-

ciple that the Franco-British Entente prevents us from taking sides against France in any Mediterranean quarrel, we clearly must give sympathetic consideration to the legitimate unavoidable needs of the Italian nation. The position of Italy cuts across the centre of our Imperial route through the Mediterranean, and this alone, apart from other weighty considerations, obliges us to a conciliatory attitude. A preconceived notion, met with even among experts, is that Italy as an armed force is negligible. This is a pernicious misconception. A boy of ten, looking at the map, may be excused for exclaiming that Italy is vulnerable along her extended coastline. A similar statement coming from an expert, who should be acquainted with the peculiarities of modern warfare, only shows a stubborn disregard of changed conditions. A good example of the consequences of the disregard of change by experts is the following. In 1832 a fleet of splendid three-deckers sailed out of Toulon. After two weeks of navigation with varying wind conditions the French fleet arrived before the stronghold of the piratical Dey of Algiers, which it proceeded to bombard. The Dey submitted, and the French flag was hoisted over the new conquest. Two days later the news was known in Marseilles: a new invention, a small steam *aviso*, had paddled across with the dispatch. Naval experts looked at each other and opined that something new was developing. Yet they went on building sailing vessels until after the Crimean War. We are now traversing a similar period. Great changes are taking place in the art of war. Yet we go on planning old plans. Time is necessary for a complete change of view. Sometimes this time is denied when a sudden catastrophe heaps disaster upon us. Politicians, and especially experts, who allow such a surprise to occur are personally responsible for the damage. People in this country speak about the danger to the Suez Canal of the Italian naval base at Leros in the Ægean. If the Italian naval armament is any good its central position between Sicily, Sardinia and Tripolitania constitutes a more serious menace.

The security of the Imperial route through the Mediterranean may be established in two ways. Both are

good, but the one chosen must be followed faithfully. We either can be stronger than any possible interloper, or we must have firm friendship with the States which may some day be tempted to assume the part of interloper. Great Britain is powerful and can build up an absolute supremacy on sea and in the air. The British people have but to agree to furnish the men and the money, and the thing can be done, and done well. The alternative is friendly agreement with the neighbours. To achieve this it is essential to understand and to give kindly consideration to the needs of the other side. We do not want to be the warrior nation of Europe. So we must rely on the second alternative. For better or for worse we are committed to the idea of the League of Nations. We will think hard, therefore, before we refuse to allow the consideration by that body of a problem with the solution of which one of our partner nations is deeply concerned. If Mussolini goes before the League with his problem of population we must be prepared to treat his request in the most friendly manner.

Whatever we do, do not let ourselves be ruled by the preconceived notion that Great Britain must intervene in any conflict which arises in the basin of the Mediterranean. This notion is false. There may be the right of intervening, but certainly there is no imperative duty to do so. If, under certain circumstances, Italy begins to settle her accounts with Turkey, why should we be obliged to take sides?

THE "SEATS" CRISIS

BY HUGH F. SPENDER

THE Commission on the Composition of the Council of the League of Nations, which was appointed after the March crisis to settle the claims of Brazil, Spain, Poland and other countries to permanent seats on the Council, met again on August 30th. It did so at the request of Spain, who asked for a precise answer to her demand, which she considered she had a right to do because, in her opinion, the Great Powers, including Great Britain, had promised to give her a permanent seat as long ago as 1921. Mr. Baldwin, indeed, referred to this when he declared in the House of Commons on March 4th, 1926, that in supporting Spain he was but carrying on the policy which had been adopted by Mr. Lloyd George when he was in power, although no pledge had been given as to the time or occasion.

The Commission succeeded in devising a plan which, without creating new permanent seats on the Council beyond the one provided for Germany, seemed likely to satisfy the aspirations of other countries. It was Lord Cecil's proposals which were finally accepted, and they were ingeniously contrived to give certain States the chance of remaining on the Council after their initial term of office. The idea of re-eligibility which was the really novel and important feature of this proposal is said to have owed its origin to the historian Professor Webster. The text of the Cecil project, which was presented to the Commission when it met again at the end of August, is so important as the key to the discussion which followed that it may be as well to give it in full:—

(1) The non-permanent Members of the Council shall be elected for a term of three years. They shall assume office immediately on their election. One-third of their number shall be elected each year.

(2) A retiring Member may not be re-elected for three years commencing with the date of expiration of its mandate unless the Assembly shall so decide, either at that date or in the course of the three years, by a majority of two-thirds; the number of Members thus re-elected shall not, however,

exceed one-third of the total number of the non-permanent Members of the Council.

As a transitional measure, the decision provided for in the preceding paragraph may, at the elections of 1927, be taken not only with respect to the Members whose mandates expire at that time but also with respect to those whose mandates expire in 1928 and 1929.

(3) Notwithstanding the above provisions, the Assembly may at any time by a two-thirds majority decide to proceed, in application of Article 4 of the Covenant, to a new election of all the non-permanent Members of the Council. In this case the Assembly shall determine the rules applicable to the new election.

(4) The non-permanent Members shall be increased to nine in number.

(5) In order to bring the above system into operation, there shall be elected nine Members as soon as possible in the next Assembly. Three of them shall be elected for a term of three years, three for two years, and three for one year.

Lord Cecil also proposed a plan of election by proportional representation according to the single transferable vote, for which there is a good deal to be said. But as there was no prospect of its being accepted the Commission did not even discuss it.

When the curtain was rung up again at Geneva for the next act in the comedy of the permanent seats it was hoped that a general agreement would be reached. All eyes were turned on Señor Palacios as he took his place at the table among the other delegates of the Commission in the crowded room with the big glass windows commonly known as the Glass Room of the Palace of Nations. But not the flicker of a smile passed over his face as member after member of the Commission heaped compliments on the Spanish delegate and his country in the hope that Spain might thereby be moved to keep her place in the Council. I shall always remember the figure of Señor Palacios, who, with his neatly trimmed beard and moustache, high forehead and keen eyes, reminded one of a portrait by Velasquez, as he sat impassively at the table paying no heed to all the efforts which were made to soften him. Now and again Lord Cecil would rise from his seat to play the part of the honey bee, as he flitted round the table whispering a word into this or that delegate's ear. Now he would talk to Sir Cecil Hurst, who sat immediately behind him, or make a remark to Mr. Fromageot at the table, while his eyes nervously scanned

the faces of his fellow-members of the Commission. The German jurist Herr Gaus was also in the background. It was these three jurists, it was whispered, who were really the makers of the ingenious pattern into which the jigsaw problem of the composition of the Council was to fit. They provided a new and improved edition of the puzzle which was presented to the Commission, with the plan for an immediate vote by the Assembly on the re-eligibility of the States elected to the three new non-permanent seats.

The Locarno method never received a better illustration than in the work of the jurists at Geneva. But the Locarno spirit of good-will and conciliation was unfortunately lacking on the part of Spain. The representative of every other country on the Commission was so anxious to do the right thing that one began to rub one's eyes at this unexampled spectacle of good-will. The Swedish delegate withdrew his objection to the creation of more non-permanent seats, while Poland and China were ready to accept the new plan for the reconstruction of the Council. They were wise, for having no seats on the Council they could not scare the Commission by the idea that they might exercise a veto against the admission of Germany to a permanent seat. Unexpectedly, Signor Scialoja, the Italian delegate at Geneva, who is noted for his extreme amiability, suddenly began to play the part of the *advocatus diaboli*. He confessed to a total inability to understand the proposed amendments to the original draft plan of the Commission, and raised a warning voice against closing the door to the possible return of Brazil by the immediate declaration of the re-eligibility of the three new non-permanent members after their election to the Council. If four States obtained an equal number of votes on their first election, which of the States, he asked, would receive an assurance of re-eligibility, since it was intended that only three should be re-elected? Indeed, according to Signor Scialoja, it might happen that (if what were known as the Fromageot amendments were accepted) all the States elected to the Council might impose their claims for re-election to the Council, and thus prevent any new States from being given seats. In vain did Mr.

Fromageot in his quiet way insist that some credit must be given to the Assembly for acting in a reasonable way. He pointed out that it would not follow that all the States which obtained an assurance of re-eligibility would be re-elected, for the Assembly would retain its right to re-elect whom it pleased at the end of their term of office. Mr. Guani, the representative of Uruguay, wanted to safeguard the alleged right of South America to three seats on the Council. It was Lord Cecil's turn to look worried as he begged Mr. Guani not to push his amendment, and in an illuminating phrase explained the real difficulty of the situation, which was to give an assurance to certain re-eligible members of the Council that their re-election would not remain in doubt, while at the same time preserving the right of the Assembly to re-elect whom it chose. The problem was to combine the two theories, the theory of re-eligibility and the theory that re-election must depend on merit. A sub-committee of eight was appointed to solve this question, and Mr. Fromageot worked hard to adjust the puzzle to Mr. Scialoja's requirements. The Commission then met again, and it was amusing to watch all these eminent people at the table in the Glass Room of the Secretariat trying once more to square the circle and to make certain non-permanent seats appear to be permanent seats. There was always a fear that Spain might imitate Brazil's example at the last moment and prevent Germany's election to the Council. Moreover, it was important that Spain should be brought in at the same time as Poland, when the new election of the non-permanent members of the Council took place. For Sweden had threatened that if the Commission could not obtain the general consent of all parties to its plan she would renew her objection to the creation of more seats. The jurists had worked hard to fit all the pieces into the puzzle again, and if confidence had been all that was required there would certainly have been no doubt as to the result, for Señor Palacios was fairly overwhelmed with kindness. But Spain still looked down her Imperial nose at the bouquets offered her, for they were not tied up with the right ribbon. She would accept nothing less

than a permanent seat, although, save for the title, she could rely on getting all that she wanted by accepting the ingenious device of the re-eligible seat. The reader may judge of this for himself by reading the final version of the Commission's proposals, which runs as follows:—

Article 1.—The non-permanent Members of the Council shall be increased to nine in number.

Article 2.—The non-permanent Members of the Council shall be elected for a term of three years. They shall assume office immediately upon election. One-third of the number of the Members shall be elected each year.

Article 3.—A retiring Member may not be re-elected within a period of three years commencing with the date of expiration of its mandate unless the Assembly shall so decide, either at that date or in the course of three years, by a majority of two-thirds; the number of Members thus re-elected shall not, however, exceed one-third of the total number of non-permanent Members of the Council.

Article 4.—*Temporary provisions.*

(1.) In 1926 the nine non-permanent Members of the Council shall be elected by the Assembly: three for a period of three years, three for a period of two years, and three for a period of one year.

(2) Of the nine Members thus elected in 1926 a maximum of three may be immediately declared "re-eligible" by a decision of the Assembly taken upon a special vote and adopted by a majority of two-thirds of the number of voters.

(3) Any qualification of "re-eligibility" recognised in advance in 1926 in the case of one, two, or three Members elected then shall not affect the right of the Assembly to have recourse in 1927 and 1928 to the option provided in Article 3 for the benefit of other non-permanent Members retiring from the Council in those years. It is, however, understood that, if three Members are already qualified for re-election in 1926, the Assembly shall only make use of its right in very exceptional cases.

This final report was the crowning work of the Commission. But Señor Palacios still remained obdurate, and it was really a little ungracious on his part, after the heroic efforts of the Commission to meet the wishes of Spain, to insist that it should be plainly stated that the demand of Spain had been refused. Voice after voice on the Commission was raised in protest, for it was not only Spain that had been unable to obtain a permanent seat, and the Commission had done its best to satisfy Spain. That the Spanish Government should try to throw the responsibility on the Council for Spain's refusal to come to terms was almost more than the members of the Commission could bear. For what had been offered to Spain was, in effect,

a permanent seat, and the Assembly which was ultimately to decide the method of election was certain to accept the Commission's plan. Once having given the declaration of re-eligibility to Spain, the Assembly was not likely to invite another crisis by refusing to re-elect Spain at the end of her term of office. Moreover, the Assembly was also to be asked to deprive itself of the power of proceeding to a new election of the non-permanent seats at any time it chose, which was tantamount to giving Spain or any other Power a temporary veto over the proceedings of the Council when unanimity was required—that is to say, on important issues, such as the election of another permanent member to the Council in the event of Russia or the United States coming into the League. In thus asking the Assembly to give up its right of re-election at any time the Commission was indeed aiming a blow at the only power which the Assembly possessed to prevent another crisis arising similar to that which caused such trouble in March, 1926.

In the end tempers became ragged. The Polish and Chinese delegates reasserted their right to raise their claim to a permanent seat at a future date, while Mr. Chu wanted one of the three new re-eligible seats for China, threatening that the Commission would hear again from him on this subject if the claim were not conceded. The Argentine delegate, although he admitted the call of the motherland, told Señor Palacios as gently as he could that his country could not sacrifice principle to sentiment, for it was opposed to the creation of any new non-permanent seats on the Council, on the ground that any increase in the numbers would hamper the work and efficiency of that body. Signor Scialoja told the Spanish delegate that everything had been done to meet the Spanish claim and that he was not going to shipwreck the Commission's plan to please Spain, and that it was for her to think of the important rôle she might still play on the Council. Too little had been said as to this aspect of the question. It was as if the League had everything to lose, and Spain nothing to lose by her withdrawal. Still undaunted, Lord Cecil drew up a final appeal to Spain in the form of a

memorandum, and this, with the final conclusions of the Commission, was sent to the Council, which accepted both.

The Cecil resolution was almost too frank in its explanation of the Commission's attempt to convert the new non-permanent seats into permanent seats for the benefit of Spain and other countries which demanded a permanent seat on the Council:—

They (the Members of the Commission), so ran the Cecil resolution, have recommended the creation of re-eligible seats in the Council which will enable their holders to remain Members of the Council for an indefinite time limited only by their ability to retain the confidence of their fellow-members in the League of Nations. In order to give to these seats dignity and security, they have provided that nomination to them shall be made not as part of the election of non-permanent members but by a special vote of the Assembly. To prevent the occurrence of any interval during which the countries with a just claim to such seats might be uncertain of their position, they have arranged that the first nomination to them shall take place immediately after the election of 1926. To avoid any impression of insecurity in the tenure of these seats, the Committee have withdrawn their proposal as to the power of the Assembly to order a general re-election of all the non-permanent seats in the Council, a point on which the Spanish Government was understood to have expressed anxiety.

The Committee venture to think that these provisions show that the unanimous expression of good-will to Spain uttered by its members are no empty words, but are irrefutable evidence of their desire to respond to Spanish wishes within the limits of what they conceive to be their duty to the organisation in which Spain has so far borne such a conspicuous and honourable part.

It is difficult indeed to see what more could have been done, and there were plain folk at Geneva who thought that the Commission, and the Council which accepted its report and the Cecil resolution, went too far in their effort to conciliate the Spanish dictator, General Primo de Rivera. But Lord Cecil had solved the crisis over the seats question, and had cleared the ground by his scheme for the admission of Germany to the League. We owe it to his skilful handling of a difficult situation that Germany was unanimously voted into the Assembly, with a permanent seat on the Council, on September 8th. All Europe may well be grateful to Lord Cecil for that. But the comedy of conflicting claims was played to the end, for after Germany had been voted a Member of the Assembly the grant of a permanent seat was linked to the

creation of three new non-permanent seats in the subsequent resolution which the Assembly were invited to adopt. This was to reassure Poland that she would obtain a seat of "dignity and security," or, in other words, the indefinite tenure of a place on the Council. In this characteristic move in the game of the seats at Geneva the hand of France might be observed. If Poland could not come into the Council on equal terms with Germany, or at the same time, Poland's claim to a re-eligible seat was to be imposed on the Assembly in such a way that the smaller States, Norway, Holland, Sweden, who objected to the increase of the non-permanent seats to nine, could not vote against this proposal without also voting against a permanent seat for Germany. They might protest, as Mr. Nansen did, against this invasion of the rights of the Assembly to express its opinion, but they could hardly go so far as to mar the unanimity of the Assembly in electing Germany to a permanent seat by voting against the resolution. At the same time the general sense of the Assembly was not opposed to the simultaneous recognition of the Polish claim to a seat on the Council, for Poland had waived her demand for a permanent seat in the interest of peace. Thus was the curtain rung down on a drama which, however ingeniously the plot was contrived, was hardly conceived in the spirit of the League. But the crisis was over, for Germany had become a member of the Völkerbund, which was an enormous gain to the League, because it removed the reproach that it was a combination of the victorious Powers, and added greatly to its authority and prestige.

It is perhaps to be regretted that this end could not have been attained without the loss of dignity which the League incurred in its desperate attempt to retain Spain. For Spain has so much to lose by leaving the Council, where she has played a useful and honourable part, that sooner or later she is sure to come back. If the Tangiers question can be settled to her advantage, it may be sooner than later. For it was not a mere incident that the Spanish demand for the control of Tangiers was put forward at the same time as the seats controversy was nearing its conclusion at Geneva.

P.S.—The admission of the German delegation, headed by Herr Stresemann, to the Assembly of the League with a permanent seat on the Council was celebrated on September 10th with the *éclat* which this memorable event deserved. This was due to the moving and brilliant oration which M. Briand made, which no one who heard will ever forget, as he welcomed Germany to the new field of peaceful co-operation, and declared that he would do all that within him lay to make that day the end of the age-long conflicts between France and Germany. M. Briand voiced his faith in the future in words that evidently moved Herr Stresemann, whose speech, thanking the representatives of forty-seven nations gathered in the Assembly for the election of Germany to the League, was a plain, straightforward statement of his belief in the League as a court of arbitration for international disputes. The manly sincerity with which he stated Germany's intention to work loyally with her former enemies was received with warm applause, and it was befitting that M. Ninchitch, the Foreign Secretary of Yugo-Slavia, in whose country the great war began, should, as President of the Assembly, have been able to give his benediction to the festival of peace and goodwill. The sun shone brilliantly as if rejoicing in the reconciliation of former enemies, and the final touch was given to an historic day when M. Briand and Herr Stresemann toasted the future friendship of their two countries at the lunch which was given in their honour by the International Press at Geneva.

INTERNATIONAL TANGIER

By "PONT. MIN."

WITH the chain of events which led to Tangier being placed under a special *régime* by means of a so-called international Statute this paper does not propose to deal.¹ The Statute itself is regarded by those who have to administer it as a monument of ineptitude.

The task before the Commissioners was a thorny one. They had to devise a novel experiment, perhaps unique: for the case of Shanghai, which offers some analogies, differs in important respects from that of Tangier. There was no precedent to work upon, and a diplomatist without a precedent is a snail without a shell.

The Statute is divided into three parts: the Convention, the Organic Statute, and the Judicial Dahir or decree. Of the three Commissioners who drew it up, two had had previous administrative experience in Morocco. The offer of the Tangier Chamber of Commerce to send two of its members, free of expense to the Commission, to give information and advice, if desired, was refused. The Judicial Dahir was framed by legal experts who had no knowledge of local conditions, and was so rigidly worded that, when the codes of civil and criminal procedure came to be prepared, infinite difficulty was experienced in fitting into the inelastic frame of the Dahir local circumstances and peculiarities, the growth of long tradition. The constitution of the Court of Appeal may be taken as an example of ineptitude: if an appeal were lodged in a French case to-day, it would be heard by an English and a Spanish judge of the Mixed Court, neither of whom has necessarily any acquaintance with French law; whereas the French judge whose decision is appealed against is a judge of the Court of Appeal in France and

(1) The best summary of the Treaty position may be found in a paper by Mr. J. de V. Loder, published in *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* of August, 1923.

thus of far higher legal standing than the two local judges. Again, the Dahir is so framed that one judge, who may for the moment have little to do, cannot take over part of the work of another judge who may be overworked. The Dahir ordains the appointment of two procureurs, but it does not admit of a judge being appointed a procureur, or, *vice versa*, of a procureur acting as judge. So two procureurs have been appointed, and have hitherto found very little to do.

The request of Italy, as one of the chief Mediterranean Powers, to be represented on the Commission appointed to draw up the Statute was refused on grounds which, so far as we are aware, have not been officially made public, with the result that the Italian Government has naturally refused to recognise the new status. The Government of the United States has also, for different reasons, refused its assent. The conservatism of the State Department, its unwillingness to recognise the action of certain European Powers in dividing amongst themselves the territory of a ruler whose independence they had solemnly pledged themselves to maintain (by the Act of Algeciras), is said to be the chief reason for America's refusal to accept the Statute as a proper solution of the Tangier problem.

The effect of these two refusals has been disastrous to the working of the Statute, and will probably compel its revision at an early date. Meanwhile, it has produced some curious situations. To take a single example: under the Statute, the signatories bound themselves to suppress gambling, and duly carried out their engagements after its promulgation on June 1st, 1925. But the Italians were not bound by a Statute they had refused to recognise, and they promptly seized the opportunity afforded by the closing of the French Kursaal to open more gambling houses of their own. They had foreseen this and had already imported the necessary gambling apparatus, so that they were ready to extend their business as soon as the Kursaal closed. The Committee of Control, seeing the injustice of compelling the loyal French establishment to close only to benefit the recalcitrant Italians, availed themselves of their powers to permit the Kursaal to continue

gambling; so that, as a result of the Statute, there are now more gambling places in Tangier than there have ever been before.

Again, it was intended that the finances of the town and zone should be under the control of an official of British nationality; but, by the Statute, two-thirds of the revenue is removed from his control and placed under the control of French Protectorate officials. We allude to the Customs, which yield some thirteen millions out of a total revenue of twenty million francs.

To return to the general question of administration under the new *régime*: there is a Legislative Assembly, fairly representative, whose decisions are subject to revision by a committee of control. If found to be in accordance with the provisions of the Statute, they are finally issued in the name of the Sultan by his representative, the Mendoub. The Assembly has full power of initiative as well as control of finance. Its proceedings are said to be conducted with dignity in spite of the difficulty of mixed races and languages. French, Spanish and the so-called Arabic of the Moors are the languages sanctioned by the Statute; the former two are not interpreted, as all members are supposed to know them; but speeches and questions are translated into "Arabic" and *vice versa*. The Mendoub occupies a position somewhat analogous to that of our Speaker, inasmuch as he is not supposed to speak but merely to preside. The sessions are also attended by the Administrators, not as members, but in order to give any explanations or information that may be required.

Owing to the refusal of the Italian and American Governments to recognise the Statute, there are, of course, no Italian or American representatives in the Assembly, which is, therefore, not legally constituted. To meet this difficulty a curious fiction has had to be adopted by which they are assumed to be present at all sittings, though how it is proposed to account for their abstention from taking any part in the debates or voting we are unable to say.

The Mendoub, as the Sultan's viceroy, is practically a French official. They have given him a French secretary,

whose chief duty seems to be to keep people, especially foreigners, away from him; and who has shown a disposition to prevent him from performing even his more ornamental functions. This is part of the French propaganda. It is seen in more pleasant forms in the palatial Pasteur Institute; in the only public library Tangier can at present show; in the excellent schools, where the children of the poor are educated free and those of the well-to-do for very small fees, where they are brought up to French ways and ideas, and, of course, to speak French. In this way they may be said to have captured the intelligentsia, the professional class and business men, leaving the petty trades and humbler callings to the less educated Spaniards. The Administrator, being a Frenchman, has naturally filled the departments with French *fonctionnaires*, to the disgust, no less natural, of the Spaniards.

Among other practical inconveniences is the currency muddle. Under the Statute there are three legal currencies: the French franc, whose gold value varies from day to day and sometimes more than once during the same day; the Moorish or Hassani franc, which follows the fluctuations of the French franc; and the Spanish peseta, which is becoming more and more the standard of business transactions owing to its comparatively stable value in exchange. But there is also the British pound and silver money which are readily accepted in the shops and are indeed preferred by those who do business with tourists and steamer passengers. The Hassani currency is almost the only one used and understood by the country people; the wages of gardeners, grooms, watchmen and other Moorish servants are always paid in Hassani, the present rate of exchange being thirteen francs to the Hassani dollar. It is also the current coin of the market. Eventually it will be withdrawn, no doubt—one unsuccessful attempt has already been made—but even then complications will arise, as it will be retained in the Spanish zone which surrounds the Tangier zone on all sides except the sea. The confusion of coins can be imagined, with four currencies in daily use, besides seven French notes and an equal number of Moroccan notes, issued by the Sherifian

Banque d'Etat. The latter, it is well to remember, are not accepted out of Morocco, though issued by what is to all intents and purposes a French bank, and guaranteed by the French Protectorate Government.

A similar chaos reigns in postal affairs. The Tangier post is probably the worst in Africa. Letters from England take anything from five days to a week to arrive, whilst letters from Tangier to England are equally long on their journey. No advantage is taken of the excellent Dutch mail boats, which take under four days for the run between Southampton and Tangier, and in fine weather three and a half. At present the mail bags trickle through Spain and France as if they were ordinary merchandise, no hurry, no special arrangements to get them through as quickly as possible. Any experienced traveller could get home long before a letter posted in Tangier on the day of his departure, and *vice versa*. The fact that there are three post offices in Tangier may perhaps account for this dilatory mode of conveying mails. There is the French, or, as they prefer to call it, the Sherifian post office, the Spanish and the English post offices. This multiple system appears to be necessary for those who desire secrecy in their correspondence; as it is well known that letters are sometimes detained and opened in the "Sherifian" offices. We cannot state this as a fact with regard to the Spanish post offices, but there is no reason to suppose that the Spanish authorities are troubled with any more delicate scruples than their Latin cousins.

There are syndicates and committees at work exercising their brains in the effort to make Tangier more popular as a winter resort; they would do well to address their attention to the postal service, both letters and parcels, with a view to bringing it into line with the amenities of modern life. The telegraph service (Eastern Telegraph Co.) is excellent, prompt and fairly cheap. With three post offices, each issuing its own stamps, there are fine opportunities for the collector, who could, in fact, fill several pages of his album any morning for a few shillings with very artistic unused examples.

There is also an air post from Casablanca and Tangier

to Toulouse daily in all weathers, by the Latécoère Co., for which a supplementary stamp is required. It is said that by paying a further extra fee and marking one's letter "*viâ* Paris," it will be carried on to England by aeroplane, making the journey in two days instead of a minimum of five. But we have seen no notices to this effect in any of the Sherifian post offices.

Justice is truly and indifferently administered in Tangier by a mixed tribunal consisting of six judges, two French, two Spanish and two English, assisted by assessors and by juries of the different races forming the very heterogeneous population.¹ By some strange weakness English was not insisted upon as one of the languages of the Court. These are three: French, Spanish, and "Arabic" or the Berber dialect spoken in the country. The result of this is that if an Englishman gets into trouble he has to engage a French or a Spanish advocate, whose language he may not understand, and plead before an English judge in a language that is not English. The stipends offered to the judges were so small that soon after the promulgation of the Statute they had to be increased. Until this was done, they presented the anomaly of the Spanish Public Works official, whose duties in some respects resemble those of an inspector of nuisances, receiving nearly double the pay of a judge. An explanation of this curious state of affairs was found in the protests of the French Commissioner, when the Statute was being drawn up, that if the salaries of the judges were fixed any higher they would exceed those paid to the judges in France, who would then clamour to have their salaries increased, quoting Tangier in justification of an inconvenient demand.

After six months' trial both the English and one of the Spanish judges sent in their resignations, and their example is likely to be followed by officials in other departments.

(1) The position of these "Assessors" is curiously anomalous. In the Dahir they are designated *membres adjoints*, which more truly defines their functions. For they have equal power with the *membres titulaires* or professional judges; so that it might happen that a professional lawyer found himself in a minority, the two laymen *adjoints* outvoting him, and he would then have to write out a judgment with which he could not agree—an absurdity that is probably unique in the history of jurisprudence.

It is no good blinking the fact that one of the chief causes of the failure of the Statute is the disagreeable attitude adopted by the higher French officials, not only towards their foreign colleagues but to their own countrymen also. A quite unnecessary amount of friction is due to this cause. It is common knowledge in Tangier, and no desire to save the feelings of the French can justify its concealment. We have throughout Tangier affairs thought far too much of other people's susceptibilities and too little of our own obvious rights and privileges. The meekness—or laziness—with which we have surrendered our former predominant position in Northern Morocco, and have allowed our prestige to be destroyed by the petty intrigues of our so-called allies, is enough to make the former "Sentinels of the Straits" turn in their graves.

It is as well to recall why we are all in Tangier at all. Tangier has not been conquered either by the French or by the Spaniards; it was conquered by the Portuguese in the fifteenth century. Later, they handed it over to Charles II, as part of the dowry of his Portuguese bride, Catherine of Braganza. Charles kept it as a royal domain—it never became national property—for twenty-two years, and after spending a fortune upon it, only gave it up most reluctantly in loyalty to his worthless brother, afterwards James II. A Puritan parliament made it a condition of granting the supplies necessary to maintain Tangier that the King should give his consent to the Bill of Exclusion, aimed at his brother James. Rather than betray him, he refused the Commons' conditions, and so had to sacrifice Tangier. Since then our policy has been to take care that nobody else should occupy so important a strategic position; thus neither Spain nor France has been able to realise its ambition regarding Tangier; and there we are: three Christian nations, watching each other like snarling dogs, to see that neither of us grabs the bone.

No city, however favoured by geographical position, climate, or natural resources, could flourish under such a handicap. France, if she cannot have it for herself, is not anxious that it should eclipse or even rival Casablanca, where she has spent so much money on the harbour, on

railway development, roads and buildings.¹ The attitude of Spain is that of the fox and the grapes. As neither of these Mediterranean Powers can have it, they seem disposed to wreak their disappointed spite on the unfortunate city: to be the cruel step-mothers of a poor orphan.

Is there any practical solution of the Tangier problem? There is; but it is one that, in view of the utter indifference of the British electorate to foreign affairs, we have only to propose to have it contemptuously "turned down" as fantastic, as imperialism run mad, etc., etc. There is talk locally of calling another conference; but the day of conferences, limited by invitation, has gone by. We have seen the vice of them in the interested exclusion of Italy from the last conference. As Sir Charles Hobhouse has pointed out, the present trouble over Tangier could never have arisen if there had been a League of Nations in existence before the Great War. Our suggestion is that Tangier, as a free port, with a reconstituted zone or hinterland, sufficient to maintain the town, should be mandated for fifty years to Great Britain; that the tribes of the Jebala, the Anjera, and perhaps the western portion of the Riff should be represented before the League of Nations and given a free choice to accept or reject British protection. It is our belief that many of the tribes would vote for it; some of them did in fact ask for it in the time of the late Sir John Drummond Hay. Those tribes who voted in favour of British protection would form part of the new Tangier zone; those who voted against it would be left to continue their struggle for independence against the French and Spaniards.²

(1) The delay over the Tangier harbour works is scandalous. After twelve months the Titan crane, for setting the huge blocks for the breakwater, is not yet erected. We could discover no blockyard full of blocks hardening and undergoing time and exposure test for the possible development of defects before laying. The French, having secured the appointment of the Engineer, have put in a Public Works official—hardly the best means of ensuring energetic and rapid completion.

(2) It is a remarkable fact, well known to those who have had much intercourse with the tribes, that, in spite of the many acts of cruel barbarity they have suffered at their hands, they prefer the Spaniards to the French. They say that when the Spaniards make a *beau geste* they mean it; but that when the French do so they mean something else, which

In a recent tour through the northern part of the Spanish zone we had opportunities of noting that behind the coast towns the Spanish occupation is limited to two or three main roads, which are precariously held by small posts or blockhouses fortified by sandbags and barbed wire. The meagre traffic on these roads is almost exclusively military. There is not a sign of genuine colonisation. The war is most unpopular; the enormous expenditure it entails is regarded by the taxpayer as futile waste. The reversal, at French instigation, of General Primo de Rivera's policy of retiring to the coast is looked upon as calamitous. "Have we no need of men and money to develop our own backward country that we should waste both on the barren mountains of Morocco?" asked an intelligent Spanish fitter. The question contains the pith of the matter from the Spanish point of view.

Under the Madrid Agreement Spain has bound herself to keep order in the Spanish zone, that is to say, all Northern Morocco north of the river Lakkos and the Riff water-parting, exclusive of the little Tangier enclave. When General Primo de Rivera withdrew the Spanish forces from Sheshuan and decided to maintain a line near the Mediterranean coast he was trying to relieve Spanish sentiment from the shock caused by the disaster of Anual. He does not appear to have realised that he was thus letting loose Abdel Krim and his brave Rifi to raid the French zone north of Fez, in revenge for deliberate French aggression in the Wergha plains. If he did foresee the effect of his change of policy it was a stroke of Machiavellian astuteness, for the French have done for him, at enormous cost in men and money, what he could never have done for himself, namely, invaded the Rifian fastnesses and captured their leader.

So the Spaniards are now back in Sheshuan and are setting about fulfilling their treaty obligations by attempt-

the unsophisticated tribesmen only find out afterwards. They have undoubtedly more sympathy with the Anglo-Saxon or Teutonic temperament and mentality than with the Latin. They like us and the Germans; but they have a subconscious racial aversion from the people of southern Europe.

ing to introduce law and order. They lack the first essentials for their difficult task—men. They have no Balliol and King's, no Indian Civil Service to draw upon; they have no well-educated upper middle class impregnated with the ideal of "service"; no public-school boys ready to ripen into great public servants. So they have to fall back upon the army; and however brave and efficient their officers may be, they are not of the stamp necessary to convert the Rifi into a peaceful, law-abiding people. Spain needs a whole corps of *gentlemen*, prepared to devote the best part of their lives to hard and necessarily very slow work, who will master the vernacular, ride, shoot and pig-stick with the villagers, help their sick, open and supervise schools, take an interest in native arts and crafts, teach them better husbandry, adjudicate in their petty quarrels, in a word, make fast friends with them, and by infinite tact soften the loss of their freedom and independence to a most interesting people who for two thousand years have been conspicuous for their bravery and independence of spirit. They want, in fact, men of the type of the late Sir John Drummond Hay, who, in the course of forty years' devoted service, made himself beloved and respected from Tangier to Marakesh.

It is in full sympathy with Spain's difficulties that we have put forward the suggestion of a British mandate for Tangier and for such of the neighbouring tribes as would be willing to accept our protection.

THE UNPOPULAR AMERICANS

By J. D. WHELPLEY

THE United States is now the most unpopular country in the estimation of the peoples of Europe, and Americans are even more unpopular on the Continent than are the English, which is, indeed, a severe indictment. During the past year or so there has been a distinctly anti-American reaction in Great Britain, due mainly to the payment of large sums of money to the United States under the terms of the debt settlement made by Mr. Baldwin; these payments coming due at a time when financial and industrial conditions, national and individual, are in a distressful state. There are other contributing causes, but if these debt payments had not to be made it is doubtful whether latent antagonisms would rise to the surface and bring about a general and open expression of a critical and more or less unfriendly attitude.

This anti-American manifestation among the people and in the Press of Great Britain is but a passing phase, however, of Anglo-American relations. The Governments of the two countries are working in greater harmony than ever, and a spirit of real co-operation has manifested itself in many important affairs. From the making of the Dawes Agreement with Germany, which was brought about mainly through Anglo-American effort, there has been an unofficial partnership in the effort to hasten the reconstruction of Europe, both British and Americans expecting to benefit largely, each in their own sphere, by what is done. There is also a larger aspect to these affairs in that what has been and is being done through Anglo-American influence is mainly responsible for such progress as has been made in the stabilisation of the affairs of Europe; hence of the affairs of the whole world.

The practical interest of the United States in European conditions is shown by the fact that American exports to Europe decreased by 326 million dollars in the fiscal year 1925-6 as compared with the figures of 1924-5. The

decline in American exports to the United Kingdom accounted for 94 million dollars of this loss, while at the same time American imports from the United Kingdom increased by nearly 20 million dollars. The value of American imports from Asia during the past year exceeded that of imports from Europe, this being the result of the increased price of rubber.

The decline in the exports to Europe is due to the fact that the year 1924-5 was a time of replenishing exhausted stocks in Europe and making good the deficiencies of poor crops. It was the first year following the immediate post-war period in which American credits had been obtainable, and they were used for the purchase of supplies. Having obtained what was necessary, the year 1925-6 was one of enforced economies and severe restrictions on imports. Until more or less normal financial and economic conditions again prevail in Europe the exporters of the United States cannot expect to find much increase in the purchasing power of the European peoples.

That this is realised in the United States is shown in the steady flow of American capital into European countries where conditions and policies promise stable development in the immediate future. Over a thousand million dollars of American money in cash or credit has found its way to Europe in the past two years. To be added to this is the vast amount sent to the Continent from London, and the lesser but not insignificant amount obtained by those who are in need from the smaller European countries with idle money such as Switzerland, Sweden, Holland, and others.

It is gradually dawning upon the mind of international finance that loans made in Europe should be so distributed as to increase consumption as well as to increase production of manufactured goods. The only way to do this is to put new life into agricultural areas where there is a shortage of livestock and machinery, credits for various agricultural activities, and capital for settlement and other purposes.

American and English bankers have of late given serious attention to this phase of the situation, and the

movement towards agrarian loans, the furnishing of capital for land banks and the establishment of credits for needed supplies for farmers, is now a marked feature of all financial negotiations with countries where agriculture predominates in the national industrial situation. There is a vast field for such operations to be found in countries like Poland and, in fact, throughout the whole of middle Europe, and in the development of this idea lies the answer as to the most practical and the quickest way by which the purchasing power of Europe can be brought back to a point that will reflect prosperity upon the more industrial sections now suffering for want of markets for their goods.

American finance has responded effectively to the demand for money in Europe, and it has done this in spite of the timidity and ultra-conservatism shown by the Washington Government in its handling of foreign affairs. The matter of possible official negotiations with Russia drags its weary length, although American enterprise is rapidly assuming an important place in the economic affairs of that country. Misconceptions as to recent events in Middle Europe are instrumental in delaying needed encouragement for individual American enterprise in the new States. It is this encouragement which is needed to bring about that state of affairs now apparently demanded before anything can be done. In other words, the Washington Government appears to be playing for safety alone and to be afraid to sponsor any constructive policy which contains the slightest element of doubt as to the outcome. American business men, impatient of this apparent lack of a broader vision, are doing what they can on their own.

There is an impression in Europe that the American people can best be reached through an appeal to sentimentality. That the American people do suffer from an excess of sentimentality to a marked degree is true, but when a man like M. l'Abbé Alphonse Lugan returns to France from an extensive lecture tour in the United States and assures his fellow countrymen that the way to get at the American people in practical matters is to appeal to this sentimentality, he is performing a grave disservice to both countries. M. Clemenceau made such an appeal, and

the reaction did more harm to the standing of France in America than anything that has happened since the war.

The sentimentality of the American people is a more or less superficial quality under which lies a governing influence of common sense and shrewdness. "Sob stuff" on the film and in literature is more or less popular, but it is classed among the luxuries and is discarded in the practical affairs of life. The man seeking practical advantage under the guise of a sentimental appeal is soon exposed. Vast sums of money have been given by the American people to this or that charitable cause in Europe through effective appeals to sentiment, but not one of these was a matter of business; they were gifts and not settlements of business affairs. It is important that Europeans who are trying to influence the American people along certain lines should understand this differentiation, and it is unfortunate that men of standing in Europe should convey a wrong impression to their own people in such matters. It makes for delay in international adjustments and renders still more unlikely the entry of the United States into any world combination which may be devised for the achievement of certain desirable results.

That there is a certain political reaction in the United States against a do-nothing policy in foreign affairs is evident, and it will show itself in the coming November elections. Just how potent this reaction may be, however, in bringing about any result it is impossible to say in what is known as an off-year election. It is only in the Presidential elections that the full force of public opinion finds expression. The off-year elections are generally unfavourable to the party in power, as local issues and personalities play a larger part at such times than when national issues are at stake.

That President Coolidge has lost some of his hold upon the people is well recognised, however, by all the practical politicians. The country has been expecting him to do something ever since he was elected. They have found him safe and sound, but apparently not progressive or capable of putting forth constructive policies and fighting for their materialisation. The "strong, silent man" idea

prevailed for a long time, but the people appear to be getting somewhat impatient at the continued silence, and are coming to the conclusion that perhaps he has been silent because he has had nothing to say. If in the next two years he does not in some way justify the confidence that has been given him, perhaps more than to any President in recent years, his administration will come to an end in Washington on a minor note. He will not be a candidate for re-election, and in view of that, barring the loss of a Republican majority in Congress, he will still have a great opportunity of giving to the country the results of several years' practical study of American needs and conditions, if such results have borne any fruit in his mind. That is a question which must remain unanswered for the time being.

The great question in the United States to-day is the attitude of the Government towards the farmers, and the vote of the Middle West is demanding some constructive plan for the assistance of agriculture. This vote swings the balance of political power in a national election, and it is just now in querulous mood. The manufacturing industries of the country are well taken care of, and the agrarian interests now demand a share in this solicitude on the part of the Government. It has been brought home to the farmers, also, that a material part of their prosperity is dependent upon the state of foreign markets, and an intensive campaign of education has been in progress along these lines for some years past. Of the three or four hundred thousand American travellers in Europe in the current year probably one-third came from the Middle Western States of America, and on their return to their homes each one of them becomes a missionary for good or worse relations between the United States and the countries of Europe. It has not been difficult to secure a more or less reliable consensus of opinions resulting from this migration. Anglo-American relations have been improved thereby. The English people never stood higher in the respect and consideration of the American people than they do at the present time. The experiences of these American travellers on the Continent have not been so happy in their results, however.

In France, Belgium and Italy the attitude of hostility towards American and British visitors has become a matter of world-wide comment and of general experience. It is not shown by all the people of those countries, for there are many individual exceptions and even localities where the statement does not apply. It is sufficiently widespread, however, to admit of the generality.

In some instances such demonstrations as have occurred have been the fault of the visitors. Tactless or ill-mannered people may always expect trouble, and where nerves are already on edge from one cause or another it needs but a little friction to produce heat. To those who invite trouble and get it no sympathy need be extended, and their lack of manners is to be deeply deplored, for international relations are no better than they should be at the moment, and anything which tends to make them worse is to be regretted.

Unfortunately, all of the trouble cannot be charged to the bad manners of a few of any one of the nationalities concerned, for the experienced traveller of cosmopolitan habit who goes quietly about his business, strictly observing the laws and regulations of the country he may be in, and careful of the susceptibilities of the people he is with, cannot fail to be made aware of the apparent resentment of his presence in countries other than his own. He finds not only the unthinking or ignorant elements inclined to hostility and to take advantage, but even the Governments, backed by a responsible Press, devising and putting into effect schemes of taxation calculated to extort from the foreigner more than his share of expense, and making vexatious rules and regulations for his conduct discouraging to international intercourse. That some of these imposts do not apply to all visitors is an additional cause for complaint, and authorities in international law are of the opinion that such discrimination is a direct violation of all existing treaties in which there is a "favoured nation" clause.

It is not the fault or virtue of any individual that he is the citizen of a country where the currency is on a gold standard basis or of one where the currency has fallen below par in the international exchanges. If, however,

he is a citizen of a country where the money is at par gold value he is looked upon as a profiteer, and taxed at a higher rate than if he came from a place where the exchange value of the currency was lower. Incidentally it is notorious that the cost of living is higher in the gold standard countries than it is in countries of a depreciated currency, and the peoples of Belgium, France and Italy are more prosperous individually than those of Great Britain, Germany, Sweden, Switzerland and other places where exchange values are high. The people of the gold standard countries are enduring the hardships of the present for the sake of the future, for the cheap money countries are merely postponing the inevitable, which, when it comes, will have added severity owing to such postponement, and in direct ratio to the length of time involved in the evasion.

Taxation of the visitor from a gold standard country may or may not be illegal from a treaty point of view, but that it is illogical and apt to bring far greater financial loss to the country imposing the tax than the impost may yield is obvious. During the past year 220,000 Americans, 760,000 British, and 685,000 Spanish travellers visited France. It is estimated with reasonable accuracy that Americans alone spent nearly 8,000 million francs during their sojourn in France. The loan recently contracted by France in Switzerland amounts to 400 million francs, bears a seven per cent. interest, increases the national debt by that amount, and remains a charge upon the annual budget for many years to come. It is not impossible that the foreign visitors to France during the past twelve months from all countries have left behind them an aggregate of 20,000 million francs. This money has been widely distributed through all the devious channels of trade, and a very small percentage of it represents goods purchased which were removed from the country. The entire sum represents a net gain to French finance, for it bears no interest and does not have to be repaid.

So great, indeed, is this invisible export of capital from neighbouring countries that drastic steps have been taken

by their Governments to prevent people from going abroad. In some places this has been done by intensive propaganda, and in others, as in the case of Italy, by actual prohibition of travel. Extensions of foreign trade so eagerly sought by all countries are not nearly so profitable as the immediate returns from tourist travel, and no country benefits so largely in this way as does France. To discourage the visiting foreigner, whether he comes from a country of gold or of depreciated currency, is a short-sighted and costly policy.

On a par with this discouragement of foreigner visitors, which in some places has reached a stage of xenophobia, is the intensive propaganda against imported goods, or those manufactured in the country by foreign-owned plants. Such propaganda is general throughout Europe, and up to a certain point may be considered legitimate. To urge the people to buy home-made articles is a good policy. Objection may reasonably be made, however, to libellous attacks upon foreign capital invested in a country the entry of which was due to urgent encouragement on the part of the Government or the people of that country. An American or an Englishman travelling in France and endeavouring to make up his mind as to whether he would or would not favour a cancellation of war debts is not given much encouragement to favour such a cancellation by the treatment he receives or when he happens to be brought into actual contact with the form of anti-foreign propaganda employed. For example, one of the very large manufacturing companies of France recently sent out a circular to all those who might be interested in its products, which read in parts as follows:

The Americans wish to ruin us; they insist upon the entire payment of our debt, and this debt increases as the franc loses value. My friend, by buying from foreigners the equipment you require you are playing into their hands and contributing to the rise in the value of the dollar and the pound and the depreciation of the franc. The result is, as you know, that taxes increase, Government securities lose their value, and the franc depreciates. A day will come when the American will no longer be content to install himself in France as merchant or manufacturer; he will buy cheaply by means of his dollars your farms and your land. Our native soil, rich on account of your labours, will belong to him; he will consider us as a second-class race, incapable of remaining masters of its native

land, and will treat us as subordinates in the same way as he does the coloured populations in his own country. Refuse energetically the offers of foreign producers; whether their factories are established beyond our frontiers or in our country, the result is the same: they gather up our money and carry it off. Buy from Frenchmen to prevent the ruin of your country and your children.

No exception can be taken to any campaign to increase the earnings of home industries and to decrease unnecessary imports, but when such propaganda takes the form of absurd and libellous abuse of foreigners who are doing business in France, many of them employing thousands of French workmen, it oversteps the bounds of decency, and certainly does not aid to bring about the sympathetic state of mind so strenuously demanded by M. Clemenceau and other French publicists. So far as the danger of the French losing title to their land is concerned, it is not the English or Americans who are to be feared. The danger lies in another direction, and is already receiving the serious attention of the French Government. There are nearly one million Italians now in France, and they have come to stay if they are allowed to do so. They are entrenching themselves firmly in the country, buying land extensively and showing a marked influence in certain districts. Near Toulouse is a great Italian settlement of land-owners and renters. The population of the Savoy is now largely Italian, so much so that should any trouble arise between France and Italy the Savoy might reasonably be claimed as Italian territory. This Italian penetration into France is going to have a distinct effect upon international affairs in time to come, for while these people have been welcomed when France was short of labour, their presence will be resented by the native Frenchman as unemployment grows. There are now nearly three million foreigners actually resident in France, and the problems which will arise from this foreign element in the population will overshadow the present agitation against the more or less prosperous visitor, whose presence is a source of profit to the French Government and to French industry of all kinds.

OUR SEA STORY AND ITS INSPIRATION

BY A. CORBETT-SMITH

He knew not why nor wherefore,
 No man told him how it came,
 Yet the Sea had but to call him,
 And his blood fired into flame.

AND so may it be sung of every man of our seafaring race.

Seafarers all, since those far-off days when King Alfred had the wit to realise that he must meet the Danes keel to keel upon the high seas and beat them in fair fight ere they landed on England's shore. Seafarers all, when Richard of the Lion Heart went crusading and met the Saracens away in the Mediterranean. Seafarers all, when Vasco de Gama and Columbus opened the gates of the New World and brought to birth the great Age of Adventure; when the Call of the Sea swept like a gale through England to bring the men of the loom and the plough, the clerks and apprentices, the miners and Court dandies, the priests and the herdsman down to the quayside and send them a-voyaging in tiny cockleshells to the lands of the Golden West.

So has it been all through our island story.

Keep then the wall of England,
 The Sea that rings her land,
 And then is England fast-set
 In might, through God His Hand.

Whitehall may sometimes have forgotten all that the sea means to England, but her people, with surer instinct, do not. When Whitehall has forgotten disaster has followed. And our seafarers have thrust their bodies into the breaches of the wall to stem the encroaching tide. They have been forced to retrieve the disaster with long suffering, much treasure and precious lives.

It was the call of the sea to an island race that brought the landsmen of ours out by their thousands to man the ships and serve the guns all through the dark days of

1914-18. Whitehall forgot, and bartered our sea strength for a mess of compromise. But England remembered, though she did not know it. And because she remembered she saved the world once again by her seafarers.

"No landsmen need apply!" cried the Royal Navy in the old days when they hoisted the policeman's flag over the Seven Seas. But in August, 1914, the landsmen (so-called) rushed the gangways, tore down the notice-board, and settled themselves comfortably below decks.

"We've come aboard to see this business through," said the landsmen. "We be of one blood, you and we."

And the Royal Navy, good sportsmen as they are, thought that perhaps there might be something in it. So they shared out their grub, overhauled the slop-chest, and set the landsmen to work. And before many months had passed the R.N. thanked their gods that they had done so.

It is an old story now that the landsmen and the fisherfolk manned the Dover Patrol and "kept" the Channel during the German War. Over 125,100 ships did they shepherd to and fro during the four years. Over 7,000 men *a day* were passed backwards and forwards. Over 30,000 tons of stores were imported *each day* into France. These and other trifles.

"These men," wrote Vice-Admiral Bacon, commanding the Patrol, "these men under fire have exhibited a coolness well worthy of the personnel of a Service inured by discipline. The results show how deeply sea adaptability is ingrained in the seafaring races of these islands."

England, by her sea service and by the sea tradition which that service has created, has bestowed upon the world the greatest gift known in history. But, "lavish with the inveterate unthrift of the English, who are never happy unless they are throwing things away" (to quote Mr. Kipling), England goes serenely upon her course, and her people seem to live unconscious of her prodigality.

This is not good. That England lives, that the body is nourished by the sea alone, every man of ours knows by a sure instinct. But there is more to it than care of the body. There is care of the soul. And the *knowledge* of England's seafaring, the story of how our fathers have

therein wrought for us, and how our brothers of the sea maintain that tradition, this is the noblest inspiration that a man may have in the workaday world of to-day.

Over three hundred years ago a scholar, but a great seafarer in spirit, spent much of his life urging this same contention. "I have greatly wished," wrote Richard Hakluyt, "there were a Lecture of Navigation read in this Citie (London), for the banishing of our former grosse ignorance in Marine causes, and for the increase and generall multiplying of the sea-knowledge in this age."

Nelson stands as the supreme embodiment of our sea tradition. There is the conclusion to a letter which he wrote to Lord Sydney, Secretary of State, in 1787, when suppressing illegal traffic in the Leeward Islands. "My greatest pride," wrote Nelson, "is to discharge my duty faithfully; my greatest ambition to receive approbation for my conduct." And that was in effect Nelson's life motto.

The seafarers of England subscribe whole-heartedly to the first half of Nelson's remark; but, as men of action, they decline to concern themselves with the latter. Nelson did not advertise himself; but he never failed to see that his officers and Jacks were given the fullest "approbation." And he took it as a personal insult if such recognition were not publicly given.

In those days our seamen and their deeds were known and valued at their great worth in every home in the land, from the King's palace in St. James's to the crofter's hut on the Westmoreland fells. They made the one topic of chat which a man was certain to hear in every club and inn parlour from Land's End to Inverness. The story of George Anson's voyage round the world was the most popular book of the day. It created a furore throughout Europe, especially in Germany, where "everyone was at work on it with grammars and dictionaries." And any theatrical manager could win an assured success with a full-blooded nautical drama of William boarding a first-rate single-handed and rescuing his lovely Sue from the Frenchies.

There was whole-hearted "approbation." And approbation inevitably spelt inspiration. The town learned of

Admiral Duncan's victory in the Texel river and thrilled to it. But when an officer returned and repeated Duncan's splendid cry before action: "I have taken the soundings of the water, and I know that if my ship sinks my flag will still fly," the instant wave of enthusiasm sent all the press-gangs off on a holiday.

Whitehall, then as now, did not lift a finger to encourage and foster the sea spirit amongst our people. Their employment of Dibdin to write sea songs was practically their sole breakaway from the classical tradition of reserve. They treated officers and men damnably both afloat and ashore; service on board a king's ship meant a living hell; and the press-gang was a horrible system. Yet, given a captain who was moderately decent to his ship's company, and the ship was manned. The sea instinct held the people.

When Nelson called for shipmates from the Eastern counties to man the *Agamemnon* it was little or no thought of prize-money that brought in the lads from Norfolk, Lincoln, and the Ridings. For Nelson very seldom took a prize. Nor was it the magic of Nelson's name. For Nelson was still a young man who had yet to win his spurs. He was quite unknown to the public. But the rumour had got round that, while he knew his job, he could still give a thought to his men. And that was good enough.

The sea instinct is as alive to-day as ever it has been. 1914 testified to that. So, too, did the Great Strike of this year. Our young men of all ranks turned out to man the lorries, the 'buses, and the trains as joyously as their elder brothers manned the motor launches, patrol craft, and submarine chasers a dozen years ago. The craft were different, that was all.

So, too, was it the sea instinct which kept our folk level-headed, calm, and very humorous all through that industrial crisis. No other people in the world could so have faced it, and we know how the rest of the world marvelled. But nowhere yet have I seen suggested the explanation of our conduct. There is nothing to it. We happen to be a race of seafarers; that is all. Take the character, instincts, and outlook of a sailor who is born to the sea and you have

an Englishman. He may pass his life between a Sheffield slum and a Sheffield factory, with the annual "wakes" to give him his one glimpse of sea waves, but if he is of honest English blood he is a seafarer who can claim kin with Nelson or young Jack Cornwell.

But just as, to our shame, it needs a story of death or disaster to advertise the Royal Navy and bring it into the news, so it almost seems that we must have a national crisis to evoke the sea spirit. And this, as I say, is not good. The great treasure of our sea story and tradition was given to us to use faithfully and well, not to wrap in a napkin and hide miserly in the earth. Nelson concluded his autobiographical *Sketch of My Life* with the words, "and I may say to the reader, 'Go thou and do likewise.'" Unless we know the story, and those of a thousand other "intrepid sailors and mates" of ours, we can hardly profit by their inspiring examples.

And if ever there was an age in which such inspiration is needed it is this one. For most of us the time is out of joint. We try bravely enough to keep the flag flying in the very spirit of our fighting ancestors, but ever and again we cannot resist a look backward over our shoulders. That is the moment when we need Lord Hawke on the bridge by our side. "You have pointed out the danger," cried Hawke to his pilot as the *Royal George* drove into Quiberon Bay through the November darkness and storm, "I now command you to lay me alongside the French admiral." And who of us, hearing that cry, and conjuring up the scene, will not set his teeth the harder and lay his own ship alongside the enemy?

Nor have our great leaders disdained to seek inspiration from their fighting forbears. Hear Nelson off Bastia in 1794 when, ashore with a handful of Jacks, he was doing the work of an army division. "I feel for the honour of my country," said he, "and had rather be beat than not make the attack. . . . We must, we will have it. . . . What would the immortal Wolfe have done? As he did, beat the enemy, if he perished in the attempt."

Or stand for a moment upon the Ridge at Delhi during the darkest hour of the Indian Mutiny and listen to John

Lawrence and Herbert Edwardes. The fate of India hung in the balance, and even the iron will and cool decision of Lawrence seemed to waver. He quoted Napoleon and sought to profit by Napoleon's mistake at the Elbe in 1814, and so abandon Delhi. But Edwardes held him with Nelson's dying words, "Make a stand!" cried Edwardes. "'Anchor, Hardy, anchor!'"—and Lawrence "anchored" and saved the Punjaub.

"Is there really anything in all this junk about Nelson?" a man of education and experience once asked me. "Was he really the sort of god men say?" No, Nelson was no god, but a very human man. That is why he lives to-day in the hearts of our people, and why his personal ensign flies at the masthead of every ship of the British Navy, from the greatest battleship to the smallest fishing-lugger.

"What will Nelson think of us?" cried Edward Riou in grief as he sheered off from the Copenhagen attack in mistaken obedience to Parker's signal. And no remark can show more clearly how Nelson's seamen regarded their great leader. Those men knew Nelson in his habit as he lived. And if they could so trust and venerate him, who are we not to uphold their faith and profit by it to the uttermost?

Inevitably one calls first upon Nelson to give us the lead into action, for Nelson stands as the spirit incarnate of England, of England's seafarers. But it was an age of great sea captains, and Nelson only towered above lesser peaks in a mountain chain. There was no man amongst his "band of brothers" from whom we to-day may not learn to our advantage. The greatest story (to my mind) in all the annals of our sea service is that of Edward Riou bringing the water-logged *Guardian* into Table Bay after a nine weeks' battle with the storm and after the crew had "abandoned ship." "And never once," said Riou when he came ashore, "did I allow myself even to hope until the day we sighted land." What a story to tell to our children once a term in every school in the land!

But our sea story does not begin with the age of Nelson. Come, my friend! Let me take you by the hand for a

moment as the mighty line of our seafarers drives past out of the mists, dipping ensign or lowering top-sails in greeting.

Here in the van is a queer, forty-oared craft. But she carries that fair-haired Saxon king who wrote the first words of our sea tradition, "Attack is the essence of defence." A good word, that! We will nail it over the office mantelpiece.

A great lumbering, shield-hung barge ploughs in her wake. Richard of the Lion Heart is sailing to Palestine and adventuring the first English fleet into distant seas. "Greeting, sire, and good luck!" And here sails another Norman, Hubert de Burgh of Dover. "No captain can be wrong," cries de Burgh, "who lays his ship alongside one of the enemy. If these land, England is lost." And he drives headlong from windward upon the French to beat them in fair fight. Men of the Cinque Ports, hardy fishermen of Kent, farmers and herdsman are out with de Burgh, and terrible fighters they are.

Here sails another gallant King of England in his ship-cog *Thomas*. King Edward the Third has taken fire from de Burgh's inspiration, and, "Lay me," cries he, "against the Spaniard who is coming, for I would joust with him." And from the *Thomas* sinking under him the King sprang aboard the enemy and carried her.

For a while the sea-mist gathers athwart the sterns of the old ships. The years pass by. England sleeps. Then, at last, with a shattering crash of flame, the sun rose upon the great Age of Adventure. England awoke.

Like trumpeters that ride before a pageant so the first ships of England's new race of adventurers steal past us and vanish into the west. Another English King and seafarer waves them forward. A New Found Land is the first precious stone to be set within the crown. The Royal Navy is created; and ships whose proud names shall pass from mother to daughter through the centuries are launched. The Sea Tradition is in being.

Gloriana ascends the throne; and now the pageant of our seafarers crowds thick and fast before us. Here sails Willoughby, making north-east across arctic Russia.

Here Frobisher, for the North-West Passage. There, under an Admiral's flag, is William Howard, who brought to Philip of Spain with a shot across his bows to make him salute the English flag in the Narrow Seas. John Hawkyns, of Plymouth; and there, now in a ship of his own, Hawkyns's young lieutenant, Francis Drake. Pirate Drake, if you will; but it was he who builded in the keystone of England's sea tradition. "For," said he, "I must have the gentleman to haul and draw with the mariner and the mariner with the gentleman. What! Let us show ourselves all to be of a company." (And is there no inspiration for us of these latter days in that word?)

And the merchant seamen and the fisherfolk and the landsmen of our Island Race made themselves "of a company" with the few Royal Navy men. And they clambered aboard the great ships and little ships to serve under men whose names ring even to-day like a trumpet call. Humphrey Gilbert and John Davis, Raleigh, Hudson and Wynter—but how name the quarter of them! And Frenchmen and Portugals, Spaniards and Algerines, pirates, slave-traders and freebooters, they fought them as they met them. Trade followed the flag. Little by little, through incredible hardship, by blood and tears, they cleansed the pathways of the sea to serve England's needs. And, in the cleansing, old enemies besought England to help them also.

England became the gateway of the world's trade; and the labour of her mariners steadily increased. Sometimes she forgot that the sea was her all in all, and she paid bitterly for the failing. But more often she remembered, and her own needs and those of civilisation were well met. For a spell, too, we watch breathless while Dutch and English seamen dispute the holding of the gate in many a doughty fight. We see them part in chivalry, well pleased with each other, and we doff our hats in salute to De Ruyter's gallant tribute—"Englishmen may be killed and English ships burnt, but English courage is invincible."

Across the Seven Seas of the world is borne the Red Cross of St. George. And where it flies there is humanity

served. Ancient wrongs are righted, and men, women and little children come to live in a freedom that they did not dream existed on the earth. New lands are discovered, and the sea-roads to them are sounded and charted, made safe and free for every ship of every nation that desires to pass over them "upon her lawful occasions."

No man is denied, unless he be an enemy to humanity. And, instant upon his challenge, England finds the seamen to meet him. Only with death does the sea service of English seamen end. Here is my Lord Rodney at sixty-two driving the *Formidable* through the French line at The Saints and creating the master-stroke for Nelson at Trafalgar. Here is my Lord Howe at seventy on the Glorious First of June fighting his ships from an armchair on deck and winning a victory that inspired Englishmen throughout the long war of the Revolution. With such examples what then of the younger men? And here, in 1918, is Admiral Startin at sixty-three plunging into a ship flaming with oil to rescue an engineer, just as Drake ordained centuries before; and here is Lieutenant-Commander Gartside-Tipping of the Dover Patrol, serving afloat, and dying at the age of sixty-seven on active service, on the deck of his own ship and with his face to the enemy.

The Sea Story of England! Is there nothing here, all ye who pass by? For every letter of every word that I have written there are a thousand English seamen with a thousand deeds which shall bear the telling. And what man or woman, boy or girl of ours will not upon the moment respond to such stories? "I wish," once said a little lady of twelve years to me after an hour's story-telling, "I wish that all the people in England had been here in this theatre; perhaps if they had we should not have so many of those strikes which are a shame to the country." A child of twelve in an L.C.C. school!

In the old street cry of the broadsheet seller: "What do ye lack, my masters?" Here is a story of high comedy, of the men of the *Brunswick* and their solemn deputation to the captain for his gold-laced hat to cover

the battered figure-head. Here is a ballad of friendship, when Nelson backed the mizzen topsail and held his ship against the Spaniard rather than lose Hardy. Here is another chivalrous ballad of Nelson when, with shattered arm and fainting from loss of blood, he refused to be put aboard where Mrs. Fremantle lay for fear of alarming her when he could give no tidings of her husband. Here is a tale of Cochrane in the little *Speedy* boarding a Spanish first-rate with a crew of blackamoors, and leaving his ship's doctor behind, the only man on board, to carry on. Here is a woodcut of Captain Loxley with his little fox-terrier by his side standing calmly on the bridge of his ship as she went down, and calling to his men: "Be British, lads!" And here is another, of Jack Cornwell, ship's boy of the *Chester*, standing by the gun waiting for orders when there was no man left to give them.

The Sea Story of England is the Englishman's Bible. There is hardly a deed or thought which he will not find paralleled in the two volumes. He may trace that parallel step by step, from the relentless and inhuman slaughter of a defeated enemy to that "greater love" of self-sacrifice for friends of which Christ has spoken. He will find in that Sea Story of ours all that a man can need to his daily life of inspiration and guidance. He will find in it nothing by which he may not profit, in duty to the State and pride of citizenship, in courtesy and loving-kindness to his fellows, in playing the game for his side, and in an increased confidence in his own power for good to himself and his own business and to the world about him. He will, in short, take to his heart the lesson of the Royal Navy. And that is:—

Keep your guns bright, your powder dry, and trust in God.

GOD'S RICH MAN: ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

BY MAY BATEMAN

"One goes more quickly into heaven from a hut than from a palace."—
ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

THE seventh centenary of St. Francis of Assisi's release from "this earthly exile"⁽¹⁾ is responsible for the making of many more of those imaginary portraits of him which stretch across the centuries. No saint's name goes further afield than St. Francis'. Franciscan missions, Franciscan art, Franciscan literature are alike catchwords to be glibly used by millions, some of whom have few if any ideas as to what they stand for.

Thanks to the Press, even the man-in-the-street knows, however, that in this special Franciscan year the enchanted city of Assisi has become more and more infused with the glamour of the past. Last year's pilgrim looked, so far as natural conditions went, on much the same scene as that towards which the saint's blind eyes were turned when, soon before the end, he blessed Assisi. The actual panorama has changed comparatively little since Francis Bernardone saw it, first as "King of Youth," and then as "Apostolic man"⁽²⁾—a grey-froked penitent. Mountain ranges, the Umbrian plain shining with pools of colour, paths lifting steadily towards the sky, cool lines of olives with the characteristic bloom which you want to brush tenderly like the bloom of purple grapes, old arches giving upon beauty, bringing to mind the backgrounds of many mediæval pictures, a city confidently climbing up and clinging to the rugged rock, the ruins of Rocca—so powerful in St. Francis' youth—overlooking all, ravaged yet fine. If the pilgrim be only imaginative enough, he may mentally obliterate the outlines of the great Church which holds in its breast the earthly remains of Francis and all the rest that has grown into being since his time, or view it, perhaps, in the light of vision of one who worked "not merely for to-day."

(1) Encyclical Letter of Pope Pius XI, April 30th, 1926.

(2) The name by which his first followers first knew him.—*Tres. Soc.*

Since the inaugural ceremonies which began at midnight this year on August 1st, Assisi itself has taken a far more mediæval aspect. Old plaster-work stripped from ancient buildings lets the rose-stone of Subasio free; long closed-in windows open once more on wind and sun. Mussolini's Government knows how to give generously, as well as those thousands of pilgrims do who flock to the little city set upon the hill; realising that, "*con San Francesco, l'Italia ha dato anche il più Santo dei Santi al Cristianesimo ed all'umanità.*"⁽¹⁾ The streets of Assisi, many renamed as in old days, slip imperceptibly upon old memories. Throughout all this Franciscan year Assisi has been more and more steeped in that spirit of prayer which transformed her in St. Francis' day and spread out to far countries. Prayer was the breath of the changed Francis' life. "In prayer," he said, "is profit and fulness of grace." "Petition after petition" (of the Lord's Prayer) became "on his lips like a sunlit prism, in which the rays of his enthusiastic love of God" were "refracted."⁽²⁾ Perhaps that same "luce senza tramonte" which Signor Mussolini writes of in his preface to St. Bonaventura's lately republished *Life of St. Francis* may yet penetrate even a world darkened as ours is by its ignorance of the dynamic force of prayer?

It is hardly possible to conceive how, in view of the widespread devotion to St. Francis, so many misconceptions as to what he was, and what were his unchanging loyalties, could come about. "Il Poverello"—paradoxically, God's Rich Man—is unconsciously belittled by many of his biographers. Few—except His Master—were ever more misinterpreted by those who, even while loving him, see him subjectively, or in part. The sentimentalist, for example, contentedly accepts him as the supreme lover of nature, to whom the inanimate called with nearly human insistence, and "who spoke to animals, treating them almost like brothers, and making them obedient to his commands."⁽³⁾ But St. Francis was so much more than

(1) *Messaggio agli Italiani*; Mussolini.

(2) *The Ideals of St. Francis*, Hilarin Felder, O.M. Cap.

(3) Pope Pius XI.

this! "He flung round the world a bond of blessed harmony similar to that which existed between man and nature at the dawn of creation."¹ Using "all things as steps to ascend to the Throne"² of God, he did not actually come to "make men doting lovers of birds, lambs, fishes, or hares," but "to fashion them after the Gospel pattern and make them lovers of the Cross."³ Others, who do not even begin to know that love spells joyful sacrifice, and, utterly consuming self, springs upwards in pure flame, visualise in St. Francis' burning love even of sinners, a type of mere humanitarianism, although he explicitly says that "how great soever" thy brother's sin may be, "mercy"—love's everyday symbol—must be shown "*to the end that thou mayst draw him to the Lord.*" Even the patriot, remembering gratefully all that Italy owes to St. Francis—pioneer of a social reform of the widest significance in paralysing the feudal system and the Guelph and Ghibelline feud by his institution of a Third Order of Friars Minor, which decreed that Tertiaries should not receive arms to be "wielded against any person, nor bear them on their person," nor take solemn oaths "except in those instances decreed by the Pope, namely, where peace, the Faith, or a juridical oath is at stake"—is inclined to exploit him as "the standard-bearer of an enthusiastic national spirit."⁴ There are those, too, who picture him, if not as "the first Protestant," as in Mr. Shaw's presentation of St. Joan, as at least some "sort of poetical dissenter."⁵ Equally untrue is the picture of St. Francis as a "misunderstood and frustrated man" who saw at the end the failure of the ideals he had spent his life for, who believed that "the Church had become unfaithful to her mission." No one was more innately Catholic in the strictest as in the widest sense of a term which stands for the one liberty. No one more than he saw more clearly that even the human sin of a priest could not diminish the power of the sacraments he administered. "These hands have touched my Lord. . . . I know not whether they be unclean or no," he said, and humbly kissed

(1) Hilarin Felder.

(3) Encyclical Letter, April 30th, 1926.

(5) *Some Pages of Franciscan History.*

(2) Th. of Celano.

(4) *Ibid.*

Paschal Robinson.

those of one who was notoriously unworthy. "In this world I see nothing corporally of the most high Son of God but His most holy body and blood, which they (priests) alone consecrate and . . . alone administer to others."

No sooner had his little band of followers reached the number of twelve than, with his usual headlong impetuosity, he hurried to Rome to seek approval of the growing apostolate and regularise its institution, although actually at that time this was not obligatory. "Let us go to our Mother, the holy Roman Church, and relate to the Pope what the Lord has begun to do through us, that we may continue what we have begun, according to his will and command." In his dying Testament he says: "The Lord gave me, and still gives me, such faith in priests who live after the manner of the holy Roman Church on account of their orders, that if they persecuted me, I should still have recourse to them." He describes his Testament itself as having been made so that "we may in a more Catholic manner observe the rule we have vowed to the Lord."

"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!"¹

Impossible, however remotely, to sense the spirit of St. Francis, unless we get to bedrock, the solid foundation upon which the whole edifice of that great work of his, which has spread to the uttermost parts of the world, was reared. If the love of God is merely a phrase to us, if we cannot see it as the most vital part of being, if we look upon Christ only as a teacher, on the level with Buddha and the rest, and do not recognise His divinity, we shall never be able to visualise the outward drama of Francis Bernardone's life except as a series of picturesque and astounding episodes, set in ideal conditions for cinematograph display, from the hour of his birth in a luxurious home during his father's absence in France, to the moment

(1) Pope Pius XI.

of his death, when, lying in a borrowed habit' on bare earth sprinkled with ashes, he passed into God's closer keeping on the wings of song and prayer.

That love of the Herald for his King, chivalric, tender, involving heroism to the point of hourly martyrdom, is as much beyond the dream of most of us as a conception of Heaven. We see according to the measure of capacity, and Francis Bernardone's capacity certainly was not mine or yours. I doubt if he was ever quite an "ordinary person," as we use the term. Influential merchants like his father obviously had a certain standing: they were travelled men, in times when travel was only for the few. Primitive capitalists, they possessed actual money which at the end of the twelfth century was beginning to be of considerable power. Francis' mother was of a noble Provençal family, but her son, after all, was in his father's business and traded in the shop. Yet in days when class distinction was much more marked than now, he mixed with the young nobles of Assisi on more than common grounds of intimacy and affection; was one with them in their wild fantasies, though an unconquerable fastidiousness secured him from certain indulgences which many of them, probably, took lightly enough. He was as well, if not often better, dressed than they, and loved his finery. After all, he had first choice of rich textures which an ambitious father, to whom Francis' revelries in noble companionship showed as a social asset, brought back from his journeys. Quick with song and laughter, full of easy graces, a natural troubadour, foremost in feats of arms, keen on soldiering, courteous even to beggars, Francis was proficient in qualifications for that knighthood which was the goal of his dreams, as he thought, in days when knighthood crowned the flower of chivalry. Recklessly as he flung money away—he was lavish to mendicants even in those days, and sometimes sent rich vessels and ornaments secretly to poor priests for use at the altar—his father never grudged what Francis spent in wooing a popularity which, in fact, he owed mainly to his undefinable charm and innate cleanliness. For the sins whose stain he sought so profoundly to expiate in penance later were worldliness

(1) *The Ideals of St. Francis.* Hilarin Felder.

and love of good living and display, and so forth—small sins enough from the modern point of view, but looming large to the mystic whose aim is ultimately to see the face of God.

Even then, from time to time, there may have been occasional hints of inner disturbance—swift and perplexing throes of doubt, one would imagine—left unrevealed if they existed. On the one hand, the passionate worldly purposes of Pietro Bernardone, and his own love of pleasure, encompassed; but in the background were his mother's prayers. Came, anyway, the usual fighting between Perugia and Assisi which continually punctuated the story of the twelfth century, into which finally Francis was drawn. One can picture him setting out, in his gay assurance, bravely "comparisoned," high of hope. Followed a year's captivity as prisoner of war, which changed his life, though outwardly his spirit never flagged. Inevitable reaction from strain and captivity told. In sickness, perplexing new lights began to gleam like tiny will-of-the-wisps in his inner consciousness.

But he grew stronger, and was agog for activity again. Half the soldiery of Italy had cast in its lot with Walter de Brienne, fighting under the Papal banner, for the regency of the two Sicilies. Francis, off to join a noble friend, seeing his dream of knighthood on the eve of fulfilment, was equipped even more magnificently than his companion. Another landmark of his soul's journey. On the way he met a knight, far too poor to afford display like Francis'. The boy gave him his own attire, just as simply as, long before, St. Martin gave his cloak to the beggar.

Contradictory? Most spiritual stories are made up of what at first sight is irreconcilable with nature. Probably when the story slipped out at the time, his friends summed up his action as "yet another of Francis' fine gestures"! His hope of human knighthood was still undimmed. Fresh from his little sacrifice, he dreamed a dream which he read as prophetic of glorious honour in the field.

But next day came a half-waking dream, shattering every illusion as to human honour. The unmistakable command of the Captain of his soul, strong and clear: "Return to the land of thy birth, and there it shall be told

thee what thou shalt do; for it may behove thee to give another meaning to thy dream." And chroniclers relate how, sorrowfully, he turned his horse's head on the homeward way.

Instant obedience to the call—the mark of knight-hood. Now he knew to what service he was vowed, but not what he was called upon to do. Weeks of waiting tested endurance. He tried outwardly to live the old life, while anxiously awaiting his orders; everything was too bitter, too sweet, or baffling, to resolve into pure harmony as yet. One day he would be host at some great feast, and the next desperately praying alone in an old Etruscan tomb. No clear voice any more, no matter how he strained his ears to listen.

Rome the solution? St. Peter's Rome? To Rome, then, without pause. He went, and knelt and prayed there. Came a sudden amazing resolve. He had taken part in a dozen masquerades in his day, but this would not be like a masquerade. . . . Francis, the fastidious, almost inordinately sensitive to what was repulsive and loathly, paid a beggar for the loan of his rags, and stood all day outside St. Peter's with a mendicant's bowl, begging, and wearing what his soul revolted at. . . .

Surely the beginning of the end? Somewhat he had learned in captivity; more in the hours of lonely meditation; most from his waking dream and victory of self. But the tide of that great sea of love upon which he was presently to walk directly towards Christ, just as St. Peter tried to do at Galilee, was already washing his feet. He stepped right out upon the sea when, a little later, while on a lonely ride, he came upon the stark whiteness of disfiguring leprosy right in his path, terribly clear against the blue sky. Leprosy and he looked one another in the face. Shrinking abhorrence. . . . And then suddenly an overwhelming love swept across him, bidding him do the thing that must, up to the last encounter, have seemed inconceivable. . . . Francis, lover of beauty, leapt down from his horse, gave the mutilated travesty of man all that he had, and kissed him.

The real Francis was freed in that hour. Light was to

shine more frequently now in the darkness of the cave, of whose existence as his shelter only one of his friends knew. The old troubadour spirit began to penetrate the new life of dedication. Simply, like a servant, Francis awaited orders from his King.

Pictures again. St. Francis' life unfolds in pictures. The slope of the hill which bears toward Spello, outside the city walls, a broad road in his day. A poor little church, St. Damian's, crumbling away for want of money, temporarily deserted. Francis went in and fell before the altar. And as he looked at the old Crucifix, with the marks of the Passion very prominent and the spear left in the side, he heard the call to his heart, "FRANCIS, GO AND REPAIR MY CHURCH."

Je suis fils de roi . . . fils de roi ! J'ai rebâti la maison de mon père . . . Avec des murs épais, des piliers durs, des portes pleines, avec une tour trapue et hardie qui touche les nuées du ciel . . .

Mais mon père m'a dit : " Cette maison n'est pas encore digne de moi." . . . Je suis fils de roi. . . . J'ai rebâti la maison de mon père. Mais mon père le roi m'a dit : " Je veux une maison de père : car si je suis roi, je suis père, et je suis plus père que roi.

Je veux une maison qui vive, je veux une maison qui dure, je veux une maison qui aime : car je suis la Vie, la Durée, l'AMOUR ! "

—So Henri Ghéon, in his inimitable little play in five episodes, *La Vie Profonde de St. François d'Assise*.¹ He places his scene at the point when Francis has surmounted two more obstacles. Everyone knows the story of how, moved by the one thought of obedience to Divine command, never dreaming, in his simplicity, that the work of repairing the church was any supernatural work of reform, he rushed off to take goods from his father's store, sold them, and flung the money down within the church, as the terrified priest of St. Damian's would not take it. How he was brought before the Bishop by an infuriated father, who saw all his hopes for the future frustrated by a son whom he now thought to be mad, but who had taken many steps forward to his spiritual goal. "Out of humiliation there is glory." Accepting the priest's hospitality at first, Francis had hidden later, stricken with purely human fears, when he first heard of his father's

(1) André Blot, Paris.

return. There, in the cave, he faced Another than himself. Making comparison, he was ashamed, and went to meet his father, punishment, ridicule and shame.

The symbol of Francis stripping his clothes off before the Ecclesiastical Court so that, to the uttermost point of restitution, his father, Pietro Bernardone, should have what was due to him, and henceforward his son would own no father but "Our Father in Heaven," was a symbol of the stripping of Him who was to be henceforward Francis' only model.

It was the complete novelty of the Franciscan movement which, owing to Francis' burning zeal, and the formal authority and informal friendship of the Church upon which he depended for stability, broke up party factions, made for peace on so extensive a scale, and transformed private lives and carried Christianity into the home of infidels, without a sword. The monastic orders, by very reason of their calling, were, as it were, rooted in certain spots; but Francis' mendicant Friars went where they would, near at home and far afield, in pairs, preaching penance to the people, living the lives of the people, working with them in the fields, accepting no money for their services, but only enough food for the day's needs. Here were, it seemed, the early Apostles moving again amongst men; going out as they did, dependent on the world's charity; without a roof to cover them, or any property; "everything in full accord, with the exception of the power of miracles, which Christ imparted to his apostles."¹ Francis based all that he did on Christ's direct teaching to his disciples; missionary activity was a seal of the Order. He was the first of the founders of religious institutes to include foreign missions in his apostolic programme, says Father Hilarin Felder. When he needed special guidance in any undertaking he went straight to the Gospel, prayed, and, opening it at random, acted upon what he read there. The poverty of the Friar was his wedding garment, a treasure possessed by each. Of worldly possessions practically all he had were his tunic and his cord.

But with the rapid growth of the three Franciscan

(1) *The Ideals of St. Francis.*

Orders, the difficulties of communication, of living in different conditions in countries where, for instance, the very language was as yet unknown to them, the first primitive rule had to undergo a revision which had long been foreseen by the Holy See in face of possible development. The work of St. Francis' sons extended so far and so rapidly that a second rule—after revision, modification, and even total loss of the original manuscript through a Friar's negligence—was drawn up by the Founder and solemnly approved in 1223. Not everyone could or might preach, but St. Francis taught that, at least, every Brother "could preach by good works." They were minstrels of God, and knights of Christ, and the stamp of their calling was to glow in every action, to vibrate through the very fibres of being, so that through them the actual message of Christ was to be brought into the daily home life of the people, and so bring them more often to the hidden Presence of God, in the Eucharist. "*Having Him present*," how, St. Francis asked, *can we care for anything else in the world?* "*Paupertas cum laetitia.*"¹

Drawn naturally to a life of contemplation, after his conversion, prayer "making up," as it did, "his happiness of earth," Francis took every opportunity to return to it; his inner life was prayer, for all his amazing activities. His cell at the Carceri, his place of retreat at La Verna, wherever he went to drink in solitude the waters of redemption, in giving himself up to affective prayer, were always set a little apart from the others. What passed between him and God was his dear secret. He tried, as we know, even to hide the wounds of the Stigmata from his children. He set himself more wholly to live the life of Christ in the world than perhaps any other saint had; his mirror of perfection was Christ, and so lost was the Herald in his King that we cannot but doubt if, had he come upon his own reflection in a pool of water, he would have seen there any face but Christ's. . . . When he said, "Let us love with all our heart, with all our soul, with all our mind, with all our strength and fortitude, . . . with all our powers the Lord God, who has given and gives to us all," here was no empty rhetoric. Again "Thy will be

(1) St. Francis' motto, symbolising the Franciscan ideal.

done on earth as it is in Heaven: that we may love Thee with the whole heart by thinking of Thee, by the whole soul by always desiring Thee, by spending all powers of body and soul in the service of Thy love and not in anything else."

Love was the note to which the whole of St. Francis' life was tuned, but it was the love of the true imitation of Christ, which "When weary is not tired; when straitened is not constrained; when frightened is not disturbed. . . . He that loves most willingly embraces all that is hard and bitter."

Set Francis, eating food out of the leper's bowl in reparation for a momentary act of shrinking at having him brought into the place, where the Friars were about to sit down to their meal, against the Francis to whom the bees came for shelter in the winter. The Francis who lay awaiting the cauterisation by a red-hot iron of eyes, already exquisitely painful, by the side of the other who would lift a worm from the ground and put it where it could not be hurt, for the sake of our Lord who had echoed the Psalmist's words, "I am a worm and no man." The Francis who preached to the birds and brought romance and poetry into everyday religion, beside the Francis who, to keep true to his ideal, had himself stripped even of his own habit at the last, so that, by accepting the loan of another's he might go, devoid of all earthly possessions, into the presence of God. The Francis whose devotion to his Crucified Christ was so burning that he was the first Saint to receive the impression of the Five Wounds of the Passion on his quivering flesh, alongside the man who, at Christmas, made the first life-like representation of the crib under the stars in the woods, so that men kneeling at midnight before a real manger filled with hay, seeing the live ox and ass tethered there, and peasants singing simple shepherd's songs, might realise with deepening intensity what Christ's Mass really means. Obscurely, even so, can we trace a few lines of St. Francis' picture, in preparation humbly to follow here, or at the Portiuncula in Assisi on October 4th, some lesson from that heroic life of sacrifice on earth which seven centuries ago broke upon LIFE full and complete.

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD AND THE LEFT WING

BY JAMES CORBETT

It is now apparent to the most disinterested student of contemporary affairs that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is not merely a disappointed but a sadly disillusioned politician. His position to-day on the Opposition bench of the House of Commons is more reminiscent of the philosopher than the opponent of debate. There is a lack of sincerity about his utterances that strike more than the ear of the reporter in the Press Gallery. This does not mean that he has become a quibbler in words. It is simply a statement that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald does not speak with conviction.

No individual with intellectual discernment will feel astounded at this change of attitude on the part of the Labour leader. It cannot be called a conversion of spirit. Mr. MacDonald is passing through the wilderness of reflection on a journey that is still encompassed with many pitfalls. He is perfectly aware that the undergrowth of Socialism has many man-traps, yet the compass in his hand is pointing steadily in the direction of sanity and clear judgment. Everything will depend on the political move he will make during the next few months. His attitude at present is that of a watcher. He is not merely watching Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Baldwin, but he has got his eye upon Mr. Wheatley, Mr. Cook, and other people as well. What he is thinking at the moment no man knows.

It would be a mistake to imagine that this philosophic hesitancy is due to the events that have occurred since the fall of the Labour Government. It is true that the Zinovieff episode produced a profound impression on his mind, and his attitude to the Communists has plainly indicated that he is determined on a new course of action. The Clydesiders are trying to ferret out what the new plan of campaign will be, and they are even discussing amongst themselves the possibilities of a distinct cleavage in the Labour group. Everyone feels in his bones that the next Parliamentary session will be the most dramatic

period in the era of contemporary politics. But with Mr. MacDonald personally it would be more correct to state that the process of mental modification commenced in the mind of this politician during the stupendous years of the war. As a matter of fact, there is very little dissimilarity in the war attitude of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and that of Mr. George Bernard Shaw, and it would be a cardinal error to call either of these intellectuals a purblind defeatist. Both men still retain a passionate desire for the promulgation of truth, and both would be prepared to go any length to see British democracy play life like a game of cricket. The difficulty at the moment is to arrange the umpires. During the war they could both see behind the propaganda of the militarists on each side of the battle, and their chief aim in the war-mists was the dissemination of honesty, sincerity, and peace. They are both Imperialists in the higher sense of the term. To-day we have "Little Imperialists" as well as "Little Englanders."

The same passionate desire for truth is animating Mr. Ramsay MacDonald at present. He has passed through three furnaces of mental affliction. He has seen how the class-conscious spirit was exorcised during the war days; he has experienced realism from his Labour Premiership; and he has witnessed the *débâcle* and disillusionment of the general strike. And the outstanding truth pressed in upon his mental consciousness is the sober conviction that the masses of Britain are a homogeneous unit. That is to say, our political differences are artificial; our social antagonisms are not disruptive; and our economic standards are positively human. We could never, as a nation, suffer the cleavage of a civil war. Mr. MacDonald has passed through these events in a whirlwind of action. As a philosopher, and a profound student of humanity, he is impressed by the psychology that has been revealed to him in the most marvellous decade of British history. The Labour leader is something more than a Parliamentarian. He is a humanist quick to note the current in the stream of democratic affairs. And the final douche was the nightmare of the coal deadlock.

His colleague, Mr. Philip Snowden, was another Labour politician who passed through the crucible of economic reality as a Cabinet Minister. The Socialist Chancellor saw how the sophistry and casuistry of the Marxian theory had to be discarded for the gospel of plain common sense, and Mr. Snowden told his chief bluntly that the British Budget could not be balanced on any other terms. We are informed that Einstein, in his last analysis, had to submit the theories of relativity to mathematical demonstration; Mr. Snowden, as Chancellor of the British Exchequer, had to abandon theory and conform to the same acid test. The remarkable way in which he balanced his Budget makes one wonder how he can reconcile the bureaucratic fallacies of Socialism with the charter of sane government. Surely the conversations Mr. Snowden indulged in with the chief bankers of the day must have taught him, as a Labour economist, that no wild plan of Sovietism would keep the pound at sterling or fill the trenches of industrial reconstruction! If the Labour Government is ever granted a fresh lease of power, Mr. MacDonald and his compeers will have to reckon with the astute intellect of Mr. Snowden, for the latter politician is still profoundly impressed with the mathematical dogma that two and two will not make six, and that diminution of output, practised on a large scale, means economic ruin within a fortnight. In other words, the Clydeside group may theorise and gesticulate until they are red in the face, but the Labour ex-Chancellor can never fail to remember what an autocratic influence is wielded by our foreign markets, and that, as an island nation, no scheme of British Socialism can alter our absolute and fundamental dependence on overseas trade.

Mr. MacDonald is perfectly aware that the Conservative Government, in the natural course of events, must suffer automatic eclipse. No force in history has been able to alter the swing of the political pendulum from left to right, and *vice versâ*, and Mr. Lloyd George should remember also that there is no special tendency of the pendulum to stop or halt at dead centre. Reaction from a terrific war has always produced convulsive movements

on the political chart, and no one will be surprised if, at the next General Election, the Liberal Centre Party will be again submerged. That, of course, is still on the lap of the gods. The contingency of revival will rest neither with Lord Oxford nor Mr. Lloyd George. Political events will be determined by the pressure of economic circumstances. If events justify a Liberal revival, Mr. MacDonald is still uncertain whether the Liberal Party (or is it "Parties"?) will commit political suicide. His sleep is not disturbed by the possibility of a new Gladstone or a dead Lloyd George. But he is entitled to feel in his bones that a Labour majority will be demanded at the next General Election, and in view of that electioneering demand he is wondering how the Labour Party will act if returned to power. Will it represent a splendid new cohesive force in the imperative task of reconstruction, or will it fritter away the precious years in abortive schemes of Socialistic experiment that are as antediluvian as Methuselah himself? Mr. MacDonald, as an ex-Premier, cannot overlook the potentiality of the time-factor in national regeneration. He has seen other nations forge steadily and industriously ahead while England still lags behind in the welter of economic and sectional feuds. Does the same vista of disillusionment confront him with regard to the future, or will he carve out an entirely new programme for every member of the Labour Party?

If so, it is not going to be all plain sailing. In sober truth, the next Labour Government will represent the most herculean task for any Prime Minister in command, and if Mr. MacDonald is honoured again with the confidence of Parliamentary leadership, no individual has a clearer realisation of the difficulties with which he is faced. The Labour Party in many respects is totally unlike the Liberal and Unionist groups, for although there is friction and disharmony in every political camp, recent events have divided the Parliamentary Labour Party into violently opposed segments, and the tendency at present is for the cleavage to grow into a wider and wider chasm. It is true that the approach of another General Election would bring temporary cohesion under the leadership of

Mr. MacDonald, but it is distinctly on the cards afterwards that a definite split may occur in the Labour group. The forces of *disintegration* are working fiercely underground at present, and no one can discern the spectacle of disunity more plainly than the astute brain of Mr. J. H. Thomas. He is something more than a significant trade union leader in the railway world, and when he steps boldly into the limelight the political psychologist can always discern what has been happening behind the scenes of Ecclestone Square and Unity House.

This disruptive tendency will decide the future policy of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. He can clearly perceive that the trend of politics has passed beyond the personal perspective. In plain English, it is exceedingly difficult for a politician to-day to attempt to become a superman in Parliamentary affairs. We admit that a Prime Minister is the recognised leader of the Party he represents at Westminster, and that apparently he has a directing voice in the policy pursued by the Party, but political parties, in reality, are governed more by current events than by dominant personalities. Unless the particular Party in power is acting in accordance with the stream of public opinion, there is a natural expectation that the pressure and force of economic events will bring disaster to the Government that is rowing against the tide. This psychic factor in national affairs means that Mr. MacDonald will have to keep his ear close to the ground. He cannot decide on a purely personal plan of campaign, or even on a programme specially prepared by Unity House, against the better interest of his own sanity and judgment. The only way to accomplish such a personal ascendancy at Westminster would be the setting up of a cold-blooded Trade Union dictatorship—and that day, we hope, is far distant.

How, then, can Mr. MacDonald reconcile the conflicting antagonism of his separate groups? There is the Labour section who are relying entirely on a programme of nationalisation; there is the intellectual clique who are pursuing a path of industrial Syndicalism; there is the potential minority who are devoutly planning for a return

to the Guild system; and in the background figure that formidable group of Clydeside and Marxian Socialists, interspersed with a menacing little band of extreme revolutionaries. How can these divergent attitudes be reconciled within a league of political statesmanship? The problem is big enough to dismay the brain of a Macchiavelli. It has also to be remembered that Mr. MacDonald cannot regard himself in the light of an independent chairman, for there is no disputing the fact that the Leader of the Opposition has never abandoned any of his pet Socialistic dogmas. That is why we venture to state that the most intriguing factor in future events will be the manner in which Mr. MacDonald effaces his own political convictions. In other words, we are inclined to the belief that this individual who has already proved himself a statesman will not hesitate to throw overboard every political theory opposed to the progressive interest of the State in a period of tremendous crisis.

We repeat that Mr. MacDonald is still an ardent Socialist. Every speech he makes on a political or public platform is clear demonstration of the fact that he is still a disciple of Karl Marx. He has disavowed Lenin completely, and the day he repudiated the Zinovieff letter was ample justification for believing that the Labour leader wished to have no political connection with the blood-red tyrants of Moscow. But Mr. MacDonald still clings to the antediluvian theory that Socialism is the common denominator of economic salvation in the British Islands, and even his experimental lesson as Labour Premier has not taught him to repudiate theories that have proved fallacious and untenable in the extreme. Privately, he is convinced that a political experiment in Socialism is not merely plausible but possible. It would be a monstrously rash act, however, to predict that this cautious Scotchman would plunge the nation into such a cauldron merely to satisfy the intellectual conviction of his own personality, or merely to placate the selfish desires of a few Trade Union officials. The issues are too vast and too great for Mr. MacDonald to act in such an insane manner. It is more likely that he will endeavour at the

supreme moment to adjust private and sectional views to the imperative call of national urgency with which he will again be faced. When that hour arrives—and the sand-glass of the political barometer is falling low—we feel confident that Mr. MacDonald will deal both forcibly and effectively with the malcontents of his own Party.

We repeat that no man can tell, at the present stage, whether the forces of Liberalism will re-emerge from chaos and disruption into some mighty policy of resettlement and reform. We are not certain whether the democratisation of the land for the people could be accomplished for at least two or three more generations, and in that respect the Land Campaign of Mr. Lloyd George may fall dismally and disastrously flat at the next election. We make no prophecy at present beyond stating that the time factor will count again as a potent weathervane in the reclamation of the land, but we feel instinctively that what is wanted is some energising gospel of political endeavour that will win national approval in every election tent. We are also dealing with the problematical forecast that the Liberal Party may, for a decade at least, be submerged under certain events over which it can, at present, secure no tenacious or governing control. It may be a question of leadership, it may be a matter of tactics and strategy—we profess not to know—but if the call comes to the Labour Party, as come it may, there is no denying the fact that the nation will look to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald when the next political swing of the pendulum recurs. In any case, it is judicious to ask if Mr. MacDonald cannot throw any possible light on the course of his future action at Westminster? That is, we should like to ask him if he has really no alternative policy to put before the electors than the obsolete dictum of an insane Socialist creed? Would he not be inclined, after deep consideration, both as a statesman and philosopher, to come to the conclusion that Socialism must be left sternly behind as a negative force in the progressive march of British prosperity? That is a straightforward question. What exactly do we mean by it? We simply infer that Labour could govern this nation with con-

spicuous ability providing it presented a sane programme of reform and re-adjustment. It could bring Britain back to her former status amongst the Great Powers just as wisely and steadily as either the Liberal or Unionist Parties, but, first of all, it would have to commence with a political programme actively opposed to the Marxian theory of a Socialistic government. That is the problem in a nutshell. It is not an insuperable obstacle in the light of contemporary events. In the first place, political Socialism has never stood in the same category as Christian Socialism; both creeds, in fact, are violently opposed, and mutually destroy each other. It is also admitted by every sane individual that Christian Socialism is too ultra-ideal for a modern political State. We have no quarrel with the teaching of Christ when He counselled the "turning of the other cheek," but those words, like the Sermon on the Mount, and many other great sayings of the Philosopher of Nazareth, applied to an ideal State and an ideal civilisation, and the teaching itself was the presentation of the Ideal for humanity. But we are neither ideal nor civilised. We are still fighting in the jungle of uncivilised communities. War has again proved that man, under the veneer of civilisation, is still a savage and a barbarian when his worst primitive instincts are aroused and uncontrolled. If we had only saints upon the earth to-day, then a gospel of Christian Socialism might apply to our political governance, but we are only reaching out towards the dawn of a higher civilisation, and man is still far from claiming kinship with that Universalism of Love that Christ expounded. We approach towards the goal at a steady pace, and any attempt to transform humanity from demons to angels in one flight or stage of evolution will prove highly disastrous. Secondly, political Socialism could only be applicable in a State where economic conditions were not in a state of constant flux and chaos. The introduction of such a foreign and totally experimental plan of economics could only meet with a measure of success when political democracy was not violently opposed, as at present, by economic autocracy. In other words, the period of convulsive strain

and reaction after a world-war is the very worst possible moment to embark on the monstrously daring experiment of State Socialism. And finally, the Social theorists, whether dreamers or fanatics, have never been able to control or direct the forces which they set in motion. Democrats, Girondists, and Terrorists alike failed to ride the whirlwind of the French Revolution, and the same conspicuous failure occurred with Lamartine, Ledru Rollin and Louis Blanc in 1848. Many of the proposals to-day were made in 1789-97, but from the Paris Commune, formed after the fall of the Bastille to dominate France, to the infamous Bolshevik *régime* in Russia, there is an unbroken record of the sanguinary achievements of Socialism and of ruinous failure to fulfil the plans of its high-priests. We still believe that the British workman is too self-reliant and individualistic to swallow the nostrums of the Socialists without verifying the validity of the assumptions upon which they are based. The State could only exercise a casual supervision over the vast army of officials who would be left in control of all business enterprises. Even the revolutionaries who thought they could govern France by a loose aggregate of communes recognised that a central administration of all public and private business was not likely to succeed. We also know that the conversion of wage-earners into paid Government servants would entail the slavery of the individual and the conscription of all labour under State discipline. In this event, even Mr. Herbert Smith would confess that the bad old "employer" of capitalistic days was much preferable to the political boss who arrived upon the scene in a Government car!

Having regard to these pungent facts, we should like to ask Mr. MacDonald if both he and the Labour Party cannot keep Socialism in the background for another twenty years? By the end of this period it might be hoped that Labour stalwarts would have developed sufficient sanity to discard Marxism as the greatest handicap in a modern Commonwealth. On the other hand, what is to prevent Mr. MacDonald and his Labour colleagues from pursuing a steady plan of progressive and democratic

reform without all the claptrap of Sovietism, Leninism, and Syndicalism behind them? We witnessed in South Africa for many years a steady Labour Government that accomplished tremendous reform during its period of power. Why cannot Mr. MacDonald see the wood for the trees in this respect, and what is the obstacle in the way of following the example of South Africa? Is this Labour leader bold enough to fight the little group of revolutionaries in his Left Wing? This does not mean the complete ejection of the extremists from the Labour fold. That plan would only entail disruption and schism within the party itself. No, the most violent revolutionary in Parliament proved himself quite a docile creature under the wise and intelligent judicature of the Speaker, and these extremists can still be held in leash under a firm and sagacious leader. Mr. MacDonald, if he likes, and if he wills, can prove to these men conclusively that no solitary form of extremism is ever going to operate effectively in England, and if reform is to be carried out on any sane, constructive basis of reality it will have to be along the lines, and through the media, of wise Parliamentary Government. This means that the extremist section will receive a quietus, but the blow will be delivered by the force of circumstance and logic, and, when the medicine is administered, Mr. MacDonald will have unrestricted liberty to proceed with that measure of progress and reform that will gain the whole-hearted approval of the nation.

There is another aspect of industrial evolution to which we must refer. The tragedy of the coal deadlock, as well as the hopeless fiasco of the General Strike, has conclusively proved that trade unionism is passing from militant to a constructive phase in its process of growth and development. Even Mr. Cook has fallen behind the times when he still worships before the god of a mammoth Miners' Federation. He has been deceived, like other by a purely negative sense of power. He has failed to recognise that trade unionism gave bargaining ability but it did not carry with it the option of dictatorship, neither did it command any super-influence over the grim economic facts of everyday life in the industrial world.

We do not go so far as to state that trade unionism as an instrument of progress is exhausted and its function complete, but we do earnestly believe that we have arrived at a stage when trade union militancy has honestly ceased to count. We have now reached the economic era when constructive trade unionism must evolve on a basis of high industrial statesmanship, and this process of evolution will be found to have no redress in the sectional or general strike method. We are arriving at the days of the secret ballot, and the recognition of the fact that no trade union will be allowed to hold up the life of the community to ransom! But we venture at the same time to state that such evolution would be best obtained on a voluntary and natural basis rather than through the gates of Westminster!

Mr. MacDonald, for instance, is presented to-day with a spectacle of social disruption that should make him bold as a statesman to save the situation if he is returned to political power. He is faced on all sides with a scarcely veiled class antagonism, with an ever-growing hostility breeding from the elementary fact that all classes will not sink their common differences and pull together, a class hatred that is fostered and encouraged by the selfish, sectional aims of crass political prejudice. He can see also that co-operation, instead of being merely the penny catchword of the Labour Party, is in reality the cardinal factor of reform and readjustment for all classes! But then this co-operation must be earnest help and willingness from the worker as well as the employer, and mass-strike movements by political firebrands will not join capital and labour in bonds of friendship and fellowship. Mr. MacDonald, as the great future leader of the Labour Party in Great Britain, can be the potential Joshua who will bring this war-weary nation to that Promised Land of reconstruction and peace. He can authorise and legislate for the cessation of strikes, the payment of a generous economic wage to every worker, the distribution of profits to employees on a reasonable margin, increased output, and the organisation of industry on a great co-operative basis of labour and solidarity that will bring this nation

to the very forefront of commercial stability and economic prosperity. He can do all that if he has the courage that is vital in a statesman, and the nation, if necessary, will allot to him almost the powers of a dictator if he can accomplish regeneration on this firm democratic foundation.

We should like to have ended on that note of optimism, but we prefer to face the future in terms of naked fact. What will happen if Mr. MacDonald neglects his great opportunity? If he allows the wild men of the Left Wing to gain the ascendancy, what can we expect in the wake of a Labour Government? Doubtless we will witness a serious attempt at wholesale nationalisation and confiscation, and this may be accomplished in turn by some gigantic scheme of Syndicalism. Every workman will be a State servant or an autocrat in his own right at the call of the Syndicalists. We will either be governed by some despotic form of bureaucratic officialdom or made look ridiculous in the eyes of the world by a *régime* of Soviets and communal factories. There will be no genuine attempt to move the wheels of commerce on any economic plan of sound finance, and ultimately we may have to face the absurdity of either a military or political dictatorship. Is that the path along which Mr. MacDonald is brooding at present?

On the other hand, rather than be stampeded by his wild men, Mr. MacDonald could enter into some form of temporary alliance with the Liberal Party. We know that, allied, Liberalism and Labour could hold the field against all comers, because such a political grouping would represent the strongest power in the State. This does not mean either semi or complete absorption of Liberals in a Labour group. It would simply aim at a pact which would in reality be stronger than a coalition. A great deal will certainly depend on the future relationship of these two forces, because on their co-operation or hostility will depend the fate of the Progressive movement during the next half-century. If the temporary alliance could be formed Labour would require to shred itself of the suspicion of being a class party, and the caste prejudice feeling would have to be finally and completely removed.

It is also becoming clear to the intelligentsia of Labour that there is no definite finality about nationalisation, because it represents in the end crass Syndicalism and the tyrannical rule of selfish, bureaucratic groups. An alliance with the Liberal Party would automatically mean the postponement of all forms of invidious Socialism, and the pact is certainly worthy of consideration if Liberals are still determined that extinction is inevitable unless they are merged for a time within a new Labour group. There are already many points of agreement between the two parties. Mr. Lloyd George would be as content to serve under Mr. MacDonald as he expressed assent to serve under Lord Oxford. Unity is more imperative than leadership; economic prosperity is more urgent than Utopian schemes, and unless some amalgam of thought is achieved reconstruction will end in a mirage. We repeat that a pact between these two groups will not remain inconceivable, but such a political agreement will demand careful draftsmanship, skilful negotiation, superb courage. We believe we have got the draftsmen.

MAXIM GORKY AND THE ENGLISH STANDPOINT

By R. M. Fox

A WELL-KNOWN English novelist once said to me that the general gloom and unhappy endings of Maxim Gorky's stories had an enervating effect on him. In this he probably expressed the general view of the English reader. On the contrary, some find his writings a tonic; his bitterness acting on them like quinine.

Gorky is a harsh-sounding name to English ears but it is expressive of the man, for "Gorky" is the Russian word for "bitter," and Alexei Peshkoff adopted this name when he began to write his impressions of life from the standpoint of the barefooted outcast, the ragged idealist of the gutter. He does not attempt to soften the crudities of existence, and his keen perception of beauty makes cruelty and ugliness stand out more clearly.

G. K. Chesterton has written: "Gorky is a tramp, a man of the people, and also a critic and a bitter one. In the West, poor men when they become articulate in literature are always sentimentalists and nearly always optimists."

Optimism is a national characteristic of England. Rich and poor love compromise because they are convinced, as optimists, that things are not so bad and that they will probably get better.

Chesterton praises the simplicity with which in Gorky's terrible story, *Creatures that once were Men*, he digs beneath all social distinctions to that elemental human quality of manhood.

"To no Western, I am afraid," he says, "would it occur, when asked what he was, to say, 'A man.' He would be a plasterer who had walked from Reading, or an iron-puddler who had been thrown out of work in Lancashire, or a University man who would be really most grateful for the loan of five shillings."

Yet I once heard that answer given in a prison yard

by an English convict when a bullying warder demanded, "What do you think you are?" And the simple answer completely silenced the angry official. He had never thought of that before!

History has already passed judgment on Chesterton's opinion, expressed in Czarist times, that the Russians have that primary attitude of dogmatic belief in the all-sufficiency of a theory or system which makes revolution possible. But although Gorky may share the Russian dogmatism he has little use for theories, and is more of a dissolvent than a binding force in social matters. It is true, however, that Gorky and the Russians generally lack the sophistication of the West and pursue ideas untempered by the traditional give and take which we have long been familiar with in this country.

This difference in national outlook reflects itself in different literary standards, and the two views have been well stated by Edward Garnett.

"The English-speaking world," he says, "honestly favours those writers whose pictures show the ultimate triumph of the moral law over life's ugliness and Nature's indifference."

We think of a writer as depressing who does not make virtue triumph over evil. The spirit of accommodation which causes us to make the best of things as they are also inclines us to want the world presented in the most favourable light. If we are convinced that things are working out for the best why should we want our feelings harrowed by stories of suffering and misery?

"The Russian-speaking world," says Garnett, "on the other hand, is quite intolerant of cheap idealism, and finds its satisfaction largely in those analyses of men's motives, good and bad, which show the insufficiency of 'the moral law' to dictate to nature and dominate it, the difference being that to the Russian mind it is immoral to conceal or falsify the seamy facts in a world so constantly dominated by ugliness, while to the English mind it is immoral not to let fine character and conscience have the final word in 'the battle of life.'"

If we may judge by the work of Gorky and other writers,
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the Russians are really more concerned with analysis than with theory, and are ready to discard any theory which stands in the way. They love to take the machine to pieces to find out how it works. Sometimes it is more like pulling a butterfly to pieces, the operation seems so cruel. And they are so absorbed in their task of poking their fingers into the delicate mechanism that they have no regard for the conventions or the amenities of life.

Gorky frequently shows the workings of the human mind at its most debased level, guilty of the vilest meanness and cruelty. The English writer knows what is required of him in such circumstances. His readers, after their first sense of shame and pain at the revelation of such qualities of human nature, would immediately demand that the victim should be compensated and the villain punished. And their favourite authors hurry to the rescue of their complacency. Not so Gorky. With what seems like a chuckle he says, "Life is like this! What about it?"

After recounting horrors in his autobiographical book, *In the World*, he remarks:—

You have a liking for grim fantasies, you are delighted with horrible stories well told, and the grotesquely terrible excites you pleasantly. But I know of genuine horrors, everyday terrors, and I have an undeniable right to excite you unpleasantly by telling you about them so that you may remember how we live. A low and unclean life it is, ours, and that is the truth!

With all his grimness, Gorky has pity for suffering. He tells us how cruelty, even verbal baiting, aroused his fury. But his very pity will not allow him to soften his recital. In this the contrast between the Russian and the English method is clearly brought out. It may be urged that the presentation of evil triumphant is not a good example to put before men. Let Gorky answer this:—

Lovers of humanity must not hide the grim truth with the motley words of beautiful lies. Let us face life as it is. All that is good and human in our hearts and brains needs renewing.

In that sentence Gorky places himself "on the side of the angels." But he has no patience with those who would go to literature to be compensated for what they miss in life or for those who supply charming books lacking in

reality to satisfy them. He desires us to begin without illusions.

Life equipped him for his austere task. But it was a bitter apprenticeship which he had to serve. His father died when he was a child and he went to live with his grandfather, a vindictive old man who beat him unmercifully. His uncles were always quarrelling and playing cruel practical jokes on each other. From this atmosphere of wretchedness, after five months' schooling, he went when he was nine years old as errand boy to a shoemaker. Here conditions were equally bad, he was bullied by older boys, expected to help in cheating the customers, and treated as of no more account than a stray dog. After an accident to his arm he returned home to his grandmother.

One of his most sympathetic and complete portrayals is that of his grandmother, whose bright, vigorous personality stands out against a squalid background of unrelieved misery. She was a big, handsome woman with a mass of blue-black hair, which, as Gorky tells us, fell below her knees and touched the floor. She had extraordinary vitality and charm and an appreciation of natural beauty similar to his own. The happiest days of his childhood were when she took him out into the woods and told him wonderful stories of goblins and elves in which she believed. On a snowy night, she said, she saw a troika drawn by raven black horses, packed full of devils who hissed and screamed. The horses came to a pond, and as there was no way round they flew over it and disappeared in a cloud of snow. The small, eager child and the old woman must have been a queer pair. He describes himself as charmed by her personality, which soothed his turbulent spirit. This was his formative period. "My life flowed on swiftly and full of interest," he says, "with a broad stream of impressions bringing something new to my soul every day, stirring it to enthusiasm or disturbing it, or causing me pain, but at any rate forcing me to think."

He owed much to his grandmother's stories, which were certainly not of a realistic character, and later, when he began to read, he paid a tribute to the writings of Dickens and Scott. The works of Sir Walter Scott, he said,

against circumstances and, except at rare moments, in the contemplation and creation of beauty, unsatisfied. This makes him pre-eminently fitted to express similar feelings and strivings in others in all quarters of the globe. In *The Orloff Couple* he tells us of the cobbler whose only way of escape from the brooding pessimism fostered by evil conditions was to get drunk and beat his wife. It was, too, a regular Saturday night amusement for the neighbours to peer into the place and watch him knocking her about. When I read this it reminded me of how the young men employed at a certain English factory used to spend part of their dinner hour at the gate of an adjoining workshop watching for girls to be carried out fainting. Truly the love of seeing human suffering is international!

The peasants and workmen of whom Gorky writes inflict pain on those about them because of their sordid surroundings and their sense of exasperation against things in general. But what amazes the English reader is the patience with which the women give themselves up to this treatment. Even Gorky's grandmother, who is far stronger and more intelligent than her husband, resigns herself meekly to his beatings.

"He is my husband," she said. "He has to answer for me to God; but my duty is to suffer patiently!"

Gorky cannot stand this patience. He says she exhibited that virtue which belongs to cattle, trees and stones.

How far feminism has penetrated into modern Russia it is impossible to tell, but in the cities there seems now a certain rough equality between the sexes. I have seen men and women drilling together in the Red Square at Moscow, and have spoken with a woman who commanded Russian troops on the Polish front.

The companion story to *The Orloff Couple* is *Malva*, and its natural charm is far removed from the sordidness of the other. It opens:—

The sea laughed. It thrilled beneath the warm light breath of the wind and its surface became covered with faint silvery ripples, reflecting dazzlingly the sea; while with its thousand silvery lips it laughed back to the sky.

Nature speaks to Gorky and he personifies natural elements.

We read of Vassili, the boat-minder, who lives at the end of the promontory, and of his son, Jakoff, a young peasant, who comes to see him and flings his arm out towards the furrowed sea, crying "If this were only rich black earth that we could till!"

The peasants are revealed in Gorky's books. They are of many types, sometimes heavy, drunken and brutal, passionate or sorrowful, full of joy or perplexity they stand before us. One can sympathise with them as with living people. Yet they are of the earth, earthy. The value of Gorky to the over-sophisticated Westerner is that he brings us closer to the soil, the elements and the simpler human feelings than we can get in our cities of macadamised streets and motor 'buses.

However drunken, dirty and dissolute the Russian may be, he will talk about his feelings, his soul, nature and eternity. His small talk soon becomes big talk which carries him away. What talkers they are, and what listeners! I once went on a three-hour train journey from Moscow when one of those in the carriage began a conversation with the rest. Soon he got up, gesticulated and walked up and down the carriage talking. He denounced, he argued, he pleaded, he ran through every gamut of emotion, and when we reached our destination he was still holding forth. The difference in temperament between the Russians and the English is revealed in Shaw's *Heart-break House*, when he attempts to do English society conversation in Chekhov style.

Sereja in *Malva*, Grishka in *Chelkash*, Shakro in *My Fellow-Traveller* are of the type which Gorky seems to admire. They are all the same—lazy, bold, self-reliant. Their Anarchist view of life, with its cynical assumption that all social and moral standards are devices by those who have, to prevent them grabbing what they want, is so naïve that one cannot find an Englishman in any position to maintain it. For this reason alone that favourite Gorky character in fiction can hardly be found in any English book. We are more familiar in this country with the literary presentation of the unscrupulous rich man than with the defiantly cynical poor one. The poor can always

be trusted to stand by the conventions. But Gorky's peasant characters who get drunk on vodka, who beat their wives, and who philosophise with the shrewd wisdom of the uneducated, have the ring of truth.

The dominant motives in Gorky's writings are love of freedom and of beauty, two things which are most neglected in our industrial civilisation. We are too accustomed to routine to place ourselves in the mental attitude of those Russians to whom working regular hours, entering and leaving by a certain time, is so irksome that they cannot endure it. Before the factory era in England the people may have had similar feelings. The idea that men should patiently submit themselves to the control of others makes Gorky's vagabonds laugh out loud; they are as free as the wind. The prevalence of such a feeling does not make industrial discipline any easier to establish in Russia. One can hardly imagine them broken in to the time-recording, stop-watch methods of England and America.

He rarely touches on industrial life, but when he does his point of view is definite:—

Every day the factory whistle bellowed forth its shrill, roaring, trembling noises into the smoke-begrimed and greasy atmosphere of the working men's suburb and, obedient to the summons of the power of steam, people poured out of the little grey houses into the street. With sombre faces they hastened forward like frightened roaches, their muscles stiff from insufficient sleep. . . . In the evening when the sun was setting the red rays languidly glimmered upon the windows of the houses, the factory ejected its people like burned-out ashes.

The ugliness and waste of life involved in modern factory production must strike many of those who suffer under it, and they are not compensated by increased production. Gorky's description is true of England as of Russia. How can such a life be other than a narrow cage? Many a time in the grey dawn have I been wakened by the banging on the wall of a friendly next-door neighbour, and hurried out, half asleep, to add to the clatter of feet, like a regiment out of step, as the hooter sounded its call and the rearguard broke into a jog-trot. The trail of black factory smoke would crawl across the rising sun as we entered the gate, cancelling another day, and the men would fervently wish the welcome evening hooter was sounding instead.

Gorky stresses the effect of working conditions on the workmen in their free time. He tells how Russian factory workers drink, sleep and quarrel on their rare holidays in order to while away the tedium of unaccustomed leisure. The same may be observed here. Some have a keen interest in life, which they maintain in spite of conditions, but others beg for overtime, partly for the money, but quite as much from a dread of boredom which a holiday brings. One sees them on holidays sucking their pipes and lounging by the factory gate or at the public-house door opposite. Then, maybe, they can fill in the time with an hour or two's sleep, and so bridge over the gap till their routine work begins again. For industry has taken from them the capacity to use their leisure; it has made them into animated mechanism, helpless when thrown on their own resources, their only purpose in life being to carry on their robot-like activities.

Gorky's passionate cry for freedom probably matters much more to the English worker than all the contents of the tomes written by Mr. Sidney Webb for the more scientific regulation of industry and life. There are two ways of looking at a factory. One is to think of all the necessary things which can be produced quickly there for society to consume; the other is to note what great, grim, noisome places they are for people to be penned up in for the best part of their waking lives. Gentlemen like Mr. Sidney Webb, with his zeal for humanity at large, take the first view. Men like Gorky, who love freedom for themselves, take the second. The first is more traditionally English, the second will be sympathised with by those who know the factory from the inside.

Our highly organised and regimented civilisation does not supply sufficient scope for the various instinctive tendencies of man which go to make up his personality. Drunkenness, brutality and dullness are largely the result of warped humanity, whose instincts are pushed into wrong channels by surroundings which do not give free play to healthy impulses. On this point Gorky, the artistic vagabond, and many of our leading psychologists, agree.

The human craving for freedom is not confined to any

one country. Vagabondage is the barometer which marks the pressure of circumstances on people and the degree of resistance they possess. Vagrants either emphasise the desire for freedom or their failure to find a place in organised communal life. The social organisation or the individual may be most to blame, but some mutual adjustment will have to be made. So while thinkers like Sidney Webb have their uses in advocating the claims of organisation, we are in this country already so machinified that Gorky is a valuable corrective to the English point of view.

Industry is responsible for many stresses and strains, and the industrial troubles of modern times are largely the protest of human nature against industrialisation. For many generations man lived a nomadic life, and even when he settled down he lived by hunting, fishing, agriculture and handicraft. The imposition of a mechanical civilisation upon the deeply-rooted needs and aptitudes of man has been successfully applied only in a comparatively small part of the globe. Everywhere else this industrial civilisation is resisted by the people though advocated by experts from above.

Experts tell us solemnly that many of these elemental urges of man can be used or "sublimated" in industry, as, for instance, men and women may find the same satisfaction in looking after a number of looms as their forefathers did in tending a flock of sheep! But these are rough-and-ready adjustments. With growing industrial organisation there is less and less room for the individual expression of primal and inherited impulses; all are pressed in the mass mould to aid in mass production. Work is sub-divided so that the instincts of men formed under conditions far different from those of our industrial age, and transmitted to the present generation, have little or no opportunity of coming into use. If these instincts are repressed personality is crippled, and all sorts of reactions occur which are harmful to the individual and society. Some instincts may die out, as, for instance, curiosity, which is often deadened by dull routine. Others are partially satisfied or perverted in anti-social direc-

tions. The thwarting of instincts leads to abnormality, to suffering, to social and domestic strife and to wrecked lives. The huge impersonal mechanism of our industrial order cannot allow for the instinctive tendencies of man which differ so largely in different individuals.

With conditions changing from age to age it is true that human nature must change in accordance with them. Social selection is continually going on, and those instincts which are of less use tend to grow weaker, while others get stronger, though they may find new means of expression. But certain fundamental instincts do not change, and individuals vary greatly. Therefore the first essential is that conditions should not be too rigid to prevent the unfolding of the inborn tendencies of man. No one can pretend that this scope is allowed to-day when the boast of efficiency experts is that they have eliminated the individual factor in ordinary productive work, and have worked out a number of motions which each individual must perform in a given time with the certainty of a machine making so many revolutions a minute.

We are so close to the whole thing in England that we cannot see it objectively, and this is where the value of Gorky comes in, for he is on the edge and reacts strongly against it. And being articulate he can tell us how millions of inarticulate people are feeling in greater or less degree as the power of the machine gains control over their lives. It is only by realising the nature of the problem that we may be able to strike the balance between discipline and repression, variety of occupation and efficiency in production, and so increase human happiness while decreasing the number of vagabonds and the mass of social wreckage.

Gorky's vagabonds are reproduced all over the world. Perhaps in England they are not so temperamental as the Russians, but in essence they are the same. Before the war, in a narrow Soho street, was a sort of cellar, called a hall, where forgathered as choice a collection of cosmopolitan vagabonds as ever Gorky met.

One of them, cockney bred, with the thoroughly English name of Jack Smith, was of the very brotherhood of the

"Outcasts" of whom Gorky has written. He was a good worker, but would not work unless driven to it. On the rare occasions when he found a job his friends jeered at him in the mornings—they lived in a doss-house, communal fashion—until he refused to get up and leave them in bed. Every year, on May 1st, he set off from London to tramp the country, and would give up any job, no matter how good, for this purpose. He said that these travels were the only part of his life worth living and remembering.

The workshop manager was greatly puzzled on the eve of one of Smith's tours.

"Why do you want to go?" he asked. "It's a good job, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Jack. "It's a good job. But it's too regular. I'm having three meals a day and a bed at night. I can't stand it!"

One day he and a friend found themselves in a white country road with exactly fourpence in their pockets, which they were saving for emergencies. Then two girls on bicycles stopped them and asked the way to a neighbouring town. They talked for a while and Smith suggested going to a wayside tea-garden, where they sat in a shady arbour and consumed four glasses of lemonade. Smith was host, and he was rather nervous until he made sure that the lemonade was only a penny a glass, when he flung the money down with an air and walked out. The girls said "Goodbye!" and rode off. The two walked along, side by side, penniless.

"You were a fool, Jack!" said his companion. "Why did you do it?"

"Fellowship is life, lack of fellowship is death!" returned Jack sententiously, and strode on satisfied.

Once he arrived in London unexpectedly and explained:—

"Well, I was standing at a country station and it came to me suddenly that I hadn't heard a Wagner concert for months, so I tramped back!"

And the Brotherhood received his explanation in sympathetic silence.

He was a Bohemian of the gutter, and he has now gone

on a journey longer than any of the others. He will get a kindly reception, for he ever looked with a kindly eye on humanity and the world.

It was one of the brotherhood who with scissors and paste-pot transformed newspaper contents bills and achieved startling results by cutting them up and joining them together again. One of his most successful and sensational productions was a lovely poster with thick black type, which read "Ramsay MacDonald Assassinated." Neither he nor the newsagents whom he probably helped to sell their papers that morning had the faintest idea then that they were prematurely killing off England's first Labour Premier.

These were vagabonds of the Gorky stamp in the heart of London, as lazy, idle, good-for-nothing as any of his. They may not have been quite so tragic, though broken boots, starvation, drink and sordidness punctuated the gaiety of their lives. They reacted too far towards freedom, but they loved the freedom they won so hardly. In spite of the misery of their lives they had struggles, interests, views, travels. Gorky lays bare all this life with its hunger, its raggedness, its cynicism, its alternating sparkle and despair. He also shows us industry "boiling men's lives away as if in dirty porridge," making them crooked and wizened, listless and empty, when they ought to be in their prime. That is the indictment which this great realist and underman brings against industrial civilisation which he has seen, felt and loathed. Has England, the great land of industry, anything to learn from this?

VOLTAIRE AND FREDERICK THE GREAT

BY RICHARD ALDINGTON

WHEN their correspondence was opened in August, 1736, by Prince Frederick of Prussia, the writer was twenty-four; Voltaire was forty-two. When at last the death of Voltaire in 1778 brought it to an end, nearly forty-two years had elapsed. The brilliant poet of Frederick's youth had evolved into the Patriarch of Ferney, and Frederick himself had developed from a delicate, rather self-indulgent youth into the hard, lean, stern general and "enlightened" tyrant. No 18th century author attained an influence so complete and extensive as that of Voltaire, the intellectual dictator of his age; and no 18th century monarch, not even Catherine, approached the efficiency and success of Frederick the Great. These two men do not represent the whole of that century, but they are the two most splendid examples of its dominant school; the one in the sphere of thought, the other in the sphere of action. The achievements of these two men cannot be adequately reviewed in a brief essay devoted chiefly to their personal relations; they belong to the history of Europe.

In 1736 Voltaire was living at Cirey with Mme. du Châtelet. He had twice become acquainted with the inside of the Bastille, had been exiled to England, had become famous and rich. He was known chiefly as a poet and a dramatist. *Œdipe* (1718), *Marianne* (1724), *Brutus* (1730), *Eriphyle* (1732), *Zaire* (1732), *Alzire* (1736), had won him almost incontestably the first place in his age as a writer of French classic tragedies. By his shorter poems, his *La Bastille* (1717), *La Henriade* (1723 and 1728), *Le Temple du Goût* (1733), he had secured an immense reputation as a poet. The polite world whispered rumours of a certain deliciously alarming *Pucelle*, fragments of which had been read to a privileged few in the strictest privacy. The *Histoire de Charles XII* (1731), *Essai sur les Guerres Civiles de France* (1727), *Lettres Philosophiques* (1734),

Traité de Métaphysique (1734), and one or two brilliant pamphlets showed that this poet was also a prose-writer of extraordinary ability, a man of wide interests and unquenchable curiosity, in his way a thinker with the power to stimulate thought in others. By many people he was already considered the most important living writer in France, while the religious faction considered him a peculiarly wily and dangerous opponent. This last fact, even more than the *liaison* with Mme. du Châtelet, explains why Voltaire was then spending so much of his time in the country.

Frederick of Prussia had already passed through curious and bitter experiences. The "rude transports of joy" with which Frederick William had greeted the birth of a male heir soon subsided into the firm determination to mould, or rather thump, his son into the most Prussian of Hohenzollerns. The boy was a great disappointment in many ways. Not only was his health rather weak, but he liked to play with his sister and, as he grew up, developed a strong taste for literature (French literature), for flute music, for non-religious views of the universe, and other criminal indulgences of the weak and wicked. Side by side with this went a dislike for drill, for giant Guardsmen, for beer, pipe-smoking and spitting, and the like occupations of heroes and nobles. Yet Frederick William had done his best. He had laid down the most precise and detailed rules for his son's education; he had behaved with exemplary brutality, he had forbidden the study of Latin, frowned upon music, paraded the Guards indefatigably, knocked down the tutors, and insisted upon the gloomiest and longest religious services obtainable. The result was that Frederick tried to run away. He failed, and the consequences of this error are dreadful to contemplate. Frederick William was convinced that his son was unworthy to wear the crown of Prussia; he wanted to have him executed and, balked of that, tried to make him abdicate. Prince Frederick was imprisoned, his friend and accomplice Katte was executed before his eyes, and the most rigorous treatment was used to bring the erring Prince back to the paths of royal morality. Before this storm

Frederick cowered, promised anything, drilled all day, pretended to like beer, listened to the most tedious sermons. The rigidity of discipline was gradually relaxed, though in 1732 the young man was married to a princess he did not like while he was in love with someone else. By 1736 this second education was complete, and Prince Frederick was released at times to comparative freedom at Rheinsberg. The dreamer had been effectually battered into the man of action, but even Frederick William could not quench his son's love of French literature, his admiration for its greatest living representative. At Rheinsberg, Frederick did what many enthusiastic young men do: he wrote a respectful and laudatory letter to the object of his literary devotion.

This formal, rather timid, rather pompous letter, begging for unpublished manuscripts and Voltaire's correspondence, showing the cloven hoof of royalty only in the sentence hinting at "taking you into my service," received a prompt and brilliant reply. Voltaire whole-heartedly accepted the post of Aristotle to this Alexander, and, under the guise of flatteringly praising Frederick, told him what he ought to be. The point most stressed is the necessity for princes to "detest persecution and superstition." Both parties were charmed by this first interchange of opinions and praise, and the correspondence proceeded briskly and at length, though with considerable ceremony and a crescendo of flattery from Voltaire which more than fringes the ridiculous, reaching its zenith of absurdity in a request to Frederick to bring a cordial with him to their first interview since Voltaire is assured that his joy will cause him to swoon. The meeting did not, in fact, take place until after Frederick became king.

The history of the friendship between these two men is one of the most curious episodes of the 18th century. Frederick's aim was to bring Voltaire to Prussia and to establish him permanently in Berlin as the head of the king's intellectual circle. To attain this end Frederick was not only willing to expend floods of flattery and to exhaust the arts of diplomacy, but he was even ready to open the purse, which he usually kept so prudently and

closely shut. Voltaire was not wholly averse from this plan, though what he would really have liked was the post of French Ambassador to the Court of Prussia. Failing that—and it was impossible while Cardinal Fleury lived—his idea was to prepare the way by running as a political agent between Versailles and Potsdam. Frederick, however, was determined that Voltaire should be his literary *cher maître*, his friend and pensioner if Voltaire chose, but nothing more; and he treated Voltaire's political overtures and antics with boisterous contempt. Moreover, another and most formidable obstacle existed in the shape of Mme. du Châtelet who, having caught and tamed the first man of letters of the age, was not inclined to yield him up to anyone, even to a king. Probably, an effective political rôle would have detached Voltaire from his mistress, but though Frederick amused himself by pretending to give some political confidences (immediately retailed, as he well knew, to Fleury) the bait was not sufficient to capture the wily prey. Moreover, Frederick made a mistake by betraying some of Voltaire's confidences to Versailles, with the hope that Voltaire would in consequence be exiled once more from France, and therefore be compelled to take refuge in Prussia. This danger, if it ever existed, was promptly thwarted by Mme. du Châtelet, and the confidence between the two men was not increased by the discovery of their mutual treachery.

Voltaire's journey to Prussia in 1743 might have resulted in his permanent establishment there but for his political ambitions and the existence of Mme. du Châtelet. Frederick flattered him but did not trust him. The flattery was delicious, but the lack of trust was disconcerting. As a diplomat Voltaire was no match for his astute literary pupil, and though he did his best to betray Frederick, the political results were very meagre. From Frederick's point of view the position was a stalemate, and he saw that it would be difficult to secure Voltaire permanently for his literary evenings so long as Mme. du Châtelet could procure him access to the French Court, and could exert her feminine influence over him. The tone of Frederick's letters changes completely after 1743. He still flatters, still

expresses admiration for Voltaire's genius, but it is plain that he despises Voltaire's character, and has nothing but contempt for his political ambitions. He is never weary of joking at Voltaire's much-prized title of Gentleman in Ordinary to the King of France, and he is positively brutal on the subject of Voltaire's valetudinarian complaints. Voltaire, meanwhile, had discovered that a royal pupil in literature can be a royal master, and even a royal tyrant in other respects; he had discovered this but did not take the lesson to heart. Nevertheless, the correspondence continued, and Frederick obstinately held to his purpose.

Several years passed, and Frederick seemed further from "possessing" Voltaire than ever; but in October, 1748, Voltaire discovered that the Marquise du Châtelet was "deceiving" him with the Marquis de Saint-Lambert. This put a new aspect on matters, and the possibilities of another and perhaps longer stay in Prussia were discussed in the correspondence. A visit was arranged for the summer of 1749, but Mme. du Châtelet became *enceinte* (which was extremely dangerous at her age) and Voltaire generously decided to remain and to nurse his faithless mistress. Frederick taunted him with being a man midwife, but Voltaire was not to be jibed into abandoning what he considered a duty; one of his really good traits is excellently displayed in the letter where he refuses to leave Mme. du Châtelet until she is out of danger. It was well for his subsequent peace of mind that he did remain, for Mme. du Châtelet died a few days after the birth of her child. Voltaire retired to Paris to hide his grief.

The death of the Marquise, however, removed the chief obstacle to Voltaire's compliance with Frederick's wishes. All Voltaire's friends and relatives in France, both the interested and the disinterested, attempted to dissuade him from this, one of the most foolish of his actions. Onlookers could perceive very well that two such combustibles as Frederick and Voltaire would soon explode if brought together; they could also see (and Voltaire was naively blind to this) that Louis XV, already no friend to the "philosopher," would be mortally offended. The

tragi-comic result of the establishment in Berlin is known to everybody. The quarrels and patchings-up ended by Voltaire's leaving in disgrace and by his undergoing the indignities of imprisonment, insult, search, and the like humiliations at Frankfort. In 1753, at the age of sixty, Voltaire found himself living in Alsatian inns, almost as a fugitive, afraid to return to Berlin, refused permission to enter France. And thus, after much hesitation and several temporary expedients, began the last and most famous epoch of Voltaire's life, that of the Sage of Ferney.

Frederick, meanwhile, had developed astoundingly from the literary prince who had sought the friendship of M. de Voltaire in 1736. The First and Second Silesian Wars had added immensely to his dominions, and had brought out his capacity as a soldier. He had fled the battlefield of Mollwitz somewhat hurriedly, but he did not abandon, he led his armies at Hohenfriedberg, at Soor, at Hennersdorf; and peace was signed not in Berlin, but in Dresden. The administration of his inheritance and of the lands stolen from Austria called out Frederick's admirable gifts as an organiser. When all Prussia trembled at his frown, when every chancellory in Europe felt unfeigned respect for the power of Prussian arms, when every day Frederick became more imperious, it was hardly likely that he would endure the monkey antics of a French pensioner or, as we should put it, the eccentricities of a man of genius. To live on familiar terms with Frederick the Great was not easy. He liked men-friends, he liked to think that in his hours of recreation he could treat his poets and philosophers as equals. But it was not really so. He could never forget the King for long, and what made it difficult to behave in perfect accordance with his moods was the fact that no one could tell when the philosophic friend would suddenly become the monarch. "Beware, gentlemen," said Voltaire once at a supper party, as he observed Frederick stiffen, "the King of Prussia has just come in!" Dining with despots must ever be an uncomfortable form of entertainment.

Those who are more tenacious of the forms of democratic government than they are capable of cool judg-

ment, affect to disparage the brains, character and work of Frederick because, and only because, he was a despot. This is both short-sighted and presumptuous. A man who has never handled even a platoon in action can have little idea of the demands made upon a commander, and not every private citizen who is fluent with advice and blame could administer a State. The following lines from a cool, but extremely competent and well-informed writer, Mr. W. F. Reddaway, will give some idea of the greatness of Frederick:—

The versatility with which he entered into every department of government in turn is no more astounding than the clearness with which he perceived the immediate obstacles to be overcome in each, the courage with which he faced them, and the force, swift, steady and irresistible, by which he triumphed. The wonderful energy which prompted him to bear on his own shoulders all the burden of the State in war and peace, and to put forth all his strength at every blow, was yet more marvellous because it was susceptible of control. Frederick . . . ceased from the labours of the Seven Years' War, only to undertake the reconstruction of the economic life of a great Kingdom. By mere overflow of force he finished his *History of the War* only in the year after that in which peace was made. Yet, with all his energy, he was able to realise that not seldom force needs the help of time. He was gratified when some of his enterprises began to repay him after twenty years, and he declined to aggrandise Prussia beyond the limit which his statesmanlike instinct taught him that her strength would warrant.

. . . If we turn from his powers to his performance, we find his name associated with three great phenomena of history. Under his guidance Prussia rose at one step from the third to the highest grade among the Powers. He was, moreover, the pattern of the monarchs of his time, the type of the benevolent despots of the later eighteenth century. Finally, in the great series of events by which Germany has become a united military Empire, his life-work fills a conspicuous place.

Frederick's influence upon his contemporaries was enormous, and in many respects it cannot be over-praised. He found what has been styled "Sultan and harem economy" prevalent among his peers, together with a tendency to regard the income of the State as the pocket-money of the ruler. For this, he substituted in Europe a great measure of his own ideal of royal duty. Fearing nothing and hoping little from any future State, he was yet too proud to flinch from an atom of the lifelong penance that he believed was prescribed for Kings by some law of nature. Duty to his House and duty to his State were to him the same, and they dictated a life of incessant labour for his subjects' good, and forbade the appropriation of more than a living wage. . . . Thanks in great part to Frederick, irresponsible monarchy became impossible for ever.

Such was the mature statesman whom Voltaire first tried to outwit in diplomacy, then coquetted with from France,

then joined in the capacity of *Littérateur en chef* and "philosophick friend," and then quarrelled with in a fashion disastrous to himself. The details of the quarrel may be sought in Desnoiresterres, who tells us, in the way most favourable to Voltaire, the story of the Jew, the Saxony notes, the diamonds and the law-suit, of Maupeou, Koenig and *Dr. Akakia*, of the arrest and detention of Voltaire at Frankfort by command of his Prussian Majesty. Here is not the place to attempt a detailed recital of these woeful occurrences. It is enough to say that although Frederick was a great king, he was a terrible friend even to the man whose genius he admired above that of all living persons. We may grant that Voltaire deeply offended his patron, who so often protested that to Voltaire he was a friend and not a monarch, but we cannot deny that Frederick in his resentment was cruel. It was a pity that he dropped his philosophical weapons and mobilised his bayonets against Voltaire at Frankfort; and it was indeed a mistake on his part to think that Voltaire would ever forgive him. In later years, Frederick no doubt thought that all was forgiven and forgotten; but years afterwards, when Voltaire was dead and he himself on the verge of the grave, he read those atrocious *Memoirs of M. de Voltaire*, which are among the cruellest satires ever written. These memoirs were written in 1759, when Voltaire's resentment was still violent. He never published them, but he did not destroy them; and the fact of their existence poisons the sincerity and dignity of even his last farewell letter to Frederick.

After the disaster of Frankfort, the correspondence between the two was the reverse of cordial, and often languished. During the Seven Years' War, when Prussia and Frederick were fighting for their lives, the correspondence sprang up once more. Voltaire wrote to dissuade Frederick from suicide, and for some time was the agent for obscure negotiations for peace between the French Government and Frederick. But peace did not come through the mediation of Voltaire, always so unlucky in practical politics, and no letters were written between 1761 and 1765. By that time Voltaire could afford to stand

upon his dignity as the unquestioned dictator of European letters, as a man whose great age put him above ordinary rules, as the Patriarch whose works had created a whole new generation eager to carry out his schemes of reform. Frederick held out the olive branch and Voltaire at first refused to grasp it; not until Frederick had apologised as handsomely as a proud king could, did Voltaire consent to renew the correspondence. Twelve years were to elapse before death ended their exchange of letters which were never so frequent, so entertaining, or so varied as in the last decade of Voltaire's life.

Voltaire was right to show a decent reluctance in re-admitting Frederick to something like the old terms of friendly intimacy. Both had been wrong in the old quarrels, but the violence at Frankfort, so outrageous and so unnecessary, had never been atoned for or even regretted. Frederick's obstinacy on this point shows that he knew he was in the wrong. But if he could stand upon the privilege of his Prussian Kingship, Voltaire could now treat with him as power to power, from the elevation of a more tenuous but more universal monarchy over the minds of men. Since Petrarch no European man of letters, not even Erasmus, has wielded in his lifetime so great and so extensive an influence as Voltaire.

This man was a Proteus, intellectually and morally. His versatility evades definition. His actions were dependent not so much upon principles or strong passions as upon the caprices of infinitely varying moods; in his conduct he is the *prima donna* of literature. His most intimate friends could never be certain what he would do or say in a given situation. He arranged himself and facts to suit the purpose of the moment, and must sometimes have wondered at his own contradictions. Lying, he told everybody, was a necessary shield in life; and then was amusingly surprised when his word was doubted. The truest thing said of him is that he was never idle and very seldom dull; he had an energy as tireless and self-consuming as that of Frederick. His intellect was universally curious, with a superficial but impressive lucidity and method. He was seldom profound, but never vague. If

he contradicted himself, there was clarity even in the confusion. His candour was intellectual, not moral; yet his intellect was sometimes the dupe or the obsequious servant of his prejudices. *Le Mondain*, written to annoy the orthodox religious, is contradicted by *Candide*, which was designed to plague the philosophic Optimists and Jean Jacques.

Examples of such contradictions might be almost indefinitely multiplied, and yet in the end it is true that Voltaire's personality is an entity and his work a whole. He was not a feather tossed in the contrary winds of life, but a sea with tides and currents. In the mass, he knew what he wanted and obtained it, knew what he thought and said it plainly and convincingly. He is more traditional than he knew or than his admirers realise. Voltaire has spiritual ancestors among the satirists of mediæval France. He is a classical Rutebeuf; or, to change the metaphor, a Palladian façade to that temple of the *esprit Gaulois* where eight centuries of French burgesses have satirically damned the king, the nobles and the clergy.

Mere speculative inquiry and paper triumphs could not satisfy this eminently practical man; he was earnest to put his multitudinous ideas into practice. Hence the colony at Ferney, hence the perpetual hankering for political power, hence the infinite temporising with the great. The administration of Ferney was a demonstration of how M. de Voltaire would have ruled a State, and not all his vast fame and intellectual power could console him for the disappointment of never having sat in a Council of Ministers of State. It is fortunate for us that Voltaire's France had no constitutional government, no Parliament where he could have expended his stock of ideas in fruitlessly eloquent speeches, and his infinite talent for intrigue in equally fruitless political combinations. It is not difficult to imagine Voltaire in the lobbies. He would have enjoyed the endless wire-pulling as much as the realities of power; and had power been granted him, he would have governed with a benevolent perfidy.

The intellectual catholicity which in Europe superseded the Roman Catholic Church, as that in its turn had super-

seded the Roman Empire, is strikingly, if imperfectly, embodied in Voltaire. He is in part a man of the Renaissance; in part a man of modern times; struggling away from cramping superstitions whether of antiquity or of the middle ages, national or religious, legal or social; striving, perhaps blunderingly towards that free, disinterested labour of the mind which is the great achievement of European civilisation. He was not a great philosopher or a scientist, he was only in a limited sense a great artist; but he taught his followers that art perishes in vain formality and aimlessness when it is not nourished by science, and that science becomes barbarous and pedantic without the graces and the charm of the arts. We cannot claim that Voltaire invented the French critical spirit, but the Humanist ideal owes a debt to him. With all his limitations and imperfections, he served the cause of true civilisation. He always denied the claims of ignorance, violence and prejudice.

Voltaire called himself a friend of humanity, and he was not insincere. When he was himself firmly and comfortably established, he was not unwilling to lend his pen to the cause of "the human race." He cannot be looked upon as a hero, but he cannot be denied the merits of his Humanism. The solution of human destiny by the unfettered labours of the best minds—that principle binds together his multitudinous writings. Perhaps he believed too easily that a well-fed, well-housed, well-dressed, peaceful, fornicating, sceptical humanity would, by the exercise of those qualities, enter upon an everlastingly golden era. But he was right in holding that a starving, gloomy, cowed, wretched race of men will never further the development of human happiness and grandeur. It is to no one's advantage that there should exist even one ragged, starving, despairing human being; for while even one such remains injustice and inhumanity will not have vanished from the earth. To perceive that in the eighteenth century needed compassion and love of justice as well as a swift intelligence and a religion of Reason.

NAPOLEON AND TALMA

FRANCE'S GREAT TRAGEDIAN

By J. D'ARCY MORELL

SOMETIMES when asked his age Talma replied, with a vague smile, that he was born in London early in January, 1766, or else took down from a cabinet some closely written manuscript intended to form his autobiography. At other times he claimed to have come into the world, like Molière, whose theatre he so greatly helped to resuscitate from decay, in Paris, but made himself slightly younger by giving the year as 1767. Comedians are like pretty women, he said, for they have no age. It is known that the great tragedian was baptised on January 15th in the year 1763 in the Church of St. Nicholas. He was the son of Michel Talma, a valet, and like the progenitor of the author of *The Misanthrope*, Talma's godfather, was a head cook. His parent came to Paris from Avesnes, near Poix, to seek fortune, and entered the service of an English gentleman in the above capacity. He soon became the trusted confidant of his master as well as a faithful servant. The origin of his family is obscure. The derivation of his name always caused curiosity. When asked his origin he always declared that his forbears had long dwelt near Cambrai, in French Flanders.

The trusty servitor followed his English master to London. But he aimed at a position of greater liberty than domestic service. He became a dentist in England, and when the youthful François Joseph had finished his schooling in Paris he joined his father across the Channel. The boy began to study the rudiments of dentistry, but the attraction of Shakespeare's tragedies proved overwhelming to the young mind and caused him to neglect the art of extracting teeth. The representation on the stage of the immortal masterpieces of Shakespeare in the poet's native tongue made an incomparably deeper impression on the eager imagination of the young aspirant to histrionic fame

duced by an exact copy of the old home of French comedy. Corneille's masterpiece *Le Cid* was a great success. Talma played the part of Rodrigues. All Paris talked of Talma, and it was at this hour that the two tragedians, the future Cæsar and the actor, played their parts, the one in the history of nations, the other in that of art. It was here that Talma, ejected by the former members of the older Comédie, introduced the first play *Henry VIII* of England. Talma took the character of King Henry, Mme. de Vestria that of Anne Boleyn, and Mlle. Desgarcins represented Lady Seymour. It was then in the early days of the Revolution, before the Girondins were hacked to pieces in the prison of the Conciergerie after the head of a king had been offered to popular frenzy in order to save from their own work the middle class and the outcasts of society who had roused the fierce passions of class hatred. The receptions of Talma in his little town residence of the rue Chantereine became famous. It was Julie Careau, his first wife, who brought him forty thousand francs yearly, the almost aristocratic abode, and her remarkable talents which certainly assisted the tragedian to found his reputation. Julie bought this historic house, and it was here that the penniless artillery officer Bonaparte, fresh from Toulon, found succour. Madame Tallien was the friend of Julie, and these two clever women gave the shabby long-haired Corsican with strangely deep and sombre eyes a pair of breeches to be present at a soirée. Afterwards Talma deserted her for Mme. Petit-Vanhove, of the Comédie Française. Poor Julie Careau, the talented epistolary writer, the brilliant star in the world of politics and literature, helped to raise Talma from a gifted but struggling actor to the highest pinnacle of his art. But their ages should have been reversed. She was eight years older than her husband. She would have been the Aspasia of her time if she had lived in the age of Pericles. Talma's house, or rather that of Julie, in the rue Chantereine, now the Rue de la Victoire, became famous in the world of politics, literature, and art. It was the resort of celebrities of the day attracted by the fascination of Julie. But the dark and mysterious

young actor of growing notoriety preferred to seek refuge far from the brilliant company in the salon with his old cook. This faithful servant placed his armchair in the chimney corner of the kitchen and prepared a cup of warm broth or some simple dish suitable to the taste of her adored master, who was rather delicate. Julie, though deeply attached to her husband, forgot the home for the brilliant receptions in the salon. Such was the abode of the future great tragedian now rising to fame with the help of his worldly and talented wife and her fortune. The mansion with its narrow staircase and stained-glass windows was bought by Josephine de Beauharnais after the divorce of Talma from his first wife, and it was here that Madame Tallien introduced the unkempt young Corsican officer to the fascinating Creole widow. This house, which had been frequented by all the celebrities of a generation from Marat and Robespierre to Bonaparte, was pulled down in 1860. The Vicomte de Beauharnais, first husband of Josephine, was beheaded during the Terror. Bonaparte attracted attention not solely on account of his emaciated and shabby appearance, but from his clear-sighted views and sound judgment. Through the influence of her husband, the Conventionalist, and of Barras, Madame Tallien secured the appointment of Bonaparte against the Jacobin sections, which mustered in great force to overthrow the Convention. Bonaparte made his plans, gave his orders, and then calmly went to the theatre. The next day he purged the capital of the armed rabble. His guns swept the streets from the Place de la Bourse to the Pont Neuf. The sections fled in all directions to escape from the sabres of his dragoons. For this brilliant feat of arms Bonaparte was promoted to the rank of general of division. But in order to present himself according to his office before other generals in gold lace he adorned his uniform frock coat with yellow worsted facings instead of gold facings. Talma furnished him with a pair of breeches for the occasion. If it had not been for these two women Bonaparte and Talma might have had to wait long to conquer celebrity. But it may be said that Julie's political salon,

instead of Talma's literary circle, nearly brought the tragedian to the steps of the scaffold when the sea-green man Robespierre symbolised the red terror of unreasoning demagoguery.

After the divorce with Julie, Talma often visited his first wife at her desire as a friend. She declared that it would have been too cruel to desert her altogether. One day she asked him to dine with her on the following Thursday. He replied: "Not Thursday, but Monday." "Well, Monday if it must be so." On Monday she was dead. Talma fell into deep melancholy. He felt that he was partly responsible for her premature end.

The new Théâtre Français opened its doors in the spring of 1791. *Le Cid* was given in May with great success. Talma played the part of Rodrigue triumphantly. It was then that the tragedian met Bonaparte for the first time. The artist was already influential in the world of art, and the young artillery officer was unknown. But the Corsican, with pendant side locks and sallow complexion, also loved the stage. On one occasion Talma crossed the Palais Royal in theatrical costume with his comrade Baptiste Cadet, also disguised. It was in the ferment of the Revolution. The populace surrounded the pair and wanted to lynch them as foreign spies. The crowd lowered the nearest street lantern ready to hoist them in the air, but they were saved just in time by an officer and patrol, who, in order so to do, promised the lynchers to take them to the Commissary, who would promptly deal with the two traitors. The costumes which had excited the popular wrath were designed by David. Robespierre hated the distinguished player because the terrorist was much struck by the charms of the young and clever actress Madame Petit-Vanhove, with whom Talma was already deeply in love, and who was destined to become his second wife after his divorce with Julie. His name was down on the list of suspects, but a friend managed to delay the presentation of the fatal roll for signature. In the meantime the Red Tyrant fell and Talma was saved. He had kept a sharp watch so that the object of his adoration could elude the pressing advances of her terrible admirer.

Josephine bought later the Château de la Malmaison, near Paris, and passed there, with the General, perhaps the happiest years of their lives. Bonaparte built a small theatre where plays were given under the guidance of Talma. He was their intimate and much valued friend, they seemed inseparable. Bonaparte and Talma arranged the theatricals in which the family and friends took part, but the General never appeared himself except as spectator. Before leaving for Egypt Bonaparte and Josephine retained a box at the Théâtre Français to see Talma in the part of Macbeth. On quitting the theatre they took a post-chaise to Toulon, whence Bonaparte sailed for Egypt. On his return he hastened to Lyons to witness a piece at the theatre. It was under the First Consul that Talma's powers conquered all opposition, but it was in the days of the Empire that his genius was consecrated by time under the protection of the great soldier. Many are the authentic stories that have been related by those well acquainted with the close friendship existing between the mighty Emperor and the famous tragedian.

A little comedy between Napoleon and Talma was played at the Tuileries in real life. The narrative is due to Mlle. Mars, the celebrated star of the French stage. The Emperor commanded the presence of Talma one day at the palace, but the request, carried by a footman, was overlooked at the theatre where Talma was attending a committee meeting called to deal with some house property of the Comédie Française from the time of Molière. An hour passed and Napoleon gave signs of impatience. He renewed his request with insistence. The officer on duty grasped the situation, for evidently a blunder had been made. He despatched a subaltern to the theatre. Talma received the message this time and instantly left on foot accompanied by an errand boy to carry the roll of papers the actor had with him on leaving. When the lad saw him ascend the grand staircase he pleaded hard to see His Majesty. "You may be stopped," the visitor said, "and, if so, await me, but come and take your chance." All doors opened before him and the boy followed on his heels. The tapestry hangings of

the last door were drawn wide apart, and they entered into the imperial presence. The autocrat stood with his back to the high and ornamental chimney-piece. "So you have come at last, Monsieur Talma," a term he only used when displeased with his friend and favourite. The latter explained the cause of the delay. "What say you? My comedians deal in house property, expel tenants just like a bailiff." The actor moved slightly and disclosed the boy hiding behind him. "Who is this boy, and why is he here?" "He is an *enfant de troupe*, sire, and longed to see his Emperor." "You may stay, my child," the potentate replied, with a kindly glance, then turning to his visitor said more sternly: "I cannot allow my comedians to be men of business. Fontaine will report the matter to me. What do the houses return?" Talma saw his chance and named the figure of thirty-six thousand francs. But the Emperor had called him for another purpose. The *Death of Hector* was to be given that evening at the Comédie Française, with Talma in the leading part. Luce de Lancival, the author, was poor, and the omnipotent protector of the stage wished to grant him a yearly allowance of six thousand francs on the fall of the curtain. If the play failed it would be charity, he remarked to Talma, but he desired the gift to be a reward. The actor shrewdly suggested that the presence of His Majesty would insure success. "Indeed!" Napoleon exclaimed, "you think, then, that the Emperor has nothing else to do than frequent the theatre. I have work before me. There is a Cabinet Council to-night." "Sire, Mars appears in *Les Fausses Confidences*" (Mlle. Mars was the favourite actress of Napoleon). "Ask her to play first and I will try to attend." The audience was over, but Talma lingered still. The Emperor waited expectantly. Talma then announced with embarrassment his desire to take leave for a time. "What, quit Paris? You have got no money. I see, you are always in that plight. No doubt you move your house at Brunoy from place to place at least three times in the year, therefore you are without a sou." He walked quickly to a table, opened a drawer and withdrew

a bundle of banknotes. "Take this, it will replace the necessity of your absence. Remember that when the Emperor is in Paris Talma must be there likewise." Gleefully he hurried to see Fontaine, the celebrated court architect. Three days later a decree appeared in the *Moniteur* stating that His Majesty's comedians ceased to be proprietors of the houses, but in their place became owners of a capital returning one hundred thousand francs a year. This sum was entered in the ledger of the public debt. It remains until to-day, and is regularly paid. The theatre being honoured by the imperial presence, the play was a success. The author received the promised allowance, and the boy who saw Napoleon became long years afterwards the oldest and most respected member of the house of Molière, under the name of Mainvielle.

One night Talma surpassed himself in the character of Othello in the presence of the First Consul and Josephine. The next day he received a note couched in these words: "You greatly moved my wife in your playing, she trembled and wept. Accept the cashmere shawl which covered her shoulders yesterday evening in memory of your fine performance. She hopes to see it folded as a turban on the African brow of Othello." On another occasion Bonaparte received a rare cameo from Italy. He showed it as a beautiful sample of craftsmanship, adding that the exquisitely carved image represented the features of Alexander the Great. The actor saw a resemblance to his illustrious patron in the classic and harmonious profile. "You gratify me, Talma, in finding a likeness to me in the portrait of Alexander. As a precious gem I would not have dared to offer it to you, but accept it as a portrait in remembrance of me." Often afterwards, when Emperor Napoleon stayed at the Palace of Fontainebleau in summertime, surrounded by the noble forest with its wild and sombre glens, Talma was there, and he appeared before the Court on a memorable evening as Cæsar in *La Mort de Pompey*. The Emperor was much impressed with the personification of the great Roman, and declared that he saw Cæsar for the first time. The monarch gave other proofs of his admiration and

friend and confidant. He assumed the difficult task of writing, without other instruction than the merest rudiments of schooling, the memoirs of his beloved master. Thus handicapped, he strove to refute the calumnies spread about him after his death. The story existed only in a fragmentary form after the property had been sold by Madame Talma, because a portion of the MS was lost or destroyed, but enough remained to place on record in simple words the large-hearted nature of the man portrayed and his unassuming character.

The rustic author of the unpublished memoirs refers to his first meeting with his employer after he had bought the little domain of Les Bosserons. They minutely visited together the whole estate, and decided on more than one hundred spots in the park where the gardener would plant trees. His master wrote constantly to him from the South of France, where he was playing in the principal towns. He gave instructions for the execution of the work in detail. His heart was in his new country home and remained there until his death. Contrary to ill-natured rumours from Paris, he kept his accounts with the greatest care, and paid all claims with exemplary regularity.

When in a sombre mood he expressed his inmost feelings to his dutiful servant. "How lucky you are, Louette, to remain at Brunoy in this tranquil home, whereas I must return to the crowds of the cities, among a host of callous people that only strive to injure and betray me. How I envy you!" On his return to the country after an absence the villagers stood at their open doors with their children to welcome him, repeating to each other: "What a happy day; our bread-giver is coming home."

The author of these notes gives a quaint description of the great dramatic artist when he saw him for the first time behind the scenes at the Comédie Française. Talma had instructed his gardener to await him in his dressing room in order to give account of his mission to buy sand for the gardens at Brunoy.

When he reached the theatre his master was before the audience playing in the character of Britannicus. For

moment Louette was completely dumfounded, never having seen him in travesty. He stood behind the scenes rooted to the floor, with eyes wide open like portals, but did not recognise the patron. He gazed in awe and speechless wonder at the apparition of a noble and pathetic figure, that of the young prince, victim of his half-brother Nero, in the tragedy by Racine. Transfigured in the fire of his part, Talma walked straight to him, "Well, then, shall we get the sand?" he said abruptly. He could find no words to reply, and the stately being returned at once to the stage. But Louette recovered his senses, and when Talma came back he recognised him. "Why did you not answer me, Louette?" "Because I did not know you, sir, but we shall have the sand." The versatility and resources of the gifted artist can be gathered from this incident when he thought of sand for his gardens in the midst of his impassioned tirade.

The winter came harshly, with bitter cold and snow, but the Father of Brunoy, as the people named him, had already begun to build his poultry houses. The frost stopped all work in masonry. Nevertheless, he kept the men busy quarrying stone so that they and their families would have bread during the severe season. He lent gratuitously over an acre of land at the end of his property to his poorest neighbours in Les Bosserons to grow vegetables during two years. Forty or more of the inhabitants cultivated plots every Sunday, both parents and children. If the soil did not give a sufficient return for their labour Talma assured Louette that he would pay them wages, for several villagers in the little community had many children to nourish. But the crops were so large in potatoes and beans that these natives were able to breed pigs with the surplus of tubers. "Look at the smoke curling upwards from the cottage chimneys," said the gardener to some visitors. "The stewpots simmer over the wood fire on the hearth. A savoury odour of salted pork and beans fills the rustics' dwellings, earned by their efforts and thanks to good M. Talma." At any hour of day or night they were ready to undertake any service for their benefactor. The name of Talma was immortalised at Les Bosserons and

sympathy for the interpreter of the characters of Nero and Orestes. According to Madame de Rémusat, who probably knew more of the inner life at the Imperial Court than any other personality of her time, Napoleon paid the debts of Talma on several occasions, and granted him sums of money varying between twenty thousand and forty thousand francs from his privy purse when the actor complained that he got insufficient remuneration from the Comédie Française.

Near the Palace of St. Cloud, overlooking the Seine in the midst of woodlands where fountains and artificial waterfall murmured drowsily in the park their ceaseless lullaby, the private study of the Emperor opened on the terrace by a glass door. Here he often received his comedians at table, partly screened by the orange trees in butts that stood like sentries mounting guard. Talma usually remained to lunch. Napoleon talked volubly on many subjects, but especially on the theatre, just as in the homely life of *la maison*, when Bonaparte was only a Republican soldier of fortune, a child of the Revolution. Court etiquette did not deter the crowned head of the State from conversing familiarly on his favourite themes with one for whom his friendship had survived his imperial grandeur. It was on the terrace where later another Bonaparte and Eugénie welcomed a brilliant company during the Second Empire that the founder of the dynasty sipped his black coffee after lunch with his actors. Sometimes he read a play to be rehearsed, and often made suggestions and criticisms of peculiar soundness of judgment. He was constantly present at the court playhouse of St. Cloud, but this practice did not satiate his infatuation for the stage. The rumble of his coach wheels and the clatter of the cavalry escort which accompanied him were familiar to all those that frequented the Palais Royal.

Of the many anecdotes related by contemporaries of the way in which Talma trained himself to be equal to his task, the following is not without humour. He identified himself so completely with the character he represented on the stage that he forgot his own entity. He called into

being for a fleeting hour his conception of the imaginative creations of a poet. He materialised in flesh and blood with consummate skill the spectral figures of history or legend. He raised his sensitive nerves to the required paroxysm of passion by physical violence to fulfil his part. For instance, he seized his dresser by the collar in his dressing-room without warning and shook him fiercely. Talma accompanied these muscular demonstrations with a torrent of invective. He hurled the most virulent threats of his rôle at the head of the bewildered man in a storm of declamation. Then he pushed the unresisting dresser before him on his way to the stage, and still upbraided him in sonorous tones almost to the moment when he passed through the side scenes and trod the boards before the footlights. The worthy dresser felt humiliated at this summary treatment, but consoled himself with the remark, as he rubbed his sore limbs: "M. Talma will play finely to-night," for on this occasion Pierre had been more roughly handled than usual. His employer, however, made handsome amends and rewarded generously his victim, whose ruffled feelings were soothed by many acts of kindness.

The daily life of the histrionic artist in his secluded country home at Brunoy, far from the noise and excitement of the capital, calls to mind more vividly than his public career the simple tastes, the love of nature, so different from the unkind epithets, such as vainglorious worldling, flung at him ungenerously by ill-informed critics or jealous colleagues. Let us recall the fidelity beyond the tomb, the uncompromising defence of his master by a modest and unskilled biographer. The curious story, of which a few incidents may be given, was written after the death of Talma by his head gardener, Pierre Louette. A soiled manuscript was found at the hamlet of Les Bosserons, where the property of the famous tragedian was situated. The pages were thumbled and faded. It was the result of infinite labour by one unaccustomed to use a pen. The story was a work of deep friendship inspired by a sentiment of revolt against injustice. Pierre Louette was not only the head gardener of Talma but his humble

return home was better than any seasoning with which a cook could tempt him.

Latterly he suffered from gout, but still wished to admire the woodland landscape. Louette carried his revered master on his back to his favourite spot. He was wont to say, with lingering tenderness, "Nature is so beautiful." "It is a pleasure to obey such a man," Louette wrote, adding, "those who have known and served M. Talma cannot place him too high in their esteem. Can he have fallen so low in the world's judgment as his detractors pretend?" No, the old gardener is right; his ashes repose in the grave of Père Lachaise. But his name will live in history as that of a great Thespian.

SOUTH AFRICA AS A WINTER RESORT

By H. A. BRYDEN

WHY do not more people go to South Africa in winter, instead of betaking themselves to the well-worn and familiar resorts along the Riviera, where there is little enough to do to amuse a race so active in mind and body as the British? South Africa has the finest climate in the world, full of sunshine and health-giving qualities. The mean average temperature of Cape Town is 62 degrees, and wherever you may travel, unless you are a confirmed invalid, you cannot but feel thankful for the glorious exhilaration of the atmosphere. The scenery is magnificent; the flower-strewn hills, mountains, and valleys of Southern Cape Colony yield one of the most remarkable flora in the world; while as for fruit, which is everywhere plentiful, few countries can show such grapes, apricots, figs, plums, melons, and pears, which are to be found in plenty during the time of English winter, and are sold at absurdly low prices.

Those who are not afraid to face long railway journeys are, of course, pretty sure to betake themselves up-country and to visit such distant places as Kimberley, the Transvaal, the Orange Free State, Bechuanaland, and Southern Rhodesia. The wonderful Victoria Falls of the Zambesi, the noblest cataracts in the world, are worth, of course, every mile of the long railway journey thither; but I sometimes wonder why more people of moderate purses and less inclination for long railway treks do not content themselves with the quieter, yet most delightful places of rest and recruitment to be found nowadays in such plenty along the southern littoral of Cape Colony. Everywhere glorious scenery and everywhere a perfect climate, with incessant but not overpowering sunshine. Here are to be found—in addition to matchless scenery, climate, flowers, and fruit—comfortable hotels and lodgings, splendid bathing, boating, sea-fishing, cricket, golf, and lawn tennis.

In bygone days accommodation in this part of the Cape

Brunoy, for it is remembered there to the present day. According to the honest but perhaps partial biographer his employer spent 12,500 francs yearly to support the five orphan children of his deceased sister, in addition to the help received by the villagers. "Ah, my good Louette, you do not know how I began life. I commenced with nothing. My father was not rich and my grandfather still less so. It is only now in the third generation that I have laid a foundation." He loved to stay sometimes for a few hours at Pois, in Picardy, and visit the peasant homes of his forbears on returning from Brussels, where he played every year. Cousins of all degrees gathered there to welcome the illustrious comedian, the glory of the French stage. He never omitted to bring smart frocks and shawls for his feminine relatives. It was a day of festivity in the village each time Talma passed that way. His humble confidant replied to a remark of his master that he could well be happy in his peaceful country residence in the midst of comfort and sylvan beauty when compared with his early penury that now he might enjoy a well-earned rest. To which the other objected that he would not suffer from want if he ceased to work, but would be deprived of the happiness of doing good. Moreover, he had children to educate and to secure for them a livelihood. "But your name is a legacy," the gardener pleaded. "It is better to give them the means," Talma concluded "to make their way in the career they choose than to be only able to say 'we are sons of Talma.'"

Learning one day at the Feast of St. Martin, on the approach of winter, that there were still some poor in the district unable to pay their rent of two pounds yearly which then fell due, notwithstanding their work in harvesting, Talma insisted almost reproachfully that he had done his share to help them. But Louette says that all the rich people in the neighbourhood put together had not assisted the destitute villagers as much as his master. For he said to his faithful henchman that although he made plenty of money it was insufficient. He would like to expel the spectre of want from every cottage in Brunoy. "Monsieur, you would replace the Marquis de Brunoy in

protecting the poor." "Certainly, I would get them to take part in the religious procession so generously patroned by that nobleman, but instead of bearing aloft banners and tapers I would furnish them with spades and wheelbarrows. Thus I would leave after me toilers instead of idlers, like the Lord of Brunoy, who recruited the poor and needy for his church ceremonies. He decorated the sacred edifice from top to bottom, and spent two hundred thousand francs for the procession of Corpus Christi." The mind of the great actor showed no inclination towards clericalism, for he bluntly declared that he would sooner pass a ploughshare over his beloved gardens than spend so much money fruitlessly.

Pierre Louette recalls his master's tastes and habits, and assures us that he took snuff, like his imperial protector and friend, but could not smoke because the absorption of tobacco fumes was absolutely tabooed in all good company. He tried to work in the garden under the guidance of Louette, but would not obey his injunctions, so a warm discussion followed. Talma then seated himself on a rockery and took a pinch of snuff, whereas his old servitor, striking fire from his flint and tinder, lighted his clay pipe and weeded the walks in sullen silence. When returning to Brunoy after the glitter of fashionable Paris and the feverish excitement of the stage, Talma loved best of all to rest in the chimney corner beside the burning logs in the gardener's home. After the long drive from the city he arrived famished, and the good wife—*la mère*, as they called her—hastened to fetch some dainties from the village. But the great man, as Louette constantly named him, preferred to partake of the simple cabbage soup then simmering on the hearth, and told them to eat the cutlets she had fetched. Never had he tasted so savoury a dish, although his cook Louise was a recognised *ordon bleu*. They felt ashamed that one honoured by the Emperor to the last as one of the glories of France sat down at their humble board and seemed to relish their frugal meal. But he was again in the surroundings he cherished most on earth amidst his trees and flowers and the carol of the feathered warblers in the woods. This

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Colony was not good and communications were difficult. All this has been cured by the advance of railways, the arrival of the motor, and the building of good and comfortable hotels; and the splendid stretch of country from Cape Town to the native territory of Kaffraria has now been rendered easily and comfortably accessible to the traveller from England.

Cape Town itself, where one first arrives after the delightful seventeen days' voyage from England, some ten days of it in the calm waters of the equatorial zone, is surely one of the finest and most picturesque cities in the world, set as it is in splendid mountain scenery, with the great Table Mountain, 4,000 feet high, rising sheer above the white town. The place is full of history, and the traveller should certainly not miss the castle, that fine old fortress built by the early Dutch settlers, upon the models of Vauban and Coehorn, which has stood now for more than two and a half centuries. When Jan van Riebeeck, the first Governor of the Cape, settled himself with infinite difficulty in this remote spot, he was much harassed by wild animals. "This night," he wrote in his diary, "it appeared as if the lions would take the fort by storm!" Times have changed, indeed, since this was written by the perplexed but stout commander in 1653. There is not now a lion in all South Africa south of the Orange River; but the fine old castle, with its five massive bastions, its spacious apartments, and wide courtyards and drill ground, still stands to remind the curious onlooker of the perils of the early settlers. Those were grim old days, and discipline must have been very brutal. Among the castle records of this period (1652) is the entry:—"Herman van Vogelaar, Volunteer, sentenced to one hundred blows from the butt of his musket, for wishing the purser at the devil for serving out penguins instead of beef and pork."

The history of the Cape is, in truth, as full of interest to the British as to the Dutch. As you gaze from the slopes of Table Mountain to the purple Blaauwberg range, guarding its silver strand, you may recall the victory won by the British under Sir David Baird, in 1806, when he defeated the Dutch troops under Governor Janssens, and

took possession of the Cape for the second time. That must have been a great spectacle, the landing under Blaauwberg and the subsequent battle. The British Fleet, under Admiral Sir Home Popham, took part in the fight, and used its great guns with considerable effect upon the Dutch flank.

The Cape gets its rain during the winter months, May to October, after which the flowers and fruit come forth in glorious fashion. In most other parts of South Africa the rains fall from November to April. Wild flowers at the Cape are wonderful, especially in September and October; the fruit is in perfection rather later. The scenery everywhere round Cape Town is peerless, and the climate, except for an occasional day or two of "south-easter" and red dust, wonderful. These days of the "south-easter" are presaged by the appearance of the "table cloth," that strange cloud which spreads itself over the summit of Table Mountain. Magnificent roads have been made round and about the whole Peninsula, and nowhere in the world are there more lovely drives than in this glorious neighbourhood. The mountain, sea, and coastal scapes are wonderful and not to be excelled in any part of the world. The famous hundred-mile drive along the coastline of the Cape Peninsula is alone worth travelling to South Africa for.

In the days before the British took possession the Dutch aristocracy of the Cape and its neighbourhood built themselves many a fine old country house. These delightful dwellings, unique in their way, are well worth the inspection of those interested in old country life. Great Constantia, built by Governor Van der Stell towards the end of the seventeenth century and named after his wife—long the home of the Cloetes, now the headquarters of the Government wine farm—is one of them. Alphen, still a home of the Cloetes, is another. Groote Schuur, Cecil Rhodes's house, is yet another. Other beautiful old Dutch houses, among them Leeuwenhof, Waterhof, Rheezicht, and Nooigedacht, are set forth and illustrated in Miss Dorothea Fairbridge's delightful book, *Historic Houses of South Africa*. These old houses, surrounded by oaks,

gardens and vineyards, are usually deeply thatched with reeds; many have crow-step gables, and their interiors show fine East India teak ceilings. They are cool and spacious and delightful residences.

Old South African houses are not confined to the neighbourhood of the Cape Peninsula. You may find them not only at Stellenbosch and Paarl, but far away at Graaf Reinet and other early towns. At Somerset East, in the Eastern Province, with its fine gardens and great trees, is the pleasant house occupied by Lord Charles Somerset, Governor of the Cape, when he founded the place in 1825. Lord Charles was, although a keen and enterprising official, too autocratic in his methods even for those days. Of him, when he went to the Cape in 1814, the Prince Regent acidly remarked, "Yes, Somerset is going out to fleece the Hottentots on £10,000 a year." I remember years ago sleeping in an old shooting lodge of Lord Charles's at Kamp's Bay, where we amused ourselves with bathing and fishing after a long hunting spell up-country.

In Cape Town and its suburbs there is always plenty to do and to see. The delightful old-world towns of Stellenbosch, Paarl, French Hoek, and Worcester ought to be visited. Golf, lawn tennis, and cricket are everywhere available; and at the picturesque Newlands ground of the Western Province Club first-class talent is usually to be witnessed. Sea bathing is delightful, and is everywhere to be enjoyed along the coastline of Cape Colony. At Sea Point, close to Cape Town, there is now a very fine bathing pavilion, and further along, at Kamp's Bay, under the Twelve Apostles, bathing is also good if you are a swimmer. On the False Bay side of the Peninsula, where mingle the waters of the Atlantic and Indian Oceans, splendid bathing is also to be obtained at Muizenberg, where the fine pastime of surf-riding is available; and at St. James, Kalk Bay, Fishhoek, Glencairn, and other places. All these resorts are surrounded by glorious scenery, adding greatly to their charm. The great mountains of Hottentots' Holland on the eastern side of False Bay yield, from glorious morn till lovely evening, a wonderful sequence of changing colour. It is to be noted

that there is a difference of twelve degrees temperature between the waters of the Atlantic on the west side of the Cape Peninsula and the Indian Ocean on the eastern side, the Atlantic being naturally more bracing.

Sea fishing at the Cape yields some of the finest of all marine sport, and a day spent in a boat at False Bay, assisted by a couple of Malay fishermen, yields memorable experiences among such fish as the brilliant, vermilion-hued "Romans," Steenbras, Rooi Stompneus, Kabeljauw, Jacob Evertsen, Poeskop, Katunker, Sancord, and many other fish bearing curious Dutch names. Some of these run to great weights, and a Steenbras of fifty or sixty pounds is not uncommon. Fishing with rod or hand line is to be obtained all along the coast of Cape Colony, and is often extraordinarily good, even when angling from the rocks. The wealth of fish in the Cape seas is, in fact, inexhaustible. Some idea of their marvellous plenty may be gathered from the fact that along the western coast-line of South Africa every evening may be seen not hundreds but hundreds of thousands of cormorants winging their flight homewards after fishing all day. Each one of these voracious birds, it may be remembered, devours from six to eight pounds of fish per day. The late C. J. Andersson, a famous naturalist and hunter, and a most careful observer, wrote: "At some seasons of the year they may be counted not merely by tens or even hundreds of thousands, but by millions; their numbers, in fact, exceed all computation; for it is no unusual thing to see a deep unbroken line of these birds winging their way for two or even three successive hours to and from their feeding grounds." Yet the wealth of the Cape fisheries seems to be little affected by these marauders. The cormorants on their part contribute largely to the rich guano islands on the western shores of South Africa.

If fresh water fishing is desired good trouting is to be obtained not very far from Cape Town, where these fish have been introduced with great success, as they have in Natal, the Transvaal and elsewhere.

There is, of course, good riding, and the glorious sands of Muizenberg, stretching for many miles towards Somerset

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Strand, yield wonderful galloping in the refreshing sea air. Plenty of racing, for those who love that pastime, is to be found on the Kenilworth and Milverton courses. Walking and climbing are popular pursuits, and the Mountain Club has set forth numerous routes by which the summit of Table Mountain can be reached, many easy enough, others involving stiff climbing. The summit reached, one of the noblest panoramas in the world, over sea and mountain, greets the eye. Innumerable walks and climbs amid a wonderful flora are to be found along the Cape Peninsula. The trees and flowers at the Cape are a never-failing delight, and botanists will there find infinite pleasure before them. The display of wild flowers on Saturday mornings by Hottentot, Malay and Kaffir sellers in Adderley Street, Cape Town, will at once convince the onlooker that the flora of the Cape Peninsula and its neighbourhood is hardly surpassable in any other part of the world. No one ought to miss a visit to the National Botanical Gardens, extending over four hundred acres, at Kirstenbosch, near Wynberg, under the eastern side of the Table Mountain, where is to be found a perfect fairyland of flowers and woodland.

After the Cape Peninsula and its delights the visitor will be well advised to travel leisurely along the coast line of Cape Colony, drinking in health and moving always amid glorious scenery. By no means omit Caledon, a charming old Dutch town, famous these two hundred years past for its health-giving hot sulphur baths, excellent for rheumatism, gout and kindred complaints; for its lovely scenery and wonderful display of flowers. Caledon, seventy-two miles south-east of Cape Town, is reached easily by road or rail, but the motorist should not miss the fine drive by Sir Lowry's Pass. The baths and hotel have been built and furnished on modern and up-to-date lines, and are, of course, with a perfect climate, a great asset to the district. One of the glories of Caledon lies in its marvellous flora. After the rains the array of wild flowers, including the beautiful wax-like heaths, is extraordinarily abundant. Between three hundred and four hundred species of heath have been found in Cape Colony, and on

the hills of Caledon you will find an ample variety. Proteas, gladioli, watsonias, ixias, amaryllis, orchids, babianas, everlastings and other species all grow wild and freely in this wonderful district, and in the months of September and October are in especial perfection. In this countryside may be seen, too, some of the best farming in South Africa, the display of fruit, especially in the Elgin valley, being wonderfully fine.

From Caledon are easily reached delightful bathing places and health resorts, to be found in many a lovely bay along the coast-line. Hermanus, Poole's Bay, Mossel River, the Riviera, Palmiet River, Kleinmond and other places offer the pleasures of sea-bathing, fishing, golf and tennis in a glorious climate and amid wonderful natural surroundings.

Blue and gold the landscape lies as a picture rare,
Turquoise sea 'neath skies of blue and the crystal air,
Wind-kissed waves of indigo, where deep waters reach,
Distant hills thro' haze of blue, framed by golden beach.

In addition to the fine bathing and sea fishing, children and grown-ups may find a great pleasure in wandering along these glorious beaches. Shells are plentiful, and if you are lucky you may here and there come across the fairy-like vestment of the paper nautilus. Too often, however, the black and white crows have been at work, and the fragile shell is pierced by their strong beaks. Of this part of the littoral a writer has said, "South Africa has a wonderful coast-line, but in all that diversified stretch of rock and sand that confronts the seas of two oceans there is but one Hermanus, but one Riviera, to which the pilgrim longs to return."

Mossel Bay, a busy little port and town, set amid a rocky coast-line, is well worth a visit. Bathing, especially at the Poort, Santos Bay, where is good "surfing," and at Munro's Bay, is safe and sheltered; sailing is excellent, and sea fishing, from the rocks or in boats, first rate. Here are to be found the finest oysters in South Africa, and at low tide anyone can gather for himself a veritable feast. Mossel Bay is within easy reach of the glorious forest country of Southern Cape Colony.

No one visiting the Cape for pleasure should miss the quaint, old-world town of George, which can now be reached by road or rail. Set among ancient oaks, not far from the green and wooded slopes of the Outeniqua Mountains, made famous by the old French traveller and naturalist Le Vaillant, George, with its exquisite scenery and reposeful charm, is an excellent halting place. Mount Cradock, a fine peak four thousand five hundred feet in height, stands sentinel behind the town. Westward you may see from the slopes of the Outeniquas, twenty minutes' walk from the town, Cape St. Blaize, near Mossel Bay; while eastward stand the peaks guarding the estuary of the Knysna River. Here for a hundred miles you may traverse a glorious region of mountains, deep kloofs and ravines, forests and sparkling streams and lakes, guarded southward by the Indian Ocean.

To the naturalist all this district is full of delight. Butterflies are numerous, and it is a veritable paradise for birds. Among many rare and beautiful forms are to be found those lovely birds of plumage the golden and the emerald cuckoos; while many of the kingfishers, bee-eaters, sun birds and finches are distinguished by their beautiful plumage. Motoring is excellent in this neighbourhood, golf is available, and a visit to the little seaside places of Victoria Bay (five miles) and Herold's Bay (ten miles) yields good bathing and fishing. George was founded in 1811, and named, of course, after King George III. It stands seven hundred and forty feet above the sea, and its climate is excellent. Anthony Trollope, who visited it in the 'seventies, declared it to be the prettiest village he had ever seen. While at George or Mossel Bay the Cape sojourner should by no means neglect to visit Oudtshoorn, fifty miles north, set in a fertile valley, hemmed in southward by the Outeniqua Mountains and north by the Great Swartberg range. Round this old Dutch town is a splendid farming district, and ostriches are always in evidence. From Oudtshoorn can be visited the wonderful Cango Caves, where in lofty and amazing chambers may be seen some of the finest stalactites and stalagmites in the world, and a marvellous display of crystal formation. Oudtshoorn, in

addition to its ostriches, vineyards and tobacco lands, is a great horse and cattle district.

Fourteen miles from George lies the Wilderness, attained by a road running through magnificent mountain scenery. The Wilderness is certainly one of the most restful and delightful spots in South Africa. Here, as at George and the Knysna, comfortable hotel accommodation is to be found. Bathing, boating, fishing, a fine river, and glorious scenery inland and by the sea, all reinforced by the splendid climate, ensure here a visit of great charm and quiet relaxation. The Kaaiman's River, with its waterfall and wooded gorges and fine estuary, adds to the attractions of the place.

Knysna, another of the old-world and well-wooded small towns of Cape Colony, lies 52 miles east of George, and is reached by a forest and mountain road of great beauty, which includes some steep ascents and declivities. The township is a somewhat straggling one, with a wide lagoon forming its harbour, the river issuing to the sea four miles from the coast at the magnificent gateway known as the Heads. Knysna was first laid out on a large estate, known as Melkhout Kraal, the property of George Rex, concerning whose family a curious mystery exists. The original George Rex was sent out from England at the end of the eighteenth century by the British Government, to occupy the position of Marshal of the Admiralty at the Cape, a post which he is said to have held for some years. In the early years of the nineteenth century he acquired a large grant of land at the Knysna, and travelled through a difficult and often dangerous country, abounding in elephants, buffaloes, lions and other great game, until he reached his destination. His retinue was a huge one, consisting of sixteen waggons, about a hundred slaves and servants, and much furniture and stores. He built himself a good house about a mile from the present Knysna township, and there lived, a great South African squire, for many years in high comfort and some state, almost sole master of a wide district. His house was burnt down many years later; but the fine oaks that he planted are still to be seen,

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and near them his gravestone, still in a good state of preservation.

Who was George Rex? This is a problem still unsolved, though often discussed both in England and South Africa. Was he, as some allege, a son of Hannah Lightfoot, the fair Quakeress, said to have been beloved by George III in his youth, before he became fascinated by the peerless Lady Sarah Lennox? Or was he descended from some other scion of the Georgian stock? No one can now say. That the first George Rex of the Knysna had behind him strong and substantial support from high quarters is, I think, not to be questioned. The family, however, members of which are still in South Africa, seem always to have kept silence on the subject of their origin. This George Rex died in 1839. His successor entertained the Duke of Edinburgh (Queen Victoria's second son) in 1870, on the occasion of a great hunt, when the Duke killed a Knysna Forest elephant at ten paces after a very determined charge. Other members of the Rex family have scattered themselves over South Africa. Many years ago I knew one of them, a grandson of the first settler, also a "George Rex," who was then farming a large tract of country on the Great Karroo, at a place called Riet Fontein. This George Rex, married to a Dutch lady, was a big, solid man of good features and grave, courteous manners. He was not fair and blue-eyed, like the royal Georges, but dark and dark-bearded.

Wild elephants, which were preserved as "royal game" for a hundred years in the great Knysna Forest, have at length disappeared. They became too troublesome as neighbours to be tolerated by the settlers of the district. But small buck—bushbuck, grysbuck, duyker, steenbok, and bluebuck—and many kinds of game birds and wild fowl are to be found in most of these districts, and if the visitor has introductions he can surely obtain good shooting during the season. A visit to the Karroo will include springbuck shooting in a district where these beautiful antelopes are still abundant. The forest country round George and the Knysna is magnificent, and the splendid timber trees are now well looked after by the Union

Government; among the finest of these are to be named two ironwoods, sneezewood, assegaiwood, stinkwood, yellowwood, essenhout, white els and others.

From the Knysna the traveller may proceed through more forest country by Humansdorp and Zitzikamma to Port Elizabeth, a great commercial city, founded by the 1820 settlers, whence can be easily reached Grahamstown, a pleasant and picturesque place, the most English of all South African settlements. Beyond Port Elizabeth lies Port Alfred, a quiet spot, and East London, on the Buffalo River, a considerable port and the most favourite seaside resort of the Eastern Province. East London is less than thirty miles from Grahamstown, and is much favoured by up-country folk from Eastern Cape Colony, the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. Here, in a wonderfully fine climate, are again to be found all the joys of excellent bathing, surf-boarding, sea-fishing, boating, golf, tennis, motoring, and, for those who prefer it, repose. Sufferers from bronchial and heart trouble find here great relief.

Beyond East London lies Port St. John, with its bush-clad mountain "Gates," a most picturesque place, on the very edge of Kaffraria, or the Transkei Territory, where in a magnificent country of 16,000 square miles, famous for mountain, forest and remarkable waterfalls, a million natives live their lives in patriarchal simplicity. Beyond the Transkei lies Natal, a fruitful and most picturesque territory, possessing a more tropical climate than that of the Cape Colony. Here I must conclude. I have endeavoured in this short paper to hint at a few of the infinite attractions possessed by the Cape coastal region as a health and pleasure resort. There is no more enjoyable climate in the world, and no country where the quiet traveller, in search of peace and sunshine, can have a more pleasant time of recruitment and health. The vast majority of British folk have, I think, no conception of the wonderful pleasures of a winter spent in and about these greatly favoured regions.

CHILDREN OF THE MORNING

By W. L. GEORGE

CHAPTER VII.—(Cont.)

THE WOMEN'S WAR

MEANWHILE, in the plains, gusts of agitation and hours of indifference made a fluctuating pattern. It had been decided that Ovmarion must be recovered, and the crowds which formed and dispersed seemed to think that because they had so decided, the thing was done. In other words, the dwellers of the plains were being entirely democratic, and counting resolutions as achievements. For two days a sort of chaos reigned at Home City. Haakon was restrained and prevented from throwing his life away by going alone into the hills to recover his beloved; a number of men and boys gathered about Geoff and vowed that at once they would march to the camp of the Tsalr. There was much brandishing of axes, and cries recalling the "À Berlin" of the French in 1876. Yet nothing happened. Mord composed a war song, and it was sung; Arry withdrew with his wives and Mark, having a cat-like fear of disturbances. Rather more food than usual was eaten, and though Dzon strove, with Sandy, to collect men and boys, to organise them into some sort of force, so many people went hunting, feeding, or love-making, that in this population no one quite knew who wanted to do anything, and, if so, what? For the dwellers of the plains were free and equal, were governed by reason and by consent; they lacked the unifying power of force.

Thus, the first battle of the women's war was dictated by the hills. Bloo had had difficulties for two days, due to the Tsalr, who sometimes in drunken fury wanted to rush down to the plains, followed by the mob of his followers, and sometimes retired to his shelter of boughs, suffering from a bad headache, or inclined to drink more, while the bacchantes danced. Also, he had the instinct of the savage against organisation, and Bloo showed his quality by proving to him that an army is not a mob.

"Bloo," said the Tsalr, after he had watched throwing-stick practice for a few minutes, and noted with surprise that at Bloo's word of command eighteen sticks were now thrown together. "Why do you do this? Why do you not throw those sticks at a foe, but at innocent trees?"

"So that we may learn to do it all together," said Bloo, patiently; he picked up a stick: "Tsalr," he said, "can you break this stick?"

The Tsalr laughed, and without a word snapped it in two.

Bloo picked up two branches which were to feed the fire. "But can you break both together, Tsalr?"

"Surely," said the Tsalr, and broke them.

"Then," said Bloo, collecting four branches in a bundle, "break these if you can."

He watched with a smile the play of the big muscles, the heave of the chest, the knotting of the powerful thighs, and, as Tsalr failed to break the four boughs:

"See, O Tsalr," said he, "one stick you can break, and two, but when four are joined together, they prevail even against you. So it is with our men. One blow may fail, but eighteen will not."

The Tsalr understood, and from that moment left Bloo undisturbed. He was willing, like many conquerors, to be made great by his second-in-command.

Thus, on the second night, when Bloo was content, when his men obeyed him well, when all had come to see that he thought and they did not, when he had made sure that every soldier was armed with spear, shell knife, and axe, when he had verified that every belt of bark contained eight throwing-sticks, when he had organised the control of the camp by posting two female guards over Ovmarion, and giving command to big Sybil, by handing her a sharp axe, he went to the Tsalr:

"Oh, Tsalr, the moon is high, and there are no clouds. Soon you shall be master of all. Command your servant, O master, and bid him lead against the foe."

"Say I bid you," said the Tsalr, accepting leadership. He would not carry a spear, and now strode ahead of all, swinging in a powerful hand an axe heavier than any.

By Bloo's orders, or maybe suggestions, the army had left its quarters an hour and a half before dawn, and now proceeded three miles downhill in open order, each man finding his way as noiselessly as he could, until at last they reached the row of ceiba trees that overhung the settlement. All was still under the rosy moon, and not even a night bird called. All slept in their huts or caves, and not even a sentry had been dispatched. In the middle of the village the communal fire smoked and spluttered under its banking of green boughs. Bloo laid his hand upon the Tsalr's shoulder and whispered to him.

"Forward!" growled the Tsalr, swinging the axe.

Then for a moment could be seen running across the sand in straight line the eighteen men, each one dragging his spear, so that he might not be encumbered, the Tsalr running some paces in front, and Bloo, general and intelligence of all, some paces behind the fore. At his word the straight line took an eastern slant, so as to draw parallel with the line of huts along the river. The bare feet were noiseless upon the sand, and there was no metal to clink; thus it was a line of moonlit ghosts, casting upon the white sand shadows black as china ink, running towards the settlement. Releasing a general shout, it flung itself upon the huts.

Every hut being open to the air, at once one or two of the Tsalr's soldiers rushed into each hut with upraised axe, striking blindly in the darkness at some figures that rose up with a cry. There were moments of conflict when the sleeping man, near whose head the blow descended, rose up and faced his antagonist, falling upon the floor of the hut, and rolling there with him in a grapple made more deadly by the darkness,

A MI-CÔTE

(ON THE HILL-SIDE)

By EMILE CAMMAERTS

Asseyons-nous à mi-côte pour mieux voir
Le chemin gravi et la pente à gravir,
Et répétons les rimes du vieux savoir
Face au passé et dos à l'avenir.

La forêt s'étale à nos pieds,
Les ruisseaux chantent sur les pierres;
Là-bas, la vallée trace son sentier,
Là haut, se devinent les sources claires.

Il est un temps ainsi où l'on vit deux fois
De ce qu'on vécut et de ce qu'on vivra,
Un temps de plénitude et de discipline
Où le souvenir et l'espoir se combinent.

Il faut s'asseoir alors et souffler un instant,
Comme un cheval que son cocher ménage,
Pour écouter, en silence, le cœur battant,
Ce que l'âme plus mûre chante au cœur plus sage.

Les pieds sur le rocher et les mains dans la mousse,
J'entends monter vers nous la rumeur de la plaine
Qui me dit, de sa voix grave et douce,
Que mon sort est jeté et que ma coupe est pleine.

Levons-nous et partons; le jour commence à peine;
Les pinsons devant nous marchent à petits pas;
Baptisons-nous le front au bassin des fontaines
Dont l'eau, trois fois bénie, ne nous trahira pas.

PRIÈRE

By EMILE CAMMAERTS

Vous m'avez comblé, mon Dieu, de vos dons immenses,
Vous m'avez chargé les bras de fruits abondants;
Les joies de l'âge mûr, les rêves de l'enfance,
Sonnent le carillon de mon bonheur ardent.

La lumière m'attend à ma porte, dès l'aube,
Et me suit, chaque jour, jusqu'au soir bienheureux
Où la bonne fatigue, dans les plis de sa robe,
M'enveloppe le corps et me ferme les yeux.

J'ai du pain et du lait pour ma nichée gourmande
Et des livres brillants et des vers recueillis
Où les meilleurs des hommes m'apportent leur offrand
D'un génie clairvoyant, ténébreux ou béni.

J'ai l'art de jouir de peu et de ne pas trembler,
De chérir des trésors que personne n'envie,
J'ai l'art de croire en Vous et de ne pas douter
Quand l'Amour silencieux s'empare de ma vie.

Il vient chaque soir, sur la pointe des pieds,
Incliner sur nos lits sa tête radieuse
Et cueillir les fleurs d'or de nos derniers baisers
Sur mon front engourdi, sur tes lèvres rieuses.

Et jamais il n'oublie, avant de nous quitter,
De laisser large ouvertes nos fenêtres
Pour que les chants d'oiseaux viennent nous réveiller
Et que la joie du matin nous pénètre.

by the surprise, by the cries of women, the wailing of children, the crash of falling axes, overset utensils. Outside the huts Bloo was rushing in despair, for he had lost control of his men, who, now yelling, had overset two of the rickety seaweed walls, burying themselves under the ruins.

Also, he could not find the Tsarl, who was somewhere fighting, having, fool that he was, sought out Haakon, whom he hated because he had despoiled him. A hut dweller, recognisable by his clipped hair and beard, came rushing towards him, his face streaming with blood, but swinging in his hand an axe, so big and so terrible that Bloo fled in the darkness, and ran along the river towards the hibiscus groves, where he buried himself, with beating heart, while his enemy went crashing and shouting in the darkness.

If Bloo had kept control of his troops the final battle of this war would have been won in the first ten minutes, but the Tsarl in his madness was engaged with Haakon in a fight that was to last a long time, a fight where the blows of axes occasionally fell upon heads without seeming to daunt so great a ferocity. Also four huts, of which one contained the household of Dzon and another that of Sandy, had been left unattacked, so that, understanding what had happened, half a dozen plain dwellers managed to arm themselves, and by the light of the central fire to run to the rescue of the settlement. There, in the midst of strife, the men of Tsarl had lost their heads, and given way to instinct. Instead of killing, they were now capturing girls, and, as Dzon and Sandy drew near the scene of conflict, a bush of spears confronted them, while screaming and weeping girls behind this bush were being dragged away, each man conducting one by her long hair. The army of Tsarl had lost only one man, who now lay, his skull cloven, in front of the slowly withdrawing bush of spears, which Dzon, Sandy, and four more followed as if drawn, unable to attack, unable to let their enemy withdraw. The eyes of Dzon were full of tears of shame, while Geoff, raging at his side, could only swing towards his enemy angry, empty hands. If Bloo had then emerged from the hiding place where he lay, his teeth chattering, his limbs without strength, the soldiers of the Tsarl would have turned upon Dzon and massacred his little company. But their minds were full of victory, they were no longer angry, but amused, and laughed as they withdrew, telling themselves that they had taken five prisoners, young booty, object to them of any raid.

So at last, when the raiding expedition disappeared in the hills, Dzon and his followers returned to the settlement, where the wailing of women and the angry cries of men rose, as daylight increased, and the damage was realised. The walls of four huts had been upset. Five girls, all under the age of fourteen, had been snatched away, Haakon was dying, his skull battered in by the blows of the Tsarl. Little Ovgretel and a big boy called Tose were also dead, and five more were wounded. Wounds, too, appeared upon the heads and flanks of women, one of whom had been killed. Then came the final humiliation of Home City. While they went about the ruins, seeking the wounded, some of whom

lay buried under the fallen walls, there rose up near the fire a familiar figure. It was the Tsarl. With the supreme insolence of the strong, he had stayed hidden behind a fallen hut, listening with amusement to the cries and the tears. Now he walked past a group of city dwellers, who were too paralysed by surprise and fear to cry out, until he had drawn away. Only at last did Tony collect enough energy to cry out to his fellows and bid them with him attack the Tsarl. But they could not attack him; he withdrew slowly, turning round every few paces and steadying in his hand the axe flecked with blood. His hair was unbound by the struggle, his red beard flew about his shoulders, there was blood upon his hands and breast, and a smile upon his lips which caused the little party of city dwellers to follow him, full of desire to murder him, yet not daring. They followed him so until he reached the curtain of ceiba trees. There he suddenly took from his belt the last remaining throwing-stick, and flung it so that it struck Tony upon the jaw, bringing him unconscious to the ground. Then, defiantly shouting a line of the war song, he disappeared among the trees.

A heavy sadness brooded all through that day of disaster upon the wrecked city. There was no assembly until late in the afternoon. Until then curious groupings about the dead, the complaints of the wounded, and foolish efforts to rebuild one of the huts, occupied the energy of the people. Though Home City disposed of a force so large that a spirited commander could have engaged the retreating hillmen and immobilised them, while another force worked its way up the hills and took the retreating troop in flank or in the rear, only wailing, only ineffective, anger operated that day. The city dwellers were free, and, because they were free, none could guide them. They were suffering the greatest evil of freedom, which is lack of direction, and, indeed, in the afternoon, as the assembly formed, the greatest sign of a democracy in chaos appeared, as upon large stones first Dzon, then Truda, the more monosyllabic Sandy, wild Marion, made speeches to the fluctuating crowds. All the unwounded dwellers collected about these stones, echoing cries of vengeance, and moving from orator to orator, as their attention wandered, and as they came to expect more amusement from one than the other. They listened to speeches of reason from Dzon, but broke away in the middle, attracted by the ravings of Marion, who clamoured for her child, of whom she had not thought for many years. It was freedom, freedom in its foolish mood, not freedom gone mad and dragging enemies to the guillotine to force them to be free, but freedom with a gaping mouth, staring eyes, freedom to do nothing, to be amused by anything, and above all freedom to do nothing in particular. Even then, even in this extremity, children played the games akin to hide-and-seek among the groups, and lovers nudged each other with their elbows, or enjoyed horseplay.

If the Tsarl, drunk with victory, and a little later drunk with guava juice, had not devoted the whole of that night and the next night to an orgy, where about the hill fire the captives were made to dance, by

being whipped with prickly boughs, if that night the hills had not echoed with the song of men at arms sure of victory, sure of themselves, if those had not been nights of drunkenness and lust, if Bloo had been able to recapture control when, still shaking, he returned to the camp, a second attack would have driven the dwellers of Home City into the sea. But savagery is as weak when savagery dominates as is freedom when it is too free.

Towards the evening Dzon and Sandy, exhausted by speeches that no one had understood, or at most taken as a dramatic performance, withdrew together.

"Sandy," said Dzon, "what has happened must not happen again."

"It must not," said Sandy.

"How can we prevent it?" said Dzon. "We cannot now rest and tell ourselves that the Tsarl will be content with the evil he has done. He will come again."

They found Geoff after a while lying in his hut with a long gash upon his neck, made by the blow of a spear. They sat together for nearly three hours, their minds working slowly, inexperienced in conflict, unprepared by their peaceful lives for the organisation of security. At last they decided that the men of the plains must do as the men of the hills had done; all fit to carry arms must be enlisted, and battle must be joined as soon as possible, so that the Tsarl might not come again. Most of the night was occupied in the enlisting of men, and also women, for the people of the plains, having so long lived in an ideal state of democracy, conceived no essential difference between women and men. Thus, towards morning, a force of thirty-seven men and boys and twenty-two women had somehow been armed. But it occurred to nobody to parade them, to organise them in any way. Instead, Marion set her foot upon a stone, spoke for an hour, and was much enjoyed.

Moreover, the mixed force of nearly sixty was curiously smaller than it should have been. Zulien had not been approached, staying in his cave, after promenading the ruins, and declaring that here was the vengeance of Ankel which he had prophesied, so that all looked upon him with superstitious horror. Then he drew away, and there echoed behind him new imprecations, new promises of great evil to come. Arry, with Ida and Loo, had disappeared. Mord refused to bear arms, though she was tall and strong, and Dzon, who spoke with her, thoughtfully held his chin, for it did not occur to him that she might be coerced. Also, four men and seven boys were missing. Though Dzon sent two messengers towards the scorched prairies of the west and towards the eastern beaches, they were never found. It was only a little later, and in the course of battle, that the full measure of the victory of the Tsarl was realised: those had deserted. Realising the defeat of the city, attracted by the new power which had dawned in the south, they had gone into the hills and sent one of their number as a suppliant. They had crawled at the feet of the Tsarl, and he had taken from their hands the symbolic branch of guava. Soon, obedient to the orders of Bloo and Feodor, who, less stupid than his

fellows, took orders from Bloo, and transmitted them to the soldiers, they were learning how to run while dragging their spears, and how to cast the throwing-stick when Bloo called to them.

Finally, three days after the first battle, a mob of men and women, armed as they themselves fancied, advanced towards the south. They had learnt nothing from the night attack which had begun the war, and so it was half an hour after dawn that the dwellers of Home City marshalled themselves for combat. Men, women, and boys were mixed, making a moving mob of people, shouldering each other, laughing sometimes, realising not at all the war they were entering, but anxious to recapture their missing fellow citizens, as in any game of prisoner's base children wish to rescue members of their side. Some carried axes, others had improvised spears, the heads of which, encased in undried clay, were to drop out on the road. Many brandished a shell knife, or even a staff of wood. There were no leaders, so far as could be determined, except that Dzon, Sandy and Geoff were looked upon as influential citizens. Geoff, though suffering severely from the spear-wound in his neck, had insisted upon marching, and now, as the little army entered the foothills, as if some flicker of military talent lived within him, he tried to persuade men and women to spread somewhat, not to march in untidy clumps which the trees broke up. But they laughed at him. Some went in single file, some two by two, some in groups, and already many scattered upon the wings, walking alone or even stopping to eat fruit on the wayside.

Meanwhile, in the camp of the Tsarl all the movements of the oncoming army were known, because they had been forecast. For several days Bloo had maintained a constant watch upon the movements of Home City by means of sentries, so daring that they descended at twilight and before dawn to the fringe of ceiba trees that overlooked the settlement. Also, the deserters had told him much, and so, when the plainsmen advanced according, it seemed, to their own plan, it was in fact according to the plan of Bloo. Within half an hour of the departure of the Home City troops Bloo's runners had brought to him an exact account of their number and direction. Also, about the flanks of the advancing plainsmen quiet escorts watched them, men in couples, who determined exactly the line of advance, and from time to time detached themselves from their watch to run into the hills and report. Thus as the sun rose higher Bloo was able to effect the movement which he had planned for two days. He disposed of twenty-nine men, as against a mixed force of nearly sixty; also, among the twenty-nine were the eleven deserters, unreliable, not too well-assured of their courage. Again, there was arrayed against him the righteous wrath of a people. Thus, the odds which the young general encountered were high enough, and to these was added the disposition of the Tsarl, who now was moody, out of health, half-sleepy, half-ferocious, in the state of a sick beast after his three days of debauchery. As Bloo considered him, crouching by the camp fire, as he experienced the delight of his great strength, of his brutal air, he felt, rather than thought, that the enemy in the plains was less dangerous than his master, that it would

do less harm than he might in a fit of rage, or in his constant stupidity. So the little white-faced man did as so many chiefs of staff have done when confronted with a rollicking commander, with one who will take all the credit and contribute none of the sense. During these three days, while Bloo awaited the onslaught, he had spoken to the Tsalr again and again, and made him learn his part by heart. Now that the moment had come he felt anxious.

"Tsalr," he said, laying his hand upon the big shoulder, "wake up, master, for the enemy is near."

"Let them be near," said the Tsalr sulkily. "When they come nearer I will slay them all."

"Tsalr, you must not sit here. It is dangerous. Come now, you know your part. Time presses."

"Dangerous?" said the shaggy giant, casting the hand off. "You fool! None is dangerous to the Tsalr. They meet the Tsalr, and they are destroyed. Let them come, I will not waste time going to them."

The situation was desperate. Within an hour the enemy would arrive in the camp; then all the ferocity of the Tsalr, all his heroic, animal courage, would not avail against numbers; only order could do that. Then Bloo showed himself fit to lead men.

"Oh, Tsalr," he whispered, "sit where you are if you will. You are the master of us all. I know that you are great, but if they do not find you in their path they will not know. I know that you are brave, but if you do not withstand the enemy they will not know. Sit on, Tsalr, and let them think that you skulk, craven, in the shelter of your camp. Let them think you a coward. What does it matter, since all who love you know that you are not?"

"Coward!" bellowed the Tsalr, a red flush rising upon his cheeks. "Do you call me coward, Bloo?"

"Master!" cried Bloo, in a soft voice, seized the giant's hand and kissed it. "Master, how can you hurt me so? I who know that you are great, greater than Ankel. All I say is that if Dzon, Sandy, and those who follow them, enter unopposed into your country, they will think that you are afraid of them. But let me not disturb you. Oh, Tsalr, what does it matter?"

"What, indeed?" roared the simple chief. "Soon you shall see. My arms! Quick! I will soon show those who call me coward whether I deserve the name."

So the Tsalr, suddenly animated, dragged from his torpor by taunts, was made to play his part. Bloo's plan was simple; it had the greatness of simplicity.

The force of twenty-nine was divided. Sixteen were placed under the Tsalr, and stood in the way of the invader. Its instructions were to maintain its position, to give way, if required, to a small extent, but in no circumstances to advance. Bloo's object was to engage with these sixteen men the whole force of sixty. Meanwhile, while the struggle developed upon his chosen front, the remaining thirteen men, under the command of Feodor, would have marched half a mile to the west,

then silently descended the hill; when they were assured the forces of the plains were completely engaged with the Tsalr, they would fall upon their flank or rear, and thus cast them into such disarray that they would flee or be destroyed. Only one thing did Bloo fear, and that was the temperament of the Tsalr. He feared that instead of standing he would advance, advance so gallantly and so fast that the plainsmen would be repulsed, and that when the moment came for the flanking forces to deliver their attack they would fall upon the empty air, while the men of the plains retired, hardly scathed, upon the open beaches, where they would prove too numerous to be formally engaged.

"You will remember, O Tsalr," he said again and again. "You will? You promise me? You will not advance?"

"Well, well, I know," said the Tsalr angrily. "Am I a child?" "Tsalr, promise me. You are so brave that I fear your bravery. Promise me that in the heat of battle you will listen to me?"

For Bloo feared the Tsalr too much to abandon him to his passions. He intended to command both forces as well as he could, keeping touch with Feodor by means of two boys, who would serve as messengers. He hoped to be able to control the Tsalr and to prevent his onslaught, while fixing the moment for the attack of Feodor.

Thus, at the appointed hour, the battle developed. Though one might penetrate into the hills by many paths the men of the plains had taken a road which the years had made traditional. One after the other the flanking sentries ran panting into the camp, announcing that the enemy lay about a quarter of a mile distant. Quickly Bloo passed among his men, detailing those whom he had chosen in advance, and ordering Feodor to march towards the west.

"When you have gone so far that you can hear the sounds of contest, march on, until you can hear no more. Then, Feodor, you will be far enough. Go down towards the beach, but only so far as three trees, and three trees, and three trees, and three trees, and three trees, and three trees, laid one after the other. Then wait you until my messenger comes and bids you strike."

Bloo had overcome the lack of units of measurement. He had utilised sound and trees as a civilised man would have utilised the quarter mile.

Feodor's party left the camp. They carried no spears, no throwing-sticks, but only axes, since their rush must be swift, and their conflict at close quarters. Meanwhile the central force under the Tsalr was lined up, elbows touching, each man with a throwing-stick ready and holding in the left hand a spear. With a beating heart Bloo, as he paced up and down behind his lines, heard the breaking of branches and the voices of the enemy. He could see the red head of the Tsalr, taller than any of his fellows, moving from side to side as he stood in the middle of the line, and Bloo prayed:

"Oh, Ankel, thou who art the father of us all, stand with us now. Oh, Ankel, thou dost take pleasure in warriors, thou dost love the mighty blows that cleave, and the blood which flows upon the earth. Stand by us, O Ankel, and send the plagues of fear into the hearts

of the enemy, make them as the flying *ulwin*, the water of which is weak and runs away to sea. Oh, stand by thy warriors,, O Ankel! and their love shall rise to thee as the smoke of their camp fires. Oh, Ankel! lord of battles! stand by us now."

His voice was strangled in his throat, for he was afraid, he, the general, the man who could think though he could not strike, and now through the trees he could see the faces of the plainsmen. They came closer, not perceiving their enemies, closer still, white faces and bodies, groups, lines, and single soldiers. The Tsarl in his excitement raised the arm which carried the throwing-stick, and only just in time did Bloo catch it:

"Wait, O Master! Wait so that you may not waste your blow."

At that moment the people of the plains marched into the clearing, and suddenly perceived the waiting hillmen. There was a moment of confusion, there was an outcry, a hesitation in their ranks. The sixteen men in their regular line, blocking the way, motionless and forbidding, made a picture which by its immobility would have daunted practised troops. But the people of the plains had never before met their enemy in a state of preparation. So at the cry of Geoff they ran across the clearing, waving axes and shouting defiance.

"*Skod!*" shouted Bloo, and at this signal sixteen throwing-sticks were hurled at the advancing men. Then, as screams rose up from those who had been struck, a second, a third discharge was delivered, and Bloo pressed down the shoulders of the Tsarl. The giant, still obedient, sank to one knee, resting his spear upon the ground. The others imitated him, and the doubtfully advancing line of the plainsmen paused, daunted by this phalanx of spearmen who silently awaited their onrush upon the spreading spears. There was a pause during which the two forces considered each other.

"On," shouted Geoff, leaping from the front rank and waving his axe.

"Wait, O chief," whispered Bloo into the ear of the Tsarl.

At once the plainsmen rushed across the clearing towards the line of spears, and for ten minutes strove to break into it, while Bloo, walking behind the line, spoke to each man, bidding him stand steady, neither to advance nor retreat. There was much noise, shouting of the plainsmen and screaming of their women, some of whom, affrighted by the sight of the spears, had already run away. But the others, notable among them the dark Olga, were animated with a fury greater than that of the men. The struggle was not one of individual conflict, for the spearmen held together, and the people of the plains, surging about them, struck at the spears with their axes, striving to cut them in two and to find before them defenceless enemies. It was rather dark under the trees, and in this twilight a long grapple took place. Cries went up, as a spear suddenly found a mark for its head in the breast of an enemy, cries as three or four plainsmen flung themselves upon a spearman, tore away his lance, and suddenly crushed him under the blows of their axes. The ground received a dozen bleeding bodies trampled under the combatants' feet.

Time was passing, time enough to give Feodor and his men the opportunity which the messengers had just told him to take. But the struggle was not going entirely as Bloo had expected, for the people of the plains, inexperienced, were yet brave. Three of the spearmen had fallen, two were wounded; though in the eddy made of the two groups of soldiers, separated by the sloping lances, death was harrying the plains rather than the hills, the line of spearmen was bending. While Bloo hurriedly caused them to take on a more regular shape, he had a sudden fear that they might be overwhelmed by numbers and destroyed.

"Tsarl," said he, marshalling his reserve, "now advance slowly and attack them."

The savage chief gave a bellow of joy as the mental thrall was lifted from his thick mind, and, swinging his axe, advanced, followed by his men. Trembling, Bloo followed the slowly moving line, not realising his own greatness, not knowing that he had done what any general should do; finding himself too weak to defend, he had attacked. Now the confusion was complete. The Tsarl, shouting a few words of the war song, whirled above his head the axe, which crashed down again and again upon the clipped heads of the plainsmen, upon the long hair of their women. The line of spearmen was now undefined, for they had thrown their spears away, smiting only with the axe. They were near the smoke of the camp fire, and this, kept in with green branches, blew black across the sky, veiling the conflict in acrid vapour. Blood was flowing upon the faces of half the combatants, who now strove to gain access to each other across the fallen bodies which they trampled. And still the men of the hills retired, reduced to twelve, to ten, to eight. They were, in spite of the Tsarl, who created an emptiness about him with his axe, being beaten down.

Then came the diversion. There was a crackling upon the earth, a breaking of branches, and the line of Feodor's men came running behind the row of advancing plainsmen. Their appearance cast among the followers of Dzon a disarray which, like a swift contagion, passed to nearly all. As Feodor and his men swept upon them, striking at them with axes, making them realise that they were hemmed in, screams arose, the mobbed ranks broke, and, flinging their arms away, the people of the plains ran hurriedly to the right and left, seeking safety. For a moment Dzon, Geoff, Stoeie, and two more boys withstood the onrush of the Tsarl, but, seeing the hopelessness of the battle, they, too, tears in their eyes and blood upon their faces, broke away towards the sheltering woods.

"On!" shouted Bloo. "Pursue them! Make them *iseneer!* Never let them come here again."

It was too late to rally the forces. Already a semi-circle of the men of the Tsarl was drawing about the small force of Dzon. A flying spear struck the already wounded Geoff in the breast, and he fell upon his hands and knees, hideously coughing. Instinctively Dzon, Sandy, with Donal and two more, followed by three boys, ran under a shower of throwing sticks. They ran for the ceiba trees, where at least there would be shelter, and as they entered the welcome

shade, a flying spear struck Donal in the shoulder. He groaned and paused, holding to a tree trunk with his other hand.

"Come," shouted Sandy. "It is nothing."

"I can't walk," said Donal.

"Come," said Dzon. "We cannot leave you, for they will slay you. You are hit in the arm, you can walk."

Fortunately the men of Tsarl had scattered after the small boys, and only the screams of women, the sounds of conflict, penetrated into the dark wood. The three were alone; the rest of their party were already breaking their way after them, a little to the right, so they went uphill some two hundred yards, Donal walking between them, the spear having fallen from the wound.

"Courage," whispered Sandy, holding him close. "A little further and we are safe."

"Courage," said Dzon, supporting him. So they went on, Donal in their grasp growing every moment more heavy. His feet began to falter, then to drag, and suddenly he collapsed in their arms.

"Oh, Donal! Donal!" cried Sandy, falling to his knees.

He held in his arms the blood-stained form of the man who had been his companion since birth, his brother. He did not know that he was his brother, for this meant nothing to him, but now desperately he clasped him in his arms: "Oh, Donal," he wailed, "do not be *iseneer*. It is Sandy. Look at me, Donal. Donal, open your eyes."

Dzon stood above them, helplessly. He too suffered, for this had been a friend, but he did not suffer as did Sandy. The hard, silent Scot had never until then known how much he had loved Donal, how close he with Winnie, Donal, and Phœbe had lived.

"Oh, Donal," he wailed again, "Donal, do not be *iseneer*."

There was silence about them; not even the cry of a bird broke through the clearing. The merciless and lovely sun fell in shafts through trees stained with the crimson and the mauve of the living blossoms. It came to Sandy with horror that all this was alive, that the blossoms grew in the warmth, that all about him was happy, living beasts, peccari suckling their young, monkeys chattering in the trees and eating fruit, even quiet, secret snakes, while Donal was dying.

So he held him in a grip so passionate that the dying man opened his eyes. They looked into each other's eyes, these two, so alike in their olive skins, their dark hair where ran a tint of red, their freckled cheeks. Donal tried to speak, coughed, coughed again, but the gaze in his brother's eyes animated him so that he tried to smile. His trembling hand weakly closed upon that of Sandy.

"Sandy, *illadia*," he whispered. Then his eyes slowly closed, and his head sank to his shoulder; he was dead. The sounds on the right grew more pronounced, branches broke, and the small party which had escaped, numbering Elnor and a few others, came close.

"Donal!" cried Sandy, and again "Donal!" as if the passionate accents of his voice could arouse the dead.

"Oh, he is *iseneer*," cried Elnor. There were tears in her voice. For a moment, all in silence considered the man who lay still. Then,

as the sounds of conflict were carried to them upon the wind, Elnor laid her hand upon Sandy's shoulder: "Sandy," she whispered, "come. They are still near. Come, we cannot stay."

But the Scot did not hear. Still he knelt upon the ground, his arms about his brother, his hand held in the dead man's grasp. At last he said:

"*Iseneer!*" Then, with an effect of suddenness which made the others start, he raised his head towards the sky and began a long modulated wail, a wail without words, a long invocation of pain, a cry of pain, a lament. Lost upon an island in the Carriibbean Sea, like a Highlander in his glen, Sandy keened his dead. It seemed to last a long time, but the hideous cry, like that of a dog baying the moon, affected the nerves of the islanders, so that almost at once Dzon seized Sandy by the shoulder and forced him to rise.

"Come," he said, taking him by the arm, while Elnor stood on the other side: "come, they pursue us."

And so they led him away. The long, modulated wail rose and fell as he stared before him, perhaps not aware that he walked, and still thinking that he held in his arms the form which he had loved so well.

The rout was completed, and all that day the men of the hills roved their territory, discovering here a man whom they slew, there a woman whom they did not spare. In a hollow they found some young girl, who was dragged to the camp of the Tsarl, and tied by the hair to a small tree. Towards evening Bloo collected his worn but happy hordes, and led them to Home City, where about the deserted fire little boys and girls sat weeping, waiting for the decision of the master. The Tsarl was slightly wounded in the shoulder, and in his anger would have slain them all, but Bloo persuaded him that a chief such as he desired many followers.

"They shall carry the guava branch to you," said he.

Thus, in the twilight, was seen a barbaric sight, a sight yet not so barbaric. The Tsarl sat upon a large stone, his red hair matted with sweat, his breast dyed with clotted blood. Before him passed a long procession, a few men spared, many more women, all the young girls of the settlement, the children, too. Each one laid before him, as before Ankel himself, and held up to his negligent hand the symbolic branch of guava tree. He sat in rude majesty, dark against the setting sun, and the walls of the conquered city were dyed red with his triumph: the sun set for him.

While he sat so, unquestioned master of the island, Bloo collected a few soldiers to post in the east and the west, to make sure that even now victory should not be snatched by folly from his craven, clever hands.

Meanwhile, in the darkness, a small party had fled, a small party which contained all that was left of the civilisation of Home City, a pathetic group comprising only four men, Dzon, the silent and remote Sandy, Bob and Tony, the latter half stupefied by the blow of the throwing stick from which he had recovered only towards the end of

the battle; only one woman, Elnor; Ovtrude, a girl of fourteen, and Ovdonal, son of Donal, so named after two of the children of Phœbe had been called Ovphœbe. Also there was Stoie, the only surviving child of Elnor and Dzon; Ovelna, the girl, was now the captive of the Tsarl, and Ovelna, the boy, was dead. These, in their despair, were quickly marching towards the west, towards the scorched prairies, where perhaps there was no food, but where at least there was safety. They were going to the desert. As they went, Dzon walked ahead, finding his way by the sun, which now was slowly setting; behind came Sandy, still watched by Elnor, who from time to time looked into his face, appalled by its rigidity. At times she fondled his arm, making a sound destined to comfort him. Behind came the boys and the girl; at last, sometimes tottering, Tony, still half-stupefied, and helped by Bob. Dzon was very conscious of this straggling procession, all that was left of what he had created, and he thought:

"This is the end. Geoff is dead, brave, fighting Geoff is dead. Donal is dead, good Donal who loved Sandy so well, he is dead. Dead my son, and my daughter the toy of the Tsarl. Many more are dead, and the hand of the Tsarl lies heavy upon the heads of the maidens. The light which destroys is about the huts which my hands have raised. Now they drink of the juice of the fruit, they dance, they are masters—Ankel has deserted us." For a moment, as he walked towards the west, he raised his spear towards Ankel and asked why he had been smitten so. "Oh, Ankel," said Dzon, within his heart, "where have we failed? Have we not loved you, though you spoke not to us? Have we not worshipped you, though you gave us no sign? Have we not feared you—feared your wrath? Speak, Ankel, and tell me where I have sinned."

He looked about him into the thinning forest, looked up towards the crashing blue of the sky: "Speak, Ankel, O Ankel, make yourself visible to me, or you are as if you were not? Speak, Ankel! Speak!"

There was no reply, no hope. They marched into the waste, and towards twilight struck the fringe of burnt grasses and wasted cactus which heralded the prairie. They took with them so much as they could carry of banana stems laden with fruit, and they found a little water in a thin stream which flowed from the hills to the south. So they passed into the burnt land, so they passed through it, until they came out on the furthest western point of the island, after a march of another day, in the spot where into a creek poured a thin stream, where grew only a little fruit, where a malevolent tide washed up only a little seaweed. They could not rebuild huts; they must go a long distance to find grasses with which to weave nets. So, as if Ankel were ironic, it was the men of the plains who now made rude shelters by bending boughs, while the men of the Tsarl drank and ate among the huts of the civilised city.

Sandy had taken no part in the installation. He was quiet; he helped, when told to, to draw down boughs and to lash them into place; but the bright constructive spirit was dulled for a while. There was nothing save poverty, little food, little shelter, and yet no cer-

tainty that the ranging bands of the Tsarl would not yet come to this remote spot, with spears in their hands and murder in their hearts.

On the third evening, as Dzon sat idly on the banks of the small river, looking out over a greenish sea, there came to him Ovdonal and Ovtrude, hand in hand. He smiled at them. He liked Ovdonal, who had the olive skin and freckles of his father.

"What would you with me?" he asked.

"Oh, Dzon," said the boy, who was nearly fifteen, "here is Ovtrude, and I love her well. I would be joined to her."

"Joined?" said Dzon bitterly. "Why do you seek to make more misery? Your children are accursed and your children's children."

"Oh, Dzon," said the boy, "I do not know what you mean, for we have no children. I love her well, and, Dzon, she loves me; Ovtrude, do you not?"

The girl was fair-haired, though dark-skinned, and she slightly flushed: "Yes, Dzon, it is so."

Then the embittered man perceived a trail of beauty, a trail of hope in these two who, in the midst of disaster, loved each other well. In fact, it made him ironic:

"Oh, Ovdonal," he said, "and you, Ovtrude, what is it to you that the Tsarl is master of all? What is it to you that so many are dead, and that the brute reigns when men are fallen? What is it to you that all hope, all happiness, is dead, if only you have one another?"

The answer of Ovtrude was sublime:

"Nothing, O Dzon, so long as we have each other."

Tears came into Dzon's eyes, tears half of anguish and half of delight: here in this everlasting hope, in this enduring love, in this strange capacity of men and women to value each other more than empires was perhaps the seed of another time.

"Stand before me," he said. "Take each other by the hand, and declare that you join yourselves to each other, excluding all others, and for all time."

"So do we do," replied those two, looking up towards him.

A little later, when Elnor saw the tears upon the eyelashes of Dzon, she dragged his head down to her breast, and sat rocking him for a long time, holding him close, stroking his rough hair, assured that in all the world there was nothing save herself and Dzon. She was happy. And though the man was not happy, because women always mean less to men than men to women, yet the warmth and the softness of her, the encompassing, gentle arms, made him for a moment believe that the death of his people, the fall of his kingdom, were nothing by the side of anything so priceless as Elnor's enduring love.

(To be continued.)

CURRENT LITERATURE

PIRATES, HIGHWAYMEN, AND OTHER CRIMINALS

By S. M. ELLIS

THE Eternal Boy in Man is evidenced by the lasting interest that adults take in the histories of pirates and highwaymen—that is, all adults gifted with imagination, for no doubt there are some dull souls who find no romance in *Rookwood* and *Treasure Island*; who feel no thrill at thought of the passengers in the lumbering coach when, on the loneliest part of the heath, in the dark o' the moon, they hear the thudding clop-clop of a horse advancing at the gallop; who experience no excitement as the great hull of a suspicious-looking craft looms up in the dusk, and the dreaded black flag is all too plainly fluttering above a phosphorescent sea. For such as these Captain Charles Johnson's *History of the Pirates* will have no appeal: but from the far larger number of people, whose romantic instincts are not atrophied, there will be welcome for a reprint of this classic,¹ written by an actual pirate, and now produced in the fine manner associated with the Cayme Press. Further, this edition offers a great many clever illustrations, by Alexina Ogilvie, which carry on the tradition of eighteenth century work in a remarkably able manner.

I am glad to find that Mr. Gosse, who contributes a preface to this edition (the first appeared in 1724 and the penultimate two years later), attaches authenticity to Captain Johnson's records, for in the past it was believed that some considerable portion of invention went to their composition; but Mr. Gosse now says: "From time to time old documents have proved his good faith. Many of the incidents hitherto looked upon as imaginary are found all to be absolutely accurate both in date and circumstance."

The picturesque Captain Avery is the subject of the first memoir, and his life presents all the traditional glamour of piracy. As befitted a great adventurer, he was born near Plymouth; and, when a mate, commandeered the ship he was serving on, and put the captain ashore. His most famous exploit was the capture, off the Arabian coast, of one of the Great Mogul's ships, "and there were in her several of the greatest Persons of his Court, among whom it was said was one of his daughters, who were going on a pilgrimage to Mecca, and they were carrying with them rich offerings to present at the Shrine of Mahomet. They had with them all their slaves and attendants, their rich habits and jewels, with vessels of gold and silver, and great sums of money to defray the charges of their journey by land; wherefore the plunder got by this prize is not easily computed." Legend asserted that Avery

(1) *A General History of the Pirates*, by Captain Charles Johnson. Edited, with a Preface, by Philip Gosse. Adorned with cuts by Alexina Ogilvie. (Phillip Sainsbury, The Cayme Press, 30s.)

married the captured daughter of the Great Mogul, "and that he had by her many children, living in great Royalty and State." He became a Prince among Pirates, and a play was writ upon him called *The Successful Pirate*. Nevertheless, after many vicissitudes, he returned to his native Devon to die, "not being worth as much as would buy him a coffin." *Sic transit gloria oceani*.

Most terrible of the pirates was Edward Teach, "Black-Beard," a Bristol man, who flourished in the first quarter of the eighteenth century:—

Captain Teach assumed the cognomen of *Black-Beard* from that large quantity of hair which, like a frightful meteor, covered his whole face and frightened America more than any comet that has appeared there for a long time. His beard was black, which he suffered to grow of an extravagant length; as to breadth, it came up to his eyes; he was accustomed to twist it with ribbons, in small tails, after the manner of our Ramilies Wiggs, and turn them about his ears. In time of action he wore a sling over his shoulders, with three brace of pistols, hanging in holsters like bandoliers, and stuck lighted matches under his hat, and his eyes naturally looking fierce and wild, made him altogether such a figure that imagination cannot form an idea of a Fury from Hell to look more frightful.

"Black-Beard" was so affiliated to the realms of Pluto that on one occasion he made a hell of his own in the hold, for, after closing up all the hatches, he set fire to several pots of brimstone. A mysterious personage on his ship was taken by his crew to be Apollyon in *propria persona*. "Black-Beard" met his death valiantly in a fight with a King's ship, and he received twenty-five wounds before he fell dead.

Stevenson was indebted to Johnson's *History of the Pirates* for some of the characters and names of *Treasure Island*. Thus, Israel Hands was the master of "Black-Beard's" ship, and a friend and companion pirate of the notorious Captain England was evidently the original of Long John Silver, for this "Fellow with a terrible pair of whiskers, and a wooden leg, being stuck round with pistols, comes swearing and vapouring upon the quarter-deck."

There were at least two women pirates, and their histories are the most curious in Johnson's records. Mary Read passed as a man, but her sex was discovered owing to the other female pirate, Anne Bonny, falling in love with her; in the belief that Mary was a handsome young man, Anne Bonny took opportunity to convince her friend that she herself was without doubt a woman. Later, Mary Read fell in love with a genuine young man, and he having a duel on hand with a dangerous adversary, in which he was likely to lose his life, Mary Read picked a quarrel with the alarming foe, fought him, and killed him two hours before the time appointed for his duel with her lover. Mary Read was tried for murder and condemned to death, but proving to be with child her execution was respited. This did not restore her to the youth she loved so well, for she died of fever in prison.

The story of the birth of Anne Bonny is a romance in itself, with suggestions of Cervantes, Boccaccio, Fielding, and *Les Contes Drolatiques* of Balzac. She became a violent, fierce woman, and only

escaped execution for the same reason as Mary Read, namely, that she was with child at the time of her trial. These Amazonian pirates, despite their assumed virility and sanguinary cruelty, thus saved their lives by the gentle plea of motherhood.

Although romance writers have dallied with the idea of a female highwayman, I do not think there is a genuine example in all the annals of *The Newgate Calendar*. Women of criminal instincts seem to have specialised in murder, rather than robbery, through the ages, ever since Jael killed the sleeping Sisera by hammering a nail through his temples into the ground—a method of despatch which has never been repeated, so far as records go. If a criminal census could be taken over many centuries I fancy murderesses would be found to be as numerous as murderers.

These reflections are aroused by a browsing through five volumes of *The Newgate Calendar*,¹ now reissued with all the concomitants of superfine typography. The editor has selected his menu from the feasts provided by the old hagiographers of *The Newgate Calendar*, such as Captain Alexander Smith, who wrote in 1719; our pirate friend, Captain Charles Johnson, who published his companion book on highwaymen and murderers in 1734; *The Tyburn Chronicle* of 1768; *The Malefactors' Register* of 1796; George Barrow's *Celebrated Trials*, 1825; *The Newgate Calendar*, by Andrew Knapp and William Baldwin, 1826; and Camden Pelham's *Chronicles of Crime*, 1841. The editor has overlooked some smaller compilations, like *The British Tribunal for 1789*, "containing the most remarkable Trials for Street and Highway Robberies, Murder, Private Stealing, Libels, Forgery, Rapes, Adultery, etc., etc." Incidentally, it may be observed, this reissue does not justify its title of *The Complete Newgate Calendar*, for it eliminates all the cases which can be classified as "Sexual Offences"—an elimination which some may think rather supererogatory in the case of a privately printed work, and in view of the fact that such cases are over-fully reported in the newspapers of to-day. To the student of human nature, all its failings and vices and crimes must have an equal interest and value with its graces and virtues, and noble acts of self-sacrifice, for it is this strange combination of good and evil, this eternal combat of warring instincts and inclinations, inherent in every living soul, that form the most powerful and pregnant springs of action in that strange mystery we call mankind. Therefore, records of crime and human weakness are not to be dismissed as mere panderings to unpleasant minds, for they have their authentic and valuable place in the correct presentation of history, and are curiously linked with the allure of topography.

I do not profess to understand the absurd, arbitrary example of "public opinion" which pronounces interest in an ancient crime to be fitting and laudable, and interest in a recent crime to be morbid and

(1) *The Complete Newgate Calendar*. Collated and edited by G. T. Crook. 5 volumes. (Privately printed for the Navarre Society, 23, New Oxford Street W.C.1. £3 7s. 6d.)

reprehensible. We are encouraged to visit the Tower of London and see the cells where the little Princes were murdered and Clarence perished in his apocryphal butt of malmsey, and at Holyrood we can see the cabinet where Rizzio was barbarously stabbed to death: but it is morbid and wrong to gaze at even the exterior of 39, Hilldrop Crescent and a certain bungalow near Eastbourne. It is of archæological benefit to examine Colonel Blood's daggers, the Tower axe, and terrible implements of torture used in England, as well as in Nuremberg: but only serious students of criminology are expected to visit the museum in Scotland Yard, where are preserved lethal weapons used in more modern instances of cruelty and death. Those persons who looked at Mahon's grim saucepans are regarded as disgusting degenerates. Still, these seekers after sensation, these morbid curiosity hunters (as their accusers would designate them) can claim an illustrious patron in the person of Walter Scott. There is good evidence to prove that he witnessed the execution, in Edinburgh, of Burke, in January, 1829, and without doubt he went specially out of his way to visit Gill's Hill, in Hertfordshire, the scene of the murder of Weare by Thurtell, in 1824, for Scott fully describes the place and his views about the crime in his diary, May 28th, 1828. This murder was a singularly sordid one, without any historical values for Scott, but it has become a famous one owing to its interest for literary men. It caused Carlyle's phrases of "Gigmania" and "Gigmanity"; Lamb, Hazlitt, and Borrow, among others, alluded to it in their writings; and the ballad of Mr. Weare "wot lived in Lyon's Inn" is as immortal as *Chevy Chase*.

Literature has always been indebted to the annals of crime, and interested in criminals. It is needless to specify how dramatists such as Shakspeare and Marlowe were inspired by historical crimes and other tragedies. To come to more recent times, George Borrow stated that he first learned to write good and genuine English from a study of *The Newgate Calendar* when he was preparing his own early work, *Celebrated Trials and Remarkable Cases of Criminal Jurisprudence from the Earliest Records to the Year 1825*, in six volumes. Dickens was very glad to see Wainewright, the poisoner, in Newgate Prison, and his short story, *Hunted Down*, was based on an incident of that arch-criminal's career; *Oliver Twist* is largely concerned with thieves, and murder looms in *Edwin Drood*, *Bleak House*, and *Martin Chuzzlewit*. Sheridan Le Fanu, Wilkie Collins, Miss Braddon, and their countless successors, have made effective use of the subject of murder and the psychology of criminals. Bulwer Lytton took from *The Newgate Calendar* the story of Eugene Aram, which he idealised into his romance of that name, while Thomas Hood immortalised the same theme in the wonderful ballad, *The Dream of Eugene Aram*. In *The Newgate Calendar* Harrison Ainsworth found the careers of Dick Turpin, Jack Sheppard, and Claude Du Vall, which he elaborated respectively in *Rookwood*, *Jack Sheppard*, and *Talbot Harland*. From *The Newgate Calendar*, too, Thackeray borrowed the stories of Elizabeth Brownrigg and Catherine Hayes for his *Elizabeth Brownrigg* and *Catherine*. In the first he intended to satirise Lytton's *Eugene Aram*, and in the second Dickens's

Oliver Twist and Ainsworth's robber romances. His use of the name of Catherine Hayes, as is well known, brought upon Thackeray attacks from the friends of a contemporary Catherine Hayes, an Irish vocalist, born in 1825: but the first Catherine Hayes was just as much an actual person. Her story is one of the most bizarre in *The Newgate Calendar*, for her murdered husband's head, after being thrown into the Thames, was recovered by the authorities and placed on a pole in the churchyard of St. Margaret's, Westminster, for identification. Husband murder was then known as *petit treason*, and Catherine Hayes was burned alive. This was in 1726, and it was three hours before the flames destroyed her body: nearly two hundred years later, Edith Thompson, for a similar crime, was awarded a far swifter death, and her fate caused Thomas Hardy to write his poem *On the Portrait of a Woman about to be Hanged*.

A surprising case to find in *The Newgate Calendar* is that of the Eton boys, George Alexander Wood (a nephew of the Marquis of Londonderry) and the Honourable Francis Ashley-Cooper (a son of the sixth Earl of Shaftesbury). They quarrelled, and fought for two hours, a matter of sixty rounds. The combatants were plied copiously with brandy, and finally Ashley-Cooper, who was only fourteen years of age, was killed. His opponent, aged nearly seventeen, was acquitted of the charge of manslaughter when tried at Aylesbury Assizes in 1825. Francis Ashley-Cooper was a younger brother of the philanthropic Lord Shaftesbury, who was actively interested in the reclamation of juvenile delinquents. The vagaries of Fate.

* * The Editor of this Review does not undertake to return any manuscripts; nor in any case can he do so unless either stamps or a stamped envelope be sent to cover the cost of postage.
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THE MEETING AT THOIRY

By HUGH F. SPENDER

THE difference in Herr Stresemann's health and outlook from what he was when I first met him in Locarno last year is a remarkable testimony to the effect of success on a man's disposition. Then he was often nervous and depressed by difficulties which he had to face; now he is full of hope as to the future. I met him on September 18th at the Hotel Metropole, with its charming outlook on the Lake of Geneva, a few days after Germany's entry into the League, and we spoke of early days at Locarno when he was far from convinced that the road to Geneva was the right path for Germany. Now he has no shadow of doubt that the step which Germany has taken is not only the right thing for her, but the best thing that could have happened for the League, which has approached far nearer Woodrow Wilson's great ideals.

It seemed at one time as if the suspicion and distrust with which Germany's first offer for a guaranteed peace was received would bar the way to the reconciliation of Europe. But Herr Stresemann himself never lost hope, and now he feels that nothing matters but the continuance of the good work which is to put an end for ever to the danger of war in Europe. That is the great purpose to which Dr. Stresemann, who is not yet fifty, is resolved to devote his life, and although he does not suppose that everything will be easy, he is out to make the world safe for democracy. For this reason, now that Germany has once entered the League, he is not bothering about questions of prestige at Geneva. He does not mind where he sits at the Council table, and the fuss which the German Nationalist Press made because Poland entered the Council the same day as Germany appears to him to be of no account. "Questions of prestige," he insists, "must be

be found. When he says "with the consent of all the nations concerned" he is naturally thinking primarily of Germany. If European peace and prosperity are to be placed on a firm foundation, the German people must, in his opinion, be convinced that they are being treated fairly and justly in the post-war settlement, and not as a conquered nation on whom harsh terms have been imposed. In other words, the promise which was given to the German statesmen when they entered the conference room at Locarno, that they would be treated on terms of equality, must be translated into action at Geneva by the former enemies of Germany, by making the terms of peace as laid down in the Treaty of Versailles acceptable to the German people. In no other way can the final reconstruction between Germany and France, which M. Briand rightly regards as the corner stone of a united Europe, be brought about. Dr. Stresemann is at the same time a realist. He knows well enough that there are still many difficulties to overcome before the distrust and suspicion with which Germany is still regarded can be removed. But he is also an optimist, for who, as he said to the writer, could have believed at the time of the occupation of the Ruhr that France and Germany would a few years later have met at Locarno to sign a solemn pact of non-aggression, or that the western frontiers of Germany, which had been the cause of such age-long conflicts, would have been placed outside the debatable problems which are likely to lead to war, by the guarantee of Great Britain and Italy? By the Treaties of Locarno Germany is pledged never to raise a hand again to win back Alsace-Lorraine, and is bound to settle her differences with Poland over her eastern frontiers and the Dantzig corridor by peaceful means. The Locarno Pact, which was in fact a recognition by the German Government of the western frontiers as laid down in the Treaty of Versailles and a denial of any intention on her part to alter her eastern frontiers by forcible means, roused such keen opposition in Germany that it seemed doubtful whether Dr. Luther and Herr Stresemann would be able to carry their policy at Locarno through unless they returned home with something in

hand in the promise of a definite date for the evacuation of Cologne. When they failed to obtain this the future appeared in anything but a rosy light to the German statesmen when they left Locarno.

Cologne was evacuated in time for Germany to ask for admission to the League of Nations in March. Happily the failure of Germany to obtain her demand, owing to the quarrel over the election of Germany to a permanent seat without the admission of certain other Powers to a similar status, proved no more than a temporary set-back to the policy of Locarno. Herr Stresemann, although the Government which sent him to Locarno has been replaced by another combination in which Dr. Luther no longer figures, has carried his policy to a successful issue. It must be followed by a further liquidation of the questions which still divide Germany and France if the new psychology created by the entrance of Germany into the League of Nations on terms of equality with the other Great Powers is to endure. M. Briand recognised this as fully as Herr Stresemann when he consented to meet the German Foreign Secretary at the wayside inn at Thoiry, in the French Jura, to hold their now historic conversation over the problems which still remain to be solved. In doing so M. Briand no doubt recalled the private talk which he had with Dr. Luther at the little inn on the shore of Lago Maggiore, which paved the way to the final agreement over which they shook hands in the conference room in Locarno. He had met Herr Stresemann at Locarno, and the two statesmen had formed a sincere attachment based on reciprocal trust and good will. The conversation in the upper room of the inn at Thoiry, with its low ceiling and humble furniture, could not lead to any immediate result, for neither statesman was acting in an official capacity. They had both to refer any conclusions which they reached to their respective Governments. But whatever may come of it, this heart-to-heart talk had the great advantage of enabling the German and French Foreign Secretaries to grasp and understand one another's point of view, which they did so effectively that later in the day an official communiqué was published that they were

put aside if the Council is to do its work, for they prevent that loyal and sincere collaboration between nations which it is the first duty of the League to promote, and on which its success as an international organisation for the maintenance of peace must depend." The Nationalist Press in both countries would prevent this, for M. Briand, as Herr Stresemann points out, has been as hotly attacked by the die-hards in Paris as he himself has been by the hot-heads in Berlin.

No nation can be expected to surrender its national pride, which is the right and proper reflection of its own individuality. Herr Stresemann does not want Germans to become less German or French less French in their love for their country and its institutions. But he wants them to think of themselves not only as Germans and Frenchmen but as Europeans, as the American thinks of himself first and foremost as an American and not as the citizen of this or that State in the Federation. "The new discovery which we have made," explains Dr. Stresemann, "is that we must think in European terms of the problems which the war has left us, for they can be settled only by the consent and collaboration of all the nations concerned. We must think of Europe as a confederation of States which can exist and flourish only by realising that their interests are bound together and that the links in the chain are the loyalty and good faith with which each one treats the other. This lesson," added the German Foreign Secretary, "has still to penetrate many minds which are under the influence of post-war psychology. It is for this reason that at Geneva above all we must cultivate the ideals of loyalty and good will to one another, for one of our greatest tasks is to educate and persuade the world out of its post-war distrust and suspicion. It is for this reason that I think of the League as a rallying ground for all men who are earnestly pursuing peace, for here we may build up an effective bulwark against the danger of wars."

It is impossible to talk with Dr. Stresemann and not to be convinced of his sincerity, and as he spoke of the necessity for the growth of a new psychology which should

make men realise the need of their essential unity his manner became animated. "It was not," he said, "in legal formulas and treaties, although these were necessary, that the truth was to be born which was to save humanity; it must have its inspiration and source in the souls of men."

Herr Stresemann knows that the new era in the history of Europe will not come of itself. He does not make light of the difficulties which lie in front of the League. Although he has great faith in M. Briand's good will and loyalty, he realises that behind M. Briand lies the mistrust and suspicion of a considerable section of the French nation which needs to be converted to a better opinion of the Germans. But Dr. Stresemann is convinced that sooner or later the French will see that it is to the advantage of both countries that the occupation of German territory should end.

France naturally expects that if she leaves the Rhineland she shall have a firm guarantee that reparations will be paid. The German Foreign Secretary is well aware of this, and he hopes that a real agreement as to the sum which Germany has still to pay may be arrived at, and that this problem may be removed altogether from the political sphere. An economic agreement is to form part of the general settlement, which is not intended in any way to be aimed at Great Britain, who will, it is hoped, join in this agreement. In fact, what is being discussed behind the scenes is a settlement of all outstanding questions between France and Germany which will facilitate the payment of inter-Allied debts. In this connection America comes into the picture, for until the European debt to the United States is settled there will be no real economic progress in Europe.¹

"We must think in European terms of the problems which the war has left us, for they can be settled only with the consent and the collaboration of all the nations concerned." It is in these words of Dr. Stresemann's that the key to the policy which has brought him to Geneva may

(1) This interview is reproduced by the courtesy of *The Christian Science Monitor*, in which it first appeared.

not carried out the disarmament clauses of the Treaty. The microscopic researches of the Military Control Mission could no doubt discover some minor breaches of the Treaty in the secret drilling of certain nationalist clubs, or in the meeting of ex-generals who dream of a war of revenge. But there is no possible doubt that Germany is effectively disarmed for the purpose of modern warfare, which requires not only large resources of trained men, but immense stocks of material in heavy guns, ammunition, tanks and aeroplanes. The great mass of the German people have no desire either to fight or to prepare for war. They hate the idea of conscription. They are bending all their energies to the industrial development of Germany, and Herr Stresemann has the support of the great majority of his countrymen in pursuing the path of peace and reconciliation with France. The effective way to help him would be to free the Rhineland, for this would cut the ground from the feet of the Stahlhelms and other illegal organisations which indulge in what have been rightly described as ridiculous military antics. It would produce the psychology in which the moral disarmament of the German nation would be possible. But if the occupation is continued it will become more and more a bone of contention between Germany and France. Every untoward incident, such as the recent affair at Gemersheim, where a French officer shot a German dead in alleged self-defence, will be regarded as a brutal act of aggression. It is, in short, impossible for the foreign occupation of any part of a country to be carried out without giving rise to a feeling of exasperation. If France wants enduring peace with Germany she must let the Rhineland go.

For the same reason it is important that the Saar valley, which is to be the subject of a plebescite under the Treaty of Versailles in 1935, should be evacuated. Although it is under the control of the League, the number of French officials and troops in the Saar district has given the administration a character extremely distasteful to the inhabitants, who are predominantly German. The German Government have declared that they are willing to consider the purchase of the mines in the Saar which were

given to the French as compensation for the injury inflicted on French mines during the war. If German territory were thus freed an immense advance would be made towards more friendly relations. Germany would have attained one of the great objects of the policy which has brought her to Geneva, which is nothing less than to gain a real position of equality with the Great Powers, and to obtain relief from the most galling terms of the Treaty which was dictated to her at Versailles. Herr Stresemann knows well enough that French public opinion will need a good deal of education, and that the French General Staff will need a good deal of persuasion before it releases the whole of the Rhineland. An excuse can always be found for a continuance of the occupation in the reports of the Inter-Allied Military Mission of Control, the withdrawal of which is one of Herr Stresemann's demands. Only good will on both sides can produce the results which Herr Stresemann believes will lead to the lasting reconciliation of the two countries.

For this reason, without suggesting that a bargain should be struck, the German Government are prepared to facilitate matters by providing France with a sum of money by marketing some of the German railway bonds. But this will not prove an easy task, for the issue cannot be made without the consent of the other parties to the Dawes Plan. Unfortunately America is not in a mood to subscribe to another loan, which could not succeed unless it took priority of all other charges on the German revenue. In the second year of the Dawes Plan the railway bonds were to produce 595 million gold marks, while another 250 millions were to come from the railways in the form of transport tax, and a further 250 millions either from the proceeds of the sale of preference shares of the railway company to the public, or else from the budget. This shows the importance of the railway bonds as an essential part of the Dawes Plan, and Mr. Parker Gilbert is, it is said, not prepared to take the risk of floating any part of the railway bonds at present, his first care being to assure currency stability in Germany.

In these circumstances Herr Stresemann's plan for pro-

in complete accord. This was no idle phrase, such as has been so often used in the past to conceal radical differences of opinion. There is no doubt that it conveyed the truth, and that if it could be left to Herr Stresemann and M. Briand to arrive at a settlement of the outstanding differences between their countries, a very substantial advance towards a Franco-German entente could be made. But M. Briand has to reckon with M. Poincaré and other ministers of the French Cabinet who do not see eye to eye with him, and there is the further difficulty that if the German Government is to pay the necessary price for the evacuation of the Rhineland, on which Herr Stresemann laid so much stress in his conversation with M. Briand at Thoiry, America must find the necessary money for the flotation of German railway bonds, for no other country can do so. By the marketing of some of these bonds a considerable sum could be raised on the security of the German railways, and if at the same time the Saar mines would be repurchased by Germany the total amount would, it is estimated, provide the French Government with the necessary credit for the stabilisation of the franc. This was the plan which it is said was discussed at Thoiry, M. Briand showing, it is added, that he was not adverse to a speedy and total evacuation of the Rhineland, the early restoration of the Saar valley to Germany, and the withdrawal of "Allied" military control over German armaments in exchange for League supervision, if monetary assurance could be provided for France. If this statement of the Thoiry conversation is correct, it proves that M. Briand has grasped and admitted the reasonableness of the German argument, that now that Germany has been admitted to the League of Nations on terms of equality, and has entered into treaty relations with her former enemies, there is in reality no further excuse for the continued occupation of two areas in the Rhineland. For as far as reparations are concerned the Germans have now fulfilled their obligations, and, that being so, according to Art. 431 of the Treaty of Versailles, they are justified in asking for the complete withdrawal of the troops of occupation. There is nothing

conditional about Clause 431, which states that "If before the expiration of the period of fifteen years Germany complies with all the undertakings resulting from the present Treaty, the occupying forces will be withdrawn immediately." The "Allies," however, are permitted to delay the occupation if at the date of the evacuation the guarantees against unprovoked aggression by Germany are not considered sufficient, or they may at any time, by Art. 430, during the occupation or after the expiration of the fifteen years, reoccupy the whole or part of the areas evacuated if the Reparation Commission finds that Germany refuses to observe the whole or part of her obligations under the Treaty. Thus if the remaining French, British or Belgian troops were withdrawn from the two areas still occupied, the bridge-head of Coblenz and the Palatinate, they could be occupied again. But once the Rhineland had been freed, to reoccupy it would put an end to all hopes of improved relations between France and Germany, and would probably cause the withdrawal of Germany from the League of Nations, which would destroy the Treaties of Locarno. A more dangerous situation would arise than that which existed at the time of the Ruhr occupation, when Germany countered the French invasion by her passive resistance movement. Then she had no idea of active resistance. But if the Rhine provinces were occupied again, although Germany might be unable to resist at the moment, all hope of enduring peace would be shattered. It would indeed be far better to continue the occupation to its appointed end than to withdraw the "Allied" garrisons with the idea that the reoccupation could be imposed on Germany at any time. Nevertheless, the political advantages which would follow an acceleration of the evacuation would far outweigh any possible risks attaching to such a course. For the freeing of the Rhineland is not only regarded by the German people as a bare act of justice to which Germany is entitled under the Treaty of Versailles, but is a constant source of irritation and humiliation to German pride. No German believes for a moment that there is any justification for its continuance on the excuse that Germany has

viding monetary assistance for France is not likely to be realised in the near future. It would neither be fair nor reasonable to lay the responsibility for this on America, for the fact remains that Mr. Parker Gilbert, in whose custody the bonds lie, does not consider the flotation of the bonds as possible or desirable at the present time. Mr. Gilbert has certainly not given this decision as an American, or because he is opposed to any arrangement to place Franco-German relations on a better footing. To say, therefore, as has been hinted in certain quarters, that by her refusal to provide money for the flotation of the German railway bonds America is deliberately standing in the way of European recovery would be a travesty of the truth. Such language, if seriously intended to bluff America into finding the money, would do nothing but harden her determination to refuse to assist Europe in this way. Nevertheless, the United States have so much to gain by the pacification of Europe that they may ultimately provide the necessary credit for paving the way to a Franco-German understanding, just as they raised more than half the money needed for the launching of the Dawes Plan. But before this can be thought of France must settle the terms of her debt to America. No doubt this question was discussed when Herr Stresemann and M. Briand met. Indeed, it is whispered that it was not the least important part of their conversation, and that the problem of a final settlement of German reparations was also debated. If this is so, it constitutes a fact of great importance which may have far-reaching consequences in providing a united front in Europe on the problem of international debts.

The present writer recently read a remarkable article in a popular American magazine which predicted that Europe would get together on this question. The American journalist saw in the economic agreements between French and German industrialists and their desire to form a European combine in the coal, iron and steel trades, the first sign of the awakening consciousness of the new European spirit. Sooner or later, he declared, the "Allied"

countries would cancel their war debts and fix German reparations at the sum which America required from her debtors, thus throwing on the United States the odium of being the sole collector of the war debts. It would then be said, he pointed out, that America, by her persistence in requiring this tribute from Europe, was the great obstacle to the recovery of Europe. The germ of this ingenious plan, the object of which is to persuade America that debt-collecting is no longer a profitable transaction, is to be found, as the American writer said, in the Balfour Note, in which Great Britain expressed her willingness to let her European debtors off except in so far as America required her to pay. Great Britain, so ran the British argument, could not, in view of the large sums that were owed to her, be left to saddle her debt to the United States, but if America were to release her she would willingly forgive her other debtors, including Germany. It has long been clear that if America insists on being paid, even on the reduced scale suggested for France and Italy, Europe will get little or nothing out of German reparations. Indeed, the difficulties of transfer may prove so great that although the Dawes payments are to reach the sum of over 100 millions a year in cash and kind, nothing like that sum will be paid. If in these circumstances the European countries involved in these debt transactions could come together and agree to fix German reparations at a sum sufficient to cover their commitments to the United States, they would probably strike a good bargain for themselves. Moreover, by placing German reparations on a footing on which it would no longer be a bone of contention in Europe, and by cancelling their debts to one another, the "Allies" would remove a constant source of irritation and friction.

There is no idea in all this of handing the collection of the German debt to Washington. What would happen is that Germany would continue to pay into the Dawes pool, from which the money would be transmitted to America. Great Britain would, of course, require as much from this common pool as she is paying America, which

would appear to give her a prior claim on German reparations, to the disadvantage of France. The plan rests on the idea that as Europe is not likely to get any more out of Germany than it owes to America, nothing would be lost by clearly demonstrating the fact that if America would let Europe off, the older Continent would close the Chapter of War Debts altogether. The United States, it will be asserted, has already declared that she will not allow her claims on Europe to be made dependent on German reparation payments. But Europe has as much right to fix German reparations at the amount which America requires as Great Britain had to fix the sum which she required from her European debtors when she told the countries which owe her money that she would require no more from them than the United States demanded from her. This is not to make American payments dependent upon German reparations. Europe would still have to make good any deficit on Germany's account.

Ingenious as this plan is, there is no evidence that M. Briand and Herr Stresemann seriously considered it at their meeting at Thoiry. However, the trend of events favours the adoption of a scheme of united action for the settlement of international debts. In the meantime the first step to a Franco-German *entente* is to be seen in the economic agreements between the industrialists on both sides, whereby the iron-ore of Lorraine is to be more effectively brought into partnership with the coal and coke of the Ruhr, while the products of Alsace-Lorraine are to receive specially favoured treatment from Germany. Herr Stresemann regards this agreement as an extremely important contribution between France and Germany. Moreover, this agreement, in which the Germans would be glad to see the British heavy industries included, will strengthen the credit of both countries and add to their wealth by removing barriers to trade and substituting collaboration in the heavy industries for the present cut-throat competition which continually forces down the standard of living.

Baron von Rheinbaben, the spokesman of the German Government, in the discussion in the Assembly of the League on M. Loucheur's proposal for an economic conference, insisted on the necessity of lowering the tariffs which have done so much to prevent the development of European trade. In this debate might be discerned the suggestion of a European Zollverein, which by providing free trade over a wide area would give the industrialists of Europe a larger market in which to sell their goods. But until the total sum which Germany has to pay under the Dawes Plan can be capitalised, the tribute which she has to make in goods and cash will continue to hamper the free exchange of goods and services. The first approach to the settlement of this question is to be seen in the scheme which is said to have been outlined in the conversations at Thoiry by which part of the railway bonds, which amount to 11 milliards in all, are to be capitalised, the sum thus raised to be credited to Germany on reparations account. It would be a mistake to conclude that any hard and fast bargain concerning the evacuation of the Rhineland was discussed in this connection. If the bonds could be capitalised to the amount necessary to give France the credit which she needs for the stabilisation of the franc, the political situation would be so much improved that the occupation would probably melt away like snow in the sunshine of Locarno. For France and Germany would then have got together sufficiently to realise that it was to their common interest that all causes of friction between them should be removed. In this dawn of a new peace competition in armaments would be seen to be both futile and wasteful, and this great problem, on which so much depends, would at last be settled. This is to look a long way ahead, but so many events have happened which seemed impossible a few years ago that it is quite possible that the conversations at Thoiry may lead to the consummation of the work which was begun at Locarno, in which British as well as French and German statesmen played so important a part.

FRANCO-GERMAN SETTLEMENT

By "AUGUR"

THE present phase in Franco-German relations, brought about by the Briand-Stresemann interview at Thoiry, near Geneva, is a new development, and it is advisable to wait some time before passing judgment on it. Yet there is a point on which it is desirable to break through this attitude of reserve to promote a just understanding of the British attitude towards the issue.

At the time of the Thoiry interview it was generally assumed that the whole result of the conversation between Briand and Stresemann depended on the possibility of the German railway bonds being marketed so as to provide liquid cash to satisfy French needs. In reality, it should be known that at Thoiry the question of railway bonds was mentioned by M. Briand *en passant* and not as the unique means of providing the funds needed by France to stabilise her currency. The report of the meeting shows that Herr Stresemann mentioned financial arrangements of a different nature. But the question was discussed in vague terms, and it was decided to leave the matter to the experts.

Nevertheless, at the instance of M. Poincaré, the French Government decided first of all to explore the possibility of marketing the German railway bonds in the United States, the latter being the only country which can absorb foreign securities in large quantities. In the last days of September Paris approached, through the usual diplomatic channels, the Italian and the Belgian Governments on the subject of joint action in Washington to obtain the support of the American Treasury for the sale of the bonds. The British Government was also communicated with. The British Treasury took up a negative attitude. The argument of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and of his advisers was that to sell five per cent. bonds, when the price of money is seven and a half per cent. means sacrificing at least thirty per cent. of the capital value—a loss

which appears undesirable. The Italian Government inclined to the same point of view. At the time of writing, although it was said that Mr. Parker Gilbert, the Agent-General, was not unfavourable to the operation, it looked definitely as if the French Government would have to turn to the alternative financial schemes mentioned by Herr Stresemann and based most probably on the sale to Germany of the French rights in the Saar coal mines. On the face of it, it looked therefore as if the British attitude had impeded a favourable development of Franco-German relations. Naturally this is untrue, especially if one considers that the deciding voice in the chapter belonged to the money-giver—the United States. But it is as well to make out clearly the case why a British negative view on a purely technical question cannot be taken to mean that the British Government desires to place obstacles in the way of a rapprochement between Berlin and Paris.

There are major reasons why the British Government in power to-day, why any British Government, must be in favour of a Franco-German *entente*. These reasons cannot be put too firmly. The first is that we are a peace-loving nation. Our love for peace, even at a high price, is the consequence of our being a nation of traders. War as an occupation does not attract the British masses. The average Britisher does not want to fight himself or to pay for armaments. Our policy therefore is to further peace everywhere by relying on friendly relations. Clearly, anything conducive to the consolidation of peace is to be welcomed. The Franco-German rapprochement helps to establish peace in Europe—therefore it is agreeable to us. The second reason is that, independently of what exists or does not exist on paper, Great Britain for political, economic and geographical reasons is committed to take an interest in the security of France as if it were her own. The Government at present in power, like any other Government, recognises this fact and draws the inevitable conclusions. It is natural that anything which serves to minimise the risk of Great Britain being called upon to carry out the existing obligation to protect French

security must be welcomed, encouraged, and supported. The Locarno Treaties are an insurance against the presentation of a Bill for security on the Rhine. They are therefore welcome. The Franco-German rapprochement carries the work of peace a step further and is therefore as welcome. The third reason is that the Franco-German rapprochement, based as it is on economic elements, is a long step towards a consolidation of the economic interests of Europe. The Dawes Plan, which has shown its power in promoting the regeneration of Germany, is an example of what can be achieved by the united action of interested States. The perspectives opened by the agreement between Paris and Berlin are no less valuable. We are perhaps on the road towards that united front, without which the pernicious problem of inter-Allied and war debts cannot be successfully solved. These three main reasons enumerated above are so powerful that they over-ride the contrary effect of the danger to British industries and trade which may arise as a consequence of a united Franco-German economic front.

British policy is essentially one of peace. If the House were sitting now Sir Austen Chamberlain could not have spoken otherwise. He could have pointed to the years of patience exhibited in China, where British force is used only long after all other means have failed. He could have pointed to the British attitude towards the situation in Eastern Europe, where in spite of Soviet provocation we refuse to take a pessimistic point of view. Even the Lithuanian-Soviet Treaty, which by its clause about Vilna becomes a menace, is not taken too seriously. For peace everywhere and with everybody is the object of British foreign policy. It is not the British Treasury but the delay of the French in ratifying their debt agreements which is to blame for their financial difficulties.

PRIMO DE RIVERA AND THE NEW SPAIN

BY DUDLEY HEATHCOTE

To the majority of English people the politics of Spain must always appear a little remote, the political efficiency and *manière de faire* of the average Spanish politician being as far removed from those found in Westminster as were the ideals and practices that used to regulate political life in the days of the Rotten Boroughs. And consequently a survey of the revolution that has swept away the Parliamentary institutions which Napoleon imposed on her people over a century ago, and some consideration of its significance, and an estimate of its effects, may be of interest to those readers of THE FORTNIGHTLY who, like myself, nourish the strongest regard and affection for a race whose innate charm and amiable qualities impress from the very moment that one has crossed the Pyrenees.

Like many similar movements on the Continent, the Spanish revolution illustrates the tendency which is pretty generally found in Europe at the present day, to substitute for parliamentarism a form of government whose appeal will lie, not in a plethora of institutions rendering lip service to democracy or in the feeble misrule of a crowd of legislators, but in the vigorous mastery and good governance of one man or many.

The post-war period, in Spain as elsewhere, inaugurated a period of unrest and disillusionment so profound that the political conscience of the Spanish people, which hitherto had remained stagnantly indifferent to parliamentary rule, suddenly awoke to the need for doing something drastic to extricate the country from the morass of ineptitude in which it had been struggling. For over a century the Spaniard had made essay of a system of government which, though modelled on that of England, was not only alien to his nature and impracticable owing to his almost entire lack of a political sense, but also a travesty of the very institutions that had served as its model, owing to the way in which the caciques or political

bosses exploited the popular ignorance. The government was incompetent, the workers a prey to syndicalist and communist agitators who preached the most subversive doctrines, and the army controlled by military cliques whose ingrained dislike for obeying authority almost equalled that prevailing in Greece. A succession of strikes in most industries was paralysing production, and there were enormous deficits in State departments, coupled with financial and economic strain caused by the protracted and unpopular Moroccan war; a chaos in the administration, and a general inability on the part of the central government to enforce its authority, cope with the elements of disorder, and provide for the general security of its citizens against crime and violence. So lamentable was the anarchy then prevailing that during the year immediately preceding Primo de Rivera's *coup d'état* and assumption of dictatorial power in 1923, no fewer than 400 assassinations took place in Barcelona alone among owners of factories and government officials residing in that town, other noteworthy murders including that of the aged Archbishop of Zaragoza, an esteemed prelate, who was killed in cold blood by paid assassins sent out from Barcelona because of a dispute which he had had with some tenant farmers. And while life was often insecure for any man outraging the feelings of the small anarchical minority which terrorised the country, property was almost equally exposed to the danger of theft, there being numerous instances in which banks were held up and raided all over the country without the authorities being able to discover the culprits, while the juries were so intimidated that few of them ever dared to convict those who had proved unable to avoid arrest.

On this showing it is evident that, like the Italian patriots who in 1919 had grouped themselves together in a fascio under the leadership of Mussolini to combat the revolutionary forces, the Spaniard of 1923 was, in spite of his ingrained apathy, disposed to rally to any movement that would put an end to misgovernment and so ensure the stability of the Crown, the monarchical idea being perhaps more deeply rooted in the past tradition and

present mentality of his race than in any other country in Europe. Such was the setting of the stage of Spanish political life when Primo de Rivera entered on the scene in December, 1923, his intervention being directly brought about by a mutiny that broke out in a battalion under orders for Morocco. And, realising that the situation was one of extreme gravity, he forthwith substituted his authority and that of a military Directorate for that of the existing government, and, having instituted a system of military delegates and martial law that aimed at restoring public order and security, proceeded to remodel the whole fabric of the state.

Having terminated this brief sketch of the events that directly led to Primo de Rivera's *coup d'état*, it may not be without interest to give some account of the man himself and of his career before dealing with his work.

Miguel Primo de Rivera belongs to a distinguished family of Sevilian landed gentry whose loyalty to the Crown has ever been a byword in a country where the throne stands as a symbol of unbroken tradition of centuries, the most eminent of these faithful supporters of monarchy being the present Dictator's late uncle, General Fernando Primo de Rivera, a distinguished soldier who, in addition to fighting with great distinction in the Carlist wars and winning for himself a name and prestige that usually made him the determining factor in any matter concerning the army, had been one of the prime movers in the *coup d'état* of 1874, which had established a constitutional monarchy in Spain.

Miguel Primo de Rivera was born on the family estate of Jerez de la Frontera over fifty years ago, and, following the family tradition, joined the army as soon as he was of military age. And, like his uncle, he very soon earned distinction on the field by his courage and other soldierly qualities, though his outspoken speech proved an insuperable bar to his promotion. On at least two occasions he was given important commands and then summarily dismissed from his post for having offended the supreme authorities of the army who had taken umbrage at his frank criticism of their policy. And consequently he was

little seen in the limelight, though his frequent denunciations of the futile Moroccan war never failed to attract attention. Then came the World War and its aftermath of general chaos, and with them the opening for which he had long been waiting. Around him was nothing but discontent and misrule, a government that was powerless to maintain order, a Parliament that, representing no one, indulged in interminable dialectics instead of dealing with the seditious forces threatening the life of the country; and a nation that, after being bled white in men and money through the exigencies of a war that was as mismanaged as it was protracted, was suffering from a kind of political malaise that indicated a strong though inarticulate desire to do away with every species of Parliamentary rule. Realising that if the country were to be saved at all, now was the time to step in, he quietly and almost unobtrusively seized the reins of power and substituted his own organisation for that of the government.

This was three years ago. Let us now consider the nature and significance of the dictatorship that has been imposed on the Spanish people, and try to estimate not only what it has achieved, but the chances which it possesses of carrying through the programme which the Marquis de Estrella has set before him.

In the first place, it cannot sufficiently be stressed that the dictatorship is only a means to an end, in that the General has on more than one occasion asserted that his policy was to move gradually to a normal state of affairs, the present emergency restrictions and suspension of constitutional rights having been instituted solely to guarantee those fundamental conditions of order and tranquillity which Spain needs above all things. That the Marquis de Estrella is carrying out his promise there is every reason to believe, for not only has a restoration to normality slowly been taking place ever since the General replaced his Military Directorate by a civil government of which he became Prime Minister in 1925, but he has advanced another step in the same direction by the plebiscite that he recently caused to be held throughout the country, a measure that not only resulted in a splendid

vote of confidence being accorded his government, but also amply justified his assumption of power. Even more significant, however, is the National Assembly which Primo de Rivera proposes to convene in the near future, the summoning of this Assembly being not only a clear indication of the Dictator's resolve to abolish universal suffrage, but a very definite movement towards normal government, even if that normality is far more akin to that which existed in the Peninsula before the French Revolution than to any subsequent one. Primo de Rivera intends, in fact, to substitute for the Cortes that has been functioning in Spain from 1812 to 1923 a legislative body that will be representative of all the principal interests of the nation, a period of three years being held to be necessary for the carrying out of the programme that he has devised for Spain's regeneration, and also for the building up of the team of men "of robust intelligence and purity of heart out of the tried field of that Assembly" that will eventually take his place. These politicians, he maintains, will not only stimulate national endeavour by their example, but will also legislate and govern without fear or favour, since, their own individual interests being entirely merged into that of the class or interest which they will represent, there will never be any inducement for them to prosecute a purely selfish aim.

In the meantime he is busily working for that day, having lavishly culled and garnered from the past and taken whatever appeared to him of value, while striving to build up a national prosperity that will be a happy resultant of a blending of the old and new. From the old he has revived not only the idea of a Cortes representing purely the great national interests of the country, but also the principle of decentralisation by which he trusts to solve the Catalan problem and also to interest more and more persons in the conduct of the national life. From the new, the necessity for bringing his country more into line with other European States in matters of education, economic development and administrative probity, other proposed reforms including the balancing of the Budget, Army retrenchment and reorganisation, and the adoption of

more up-to-date methods in the conduct of the Moroccan war.

Taking first the question of decentralisation, it is abundantly clear that the profound insight which the Marquis de Estrella acquired of the Catalan problem during the time that he was Captain General of that province soon made him realise that the situation could only be materially improved and the problem satisfactorily settled by the application of decentralising measures based on those of the past that would cut the ground from under the feet of the Catalan extremists. He realised that though the Catalans could justifiably plead that the industrial prospects of a province that was producing over 65 per cent. of the total industrial output of Spain had been consistently neglected and even imperilled by the retrograde methods of a central government that was absolutely out of touch with the requirements of modern industry, there was much that was artificial in the agitation that had of late been fomented in their midst. And consequently that except for the small minority of fanatical extremists, adherents of Macia, who advocated armed revolt and even assassination to achieve separation, the great majority of the Catalan people would certainly oppose on economic and patriotic grounds any measure that would be calculated to break off their connection with Spain if only something were done to satisfy their aspirations.

Accordingly the policy that he proceeded to adopt towards the disaffected province showed a judicious blending of force and conciliation.

For the out-and-out separatist and fanatical elements, which not only hatched plot after plot, but often won practical sympathy and support abroad for conspiracies directed against the established government of Spain by the insidious manner in which they presented their case and made it appear identical to Sinn Fein, he displayed no pity. The Catalan language, so often invoked to conceal a seditious motive, was proscribed for all official purposes, while every person convicted or even suspected of treason was treated with the utmost severity. But the Dictator has also known how to temper firmness with diplomacy,

and if he has often chastised with one hand, he has endeavoured to conciliate with the other. He has realised that one of the causes of the Separatist movement lies in the fact that the Catalan finds no available outlet for expending his superfluous political energy save in the Separatist myth, and he has consequently sought to divert it into more fruitful channels by investing him with an even larger measure of local self-government than that which had been accorded by Dato. Whereas his predecessors either ignored or endeavoured to stifle every manifestation of local patriotism, he has revived the fueros of mediæval times and endowed municipal and county councils with a constitution and liberties of their own, seeking thereby to do away with every symptom of centralisation. These wise measures have, moreover, been applied not only to Catalonia, but to the country as a whole: with the result that, while a notable step has been taken towards settling the Catalan problem, other parts of the country have been given the opportunity of acquiring both a political and civic sense, this extensive plan of administrative decentralisation being embodied in the Municipal Statute of March 8th, 1924, and the Provincial Statute of March 20th, 1925. Before dealing any further or more generally with the Dictator's decentralising scheme, it is interesting to notice that the proposed grant of local self-government has nowhere been better received than in the three Catalan provinces of Tarragona, Lerida and Gerona, as the inhabitants of these districts now see a possibility of freeing themselves from the economic union with Barcelona which was so largely the resultant of the Mancomunita Provincial Charter wrung from the unwilling Cortes in the opening year of the war. Acclaimed at first as a notable step in the right direction, this measure of independence, instead of proving the benefit that had been anticipated, only consolidated the hegemony and influence that Barcelona then exercised over the rest of Catalonia, and as such caused considerable ill-feeling, the new Bill being purposely designed to meet this difficulty. The framing of the Municipal Home Rule Bill consequently proves not only the Dictator's sound and practical statesmanship, but also that he is possessed of an almost uncanny grasp of

the Catalan situation, it being evident that the proposed measures will have the effect of undoing much of the harm that had been done by centuries of centralisation.

The most interesting feature of these suggested extensions of local self-government, however, apart from the probable effect which they will have in Catalonia, is that the Province is in future to be considered as the electoral unit, the principle of corporate representation being now as definitely established for all provincial Assemblies as it will be for the National Assembly; while not only river confederations but agricultural co-operatives are to be created regionally to carry out the Governmental irrigation and agricultural enterprises.

Turning now to education, the problem which the Marquis de Estrella has set himself to solve is how to build up a system of education that will combine the modern methods advocated by the disciples of Don Francisco Giner de los Rios, the founder of the Institucion Libre de Enshenanza in Madrid, 1876, with the more traditional system of teaching which the Spanish Church is anxious to see retained. Primo de Rivera realises that valuable as is the training in civic responsibility which the Spaniard is bound to acquire from an increased share in local government, it can only materialise when his education has been brought up into line with it. Figures point to the fact that over 40 per cent. of the population above six years of age are unable either to read or write, and so long as these conditions remain very little progress can be made. The General is therefore trying not only to diminish the proportion of illiterates, which is almost the highest in Europe, but to create a number of schools in which the young Spaniard will acquire a new sense of public service and a better appreciation of his country. Over 3,000 new schools have been opened up to date, in spite of the difficulties which the Government has met with in obtaining an adequate staff to man them. The prospects here again however, are not without good augury, and, as in other domains, a happy mean has been preserved between the old and the new.

Of all the problems which the Directorate has had to

face, however, none has proved more difficult of solution than the problems of the Army and Morocco, and few have been faced in history with equal courage or from a higher altitude of vision and practical common sense. For years a campaign had been waged with varying fortunes, but without the end ever being in sight and, brave and enduring as the Spanish armies had invariably shown themselves to be, their best efforts had invariably been frustrated by the strategic mistakes of their leaders or the parsimoniousness of the Home Government, there being more than one occasion when success would have been attained if adequate reinforcements had been forthcoming. Calculated in men and money, the campaign has cost the country no fewer than 40,000 lives and over 600 million pesetas, there being few Spaniards outside Army circles who showed any enthusiasm for it, and even fewer who were daring enough to advocate its termination, for fear of tarnishing the military records of a country that boasted a fighting history inferior to none. It was left to Primo de Rivera to settle a problem which had hitherto baffled the keenest brains of the Spanish Army, and as he had from the very first been opposed to any extension of the campaign, so he now concentrated all his efforts in strengthening and defining the political action that lay behind his bayonets, while he sought to lessen the sacrifice of men and money that such military action entailed. He first withdrew all Spanish troops to fortified lines which had been prepared beforehand, and so left unoccupied a wide margin to the north of the Spanish zone, this measure not only strengthening his line, as he could more adequately protect one that was smaller by 300 garrisons than his former position, but enabling him to nullify the mass attack which Abdel Krim was about to launch on the Spaniards just before their retirement. Then, after disarming the tribes that were in the rear of his new lines, and improving not only the discipline of his Army but their armament and *corps d'officiers*, he initiated a policy which, proving how immeasurably superior he was to all the commanders who had preceded him in Morocco, can best be summarised as one of military utilitarianism; the Army being now employed not merely

to defeat but to construct politically. The Spanish line now became a decisive barrier or protection for the subdued tribes against those that were still unsubdued, and every military post not only a fort but a political centre which negotiated with the neighbouring tribes and sought by bribery or conciliation to win them over, force being only utilised when other means proved futile. And coupled with these methods were a strategic advance and an incessant wearing down of the enemy, in co-operation with the French, that were ultimately to culminate in the defeat of the Riffs and the surrender of Abdel Krim at Targuist in May.

The situation in Morocco having now materially changed, the Dictator turned his attention to the Home Army in order to raise it to the level of the powerful and well-equipped force that he had raised in North Africa, the scheme of internal reform that he prepared to apply to it including a very substantial reduction in the establishment of officers and certain modifications in the system of promotion that not only aroused much discontent but even led to breaches of discipline on the part of the artillery officers, which only the Dictator's personal ascendancy and energetic action, backed by the King's loyal support, were able to overcome. As the Spanish military caste has always been one of the strongest organisations in the State, and one, moreover, that has ever been characteristically loyal to the Throne, this public-spirited action on the part of Alfonso XIII speaks volumes for his courage and patriotism, while it is evident that the Dictator's task has immensely benefited by it.

Of the other many material improvements that have been inspired by the Directorate, space forbids my making more than casual mention. Strikes have almost entirely disappeared; the jury system has been abolished, the magistrates now, as of old, acting in the dual capacity of judges and jury, while administrative corruption has been severely punished and the Budget deficit brought down in two years from 1,000 million pesetas to 300. Add to these a notable decrease in crime and a general awakening of those masses of the public who had hitherto steered clear of civic affairs,

and you will have a pretty accurate idea of Spain as it functions to-day.

The conclusion which follows from what I have endeavoured to portray is that Primo de Rivera has established a form of Government that has not only materially improved the general condition of the Spanish people, but also laid a firm foundation for their future prosperity, his reforms having had the effect of gaining him the affection and regard of a body of opinion, represented by the Patriotic Union, that is growing so rapidly that I see little prospect of the opposition encompassing his downfall. A man of splendid and tireless energy, whose success can only be measured by the extent to which his carefully laid schemes were achieved, Primo de Rivera is not only a mediævalist in the profundity of his patriotic faith, who is possessed of a genius for command and an understanding of the Spanish people so rare that he will long remain the one and only leader to whom they gladly yield obedience, but a commanding personality and a power for good that, if not marred by success, should be capable of restoring much of Spain's former greatness. Reactionary, therefore, as appear to be the many restrictions of freedom of opinion and persecution of ideas that have marked his *régime*, the General's new experimental dictatorship has come to stay, while I, for my part, will continue to pin my faith in his good sense and sound statesmanship, so steady and so vital has been the transformation which Spain has undergone at his hands.

THE CHINESE PUZZLE AND ITS SOLUTION

BY RODNEY GILBERT

CHINA is in a state of chaos and is going very badly to ruin for want of a master. She is a school without a head, a ship without a skipper. How is she to be led and controlled? If she cannot evolve a system of self-control within a reasonable time, a system that will give her peace and the rest of the world an opportunity to carry on legitimate trade with a third of Asia and a quarter of the human family, who is to control her and how? Would it simply be stirring confusion into chaos to intervene in China's frightfully muddled affairs in an attempt to give her a little discipline, or would it be a light and easy task, yielding a maximum of profit for the Chinese people and their well-wishers upon a minimum effort? Could such intervention in China be made to look like a humanitarian effort, a kind of modern crusade which Anglo-Saxon opinion throughout the world would support, or would it be appraised by kind-hearted and sentimental folk as ruthless exploitation? Is the world displaying heartless indifference in letting China's masterless ship pound upon the rocks? Or are those who advocate a rescue simply out after salvage? These are samples of the questions which rise up as nightmares before those who have to shape what we call "policy" in China. The writer has undertaken the task of showing that they are not unanswerable. To show that the whole problem is not such a tangled one as it seems for those who have direct minds and the courage to face facts it must be clearly stated.

China is a country rich in territory and man-power without much else. Land and fisheries, men and their tireless efforts to make something out of nothing, are her assets. Her people are endowed with a capacity for long suffering and her land is almost everywhere rich in elements which resist many centuries of heartless abuse. The Chinese people are not inventive or progressive, but they are mar-

vellously patient and persevering. In the essentials to success, in competition with better endowed countries, with more aggressive folk developing them, China is pathetically poor. Her "vast natural resources" are very much a myth. In proportion to her great area and population China's reserves of timber, coal, iron and copper are almost trifling. China's wealth really lies in the muscular activity of her industrious folk. The great essential to productivity in China is simply peace.

This need of peace, which successive waves of barbarian conquerors learned over and over again, appears to be one that neither the present military masters of the country nor the Occidental nations that would like to do business with China have yet grasped. China at peace would certainly be a tremendous asset to the world, but China in turmoil is a heavy liability upon modern civilisation. The truth of this has been grasped by no Power but Soviet Russia, who has thrown herself ardently into the task of financing and fostering turmoil in China so that she may continue to be a heavier and heavier liability, thereby adding something to the strain upon Occidental civilisation.

Those who do not care to believe that present conditions in China are stifling trade and industry can easily prove their contentions by the returns of the Chinese Maritime Customs, showing that under the very adverse conditions that prevailed throughout the year 1925 the decline in trade was trifling; but the Chinese are ingenious and dauntless traders, and nothing can stop the flow of merchandise to a market where the profit is sufficiently enticing. Trade under present conditions is trade under a terrific strain, but it is easy to demonstrate that if there had been any semblance of peace and order in China during the past five years the Customs returns would have been double what they were in 1925, instead of registering a "slight decrease."

The Chinese people have never been trained to think about public affairs, much less participate in them. In fact, they have been reminded from generation to generation for three thousand years that governmental affairs

were strictly none of their business. In the well-ordered Chinese State the machinery of government was run by what is known in the West as the Mandarinate, a kind of civil service made up of scholars chosen by examination. The Mandarinate was never in any sense responsible to the people, but to the Emperor alone. The Imperial Court constituted the only check upon what was always a rapacious officialdom. Each small magistrate looted the people for all that he could get and passed along to his superior as little as he could. The Viceroy got all that he could out of the district officials and passed as little on to the Court as possible. Under a strong Emperor the checks upon officialdom were strict and severe. Under a weak ruler they were lax. Nothing but fear of the man above or a riot among the people, which would inevitably bring about his removal, put any restraint upon any Chinese official. Among the high potentates directly responsible to the Court it was fear of the Court that ruled their behaviour. In every generation in Chinese history there have been enough exceptions to these generalities to prove the rule, but one has only to read any Chinese book on morality to learn that the official was popularly regarded as the imperially licensed exploiter of his territory under no obligation to give up any more of his loot than could be extracted from him by force or a threat of force. It will be understood, therefore, that under a weak Emperor government has always been atrociously bad in China, while after the collapse of each dynasty, when there was no head to the State, unspeakable chaos reigned. Responsibility to the people is an idea that has no more place in Chinese official tradition than the right to participate in and constitute a check upon Government has among the traditions of the common folk.

Traditions are hard to kill in China, and these traditions of Government persisted without noteworthy alteration down to the year 1912, when they were abolished by mandate, and a very ancient autocracy became by a mere change of name a highly organised democratic State—the Republic of China. The young Chinese enthusiasts whose agitations had brought about the collapse of the dynasty

led the West to believe that this was a change for which the masses of the Chinese people had been hungering and thirsting for decades, and that they would now react to liberty as any Western people would under such circumstances and evolve, overnight, a thoroughly modern and progressive China.

The wholly unprepared and bewildered people, who had not the slightest idea what it all meant, went on with their affairs, traditionally indifferent to what they had always been told was none of their business. The Mandarinate, almost as ignorant of the significance of the change and nearly as bewildered as the people, carried on for a few years in the old rut, cautiously feathering their nests as usual, but running to no excesses. The only folk who seemed to appreciate that the master was gone, that the State was headless, and that the golden opportunity had arrived, were the military leaders, who promptly usurped all the administrative posts from that of President down. While Yuan Shih-kai lived he had somewhat the same hold upon the provincial military chiefs that the Emperor had upon his Viceroys and Governors, but after his death in 1916 there was no supreme head to the army and disintegration began.

It had been discovered, moreover, in the course of three rebellions, that rebellion brought the ambitious upstart to the top, on a level with men who qualified through examination and long years of service for high office, so rebellions and declarations of independence became popular. The central Government lost the respect of officialdom, both civil and military. Bandits who could not be suppressed were taken into the army; radicals and agitators who could not be silenced were given official posts regardless of their qualifications. The provincial army became the private property of the military satrap and took no orders from Peking unless it suited the convenience of the local chief. Decentralisation and demoralisation were the only factors in the new State, that made progress. Discipline in the army, even down to the smallest units, became lax. Interprovincial warfare became more and more common, and to keep their ever-

increasing armies the Military Governors (Tuchuns, or Tupans as they are now) began to intercept revenues destined for Peking. They made enormous fortunes out of them. They got in the habit of making these fortunes, and when the armies kept on growing and there was not enough to satisfy both the Tuchun and his men the former imposed new taxes while the latter openly looted the people.

China ceased to have a Government in our sense of the word six or seven years ago, when there were no more Japanese loans and no more proceeds of loans to distribute among the provincial chiefs in exchange for their doubtful allegiance. The only revenues that came into the once rich and powerful capital were those collected under foreign supervision—surplus over and above the service of foreign loans—and for a time some revenue from the railways. To meet the demands of those Tuchuns who graciously recognised the so-called Government in the capital and dictated appointments in Peking while Peking dared make no appointments in their bailiwicks, the foreign collected revenues were mortgaged and domestic loans were floated on them. This practice inevitably brought about defalcations on foreign obligations and the national finances began to get into a desperate tangle. About five years ago the military chieftains commenced to appropriate the railway revenues, which were in many instances security for foreign loans. For weeks at a time, even for months, China's trunk lines are entirely devoted to military purposes, with no goods or passenger traffic whatever, and the great cities of the interior go without their essential supplies or rely upon cart, camel, mule or junk traffic, when these conveyances are not commandeered by the soldiery. Then when the feud is over the military proprietor of the railway raises all rates to get revenue in a hurry, while his subordinates fatten on "transit taxes" and a hundred other petty exactions. Almost nothing is returned to the administration of the line for upkeep, and sometimes even salaries are not paid for months at a stretch. Everything goes into the one great military maw.

Under these conditions the old tradition of loyalty in

both civil and military life is almost dead. In all these interprovincial feuds treachery is now the rule rather than the exception. Any commander who delegates power to a subordinate who is out of his sight and reach raises up an enemy against himself. To hold the fealty of his commanders he has to allot them areas within which they can extort money from the wretched people without check or hindrance, and this right of exploitation is not infrequently used by the incumbent commander to build up a force which will make him independent of his chief or enable him to sell himself at a good price to the enemy.

Civil Governments, both central and provincial, are simply the property of individual militarists, or of groups of them, as the railways are, and the civil officials and politicians, including great numbers of the Chinese students who have been trained in the West, supposedly for China's redemption, are no more than tax collectors in the service of the high military chiefs.

Now it must be understood that throughout Chinese officialdom there are hundreds of thoroughly decent, honest, self-respecting men who deplore the state of things in their country much more bitterly than any outsider possibly could. But the individual Chinese is a timid person, who in nine cases out of ten will walk briskly away from trouble or from something offensive rather than face it; and so it happens that when a Chinese official's surroundings disgust him beyond all further endurance, he simply retires from public life and disappears. Conditions are therefore weeding out the responsible and conscientious men from high military circles, as well as from civil officialdom, and making more and more room for the thoroughly ruthless, cruel and rapacious folk who have graduated from banditry into military life; while the civil posts are falling more and more into the hands of ambitious nobodies who are willing to serve this type of potentate.

This account will be condemned by Chinese abroad as a needless attempt to besmirch China's fair name; but it must be remembered that both the Chinese and a large body of foreigners abroad are clamouring for the surrender of all foreign rights in China, and particularly

for the abolition of the system of extra-territorial jurisdiction, which is all that stands between the foreign resident and the gentle mercy of these irresponsible military tyrants; and we must remember that the official spokesmen of Great Britain and America never tire of repeating the slogan that China must "work out her own salvation," and must bear in mind that China's rehabilitation depends in the first instance on a Government that can guarantee the people peace, order and security.

In the light of this recital, which gives the barest outlines of what is becoming an impossible "political situation," the simplicity of the political problem presented should stand out fairly clearly. It all boils down to the fact that China is very badly in need of a heavy-handed master who can reimpose the checks upon a traditionally rapacious officialdom that were relaxed when the Empire fell. It must be obvious that the people are impotent to control their masters. When the soldiery commandeer their animals, confiscate their poor crops, loot their hovels and rape their women, they join the army long enough to get rifles, then turn bandits and loot their neighbours. As for organised opposition to misrule, they have no conception of it; and when their bandit organisations get big enough to take control of a district their only thought is that it is now their turn, and they outdo their predecessors in greed and cruelty. The decent element in the official class does not organise to stem the tide of dissolution, but goes into retirement to sigh about China's vanished greatness.

The need of a firm guiding hand is such a crying need that the only persons left in China who refuse to admit it are the self-styled "nationalists," some sincere, some Russian-inspired, the predatory classes who would be eliminated by the restoration of authority and discipline, and a few obstinately sentimental foreigners who cannot make themselves believe that the style of government that suits the Anglo-Saxon cannot be cut to fit the Chinese, despite his radically different temperament and traditions. The great dispute among those who know China does not turn so much upon the need of a single

supreme command as upon the prospective source of it. This raises questions which cannot readily be discussed until some light has been shed upon another seeming complexity, that of foreign relations.

The Chinese are a people who do not like to admit that there is anything inherently wrong with their country. A Chinese diplomatic representative abroad will flatly contradict Press reports of facts or incidents, even while he knows that the Government to which he is accredited has its files crammed with evidence to prove his mendacity. So it happens that when the fervently patriotic Chinese youngster becomes aware that his country has ceased to be a nation, that its credit at home and abroad is gone, that its internal and foreign trade are being strangled, that such Government as there is is a scandal, and that the wretched people are staggering under a weight of imposition and abuse that they cannot long carry, he will not admit to himself that the fault can possibly lie anywhere within China, but must in some way be laid at the door of the nefarious foreigner.

In this mood he receives from the Russian agitator with real gratitude such expressions as "the exploitation of the weaker peoples," repudiation of the "unequal treaties," "capitalistic imperialism," and the like, and whips himself into a perfect frenzy of patriotism of the most unreasonably anti-foreign character. He has never read the "unequal treaties," and has no idea how they came to be negotiated. He has no conception of what "capitalistic imperialism" means, and does not want any. He is pleased only to believe that it is all the foreigner's fault, and that these slogans make it clear.

It is this state of mind that the foreign communities in China have been facing for several years. The Russians, moreover, have spent a great deal of money cultivating such ideas, and we have spent nothing. All Chinese officialdom pats the young enthusiast on the back, secretly or openly, and tells him that he has the right idea, because foreign supervision of certain revenues and certain checks which the Powers still hold upon officialdom are the very last checks upon their free and untrammelled

exploitation of their country. If these can be shaken off China can be looted without stint or mercy.

Illegal taxes are imposed upon foreign goods and protests are elicited from the Legations, which are duly ignored. If nothing further happens more and heavier illegal taxes are imposed. Foreigners are outraged in person and property by unruly soldiery, perhaps. The official responsible says it was the foreigner's fault. He deliberately stopped a Chinese bullet with his person or committed an assault upon a company of armed men. Apologies and indemnities are therefore refused. If nothing happens there are more outrages. The Government defaults on an interest payment on a foreign loan, and the Legations, of course, protest. The protest is ignored, so if nothing happens the Government defaults on all loans. If the Powers, individually or in a group, threaten drastic action because of some flagrant and high-handed breach of the treaties, the Russian agents and the Chinese official agents hasten to stir up the nationalists, and a wail goes up which is heard in London, Washington, and every other capital. The missionaries become alarmed. They think that Chinese "good will" is being alienated, and that their cause will suffer, so they make strong appeals for conciliation. They say we must give up something to appease and quiet the patriots. To show how highly this is appreciated a few mission hospitals are immediately thereafter commandeered as barracks, and a few chapels converted into stables.

This is the "Nationalism" that is so widely advertised abroad.

The "unequal treaties" deserve a little attention also. Without going into elaborate details it may be said without fear of denial that all of the older treaties, which embody the rights enjoyed by foreigners in China, were negotiated to force the Chinese to treat us as equals and not as inferiors, as traders from civilised countries entitled to fair dealing, and not as despised savages whom the Chinese authorities could abuse, loot or exclude altogether from trade according to fancy. They would not let us trade in the interior, so we asked for plots of land where

we could live by ourselves, and they gave us unproductive rocks, malarial swamps, sand banks and beggars' quarters in contempt. This was the origin of the concessions, now the most valuable bits of land in China, crammed with Chinese who will not live under their own Government. Their existence is now a violation of China's sovereign rights, an outrage upon her dignity!

The rights which the "unequal treaties" give us are, in brief, the following: The right to reside in certain allotted settlements and trade. The right to travel in the interior and trade, but not the right to residence or the purchase of land. The right to trial by our own judicial authorities instead of by native rack and thumbscrew or by judges completely subservient to the rapacious military. The right to a fixed import and export duty on our wares and purchases, so that they may not be subject to the erratic and often confiscatory charges imposed in the old days. The right to supervise the collection of certain Chinese revenues so that the payment of China's foreign debts may not be dependent upon the arbitrary fancy of an irresponsible Government, which provision, by the way, is the sole foundation of China's foreign credit. The right, since the Boxer episode, when a valiant attempt was fostered by the Government to exterminate all foreigners, including the Diplomatic Body, to maintain in Peking a Legation quarter, to keep open a line of railway from Peking to the sea, and to station in North China a small number of guards. This sums up the most heinous features of the "unequal treaties," and there was never one of them imposed that was not absolutely essential to the security and peace of mind of the foreign trader who tried to do business with this country. The Chinese now admit that this may possibly have been true in the past, but that times have changed, and that these provisions for our safety are, in this civilised era, wholly superfluous—not only superfluous but really a standing insult to China.

Times have indeed changed, and it would be hard to picture what would happen if these provisions for the safety of the foreigner and his investments were abolished

distracted state, evolve such a force is a moot point. Every time a seemingly forceful figure looms above the military horizon and introduces himself with a few successes thousands of foreigners and millions of Chinese turn towards him as towards the rising sun, and hope fervently that China's Mussolini has appeared at last. Disappointments have been many and bitter, and all the while the task before the prospective saviour becomes more difficult and the material at hand of poorer quality. The decentralisation of power, the breakdown of discipline and of the tradition of loyalty in the army reduce the chances of success. Worst of all, the impoverishment of the people and the ruin of such national properties as the railways, the predominance of adventurers and ruthless exploiters in the seats of high authority, are constant reminders that China has not much farther to go. The virtual collapse of the Tariff Conference at the end of June, after eight months of futile negotiation, has advertised to the world the fact that China is financially bankrupt, and that it is impossible to put her on her feet again until there is a real Government, exercising real authority throughout the land.

The ready and easy alternative to the "Chinese Mussolini" who refuses to appear is, of course, international intervention. One has only to murmur this to hear the nationalists fume and the military exploiters rage. Chinese resistance to such intervention would, however, be trifling. In spite of all the nonsense published about China's "legitimate aspirations" there is ample evidence to show that the masses of the Chinese people would welcome any change, however radical, which would bring some surcease from their tribulations. The obstacle to the suggestion is not any force in China that might oppose intervention, but scandalised public opinion in Great Britain and America, where a "square deal" for China has become an important clause in the political creed of every faction, and where our good folk are far from realising that the sympathy which they might with good cause lavish upon the Chinese people is not expended in support of the China that they want to help, which is the prostrate victim

of the cruellest and most destructive militaristic system of modern times, but goes to bolster up the cause of China's worst enemies, her own native exploiters.

Misguided public opinion may be an almost insuperable difficulty in the way of intervention in China at the moment, but if one wants a satisfactory solution within a reasonable time it is the only one. Publicists throughout the Occident are very loth to advocate intervention in the face of popular prejudice, so it appears that events and conditions in China will have to advertise themselves. This they are doing, and this they will continue to do, and it appears to us who live in the East that the startling catastrophe, whatever its nature, which will bring about a radical change of attitude towards conditions in China throughout the world cannot be very remote because things cannot go on much longer as they are.

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in the revised treaties which the Chinese suggest. Times have changed very much for the worse. The Chinese Government, as an organ exercising authority throughout the land, has long since ceased to exist, with scant hope of its revival, so that there is no central Power to appeal to against outrages and abuses. The foreign investment is a thousand times what it was seventy-five years ago, and foreigners are a hundred times more numerous and are widely scattered. Chinese officials were then responsible to Peking, and heads came off lightly when things went wrong; while Chinese soldiers took orders and kept their hands off what was marked taboo. Officials now are their own masters, and declare their "independence" if rebuked, while there are 1,900,000 armed men scattered over the landscape, and a fairly large proportion of them pay themselves in loot. The foreigner enjoys some immunity still by virtue of tradition. His rights were made sacred by the punitive expedition that followed the Boxer rebellion, and this is not quite forgotten. If, however, public advertisement were made of the fact that all these hitherto sacred rights were forfeit by agreement the latent anti-foreignism that is in every Chinese heart would come to the surface, and the most popular sport in China, while there were foreigners left to harass, would be baiting the foreigner.

This is not guesswork, for there is increasing evidence of this spirit at every turn. Weak and timid diplomacy has encouraged the Chinese to show their innate attitude towards the alien more and more clearly from year to year, and in every community, including even the ports, all foreign residents live in a state of insecurity and high nervous tension which is wearing, to say the least. When, therefore, it is blandly suggested by foreigners or Chinese abroad that the way to cure all of China's ills is to surrender foreign rights in China it is irritating, to put it mildly.

Among all the older residents in China, however, concern for the safety and welfare of foreigners is overshadowed by the thought of what would happen to the poor, miserable Chinese when the surrender of all the

foreigner's treaty rights is suggested. One of the leading members of the International Commission that has been studying China's so-called "legal system" recently remarked in public: "If we acceded to all the Chinese demands and surrendered our rights, the missionaries in China would, within three months, make such an appeal on behalf of the Chinese people that we should have armed intervention at once, and on a big scale, in the name of humanity."

While we have gunboats on the China coast and on China's waterways, while we have armed forces in Peking and Tientsin, while we have concessions in which the Chinese military cannot commit depredations and newspapers which they cannot suppress, foreign opinion is still a powerful restraining influence upon an otherwise irresponsible officialdom. While we have the concessions we afford millions of Chinese a safe market, places where they can trade in the open without fear of extortion, and build factories in the assurance that they will not be put out of operation by official exactions. The whole commercial life of the Chinese nation now centres in the foreign communities under foreign protection. That is why the militarists are so anxious for their retrocession. The richest looting is fenced off from them. The foreign banks, and the native banks in the foreign concessions, have in their vaults enormous hoards of wealth from every province upon which the militarists cannot levy, as they levy upon the banks outside the concessions. All this wealth would be available to a predatory officialdom if our rights could only be swept aside.

The surrender of our rights, the cancellation of the "unequal treaties," would be tantamount to leaving the best elements in China in the lurch. We could run away, but the Chinese people could not.

To return now to the question of the restoration of order and respect for authority, it is clearly recognised that nothing but force or a show of a determination to use force could ever induce the bandit kings who have now divided China among themselves to submit to any kind of discipline at all. Whether or not China can, in her present

THE FRANCO-GERMAN NEGOTIATIONS

BY JOHN BELL.

HITHERTO the world had been led to believe that Germany was very maladroit in her diplomacy. She was considered to be clumsy and what the French call *bête*. But what has occurred since the signing of the Peace Treaty may well induce those who held this opinion to revise it. German diplomacy has not been stupid. It was supposed, or, at any rate, it was hoped, that Germany had signed the Versailles Treaty in good faith, and that she would strive conscientiously to fulfil the obligations imposed upon her; but the history of the last seven years, if it is studied with perfect impartiality, will show that the aim of German policy has been to evade the execution of the Treaty, and, in fact, to get rid of it altogether.

In the light of the negotiations now taking place for what many French writers call a *rapprochement* between France and Germany—the Germans, on the other hand, prefer to call it *Ausgleich*, or compromise, which is not the same thing—it may be useful before dealing with them and explaining their import to indicate the circumstances which have led to the actual situation. And it is all the more necessary to do this since a review of these circumstances reveals very clearly the trend of German policy which is to create an entirely new position in Europe in which she, the beaten foe in 1918, shall occupy a dominant place with the assistance of France, if that country, by reason of its financial difficulties and the necessity of obtaining outside help, accepts the offer of co-operation.

One is forced to the conclusion that Germany never intended to make good the damages of war such as they were drawn up by the Allies. She was never told clearly what she had to pay. The fact that the peace negotiators could not fix a sum at the conference in Paris, and were unable to establish a total at the numerous Inter-Allied conferences subsequently held, created the worst

possible feeling in Germany. The Germans got the idea that they would be slaves for ever, that their country would be kept down for generations; and consequently they never from the first intended to carry out the reparation clauses in the Peace Treaty without serious revision. They were encouraged in this attitude by the dissensions among the Allies. In particular, the policy which the British Government thought fit to assume against the French point of view is held by many Frenchmen to be responsible for the pertinacity of Germany to have the Peace Treaty revised beyond recognition. It will be admitted now that the Germans have made considerable progress in this direction. The portents are that if German policy, the aim of which is clear to everybody, succeeds, the Peace Treaty will not only be revised but practically scrapped.

Things might have been different if all the Allies had been of one mind in the matter of exacting reparations from Germany, for it is feasible to conjecture that there would have been no occupation of the Ruhr. In face of Allied unanimity Germany would have striven to find the means to avoid default. It has been argued that the occupation was bad for Germany, but we know now that she turned it to excellent account. She set to work to ruin her money, and did not worry if tens of thousands of her people were ruined at the same time. She did this in order to bring about her bankruptcy; and she succeeded so well that she forced the Allies to come to her aid. The Dawes Plan was born, and we had the singular spectacle of Germany forcing the nations who had been at war with her to put her on her feet again after she had wilfully brought about her bankruptcy, and to furnish her with money so that she could make a fresh start in making her reparation payments.

What the Allies have done for Germany has had a tragic repercussion in France. Germany has healthy money. Her mark is practically equal to the shilling in value, but it has more than seven times the value of the franc. Germans who go to Paris—and they went in large numbers during the summer and autumn—obtain at least six glasses

of beer for the price of one drink at home. It can be imagined that Frenchmen in the mass feel very sore when they compare the purchasing-power of their franc with that of the mark. They remember that they have furnished 100,000,000,000 francs for the reconstruction of their devastated regions, a liability which should have been discharged by Germany. It is this liability which is largely responsible for the present deplorable financial situation in France. When all these things are considered, can it be wondered at that Frenchmen are filled with despair? They won the war, but the idea is fast settling in their minds that they are losing the peace. It is this unpleasant thought which has moved France to embark on what appears to be an orientation of policy, to seek assistance in her efforts to restore her finances from an unusual quarter. Hence the *pourparlers* with Germany.

It would seem that a striking evolution has been effected in the French mind. France had counted on her Allies. Urged to pay her war debts and confronted with a distressing internal situation, she is in the position of a man who has the will to pay back what he owes, but has not the means and does not see any favourable prospects of obtaining them unless they are created from the outside. Failing to obtain from her Allies the necessary aid, she found herself obliged to do what she did not desire to do: to endeavour to make an arrangement with Germany whereby she could obtain ready money and assurances that she would be given the means to enable her to surmount her difficulties.

There is another cause to account for the evolution of the French mind. It is the Pact of Peace and the Locarno Agreements. What Sir Austen Chamberlain and M. Briand accomplished at Geneva and Locarno made a deep impression on the minds of the French people, and it is not too much to say that they sang the hymn of thanksgiving with more fervour than the people of any other country sighing for peace, for the very good reason that France is the nearest neighbour of Germany. There never was any doubt of the sincerity of the Locarno spirit

in France. The manifestation of this spirit was an eloquent reply to the charges of militarism and Imperialism levelled against France by people who wrote and spoke in ignorance of the real aspirations of the French people. At the same time, it has not to be forgotten that it was due to the initiative of German diplomacy that the Locarno accords were realised. The agreements were, indeed, a triumph for German diplomacy, which, as is perfectly natural, is now seeking to profit from its master stroke in proposing to the Allies a Pact of Peace.

The admission of Germany into the League of Nations with a permanent seat on the Council was the favourable moment for putting forward her claims. The Germans directed their gaze to the Rhine, and very naturally concluded that with the Locarno Agreements in operation, with France, England, Belgium, Italy, Poland and Czecho-Slovakia of one mind that peace should reign in Europe, there was no necessity for the Rhineland, the Bavarian Palatinate, and the Saar to be occupied by foreign soldiers whose presence, it was argued, would constitute a negation of the spirit of peace born at Geneva and given vitality at Locarno. Who can say that Germany in demanding the evacuation of the Rhine is not acting in a logical spirit? Any other country finding itself in the same situation would have adopted the same course.

It had always been in the French mind to reduce the number of the troops of occupation, which could very well be done in keeping with the Peace Treaty. But this was not enough for Germany, who again set the wheels of her diplomatic machine in motion with the hope of obtaining something more than a partial reduction of the troops of occupation. Note, again, the cleverness of German diplomacy. Germany knew that if the second and third zones had to be evacuated something would have to be given to France in the way of compensation. In common with other countries she had been closely watching the tragic financial struggle in France, noting the apparently insurmountable barriers which stood in the way of financial restoration and the uncertain position of the franc. And just as she made a proposal to Belgium for the retrocession

of Eupen and Malmédy, so she conceived the idea of going to the rescue of France on certain conditions.

The interview between M. Briand and Herr Stresemann was inevitable. It was a very agreeable luncheon of two covers at Thoiry. M. Briand and Herr Stresemann enjoyed the meal. They talked for several hours on one theme: the desirability of bringing about a *rapprochement* between France and Germany now that both countries had subscribed to engagements which meant, if they were scrupulously kept, that the old feeling of distrust had to give place to friendship based on mutual confidence. A *communiqué*, as hopeful as it was eloquent, was issued after this historic conversation, and on the morrow the world was led to believe that an understanding between France and Germany was as good as arranged, subject to the approval of the respective Governments.

Here a word should be said as to the important rôle played by M. Briand. It was assumed by the French commentators that he had gone a long way, that he had practically engaged his country to an understanding with Germany which signified that the Rhine would be evacuated, that the Saar would be retroceded, and that there would be no more supervision of German armaments. Nothing of the kind. M. Briand is too subtle, too wily a negotiator to commit himself to a programme of concessions of this kind. He is terribly serious on this question of peace, and it is the ambition of his remarkable career as a statesman to do something to save Europe from another war. He lives and works for that. What M. Briand did at Thoiry was to discuss with Herr Stresemann not the details of a *rapprochement*, but the general idea of an understanding. Had he done more than that he would have run the risk of repeating his unpleasant experience at Cannes, where his talks with Mr. Lloyd George led to his sudden journey to Paris and the resignation of his Ministry.

M. Briand discharged his duty with tact, as is proved by the fact that the French Government not only approved of what he had done, but decided that the conversations with Germany should continue. Then an incident occurred which disturbed the favourable atmosphere

created at Thoiry. Herr Stresemann was evidently well satisfied with himself, as he had reason to be, for it was no mean diplomatic achievement to have interested France in the idea of a *rapprochement*. But he, in a moment of elation, seriously jeopardised his success by the speech he delivered to the German colony at Geneva. When Herr Stresemann permitted himself to make the unfortunate utterance to the effect that German guiltlessness of having provoked the war was admitted by the fact that she had been received into the League of Nations, he had in mind the internal situation of Germany, the constant struggle that is taking place between the Nationalists and the Pacifists. But the speech created a bad impression in France, which was not removed by Herr Stresemann's explanation. It may well be that this regrettable speech will affect the negotiations if and when they are begun in all seriousness, unless there is a retraction and a re-affirmation of the article in the Peace Treaty in which Germany's guilt is admitted. German diplomacy is clever, but it can be stupid at times.

Herr Stresemann's speech, as clumsy as it was ill-timed, was bound to provoke a reply. Probably the most placid and least sensational newspaper in France is the *Journal des Débats*, and it characterised the assertion of the German Foreign Minister as one of extreme audacity. For this newspaper the responsibility of the German Imperial Government, duly demonstrated by incontestable facts, was established, and there was no relation between the admission of Germany into the League of Nations and the question of her war guilt. The general opinion of the French Press was that the unfortunate speech was a warning that serious precautions would have to be taken before engaging in negotiations with a Government in whose eyes the ex-Kaiser and his war-lords had no responsibility for the war. But the most effective reply came from the French statesman who was best qualified to give it—M. Poincaré. Speaking at a banquet of ex-soldiers at Saint Germain, the Premier and Finance Minister made a statement which was marked by considerable tact but was none the less firm. For him, as for every Allied statesman

Germany was the aggressor. M. Poincaré's declaration and his speech at Bar-le-Duc on the following day showed that while he has no rancour against Germany his distrust of her has not disappeared. He would like to get rid of this distrust, and he would have an easier mind if he was assured that the Germany of to-day disavowed the acts of the Germany of yesterday. This assurance obtained, M. Poincaré has made it clear that it would be less difficult to give the hand of friendship to Germany.

While it is the desire of the French Premier that the negotiations for an understanding with Germany shall continue, there is no doubt of his determination that they shall be conducted on safe lines so far as the Peace Treaty is concerned. He views these conversations in the light of loyal talks on questions in which France and Germany are interested. Therefore he is willing that efforts shall be made to bring about an understanding, but on condition that nothing is done to affect the Peace Treaty or the alliances that France has made with other countries. Further, it must be understood that there shall be no whitewashing of Germany, who must be held responsible for the war. M. Poincaré will insist on another point, and that an important one: decisive proof must be forthcoming that Germany is materially and morally disarmed. Is M. Poincaré asking too much? In this connection it was established beyond a doubt that Germany was admitted into the League of Nations before she had fulfilled the military clauses of the Peace Treaty. There are reports of expenditure on the Reichswehr which are having a disturbing effect on French public opinion. Germany is alleged to be spending more money on the Reichswehr than France is spending on her army with three or four times more men. In these circumstances there is some disquietude in France as to the future. It would disappear if the internal situation of Germany were regulated. There is a fear that the more liberty Germany obtains, the more the Peace Treaty is revised, the Nationalists will work all the harder to realise their dream, which is the restoration of the monarchy.

Now, a German understanding with France, if it is

brought about, will interfere with Nationalist ambitions. For the Nationalists an understanding would mean the end of German militarism; all the patriotic associations such as the Stahlhelm would have to be disbanded; the triumph of the Reichsbanner would be complete; it would be the end of the German dream of revenge. At present the Reichsbanner, a very large organisation composed mostly of all soldiers animated with peace ideals, is making great headway in Germany, putting up a big fight against the Nationalists. But while its Socialist members are sincerely anxious that Germany shall be saved from another war, it has to be remembered that before 1914 the Socialists were equally strong in their opposition to the war policy of the Government, and we know how they were induced to accept that policy when Germany decided to embark on the conflict.

There is not the same division of opinion in France on this question of a *rapprochement*. It can be said that the majority of Frenchmen will welcome it if it means that Germany will put away from her all ideas of revenge, and if she will honestly fulfil the obligations imposed upon her by the Peace Treaty. Sections of the Right will remain consistent in their opposition to any arrangement being made with Germany; but if it can be shown that France, while obtaining assurances of absolute security and concrete advantages in the form of economic exchanges and also ready money to help her tide over her financial difficulties—if, in short, an *entente* is established on the lines laid by M. Poincaré, even the opposition of the sections of the Right will pass away.

What will be the exact nature of the understanding contemplated? What is the price to be paid to Germany, and what will France receive in return? Evidently, in spite of what is in M. Poincaré's mind, Herr Stresemann counts on serious modifications of the Peace Treaty. For these modifications, and in order to assist France financially, Germany is prepared to put on the market the railway bonds for 11,000,000,000 gold marks and industrial bonds for 5,000,000,000 gold marks mentioned in the Dawes Plan. It is pointed out, however, that these bonds do not

belong to the Reich and that, therefore, it has not the management of them. According to the Dawes Plan the management of the bonds is confided to two trustees, who are of opinion that the present would be an unfavourable moment to place them on the market. The company which manages the German railways in the interest of the Dawes Plan pays on the bonds for eleven milliard gold marks 5 per cent. interest and 1 per cent. for redemption. From September next year a sum of 660,000,000 gold marks would have to be earmarked for the service of the bonds, the money being paid to the Reparation Commission. It is an interesting fact that since the German railways were formed into a private company they have no longer been in deficit, but, on the contrary, the receipts are greater than the amount required by the Dawes Plan.

With 290,000,000 gold marks, representing the special tax on transports instituted by the Dawes Plan, added to the 660,000,000 gold marks, the interest on the railway bonds, the Reparation Commission will next year receive 950,000,000 gold marks. The idea appears to be to mobilise this sum. In other words, to ask the Reparation Commission to sell the bonds for eleven milliard gold marks in sections, putting them on the market like any other security. It has not to be forgotten that this commercialisation is provided for in the Dawes Plan, and the reason that this was not done two years ago was because there was no certainty that Germany would be able to pay the interest.

As to the division of the bonds, it is suggested that a start should be made by putting two milliards on the market, and it seems to be taken for granted that it would not be a difficult matter to absorb bonds of that amount, since the interest could be taken from the total annual sum paid by Germany for reparations. As France has the right to receive fifty-two per cent. of the payments under the Dawes Plan she would thus obtain 1,000,000,000 gold marks, or something like 8,500,000,000 paper francs. This represents the advantage that France would gain by the mobilisation of the German railway bonds, and therefore the measure of stabilisation of the franc.

The point for France to consider—and it will be considered very carefully—is whether this advantage will compensate her for the big concessions that Germany demands. Of course the advantage to France would be increased as more bonds were put on the market, but the question is whether they could be taken up at short intervals. The decision to commercialise the bonds would rest with Mr. Parker Gilbert, the Agent-General of Reparation Payments, and naturally it could be hastened by the consent of Germany. The figures I have given are obtained from a reliable source. They have been collected by the Berlin correspondent of the *Petit Parisien*, who has expressed the opinion that the political concessions demanded by Germany seem to exceed the price of the financial assistance to be rendered by her to France.

But there is a talk of assistance other than financial. It would seem to be a question of an economic alliance between France and Germany. This is an old idea. It was advocated years ago when there was a bitter feeling between France and England on the measures of coercion to be applied to Germany, then a defaulter. The suggestion was that as the aim of British policy was to thwart France in her efforts to obtain her just due France should abandon the idea of obtaining any help from England and make the best terms she could with Germany. It was a case of seeking to bring about an alliance between German coal and French iron ore, thus punishing England by transferring the French coal market from her to Germany. The idea of a Franco-German economic alliance was revived in 1923 during the occupation of the Ruhr, and an attempt was made to realise it, but under conditions that the German manufacturers would not accept. They were in a bad way because of the policy which the German Government found it necessary to pursue in order to make things difficult for the French and Belgians occupying the Ruhr industrial basin. The German manufacturers needed capital badly, and the French industrial magnates were willing to furnish it on condition that they had direct participation in the management of the Ruhr mines and factories. The Germans rejected the French proposals,

WINSTON CHURCHILL AND THE FUTURE

BY JAMES CORBETT

MISS MAY SINCLAIR once made the statement that if Mr. Flint and John Keats and herself were all three in the water, and if she were the only swimmer of the three, and if she could only save one of them, she would probably save John Keats. If we substitute for these gentlemen the names of Mr. Baldwin and Winston Churchill, with Mr. Cook as the life-saver, the chances are that he would save Winston Churchill!

If, on the other hand, a Conservative happened to be faced with the same choice, we venture to state that a similar selection would be made. I doubt, however, if Mr. Baldwin could be relinquished without a pang. The innocent face of Winston disappearing beneath the waters could never be tolerated by any self-respecting Tory. Behind that cherub smile, and those eyes of childish innocence, lies apparently the secret of real genius, and genius, being a positively rare quantity at Westminster, must be saved at all costs!

Doubtless the sorrow would be real and genuine for the political extinction of Mr. Baldwin, as, according to Sir Oliver Lodge and his friends, politics are somewhat at a discount on the other side! Every illustrious Conservative would recall the fact that Mr. Baldwin did not go to Aix-les-Bains for nothing. As a matter of fact, Mr. Baldwin worked stupendously hard in trying to effect a settlement of the coal deadlock, and, summing him all up, we know he has made a rattling good Premier. Yet between him and the incomparable genius of Winston some people think there can be no comparison whatever.

I have never denied the fact that Mr. Winston Churchill is a man of stupendous ability. I venture to state that no contemporary politician has ever manifested such clear-sighted intelligence as this son of Lord Randolph Churchill. His career has been meteoric. He has been a prominent public figure since his nineteenth

year, and, born in 1874, he may still be regarded as a young man. He went through the Spanish campaign in Cuba, and was with the British force during the Indian frontier troubles of 1897-1898; he served in the Soudan campaign, and during the Boer War had many dramatic adventures and wrote some excellent letters to the papers. He worked heartily for the Conservatives until Mr. Chamberlain brought out his fiscal proposals, when he declared against them in the most emphatic manner, and eventually joined the Liberal ranks. In 1905 Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman appointed him Under-Secretary for the Colonies, and he has often been a leading spokesman of the Liberal Government. In 1908 he was made President of the Board of Trade, and, losing his seat at Manchester, was returned for Dundee. He became Home Secretary in succession to Lord Gladstone on the latter being appointed to the Governor-Generalship of South Africa in 1910, and in 1911 he was appointed First Lord of the Admiralty. His Privy Councillorship dates from 1907. These pre-war facts are merely to refresh the memory. We are all familiar with the events that led up to his definite break with the Liberal Party and his present distinctive position as Chancellor of the Exchequer in a Conservative Government.

Neither is it the purpose of this article to dwell on what has happened in the past, but to make an honest, straightforward effort to envisage what may possibly occur in the near future. In this respect everyone will admit that politics are recognised by their fluidity. What may seem most permanent to-day often suffers a violent metamorphosis to-morrow! In other words, no matter how ultra-conservative any politician may feel in principle, he cannot keep back the hand on the clock of destiny, and when the hour comes for the clock to strike we are conscious, again and again, how impossible it was to avert what actually happened in the interval! That is why I am anxious to draw attention to the next political move that may be ordained for Mr. Winston Churchill.

This brings me to a somewhat brief analysis of this politician's amazing personality. Winston has not the

and when the Ruhr occupation came to an end and the Dawes Plan was put into operation they had no difficulty in finding the resources they required from America.

It has been denied that the possibility of a Franco-German economic alliance was discussed at Thoiry. But it is none the less a fact that economic combinations are in the air. Again there is a talk of a coal and iron ore agreement. The notion prevails in certain British industrial circles that while an alliance of this sort would mean much for the peace of Europe and would therefore be worth while, it would not have a very serious effect on the English coal trade. This reasoning would be found to be false by the experience of a Franco-German coal and iron ore *entente*; for this would mean that England would lose valuable markets not only for her coal but for her iron and steel manufactures. A combination of German coal and French ore following the institution of an International Steel Cartel would inevitably mean that France and Germany would dominate not only production but also exportation. Inevitably also, in the long run, it would affect British exchanges. Things were moving in the direction of an economic understanding between the two countries before the Thoiry meeting was thought of. Germany and France had entered into an arrangement with regard to special steel, and, with Belgium, had drawn up a regulation concerning pig-iron. This had to come into operation immediately after the formation of the International Steel Cartel. The object of these combinations is to restrict international competition in the world's markets, and obviously those countries remaining outside the Cartel would be affected, since it would be the aim of the contracting parties to undersell them, which could conceivably be done by the system of bonuses on production and export which was in operation in Germany before the war.

In spite of what M. François de Wendel, the President of the Comité des Forges, the powerful organisation in France which controls the heavy industries, has said, a political understanding must necessarily be the complement of an economic *entente*. This, at any rate, is the

idea prevailing in Germany. We have not to ignore the possible repercussion of such a combination, if it were realised, in England, politically as well as industrially. We would have reason to rejoice that by France and Germany working hand in hand together the peace of Europe would be assured, always assuming that the German Nationalists had, by the force of realities, been compelled to abandon their idea of revenge. But a politico-economic alliance between France and Germany would presuppose their ascendancy in Europe, and therefore the isolation of Britain. There are forces at work to realise this consummation. They are German forces, of which the inspirer is Herr Arnold Rechberg, the German industrialist, who, strange to say, is using a French newspaper of the Right in prosecuting the campaign for a Franco-German understanding to the detriment of England.

"There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip." And France will be cautious and prudent as long as M. Poincaré, as the head of the French Government, has a hand in controlling the negotiations. It might, however, be otherwise if he fell and a politician of the Left, the old Cartel Left, took his place. Up to now he intends to respond loyally to the German overtures. But if there has to be an economic understanding in view of hastening the reconstruction of Europe, there is no reason why it should be confined to France and Germany. England, with over a million of unemployed, has a tragic reason for being interested in this question, and those who guide her industrial destinies must see to it that economic coalitions are not made to her detriment. If European reconstruction has to be effective all the nations must participate in it, otherwise birth will be given to rivalries as dangerous as those promoted by competition in armaments. It cannot be a question of replacing military domination by economic power placed in the hands of some nations at the expense of others.

defiance of Carson and his men. The day, for instance that Winston threatened to stampede Ulster by sending a couple of gunboats into Belfast Lough will always be remembered as an "orange-lettered" date and by many a negative shake of the head from Ulster Orangemen. Yet we repeat when it came to the actual Peace Treaty—that dramatic document signed just on the eve of a stupendous world war—nothing was finer or more conciliatory than the attitude adopted by this same Churchill. Through the maze of political rancour and bitterness on all sides Winston showed himself in his true light as a constructive statesman, and this fact will always be remembered in his favour. It has even been rumoured that he drafted the actual Peace Treaty concurrently, of course, with the judicial advice of Lord Birkenhead, and we would not be astounded if this report were correct! Winston, for that matter, could have drawn up the Treaty of Versailles!

As a politician Churchill has dumfounded us at times with his amazing propositions. I have never understood, for instance, why as Home Secretary, and as a politician, he should have thought it incumbent upon him to have acted as a "Scotland Yard commandant" during the famous attack on the anarchists of Sidney Street; just as I have never been able to fathom or approve of many a freakish impulse that has actuated him throughout his other Parliamentary days. Are we to explain these adventures from the path of rectitude and sanity as but the frolicsome gambols of a wild, temporarily irresponsible genius? If so, in that sense they may be condoned and forgiven, but there is always the solemn warning that they must never be repeated!

When I come to reflect upon his "schism" with the Liberal Party, and the transference of his allegiance to the strong Conservative group, I venture to state that this act revealed the cardinal, psychological factor in the composition of this very complex personality. The act revealed in a flash why Churchill played such a significant part in the days of Koltchak and Dennikin, and it demonstrated in remarkable fashion why the Conservative group

received the Churchill convert with loving and open arms. Stability and balance are the fundamental factors in the intellectual equipment of Winston Churchill, and although it is true he has not always displayed these potential qualities in a political sense, yet the inherent repugnance of the man to all forms of extremism, Communism and Marxism have evidenced, time and time again, that he was cut out for the Conservative rôle in politics. His diatribes against Leninism have been absolutely vitriolic; his boundless courage against the extremists has won the admiration of every impartial observer. When he came to Bristol and delivered a magnificent speech prior to the last General Election his impassioned oratory against the gospel of Trotsky and Zinovieff was so brilliant, biting, and denunciatory that it will never be forgotten by the thousands of people who filled the Colston Hall that memorable afternoon. He rose to the heights of a Demosthenes, he spoke with all the brilliance and indignation of an Edmund Burke, and gave one the impression that, in argument at least, he was an absolute giant of intellectualism against the puny sophistries of Lenin and Karl Marx! And withal he spoke with the air of a statesman, a man who carried in his own personality the framework of a potential Prime Minister, a great figure who saw the road of Reconstruction and Resettlement along sane, progressive lines of sanity and reform! His Bristol visit was an historic incident in his own individual career, and more than one London writer present must have had a prophetic vision of the important part this Churchill was to play in the days ahead.

Regarding the political arena from a purely disinterested standpoint, or rather from an angle of impartiality in subservience to the real interests of the nation, we state, with all solemnity, that Mr. Baldwin never effected a more brilliant political stroke than the day he assigned the post of Chancellor to this particular politician. For Churchill has seen, more clearly, perhaps, than any man, how imperative it is for Britain to preserve equipoise and stability amongst the comity of nations, and in him at all events has sunk the absolute truth that finance, and the rigid

light, fantastic touch of the redoubtable Lloyd George, yet it cannot be denied that, to the same extent, he possesses a wonderful mercurial temperament. In debate he can be ponderous and adopt the "grand" manner when he likes, but his intellect and intelligence are as swift as the French rapier! What few people seem to have recognised is the undoubted super-range of Winston's mental qualities. He can present all the aspects of a problem as a connoisseur may demonstrate all the glittering facets of a diamond, and during his great Parliamentary speeches, either as Chancellor or otherwise, he is never disturbed by the veiled or open hostility of his audience. Even his two historical Budget speeches were never once regarded as boring. That, indeed, is why he makes such an excellent Chancellor. His Budget speech to Parliament is always like the descriptive scene of some mighty march in human annals, and his critical, trenchant survey of every monetary item might have made him, under another guise, a positive Danton on a French Tribune! He is absolutely merciless in the presentation of facts, and, into the bargain, he submits those facts with a superb judgment. Every historian will admit that Winston has shown all the qualities of a genius, and the blunders he has made in passing from one peak to another are, in reality, the mysterious errors of genius. Yet throughout all his interesting and varied career Churchill, in his last analysis, has demonstrated his saving quality of good sense. For instance, despite the Liberal principles which he professed for a long time to uphold, the "Russian phase" of Winston's career has marked him out, once and for all time, as a super-Conservative! He has been violently and sternly opposed to all forms of Bolshevism and ultra-Socialism, and to listen to his fierce denunciation of Marxism on a public platform is the finest intellectual treat on economics in which any individual might like to participate. Yet apart from his so-called "blunder" at Gallipoli—a verdict which future history may certainly not countenance—and irrespective of his amazing impetuosity with the Naval Brigade at Antwerp—a military manœuvre which he strongly defended in

his *Memoirs*—there has been a gradual conviction growing in the minds of the British people that Winston Churchill has incontestably earned for himself the title of statesman, and the main point at issue to-day is whether this young politician will get his chance as Premier.

Apart from the question of Premiership, I am convinced that Mr. Churchill could make his mark as a writer of enduring fame. There has been a perpetual charm about his literary efforts that has never been denied, and even his despatches during the Boer War days still read as positive gems of literature. And if Winston left the field of British politics to-morrow he could earn more money with his pen in a year than as a politician in a lifetime. He has exactly those gifts of daring and imagination which are so indispensable in the literary and journalistic world, and, in addition to those factors, he has the background of real erudition and reflective thought.

When I come to survey him as a politician I certainly do not agree with every speech he has made in the House of Commons. Neither do I concur with many of the remarks he has made in his war *Memoirs*. He has bewildered me at times with the singular attitude he has adopted on certain political questions, notably his prolonged antagonism to Ulster solidarity in the north-east corner of Ireland; yet, on the other hand, the splendid magnanimity he displayed during the negotiations which ended in the Irish Treaty of Peace made me realise that he had a broader and more constructive mind than I formerly imagined. His fight for the independence of the Irish Free State section not merely aroused the fierce antagonism of men like Balfour and Birkenhead, but seemed at one time to mark him out as an extreme Radical of the most ultra-advanced views. It was very difficult to recognise in his speeches of that period the solid, sensible views of a wise British Imperialist, and when the Ulster Volunteers of Belfast deliberately vetoed his speech-making in the famous Ulster Hall many of us were in secret sympathy at the time with the staunch

control of finance, is the solitary plan by which England can regain her former proud prestige in the world of Great Powers. Mr. Baldwin, with his quick tact and intuitive insight, realised that Churchill represented the bulwark of stability in his Cabinet, in his Government, and we venture to state that he has never regretted the inspirational impulse which made him select Winston as the man in charge of the national cash-box! That is to say, the World-War was a stupendous eye-opener for the present Chancellor of the Exchequer. It convinced him, more than anything on earth, what an earthquake and cataclysm had occurred within the geographical boundaries of the world. He saw that the repercussion of that mighty struggle meant revolution, chaos and anarchy in many lands, and he realised, with the instinctive certainty of Fate, that no ultra-form of extreme Radicalism was going to be the solvent for England's difficulties. We certainly do not believe that the vision conveyed to him was one of purblind reactionaryism, and if he deliberately attached himself to the Conservative group in politics, it would be manifestly untrue to infer that he had metamorphosed from being a respectable Liberal into a contemptuous die-hard. But stability and equipoise, to his intellect at least, lay along the path of Conservatism in a modern, progressive sense, and this explains why he has rendered such brilliant assistance to both Mr. Baldwin and the rest of the Tory Cabinet. But Churchill is not a Tory in the archaic sense of the term; he never was that; and neither was his famous parent, Lord Randolph, for history confirms that the latter actually became prominent on the Conservative side for his scathing attacks on what he called the "old gang" of his own Party; but this fact, remember, did not prevent him from being one of Mr. Gladstone's severest critics. In this connection it is interesting to note that after Lord Randolph became Chancellor of the Exchequer he resigned, after some months of brilliant work, on some difference of opinion with his colleagues, and never again held office. Will the wheel of heredity and temperamental psychology turn full circle in the case of the present Chancellor?

I venture no prediction in this respect, although I have heard rumour of political dissension in the Cabinet dovecote. The Chancellor even denied the rumour in a public speech in Parliament of recent date, yet, irrespective of the sincerity of his utterance, I would not be startled to learn that the "die-hard" section of the Cabinet has arrayed itself against him. I do not include Mr. Baldwin in the hostile group, for I believe the Premier has a comprehensive grasp of the Churchillian spirit, and, with that knowledge, he is evidently acting as mediator between the opposing groups. If the truth is to be confessed, however, the episode of the National Agreement suggestion against the proposal of a District Settlement plan in the coal problem seems to be very suggestive indeed of the direction in which the political wind is blowing at present. It is true Mr. Churchill was aware that Parliament could not compel a National Agreement, yet in the disposition to placate the miners in this respect, with the proviso that a National Tribunal might bring the districts into a comprehensive survey, the Chancellor went far to interpret the good sense of the nation against the obdurate, "iron-heel" method of the mine-owners in their desire to push on to a starvation settlement, or, in plainer words, a dictated peace by the policy of exhaustion, which would be no peace. Mr. Baldwin had probably the same psychological factor in his mind, but he does not appear to have manifested the same courage as Mr. Churchill in standing up to the mine-owners and die-hard section in the Conservative group. In plain English, the coal problem has been entirely a question of psychology. That is to say, it may be a fundamental axiom that all sentiment must be excluded from economics, but if we get down to bedrock, we will find that human nature never can be ruled out in any conflicting controversy between Capital and Labour. In all the tri-partite discussions between miners, Government, and mine-owners, there has been a deliberate disregard for the consideration of the great moral principles involved. This simply means that morality, in both the first and last analysis, is a very potent factor in industry and cannot be ignored. In other words, what is wanted

is the spiritual impulse between employer and employed and the Chancellor, being a man of discernment, has realised this defect on the part of the disputants. He must have realised that the mine-owners have made no radical step towards compromise since the beginning of the coal dispute, for not only have they completely ignored the Report of the Royal Commission—a Report with which the miners are in perfect agreement—but they have shut their eyes to the plain economic fact which cannot possibly be overlooked by the men who are asked to work the mines. The owners have never once manifested any cognition of the greatest factor in the coal industry, namely, the cost of living, and until this obstacle is either removed or modified, there can be no peace in the coalfields. This means that apart from the question of hours, apart from the query about wages, and apart altogether from the friction about a district or national settlement, the miners have never been guaranteed any reduction in the cost of living, and that, psychologically, is the crux of the whole argument.

Intrepidity, fearlessness and dauntless courage have been the attributes of the Chancellor of the Exchequer since childhood, and small wonder then if to-day we find him tenaciously combating the views of the men behind the political scenes who are doing their utmost, consciously or unconsciously, to delay the economic progress of the nation. This may be the first serious political rift within the lute, and just as Mr. Lloyd George is credited with being the fiery spirit who destroyed the cohesion of the Liberal Party, so may Winston Churchill be regarded by historians as the man who overthrew the forces of "die-hardism" in the Conservative camp. The ultimate sequel to this bitter political dissension amongst the Tory malcontents would undoubtedly mean the emergence of Churchill as leader of a potential Centre Party, a party of progress, mediation and compromise that may eventually mean the commercial, economic and spiritual regeneration of the Empire.

But do not let us go too fast. Let us retrace our steps for a moment and critically survey the months that have

passed under the Baldwin Administration. Is it not time to ask if Mr. Baldwin has been altogether a success? I have never once denied the absolute integrity and straightforward honesty of this politician, yet it is a remarkably strange thing that, applaud him as I may, both as a classicist and a man of philosophic temperament, I have never been able to regard him, fundamentally or sincerely, as a statesman. Every British Prime Minister is not a statesman. Statesmanship belongs to the fourth-dimensional region of discernment and political perspicacity. Courage alone does not constitute statesmanship, and Mr. Baldwin on more than one occasion has evinced superb courage. But, to be quite frank, statesmanship is eternal courage, eternal daring, eternal enterprise and resource, and Mr. Baldwin simply hasn't got this last quality of supreme nerve. He has done nothing, in a legislative sense, beyond a mediocrity of performance. After attaining power, for a second time, at the last General Election, subsequent on the revulsion of feeling produced by the Zinovieff scandal, Mr. Baldwin has merely represented himself to the nation as a man with a pipe and a fireside philosophy. He has merely marked time instead of signalling his advent to power with great constructive acts of statesmanship and resource. To be brutally frank, there is not a grain of resource in Mr. Baldwin's composition. He conducted himself with great restraint and moderation during the General Strike, but his attitude was that of a brooding philosopher instead of a man of vigorous action. The "pipe philosophy" in politics may be aptly significant during a period of external war and crisis, just as the soldier in the trenches never allowed himself to go without his eternal cigarette. But the war days, thank God, are at an end, and in these years of Peace, Resettlement and Reform more people than Mr. Baldwin desire to smoke their pipe of peace in comfort. This politician was not elected to be Prime Minister of England in order to smoke a pipe, or in order to convey a sense of inaction, dreaminess and lethargy to the nation. Mr. Baldwin's attitude as Premier should be that of a fighter, a man like Churchill, who is prepared to stand up to and repudiate the retro-

gressive forces within his own party, a statesman who can realise that a dictated peace in the coal war does not contain an atom of forethought or real wisdom. There is another aspect of the political situation which calls for immediate redress. Throughout the entire coal dispute there has grown up amongst a large section of the British community a remarkable consensus of opinion that the present Government is merely the agent of the mine-owners, and the incidental fact that Mr. Baldwin himself happens to be a mine-owner, or financially connected with the mining industry has, like a searchlight, thrown a very peculiar glamour over the whole economic problem. I do not for a moment infer that the personal aspect of the matter has ever presented itself to the Premier in any prejudiced light. I merely accentuate the curious feeling which exists in the public mind at present, and the fact that the nation is losing millions of pounds every month that the coal deadlock continues does not remove the gradually growing impression that somehow Mr. Baldwin has irretrievably blundered in not combating this "die-hard" spirit of the mine-owners. That is the verdict we are forced to acknowledge, and if a political crisis occurred to-morrow we venture to state that this verdict would be confirmed in no uncertain manner. In plain words, if Mr. Baldwin cannot settle the coal problem without the humiliation of a dictated peace represented in terms of a starvation settlement, or if he is forced to confess that both he and his Cabinet are the mere automatic agents of the Mining Association, then I suggest that he should display once again that boldness of vision which characterised him in the declining era of the Coalition, and promptly submit his resignation to His Majesty the King. We admit that interference by Act of Parliament is no solvent for British industrial troubles, as the passing of the Eight Hour Bill has clearly evidenced, and we concur with Mr. Churchill that Parliament cannot compel an owner to open his pit or force a miner to work in it, but, while compulsion is both impossible and inoperative, agreement is both imperative and desirable, and we contend that it is the duty of the Government in power to exercise

political resource and ingenuity until that point of agreement and harmony is reached. "Smoking a pipe" in blissful serenity when the nation is confronted with wholesale bankruptcy and disaster is equally as bad as fiddling while Rome burns, except that I think "smoking" much worse!

We wish, of course, to be perfectly fair to Mr. Baldwin. We admit that the subsidy was an act of suicidal folly, but it was not exactly a political crime, and we still maintain that the Premier was perfectly justified when he originally granted that subsidy. As Mr. Baldwin has recently stated in the House of Commons, the subsidy was granted in order to allow the disputants time to think, but evidently no logical or constructive thinking has been done, therefore the money, metaphorically, was poured out like water into the sand. Mr. Baldwin maintained, however—and we think rightly—that, given again the same circumstances, he would act in a similar manner, which means that he has never regretted the financial step he took at that stage of the controversy. But here is my argument: If Mr. Baldwin intellectually thought that political interference was perfectly legitimate at the beginning of the coal dispute, why does he suddenly adopt the attitude of the coal-owners and repudiate some further political step when the strike, through exhaustion, is nearing an end? Is the Prime Minister so dull-witted as to imagine that nothing is more desirable than the compulsory return to work of thousands of sullen miners, browbeaten, under the iron-heel policy of the owners, into a state of passive acceptance of the most arbitrary terms? Is this the path to peace in the coal industry? Is this the political plan to ensure enormously increased output in the British coalfields? Mr. Churchill is evidently not of that opinion, although he must perforce remain silent at present. If he breaks this silence with the dauntless courage of which we know he is capable both the mine-owners and the rest of the Cabinet will witness the greatest bombshell ever thrown into the centre of the political arena. For, as Mr. Lloyd George pointed out with great cogency to the members of the House of Commons, a certain clause in the Emergency

Regulations applies just as forcibly to the mine-owners as to the miners, and Mr. Baldwin, as Premier, should show not the least discrimination between goose and gander in this vital respect. Having returned from Aix-les-Bains is the British Prime Minister to go on smoking contemptively over the laughter of the mine-owners at the expense of the unfortunate miners, or is he to be finally energised into effective action against such downright stupidity and obduracy on the part of "captains of industry" who ought to know better?

There are wheels, of course, within wheels, and it is absolutely impossible to predict with accuracy what the next few months may witness in the ever-changing scene at Westminster. I do venture to assert, however, that there must be a radical change of some description, and possibly this will occur by the voluntary retirement of Mr. Baldwin from the scene of political activity. In this event one of two things may then occur. There may be an automatic annulment of the present Conservative Parliament, subject to the formal consent of His Majesty, or it may be that destiny will take a hand in the game and elect Mr. Churchill as the inevitable successor to the position of British Prime Minister.

THE LAKE TSANA AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

BY ALEX DEVINE

LAKE TSANA, which has come into prominence recently through the Anglo-Italian accord and Ras Taffari's appeal to the League of Nations, is situated in the north-west of Abyssinia, and is an inland sea of great depth about 60 miles long and 25 miles wide.

Its importance is due to the fact that it forms the natural reservoir of the Blue Nile, upon which the Sudan and Egypt depend for purposes of irrigation, its level above the sea being about 1,800 metres and the surrounding mountains varying in height from 2,500 to 4,250 metres.

In the lake there are a number of islands, the chief of which contain churches. One of these, the church of Stephanos, possesses the most ancient archives of Ethiopia and the mummified bodies of the former kings of the country. All these islands, with their churches, are venerated with a deep devotion by the whole people of Abyssinia.

As is now familiar to all, attention has been drawn to this country by reason of the disclosure of the text of the Notes exchanged between Great Britain and Italy last December, defining the attitude of the two Governments towards certain concessions to be sought by them from the Abyssinian Government.

Italy wishes to connect her two African colonies by a railway, and in return for the consent of Great Britain has agreed to support her in an attempt to secure the concession from Abyssinia of certain rights in respect of Lake Tsana, the headwater of the Blue Nile, together with a motor road connecting the lake with the Sudan. The purpose of the proposed dam would be to impound water to be used in increasing the irrigated area on which cotton can be grown in the Sudan for the Lancashire mills.

The position at the moment is that Abyssinia has protested to the League of Nations, and contends that such agreements impair the sovereignty which was recognised when she was admitted as a member of the League.

The international, and chiefly the French, Press has seized upon this incident to represent the Anglo-Italian pourparlers as a menace to the political independence of Abyssinia.

The action of the Regent Ras Tafari in protesting to the League of Nations will, however, be welcome to all who are sincerely interested in this question; for the result can only be the dispelling of such suspicions as have been aroused.

Deliberations at Geneva can only render transparent the fact that the Anglo-Italian agreement implies no menace to Abyssinian nationality and independence, as indeed was made clear by the declaration of Sir Austen Chamberlain in the House of Commons, who declared that Abyssinia was perfectly free to refuse any concessions to the British or Italian Governments. The Italian Government has answered in the same spirit, and this statement was officially communicated to the League of Nations on the 15th of last month.

All who realise the importance of Lake Tsana to the Sudan will appreciate the generous spirit of Sir Austen Chamberlain's reply. It is, however, much to be desired that the League may decide that its intervention is not unnecessary, that the Abyssinian authorities may not, on their part, decide to withdraw their protest, and that the whole matter may be thoroughly threshed out at Geneva.

It is clear to all who know the true position of affairs that the Regent Ras Tafari is not actuated by any spirit of mistrust or animosity towards this country, but that his action of protest has been a step merely dictated by reasons of domestic policy.

The question of Lake Tsana, with all its vital concern to Great Britain, provides a unique opportunity for the League of Nations to establish a precedent, which would serve in the future as a basis of settlement in any similar question that might arise between nation and nation, and

would thereby prove to be a matter of the greatest international value.

The question involved is concerned with the important principle as to whether a State, a member of the League of Nations, can justly refuse a concession, or even what in the language of international law is termed a "servitude" ("servitude" implying a burden affecting territory on which the proprietor is either restrained from the full use of his property or is obliged to suffer another to do certain acts upon it) in favour of a neighbouring State when vital interests depend upon it.

It follows that such "servitude" applies only to concessions of a strictly economic nature, which can in no possible case infringe the sovereign rights and independence of the State upon whose territory such an action takes place.

The application of this principle in international intercourse has existed for a considerable time in the domain of common law. Certain countries have in time past been obliged, by reason of their geographical position, to submit to voluntary or even compulsory "servitude" imposed upon them by international treaties in favour of other States. The most characteristic of existing examples is that of the famous Polish "corridor" and the town of Danzig, which "servitude" was imposed upon Germany by the Treaty of Versailles. In this case Germany has not only submitted to a "servitude," but also to the annexation of a portion of her territory to Poland and the proclamation of Danzig as a free town; and all this in order to afford Poland a free access to the sea. But other more noteworthy examples exist, such as the cases of the Suez Canal, the Panama Canal, the Danube, the Rhine, the Scheldt, and, most recently, Salonica.

The *régime* that regulates the Suez and Panama canals restrains, for the common welfare, the sovereignty respectively of Egypt and of the Panama Republic. The Danube and the Rhine are regulated under the same rule, although in these latter cases the importance of these rivers is as nothing compared with that of Suez, Panama, and the Lake Tsana.

such a concession would constitute such an adjunct to international law as would settle definitely this question, and would go far to solve the economic problems both of the Sudan and of Egypt.

We maintain, therefore, that the case of Lake Tsana is unique in the sphere of international relations, and is even more significant than the cases of Danzig, the Danube, the Rhine, Suez and Panama!

Mankind lived thousands of years without the Suez and Panama Canals. International trade long existed without the facilities offered by the Danube and the Rhine. Poland could live without the Danzig "corridor"; for Austria, Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia and Switzerland live and prosper without a sea "couloir." But neither Egypt nor the Sudan could live one day without the waters of Lake Tsana and the Blue Nile.

We may therefore easily understand how astonished were those who are familiar with the importance of the question by the declaration of Sir Austen Chamberlain, who apparently puts the whole matter on a level with an ordinary concession granted by Governments every day to foreign capitalists! His only excuse can be that he has followed the traditions of his predecessors, and chiefly those of Lord Grey, who signed the Tripartite agreement of the 13th December, 1906. This agreement confirmed the rights granted to Great Britain and to the Sudan by the treaty of the 16th May, 1902, and further stipulated that in case events might disturb the *status quo* in Abyssinia, France and Italy undertook in conjunction with Great Britain to take the necessary measures to safeguard it.

But in spite of this, the problem of Lake Tsana has never occupied the place it deserves in international relations. It has been allotted a position of even less importance than that of the railway concessions in Abyssinia.

The question of the French railways has been adequately settled, and according to Article No. 6 "The three Governments are in agreement for the Djibouti railway to be extended from Dire Daoua to Addis-Ababa."

Article No. 9 contains a similar disposition in which it is said "that any building of railways in Abyssinia on the west of Addis-Ababa must be executed under the auspices of England."

The same article recognises "that any building of railways in Ethiopia connecting the Benadir with Erytrea on the west of Addis-Ababa must be executed under the auspices of Italy."

It is therefore evident that France has no right whatever to oppose the construction of the railway from Erytrea to Somaliland which Italy asks to be allowed to build.

Therefore, while the question relating to railways is clearly defined in the Tripartite agreement, the question of Lake Tsana and the Blue Nile is neither defined nor settled; for no formal article entitles Great Britain to settle it by a special and definite statute.

The concession sought for as regards Lake Tsana might then, according to the agreement of 1906, be placed amongst the agricultural, commercial and industrial concessions mentioned in Article No. 2; which, of course, would be absurd in view of the great importance of the question.

We have so far sufficiently defined the nature and the character of this concession, as well as the importance of the question from the point of view of the economic and political security of the Sudan and of Egypt.

Let us now consider other advantages which the settlement of this question would bring to these two countries, without in any way losing sight of the paramount interests of Abyssinia.

The construction of the dam of Lake Tsana would allow, as we have already pointed out, the cultivation of an additional 420,000 hectares of land. The importance of this has been made very clear by Mr. Baldwin in one of his latest speeches, in which he pointed out the rapid increase of the population of Egypt and of the Sudan, and the consequent necessity of assuring the daily bread of these peoples by the cultivation of cotton.

It is an undoubted fact that the actual world output of cotton is neither adequate to world needs nor promises

to be adequate. Two-thirds (65 per cent.) of the world's cotton is grown in the United States, which are the principal producers for the European textile industries. But the serious danger lies in the fact that the American cotton growers may cease to supply European markets, and this for two reasons. First, because the production of cotton in the United States is decreasing owing to a disease affecting the cotton plant, similar to the phyloxera, a disease which ravages the cotton plantations of Texas, and to combat which a remedy has not yet been found.

Secondly, because the United States are using for their own manufactures an ever increasing quantity of cotton, a circumstance which menaces the European textile industries, and which may one day or other result in the complete closing to this country of their market.

Such an eventuality would, however, affect England less than other countries; for she holds a quarter of the world's cotton production, the other countries holding only ten per cent.

Therefore it is evident that, should the American supply fail, the textile industries of France, Belgium, Italy and other countries would be severely hit, and consequently for such countries the question of Lake Tsana is of very great importance.

These important matters apart, the settlement of the question of the utilisation of the waters of Lake Tsana would have a beneficent influence on the intercourse between the Sudan and Egypt, the Governments of which are now and then at variance about the distribution of the irrigation waters, the quantity of which is insufficient to meet their respective national requirements.

Let us now examine this question from the Abyssinian point of view.

The question of the utilisation of the waters of Lake Tsana has been under consideration for a long time. It must be settled sooner or later, and it obviously largely affects the relations between Great Britain and Abyssinia. By its very nature the elements of this important matter may have given rise to mistrust on either side. But it is the only question pending between the two countries, and it

is of importance to Abyssinia that its solution should be achieved as speedily as possible; for then there would be imposed upon Great Britain, in an even greater degree than formerly, the duty of watching over the independence and the territorial integrity of Abyssinia.

The settlement of this question will undoubtedly affect most seriously the financial and economic position of Abyssinia. It will, in the first case, mean the influx of a considerable sum to the public revenue. Then, as the work of construction will necessitate the employment of large capital, which will be spent mainly in Abyssinia, the economic life of the country will greatly benefit by it.

But the results would be even more appreciable from a humanitarian point of view; for such works by giving regular and permanent employment to the natives would prevent them from relapsing into slavery.

When, three years ago, Abyssinia was admitted into the League of Nations, she undertook to abolish slavery.

Ras Taffari kept his word, and, juridically speaking, slavery no longer exists in that country. But actually the situation has remained unchanged; for the benevolent and honest intention of Ras Taffari is not sufficient to effect the reform. Even the proposals against slavery submitted to the League of Nations by Lord Robert Cecil will not hasten the practical solution of the question. The present situation can only be ameliorated when it will be possible to offer employment and the proper means of existence to the liberated slaves. The enormous works which the construction of the barrage on Lake Tsana will necessitate will be a unique opportunity for the employment of a large number of those who are at present slaves, thus settling in a practical way the question of abolishing slavery and entirely altering the economic conditions now prevailing.

The work of constructing the dam and the roads, and the railway which the Italians are proposing to build, would bring about the establishment of many institutions which would greatly contribute to the general progress of the country.

The social and political conditions of Abyssinia are still

practically those of the Middle Ages, and herein lies the danger to her independence and territorial integrity.

Ras Tafari and a few cultured and enlightened Abyssinians clearly see this, and they are convinced that the welfare of Abyssinia can only be created by the introduction of enlightened conditions and customs.

Speaking to Abyssinians of good social position about the necessity of reform, one finds them quite convinced that such reform would constitute the only safeguard for the future and independence of their country.

A State organised on a modern basis will be able to avert this danger, and those who know Abyssinia are confident that it will be possible, within a comparatively short time, to mould into one united nation the different tribes into which it is now split.

The existing feudal *régime* in Abyssinia is a permanent menace to her security and internal peace, for, so long as such an organisation lasts, the country will always be exposed to something like civil war and the consequent risk of being divided into two opposing camps, as happened at the time of the conflict between the Emperor Theodore and Great Britain. The only remedy to this situation is to be found in the establishment of a single Government, strong enough to impose its will on all, and this can only be achieved when Abyssinia has entered the path of rapid progress, that is to say, when the works contemplated by the Anglo-Italian agreement are put into execution.

This opinion is supported by the fact that Menelik II, "the African Napoleon," had succeeded in imposing his will on all the Kings and Ras of Abyssinia, and this because it was said of him as of Napoleon that "he monopolised and had a firm hold of the mind of human masses."

His work, however, lasted but a short time, and shortly after his death, in 1916, Abyssinia became a prey to a bloody civil war.

Unfortunately, this necessity for moving with the times seems to be disregarded by the majority of the Abyssinians, especially by that predominant class, the

clergy, who are opposed to any kind of progress. The clergy are not alive to the great truth expressed by the Mahatma Ghandi: "For an inert people the only way in which God dares to appear is under the shape of 'work.'"

As an instance of the backwardness of Abyssinia, which is as large as France, Switzerland, and Belgium combined, we may state that it does not possess one kilometre of road practicable for carriages!

All transportation is carried on by mules, and for several months in the rainy season all business is at a standstill owing to the absolute lack of bridges. At several places, especially in the neighbourhood of the Sudan, not even the mule transport is possible owing to the prevalence of the tsetse fly, whose bite is fatal to horse, ox, and dog. Therefore, all merchandise in this region is transported by slave labour.

Lake Tsana, with the adjacent region, is the cradle of Abyssinian liberty and independence, and in the new era of modernisation and progress which must inevitably arrive it would preserve its influence if the suggested works were instituted.

The affront to Abyssinian religious feeling which the exploitation of the waters of Lake Tsana seems at first sight to involve will, if the question is impartially examined, soon be dismissed as purely imaginary.

On the shores of Lake Tsana and on its islands stand, as we have already stated, a good many churches, with the result that the whole district is considered by the nation as a holy place. The French Press lays great stress on this point. The Paris *L'Illustration* of August 7th last says "that is why it is not wise to approach the question of Lake Tsana, lest one hurts the deepest feelings of the whole of Ethiopia."

The opponents of the scheme for utilising the waters of Lake Tsana have succeeded in convincing public opinion in Abyssinia that the construction of the proposed dam would result in the submerging of many of the churches, and that is why the realisation of the project has always found strong opponents in the clergy. Although this idea is quite unfounded and misleading, the whole matter

undoubtedly requires handling with the greatest tact and prudence. But it seems to us that the bitter feelings which this question might possibly arouse could easily be allayed if at the same time another problem, dearer to the heart of the Abyssinians, could be solved, namely, the question of the restitution to Abyssinia of the churches and monasteries at Jerusalem which formerly belonged to her, the most important of which is Deir-el-Sultan.

The Abyssinians were amongst the first Christian people who built churches and monasteries in the holy places of Jerusalem; during past centuries, owing to unfortunate circumstances, these churches and monasteries have been usurped by religious communities belonging to other Christian nations, which still retain them, however unjustly. Several times during the nineteenth century and since the beginning of the twentieth century the Abyssinians have tried to obtain their restitution. The checks which they have met with have not discouraged them, and to-day they are still keenly interested in this question, especially the clergy, who consider it as the most important of the problems with which the State is confronted.

The satisfaction that would be given to the Abyssinians by the restoration to them of their rightful properties in Jerusalem would greatly facilitate the solution of the question of the utilisation of the waters of Lake Tsana, for such a restitution would be considered as a kind of moral compensation for that imaginary affront to their religious feelings with which the whole business of the proposed works on the lake has been hitherto perplexed.

The Abyssinians would feel greatly touched by the sympathy of Great Britain with their aspirations in this direction. All that this country need do in this matter is to appeal to the 14th Article of the Treaty of Sèvres, which provides for the constitution of such a Commission under the auspices of the League of Nations as would be invested with a mandate for the settlement of the questions of the claims to the holy places made by the various religious communities.

We firmly believe that Ras Taffari, whose intelligence

and knowledge of international questions are considerable, has thoroughly grasped the importance of all these problems, both from the European and the purely Abyssinian points of view, and that he can discover no valid objection to the realisation of this lake project. Therefore if in spite of this he has thought fit to bring the question before the League of Nations, the reasons must be looked for in the internal politics of Abyssinia. In order to be able to impose the realisation of this project on the reactionary elements of his country he must be in a position to rely on the support of the League of Nations.

It is more than probable, then, that the League of Nations, taking into account the arguments we have enumerated, would recommend to the Abyssinians the realisation of the project contemplated in the Anglo-Italian agreement with regard to Lake Tsana.

Such a decision on the part of the League would only strengthen the great principle that "no nation can assure its own salvation by separating itself from others."

Any other attitude on the part of the League would be unjustifiable, even if the advantages for Abyssinia to which we have referred did not exist.

We live in an epoch in which not only is international mutual help practised on a large scale, but in which every aim is being made to bring about an economic *entente* between the nations of the world.

In addition to the instances of mutual help and international "servitude" which we have already spoken of, we may mention the financial assistance granted to Germany by the Dawes Plan, the similar help given by the League of Nations to Austria and Hungary, the relief afforded to Greece and Bulgaria towards the maintenance of their refugees, to say nothing of the Greco-Jugo-Slav agreement as to Salonica which gives enormous advantages to Serbia.

The Adriatic Jugo-Slav littoral includes a stretch of 1,536 kilometres, and possesses several ports the naval traffic of which is considerable. Yet although Jugo-Slavia has many seaports, she has obtained at Salonica several concessions which even restrain Hellenic sovereignty over a portion of this port.

M. Frangoulis, who was one of the Greek delegates to the League of Nations, has written an article which appeared in the Paris *Liberté* of August 25th where he says, amongst other things: "There is a certain novelty in the status of the port of Salonica, owing to the co-existence and rival working of two sovereignties."

The nation which has approved of this agreement between the two Balkan States—and has even helped to bring it about—we mean the French—ought not to hesitate in the advice it gives to the Abyssinians, for the concessions asked for by Great Britain and Italy are very far indeed from radically infringing the sovereignty of Ethiopia.

If the Abyssinians should after all persist in opposing the utilisation of the waters of Lake Tsana and of the Blue Nile, and this at a time when public opinion is in favour of a better repartition of raw material, considering such repartition one of the most important factors for the establishment of lasting peace—such a lamentable decision would make us almost despair of the common sense and decent feeling of mankind.

Economic international problems of this character are amongst the most grave of all questions, involving as they do the right of peoples to live.

How can any nation, by a rigid insistence on its sovereign rights, maintain with any semblance of justice that certain natural resources must be used for the sole benefit of its own subjects and to the exclusion of other peoples from such benefits?

BOLSHEVISM AND THE NEW ISLAM

BY SYED ALI KHANOFF

THE intelligence which has only just come to hand that a treaty is being concluded between the Soviet Government and those of Turkey and Persia, and that such a pact has actually been concluded between the Soviet Government and Afghanistan, cannot but arouse misgivings in the minds of those chiefly concerned for the safety of the Indian Empire and the communications with the Middle East. The negotiations between Russia, Turkey and Persia have, it is known, been proceeding for some considerable time, their respective representatives—the Commissar Tchitcherin, Memduh Shevket Beg and Mirza Khan Timurtash—having, however, observed the strictest secrecy regarding the provisions they were engaged in discussing. But advices from Constantinople lay stress upon the desire for neutrality which has inspired these conversations. The quality of the neutrality specified seems, however, to be somewhat strained. We read, for instance, that Turkey will promise to remain neutral if Russia or Persia should become involved in hostilities with any other Power. This, of course, implies some likelihood of aggressiveness on the part of the Soviet, and seems to point to future action in some sphere where Turkey might have reason to believe she had special interests.

The Russo-Turkish-Persian Treaty is, of course, merely a co-ordination of other pacts already concluded between the three countries, and the same applies in great measure to the instrument just concluded between the Soviet and Afghanistan, which provides for the neutrality of each of the signatory Powers in the event of an armed conflict between either of them with third Powers. It also stipulates for mutual non-aggression and abstention from entering into hostile agreements with other Powers, and mutual non-interference in one another's domestic policies. Propagandist effort of an unfriendly nature in each other's territory is also banned by the treaty, and provision is made

for the adjustment of differences which cannot be settled in the ordinary way.

Is it to be understood that these treaties merely illustrate a desire on the part of Moscow for conditions of lasting peace on its frontiers, or do they foreshadow movements and dispositions far from pacific? If the former intention has inspired them they are sufficiently praiseworthy. But if Moscow's ideals in this regard are in any way associated with the olive branch, it is surely incumbent upon her to render some explanation why she has seen fit at this juncture to enter into bonds of neutrality with those very Powers which might conceivably either oppose a Russian advance upon India, or, did she attack that British dependency, seize the opportunity to rid themselves of Muscovite menace or influence.

It must, indeed, be a most optimistic student of Eastern politics who can discern in the Soviet policy any inclination towards a condition of international tranquillity. The new Russian Empire is, indeed, the heir of the old Czarist ambitions, a great Muscovite Empire masquerading as a Communist Republic. The forces at work within it are precisely those imperialistic forces which arose in France after the Revolution, and which merely substituted a Bonaparte for a Bourbon. The Russian mentality has changed no more than the German mentality has changed. The Soviet Government took over extensive Asiatic possessions on the fall of the Czarist *régime*. It may pretend to have introduced into these dependencies the glories of Bolshevik humanism. But the Islamic populations of these territories have another tale to tell. Moreover, Moscow certainly does not intend to remain content with her present position in Asia. Along with her Czarist territories she has inherited the ideal of Russian hegemony in Asia, a region of which she believes herself the natural head, for racial as well as political reasons.

But if Russia has remained unchanged in her main Asiatic policy, the same can scarcely be said of those Islamic States with which she has concluded, or is about to conclude, treaties of neutrality. "The awakening of the East" has become almost a catchword in British and

American journalism. Is there actually an awakening in the East, and, if so, what is its nature? We may for present purposes confine our attention to the Islamic countries of the Middle East, and especially to those with whom Russia has entered into treaty relations. It can at once be said that there is an "awakening" in the spirit of these countries, and that the phase of renaissance through which they are passing is as far removed from the ideals of Bolshevism as the spirit of the Reformation was removed from that of the French Revolution.

It is, of course, difficult to comprehend from the European point of view that the conservative and even somnolent States of the Middle East are now experiencing a stirring of the dry bones. Their former conditions of despotism have become proverbial in Western Europe, and it is perhaps with something akin to mild regret that the average Occidental tries to envisage them as communities straining toward the spirit and principles of modernity. Impressed by the glammers of his early reading, it is difficult for him to envisage them otherwise than through the coloured lenses of "The Thousand and One Nights." Their people are to him sententious characters out of romance rather than men and women, and it requires a considerable mental effort to regard these turbaned and semi-fabulous folk as being caught up in the rush and tumult of social and political controversy precisely as he and his tweed-clad fellows are intrigued by the crowding and harassing questions of modernity.

The bare truth is that only since the opening of this century has anything like public opinion been born in the Near and Middle East. Just as in Europe, the printing press is responsible for the growth of a great and ever-widening body of enlightened opinion. Just as with the rise of journalism in the mid-eighteenth century an era of popular enlightenment dawned upon the masses of Europe, so has it dawned upon the East as a result of the dissemination of political doctrines through the Press.

Naturally, the Press in Asia has discovered for itself problems and oppositions almost entirely similar to those which confronted the early journalism of Europe, ancient

despotisms, a cramping and restricted religious outlook, social and political rottenness. Like its European exemplar, it has succeeded in curbing the extravagant and wasteful *régime* of crowned heads, to whom, however, its peoples cling with chastened hereditary ardour. It has checked official rapacity to a great extent, and has softened the austerities of religion. In Turkey, Persia, and Afghanistan absolute despotism formerly held sway. Now Turkey is nominally a republic, and Persia and Afghanistan enjoy something resembling the rule of a limited monarchy for the first time. The Islamic faith is beginning to adapt itself to conditions of modern thought. Plural marriage is going out of favour, especially in Turkey, which, through its proximity to Europe, has imbibed more of European social ideals than its neighbours. It was, indeed, in Turkey that the awakening of public opinion first began to manifest itself.

The Young Turkish Party, inspired by European education and especially by French influence, and having imbibed the doctrines of the French Revolution, has succeeded in replacing a pan-Islamic policy by a public opinion almost wholly national, although Islamic ideals also prevail. It deposed the Khalif for two excellent reasons. It considered the predominant influence of the Church unhealthy for a new-born modern State, feeling that foreign Powers might succeed in influencing its head unduly; and it felt, moreover, that his expenditure was far too extravagant for the new State to cope with, especially when it envisaged numerous reforms for which funds were urgently required.

What is true of Turkey is true also of Persia and Afghanistan in this regard. Their monarchies are strictly constitutional in form, their priesthoods function within well-defined limits. A modern opinion prevails. Official bribery has been sternly put down, and, indeed, in view of the intense spirit of nationality now manifested, anything of the kind has become impossible. Commercial and economic developments proceed apace, and a desire is manifested to advance side by side with the more progressive countries of Western Europe.

But from anything resembling Bolshevism this spirit of modernism is poles apart. It is, indeed, an enlightened liberal spirit functioning in a conservative environment, is strictly constitutional in its aims, and has no affiliations with the Communistic ideal. It remains, however, to be seen how far it may become penetrated by that ideal if Moscow is left to work its will unchecked in the Islamic States of the Middle East, without any effort on the part of interested countries to put a period to its propaganda there.

As the greatest of Islamic States, Great Britain cannot afford to tolerate the continuance of present Bolshevik propagandist activity in Persia and Afghanistan. Frankly, everyone in the East who possesses the least intelligence is aware that the ultimate intention of Moscow is to move Indiadwards after having done her utmost to sever the existing communications between Britain and her Eastern dependency.

In so doing, Russia is, of course, simply carrying out her age-long policy, a policy first laid down so long ago as 1800. In that year the Czar Paul I suggested to Napoleon Bonaparte a plan for the invasion of India by which France and Russia were jointly to attack it. Cossacks were to be despatched as an advance guard, and were to be followed by 70,000 Franco-Russian troops. The rendezvous was to be Estrabad, in Northern Persia, and in forty-eight days it was hoped to march to the Upper Indus by way of Herat, Ferrah, and Kandahar. Napoleon rather characteristically enquired regarding the commissariat arrangements between the Caspian and the Indus, and Paul replied that Nadir Shah, in 1740, had accomplished the march without any such arrangements. "What an Asiatic army did," remarked the Czar, "we cannot doubt that an army of French and Russians can do to-day." The plan was so far carried into effect that the Don Cossacks actually crossed the Volga *en route* for the Indus in March, 1801, but were recalled by the news that Paul had been assassinated.

It seems difficult for the British mind to comprehend that Bolshevik Russia has not in any sense departed from

the intention of the Czarist *régime* with regard to India. Russia will, indeed, never depart from that intention so long as she remains a corporate State. She can be restrained from ultimately attacking India only by making it impossible and impracticable for her so to do.

The manner in which Great Britain continues to tolerate the existence of a Bolshevik anti-British propaganda in the East has filled with amazement the thinking portion of the Eastern races. Again and again the British Government has demanded that this propaganda should cease, and as many times Moscow has agreed to its request—only to infringe both the letter and the spirit of its promise almost immediately. But when will the British Foreign Office come to realise that the word of Moscow in this respect is about as trustworthy as that of those Mexican military bandits who, on receiving a substantial sum by way of blackmail, fervently assure the authorities that they will not again disturb the peace? Moscow has not the slightest intention of terminating her anti-British propaganda in the Islamic States of the Middle East, in India, or anywhere else where she can urge it with the slightest chance of success. Indeed, from her point of view, she dare not do so. A Communistic State among "Capitalist" States, it is her only chance of survival to bring the countries surrounding her to her own way of thinking, so that she may in time find herself less isolated. To ask her to cease her propaganda is like asking a lame man to throw away his crutch, and it is little short of amazing that the British Foreign Office, after its prolonged experience of Bolshevik methods in the East, should continue not only to exhibit such trusting faith in the promises of Moscow, but should actually take no steps to counter its activities in those Islamic countries where extraordinary damage to the British name is undoubtedly being done by its unnecessary and mendacious propaganda.

A counter-propaganda to the Bolshevik anti-British campaign in Persia, Turkey, and Afghanistan is urgently needed. In these countries the activities of the schools of Oriental propaganda at Samarkand, Tashkend, and elsewhere are already bearing fruit. Great Britain is being

held up not only as a "dreadful example" of the Capitalist State, but as the mortal enemy of Islam, the tyrant of India and the brown races generally. No effort of mendacity is too great to find expression in this propaganda, and speedily, rather than gradually, a most vindictive anti-British spirit is being fostered.

When one considers the ability with which British propaganda was conducted during the Great War—an ability which was admitted on all hands—it seems strange indeed that a similar effort should not now be made to combat this mischievous campaign of calumny in spheres which have a direct political bearing on the British position in India, which cannot but be endangered by it. It is precisely in these countries which traverse the British lines of communication with the Indian Empire that the Bolshevik propaganda is being carried on with the greatest intensity. Surely some adequate effort should be made to put a period to misrepresentations so damaging to British prestige by a counter-propaganda, which need only be defensive and not offensive.

It is also essential, if that prestige and position are adequately to be upheld in the Near and Middle East, that an alteration in the tone of British relations with the Islamic countries should be apparent. This, indeed, is markedly different from that in which the advances of Moscow are made. Like their Czarist predecessors, the Bolsheviks are adept in their dealings with Eastern races. They approach them with suavity and an apparent cordiality which readily wins the heart of the Eastern official or diplomatist, whereas the frigid and superior demeanour of many British officials and diplomatic agents immediately repels and discourages. Of the comparative honesty of purpose of the Muscovite and British emissaries there can, of course, be no question. But the Asiatic frequently judges by surface appearances, and very naturally leans in the direction of Russian *bonhomie* rather than in that of British aloofness. The Russian emissary, while probably laughing in his sleeve, adopts an attitude of "hail fellow, well met" towards the Persian or Afghan, and makes friends and mixes with the people, whereas the

British official too often maintains an attitude of frigid reserve, which repels the Asiatic.

Perhaps the most amazing piece of chicanery by which the Bolsheviks attempt to spread their doctrines in the Middle East is that which assures the Islamic peoples that Bolshevism is merely Islam in a modern form, the word of the Prophet adapted to modern life. It is needless to say that the average Muslim regards this especial propagandist effort with the deepest suspicion. There is nothing in the Islamic faith which can in any way be interpreted as savouring of Communistic teaching. It is, indeed, written that all men should act charitably towards each other, but nowhere in the sacred writings is it suggested that a rich man should divest himself of his affluence. Indeed, to the Muslim mind, such an idea appears as monstrous and unnatural, and as savouring of idiocy. Again, the Bolshevik propagandist agents have fulminated against the conservatism of Eastern thought and life. The Asiatic desires a policy of gradual evolutionary change rather than violent revolution, nor does he like to be informed that the ideals of his fathers were based on error.

At the period of change in Russia the Russian dependencies in Asia came under the ægis of Bolshevism, to which the Islamic inhabitants did not take at all kindly. Since 1917, indeed, guerilla warfare has been proceeding between the Bolsheviks and the Usbeks in the hills of Ferghana, and the great Enver Pasha found himself compelled to assist the Usbeks against the tyrannies of Moscow. Still, the unrelenting character of Muscovite propaganda and the soothing influence of that "soft sawder" for which Russian diplomacy is so notorious are beginning to have their effect and will work havoc unless checked.

On the other hand, although the Islamic East is exchanging despotic for responsible government, the attitude of the people is essentially monarchical. The Asiatic must have a kingly and impressive figure to look up to, and this ideal Bolshevik propaganda tends to destroy. It is to be borne in mind, however, that at present, with the exception of Angora, no Asiatic republic exists, and even there

Kemal Pasha occupies a position almost kingly. Angora has indeed the semblance of a republic, but cannot be one in spirit.

The writer desires to make it very plain as a well-wisher of the British people that the purpose and intent of Moscow is to destroy their Eastern Empire and bring it to the dust. This being so, surely Great Britain has the moral right to take such steps as she thinks appropriate to combat this evil intention. That Bolshevism would transform the East into a Gehenna and eventually destroy the Islamic faith there can be no question, and it is to the British Foreign Office and Government that devout Muslims who have the best interests of their faith at heart look for assistance to resist this unholy attempt. A great British statesman once remarked to the writer that the one thing he disliked and deplored was espionage, and that, in his opinion, it displayed the weakness of a nation. That is a very noble observation, doubtless, but I will be pardoned, perhaps, if I remark that it is also a very Britannic one. A great empire cannot surely observe the steady disintegration of its most valuable dependencies by a power notoriously evil and ill-disposed, and yet take no steps to frustrate the machinations of that power.

To fear the efforts of Bolshevik propaganda in the East without making any effort to combat it is much more weak than to fight it hand to hand. The Eastern policy of Great Britain at this time should undoubtedly consist in a nearer approach to the Islamic States of the Middle East, to Turkey, Persia, and Afghanistan. I can safely say that they await such a British gesture in a spirit of the greatest friendliness, and I believe that the one reason why they have signed, or are about to sign, such a treaty with Moscow as is now reported is that they are disappointed that Great Britain has not made similar overtures to them. This she should now do without delay, if she desires to save the situation.

At the roots of British policy in the Middle East should lie not only a generous friendship with these countries which surround and subtend the Indian Empire, but a full understanding with Islam. For it is with the Islamic popu-

lations of the East that Britain must make common cause if she desires to retain her hegemony there. The Islamic races are, whatever may have occurred and whatever may be said, fully conscious that it is only by virtue of Great Britain's assistance and countenance that they can continue to exist at all in India, or beat back Bolshevism outside of it. There is a deeply rooted sentiment in the East that a good understanding between official Islam and Great Britain—the greatest of Islamic empires—would make for righteousness, peace, and good government in the East. This being so, it is surely tragic rather than unfortunate that Great Britain does not make every endeavour to explore every avenue leading to a consummation so greatly to be desired—a result which would unquestionably place her Eastern Empire on a pedestal of firm endurance.

RUMANIA AND HER PROBLEMS: SOME PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS

BY ROBERT MACHRAY

IF the entry of Germany into the League of Nations with a permanent seat in the Council appeared to be the most striking event in connection with the recent Assembly, there were some other features of the meeting which were almost as significant, though less sensational in character. One of these things was that the Little Entente, composed of Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Rumania, obtained two Council seats, a testimony alike to the effective political solidarity of this group of States and to its growing power in Europe. The Little Entente has been in existence for some five years only, and is something absolutely new in European history, a fact which should be remembered in considering the position to which it has attained. In the final voting Czechoslovakia was elected to a seat for one year, as for several years past; this, in part at least, was no doubt a tribute to the great personal popularity of Dr. Benesh, the Czechoslovak Foreign Minister and representative hitherto both in the Assembly and in the Council of the League, and in view of the attacks which have been made upon him at home it must have given him particular gratification. The Little Entente, however, had put forward Rumania as its candidate for a seat. In the earlier voting Rumania was elected to a seat for three years, in itself a remarkable indication of the increased importance of that country, of the greater place it is coming to hold in the world, as was shown by the large number of votes cast for it. But the election of Rumania may quite fairly be taken as indicating something more.

The basis of the Little Entente is their joint agreement to maintain the Peace Treaties, and this in effect means for the three component States a common front against any alteration of their present boundaries under these treaties, with special reference to Hungary. On the other

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hand, Rumania is concerned not only with Hungary but also with Soviet Russia, because of Bessarabia, and in this respect the Peace Treaties do not apply. The Soviet Government has never surrendered its claim to Bessarabia; it makes not the slightest secret of its determination to regain possession of this region when opportunity serves. The Allied Supreme Council affirmed and endorsed the right of Rumania to Bessarabia on grounds which are unquestionably very strong ethnographically and historically, but the Soviet steadfastly declines to accept them as sufficient. Three or four months ago Rumania renewed her former treaty with Poland, which in substance is a defensive military pact directed against the Soviet Union, though drawn up "within the framework of the League of Nations." At Geneva Poland was elected to a seat in the Council for three years, and was specifically declared eligible. Thus the two chief "Border States" (the States bordering Soviet Russia), Rumania and Poland, both having been given Council seats for three years, have been accorded pride of place by and in the League of Nations, a thing which cannot but be most distasteful to the Soviet Government. In the circumstances it is not surprising that Moscow speaks of another "slap in the face." Of course the action of the Assembly is not tantamount to homologating Rumania's claim to Bessarabia, but it certainly does strengthen the position generally of Rumania.

Hungary and Soviet Russia are not the only countries that present problems or difficulties of foreign policy for Rumania. There is Bulgaria, in which Yugoslavia, of the Little Entente, is also deeply interested, to say nothing of Greece, which is outside the Little Entente. The *komitaji* make raids at times, as they did during the past summer, impartially on all three countries, the ostensible reason in the case of Rumania being her occupation of the southern part of the Dobruja, and in the case of the two other countries their occupation of Macedonia. Of the three States Rumania regards these sporadic incursions with the greatest calmness. Yugoslavia and Greece take them much more excitedly, and more seriously, as perhaps they should, considering conditions in Macedonia. Belgrade's

characteristically Balkan attitude is not to argue, not to remonstrate, but to strike. It is very much the same with Sofia under the surface of things. Rumania, more Danubian than Balkan, acts as a pacifying influence in the Balkans, and it was thanks to her that the Collective Note addressed two months ago or so to Bulgaria on the subject of the *komitaji* raids was no little minatory in tone, and led, with the minimum of trouble, to as satisfactory results as could be expected. The possibility of a Balkan Locarno, which was explored to some extent at Geneva in September by M. Nintchitch for Yugoslavia and M. Buroff for Bulgaria, is an interesting speculation that may become a good deal more than that if the pressure of Italy on the Balkan Peninsula goes on increasing as it has increased of late. But it must be admitted that it is not particularly easy for the Serbs to feel friendly towards the Bulgars, or the Bulgars towards the Serbs, for their not remote past stretches like a black gulf between them. Yet it may be that the policy of Signor Mussolini, all unwilling, may cause a bridge to be thrown across that gulf and permit the negotiation of some sort of compact. For, his policy in the Balkans antagonises that of France in that area, and thus is explained the benevolent interest taken by M. Briand in the Nintchitch-Buroff conversations. It may be added that both Rumania and Czechoslovakia would welcome a genuine *rapprochement* between Yugoslavia and Bulgaria as making for general peace and security, not only in the Balkans but in Europe as a whole.

Rumania is largely, indeed predominantly, Latin and Western in her civilisation and outlook, and she has just concluded a treaty of friendship with Italy. She has, however, oriented herself hitherto much more to Paris than to Rome, and it may be asked, in view of the quiet but quite determined struggle that is going on between France and Italy for leadership in the Balkans, what is the genesis and purport of this treaty? One of the political features of the present year, 1926, has been a perfect spate of treaties of friendship, the outflowing, or rather the overflowing, of what is called the Spirit of Locarno, but what in less exalted spheres would be unkindly yet accurately

included Transylvania, Bessarabia, the Bukovina, and part of the Banat, as well as the old kingdom, had more than doubled her former area and population, but it will be seen from what has been said above that she began her enlarged corporate life under an extremely serious financial and economic handicap. In 1922 the situation showed an improvement, exports exceeding imports, and the improvement continued during the three years following, last year, however, being the least favourable of the period.

Although Rumania is rich in oil and in timber, her greatest wealth lies in her agriculture. Her wheat and her maize are her chief assets, and a good harvest virtually means everything to her. But connected with the land is the Agrarian question, which has been settled, at any rate in part, by a redistribution of the arable land, the peasants being the gainers. Some twelve million acres changed hands. The acts or laws under which this came about are sometimes described as due to Agrarian Reform—it might more truthfully be called Agrarian Revolution, for what really brought them into existence was the fear of Bolshevism felt by the Government, who thus insured itself against a Red Rumania. Whether the country as a whole will benefit is just a little doubtful; in Rumania, as in other lands where a similar change has taken place, the soil was better cultivated under the large proprietors in many cases than it is now by the peasant smaller holders. Those who would like to have a further insight into this matter are recommended to read the "Danubian Supplement" published by the *Economist* for September 18th, 1926; it gives much up-to-date information about Rumania and the other States in the Danube basin, and its conclusions appear to be sound. Politics entered into the Rumanian land question also in another way—in a tariff that taxed the import of agricultural machinery and the export of wheat, though agricultural machinery was not made in the country and the tax on wheat naturally checked production. "Politics is queer" in Rumania. General Averescu this year had only eight followers in Parliament, but when the King called on him to form a

Government elections were held, and Averescu was returned with 288 deputies behind him. Something almost similar occurred four years before. In 1922 M. Bratianu was entrusted with the Government though he had but six seats in the Chamber; he held new elections and obtained more than 250 deputies to support him. And all according to law! The Opposition consists of several parties, the strongest being the Nationalist Transylvanian Party and the Peasant or Tsaranist Party, the members of which are found mostly in Bessarabia and the old kingdom. After many false rumours of a coalition of the Nationalist and Peasant Parties, it seems they have at last come to an agreement to work together.

Readers of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW may perhaps recall various articles which I have contributed to it dealing with one or more of the Border States or with these States taken together. Last year I made an extensive tour of Poland with the object of getting first-hand political and other information, and the impressions gathered on that trip were published in the November, 1925, issue of this REVIEW. This year I made a similar tour of Rumania. I set out for Bucarest in July by way of Prague, where I had the privilege and the pleasure of having a long conversation with President Masaryk, whom I found hale and hearty despite his years and all the burdens of State which he bears. From Prague I passed through Czechoslovakia into its easternmost province, Carpathian Ruthenia, and spent two or three days in that most interesting primitive land. Thence I crossed the frontier into Transylvania, and by way of Sigisoara, Brasso, and the Predeal Pass reached Bucarest in the beginning of August in blazing sunshine and fierce heat. The tour lasted for three weeks, and covered parts of the Dobruja, Wallachia, Central Transylvania, Bessarabia, and the Bukovina, the centres visited being Constantza, Sinaia, Brasso (Kronstadt), Sovata, Blaj, Sibiu (Hermannstadt), Chishinau (Kishineff), and Chernautzi (Czernovitz). Several thousand miles of country were traversed by rail and by motor car, and generally the weather was magnificent if hot, the scenery glorious, except in the Wallachian

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Plain, which has a certain monotony. Several days were spent in Bucarest, a week in Transylvania, two days in Bessarabia, and part of two days in the Bukovina. My time was limited, but I made the most of it, and got a tolerably accurate idea of much of the country—thanks also to the kind assistance of M. Vasili Stoica, the Rumanian politician, poet and dramatist, who accompanied me on nearly all my journeys. It was the *saison morte*, and many of the prominent people were *en villégiature*, but I was fortunate enough to meet and converse at large with members of the Government, prefects and other high officials, ecclesiastical dignitaries, and representatives of various classes, including some typical peasants, whose perfect manners were set off so well by their distinctive and artistic national costumes. In Sibiu I had a long talk with M. Julius Maniu, the Nationalist Transylvanian leader. If I may I should like to put on record my deep sense of the kindness I received in all quarters.

Stretching from the Transylvanian Alps, the southern outliers of the vast Carpathian ranges, to the Danube, the Wallachian Plain, with its myriad fields of wheat and maize, close together, recalls some such part of the United States as Southern Illinois. The rest of the country is a mountainous plateau, with the exception of Bessarabia, much of which is prairie or cultivated steppe. The plateau has many rich valleys watered by rivers and streams, and bears wheat, maize, and other cereals. All the ground that can be cultivated is farmed, though in some districts still rather primitively. Higher up the slopes the mountains and hills are forested, and those areas which were denuded of timber during the war are being replanted by the Government. It was the season of harvest, and except in the high uplands of the north of Transylvania wheat had been cut; it was being threshed in the south by the commune threshing machines. Rumania has long been famous for fine wheat. June and part of July had given great hopes of a bountiful yield, but the weather later became less favourable, and the early promise was not altogether fulfilled, as was the case in Poland and elsewhere this year. As already stated, wheat

is one of Rumania's chief assets, and the comparatively poor harvest was most disappointing. On the other hand, the crop of maize is abundant, and will go a long way to make up for the wheat deficiency. It is noteworthy that the peasants are inclined to rely more on maize than on wheat, as they regard the former as likely to give better results. With respect to oil and timber, the two other big assets of Rumania, the production of the one is increasing, as is sufficiently indicated by the proposal to build a new pipe line into Constantza; and the production of the other is stationary at present, with the probability of its becoming more active as the New Turkey settles down. As regards transport facilities I am unable to speak unless it is to say that in my own travelling over the Rumanian railways there was never a hitch. I understand, however, that the present lines, most of which were built before the war more for strategical reasons than for any other, require to be largely supplemented by cross-country lines, and that these will be built as circumstances permit. It is in this matter that Rumania stands in need of a loan.

Something has been said in the foregoing about Rumanian internal politics. All Rumanian political parties are at one concerning foreign policy. M. Mitileneu, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, told me that the great interest of Rumania was peace, and the words he used could not but remind me of the very similar expressions employed by Dr. Benesh at Prague when the latter was speaking to me of the chief interest of Czechoslovakia. M. Maniu, the Nationalist leader, spoke in the same strain. Rumania keeps a wary eye on Soviet Russia, and therefore keeps the pick of her soldiers on the Dniester, as I saw for myself, but I question whether she is really afraid of the Soviet Army. After two or three bad seasons Bessarabia has good crops this year, and its people certainly seemed to be well content with their prospects. This has substantially reduced the chances of Soviet propaganda in this region, especially as very unfavourable reports come from across the river of conditions in the so-called "Moldavian Republic" and the Ukraine. There is the further fact that most of the Bessarabians are

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of real Rumanian blood. That they are perfectly satisfied with the Bucarest Government is another matter, but this touches not the foreign but the domestic policy of the country. Apart from the question of minorities, which seems in a fair way to settle itself owing to the considerate action of the authorities, the burning question in Rumanian internal politics seems to be that of decentralisation—of giving much greater power to districts and localities than is at present accorded to them. I was told that if there was some pressing thing to be done, say, in the north of Transylvania, it had to be referred to Bucarest, instead of being dealt with on the spot, the whole process involving a great waste of time and money. Centralisation has so far been the policy of all the Governments Rumania has had; decentralisation is advocated by both the Nationalist and Tsaranist parties, and is one of the reasons for their uniting against the Government.

It is the union of these parties, which together form a strong combination, that makes likely some very interesting developments shortly in the internal politics of Rumania. Some years ago the only parties which counted were the Conservative and the Liberal parties. The former has virtually ceased to exist, and the latter might now well be called Conservative. The day of the boyars, of the large-propertied classes, has passed away; they have been replaced by bankers, industrialists, and other people of wealth who may be described as urban as distinguished from the peasants who form the large majority of the population, and now hold the land. This misnamed Liberal Party, which is led by the two brothers Bratianu, has concentrated into its own hands much the greater part of the financial and industrial organisation of Rumania, with the power, of course, this implies. For example, M. V. Bratianu, formerly Finance Minister, controls the National Bank of Rumania, and this gives him a very strong position in the country. The present Government, that of General Averescu, is said to be merely a cloak for the preceding Government, which was that of the Bratianus. There is perhaps some truth in the statement but it cannot be entirely true, for the Bratianu Press is

suggesting that the General and his Cabinet should be turned out, and the disfavour with which the treaty with Italy has met gives decided point to this view: but there doubtless are other reasons. Seeing that General Averescu has so large a majority in the Chamber it hardly seems probable that he will be turned out in any very summary fashion, but if he was dismissed for whom would the King send? For M. Bratianu or for M. Maniu? Hitherto King Ferdinand has leaned on the Bratianus, because they gave him great assistance and support during some troubled and difficult years, and thus earned his confidence. But the union of the Nationalists and Tsaranists under M. Maniu brings into play a considerable, even formidable, political force as the Opposition. Now, in addition to the decentralisation plank in his platform, which will not make him *persona gratissima* to the bureaucrats of Bucarest, M. Maniu has another plank, namely, the undoing, so far as it may be undone, of that concentration in the hands of the Bratianus and their friends of the financial and industrial organisation of the country, a concentration which he maintains results in giving to a favoured few what should belong to all Rumanians. Here are the elements of a real political struggle, and none the less real because in its essential features there is nothing novel about it.

THE TERCENTENARY OF EDWARD ALLEYN NOVEMBER 25, 1926

By W. BAILEY KEMPLING

HAPPY is the man who, after his own idea, erects a monument to himself, endows it for others, and dies in the reasonable assurance that posterity will not be ungrateful. "He builded better than he knew" has been said of many, and the phrase can be applied with literal emphasis to Edward Alleyn, the actor-manager who founded Dulwich College. The tercentenary of his death, to which proper attention is directed this month, arouses corresponding interest in Alleyn's well-spent life. It coincides with that of Lancelot Andrewes, Bishop of Winchester, and the double event is being specially honoured in St. Saviour's Collegiate Church (Southwark Cathedral), where both abide in continuous memory. Alleyn's fame could not well be limited by the administration of Dulwich College, and certainly the stained-glass portraits of him (a symbolic head in St. Giles's, Cripplegate, and a full-length figure in the cathedral) serve as fingerposts to those operating charities which he founded in the City. Others have supplemented where Alleyn left off, yet his College of God's Gift was itself sufficient for the object he had in view.

The foundation charter provided for a master (himself being the first), a warden, four fellows, six poor brethren, six poor sisters, and twelve poor scholars, each with board and residence. To-day that arrangement is represented by increased activity in each direction. There is wider dispensing of pensions, the founder's collection of pictures has developed into a gallery of very considerable worth, and the Alleyn-Henslowe manuscripts have been given publicity. The present educational side—need it be said?—ranks with the best of our public schools. The little band of "poor scholars" is now an academy one thousand strong, and a secondary branch of some hundreds consti-

tute the excellent Alleyn's School. The college buildings were quite large enough for the purpose centuries ago; they still serve very well for administrative work in picturesque surroundings, and the new college, near to the last remaining toll-gate in London county, is an edifice of much merit. It was Alleyn's desire that all successors in the mastership and wardenship should be Allens of family and name, and "scholars" in his meaning had necessarily the limitations of the day. Sequels are often attractive; the "Allen" test was sent a-packing some years ago, but not before one in the mastership had expanded "scholar" to full significance by a James Allen's girls' school. How many lads and young ladies of the name have been trained in the three separate establishments is a matter of reference and arithmetic, but the sum total of Alleyn this and Alleyn that throughout Dulwich witnesses like the Shakespeare nomenclature of Stratford-on-Avon. One road bears in tribute his mother's maiden surname—Townley, and another his first wife's—Woodward; Dekker, to whom he became patron, is similarly commemorated, so is Burbage, the friendly rival, and again the Calton family, from whom, on his retirement, he purchased the Manor. The story of that transaction, and all which led up to it, make one of the most engaging chapters of Tudor times. Most of it is gleaned from Alleyn's own diary, supplemented by Henslowe's, and other documents in the college archives, the same which John Payne Collier manipulated for his own ends. An outline may here be of service.

Edward Alleyn was born September 1st, 1566, in the parish of St. Botolph Without, Bishopsgate, London, "near Devonshire House, where now is the sign of the Pie," adds Fuller. He was thus nearly two years and five months younger than Shakespeare, whom he survived by ten years and seven months almost to the day. Originally, no doubt, his people were Allens; but whether related to the family so named who were owners of the freehold in Shoreditch where The Theatre was built is not quite clear. Edward, the father, was an innholder and porter to the Queen; his mother, Margaret (Townley), soon be-

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coming a widow, married as her second husband one John Browne, haberdasher. It used to be thought that the worthy Browne had some connection with Burbage's stage, and so made his stepson an actor. Perhaps haberdashery in this case included also sock and buskin, but we do not know. Alleyn's first recorded appearance as a player is found in a list of the Earl of Worcester's company, 1586, and two years later, at the age of twenty-two, he appears with his elder brother John as joint owner of theatrical properties and play-books. He seems to have prospered at the start, and soon arranged a partnership with that enterprising man Philip Henslowe, owner of the Rose and other properties. In the latter's step-daughter Jane, or Joan Woodward, he found a wife of much acceptance. Alleyn, turned his thirtieth year, next became a member of the Lord Admiral's, the Earl of Nottingham's, company; but, the Plague having broken out in London, he joined Lord Strange's men on tour, visiting Bristol, Shrewsbury, Chester and York. His correspondence at this time with home relatives is an invaluable contribution to theatrical history. In 1594 he was again appearing in town, and after three years "left playing" for a while. His prospective venture was theatre-building, and, having acquired a site in Golden Lane, Cripplegate, he began, with Henslowe's help, to build the Fortune. Never was playhouse better named. Here he assumed directorship of the Lord Admiral's company, and drew large and select audiences. His theatre, more elaborate than any other of the time, was eighty feet square in outside measurement, and fifty-five internally, with a stage forty-three in width extending into the pit, and flanked by a rear stage. The Curtain in Shoreditch, the Red Bull in St. John Street, and the Swan on Bankside strove to hold their own. But as Alleyn gradually added the Queen's and the Prince's men to his control competitive interests developed sharply. To Henslowe and Alleyn's playhouses, the Rose, the Hope and the Fortune, Shakespeare and the Burbages advanced their highly successful Globe and the Blackfriars, while Newington Butts took the overflow. Realising the

superiority of the Globe and what it purported, Alleyn determined on a programme entirely new. Some financial interest in the Baiting-house at Paris Garden, Bankside, was acquired, and ultimately, after a first failure, he and Henslowe secured, as a joint affair, the office of Master of the Royal Game of Bears, Bulls and Mastiff Dogs. Prosperity attended them once more, and Alleyn, content to leave the stage creation of immortal things to Dick Burbage, assumed the office of bear-baiter in person. His last recorded appearance took place March 15th, 1603-4, when, in the character of Genius, he spoke an address to James I at a city reception. "It was done," says Dekker, "with excellent action and well-tun'de, audible voyce," for Alleyn was, indeed, a great actor. His repertoire included Tamburlaine, Faustus, Cutlack, Orland Furioso, and the hero in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*. "Not Roscius nor Esope . . . could ever perform more in action than famous Ned Allen," says Pierce Penilesse, Nash again placing him in parallel with Richard Tarleton. "Among so many (actors) dead let me not forget one yet alive, in his time the most worthy, famous Maister Edward Allen," writes Heywood. And Fuller, by no means favourable to the stage, declares: "He was the Roscius of our age, so acting to the life that he made any part (especially a majestick one) to become him." Assuredly nothing in life became him so well as the latter part of it.

What may have inspired his wish to "leave the loathed stage" we do not know. The story that he was terrified into it by an apparition of the Prince of Darkness is not amusing. More possibility lies in the fact that Will Shakespeare had acquired wealth without wading through the bear-garden. Let the cause be as it may, we are more interested in the result. Landed estate already held in Kennington, Southwark and elsewhere must be augmented by the Calton family manor. Alleyn and Sir Francis therefore struck a bargain whereby the former agreed to pay the sum of £10,000 purchase money. Changing his Bankside abode for Dulwich he proceeded by the usual legal formalities to found his college. Bacon, who had opposed the building of the Charterhouse, from which

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described as gush. The Italo-Rumanian Treaty has not precisely had this sort of inspiration, for something quite definite politically lay behind the negotiations. Some minor considerations suggest themselves. A fairly large number of Rumanians who are members of the Greek Catholic or Uniat Church look to the Holy See; the Rumanian Government desires a concordat with the Vatican, and it was perhaps thought this treaty might be a help. Again, General Averescu, the present Premier of Rumania, has pronounced Italian sympathies, owing to his having received his military education in Italy, and it was not unnatural for him to desire that the relations of the two countries towards each other should be warmly friendly. A more substantial reason, but economic rather than political, appeared in the shape of a loan from Italy to Rumania of the value of two million pounds. This loan bulked largely in the background of the negotiations, though it could scarcely be said to be given on really favourable terms; for one thing the loan was to be in kind, not cash, and for another the kind was "indifferent good." The something quite definite that lay behind the negotiations was concerned with the question of Bessarabia. Of the Big Four, Great Britain and France have ratified the finding of the Supreme Council that Bessarabia properly belongs to Rumania; Japan has not; and Italy has not done so, and still declines to do so, as the new treaty shows. Many Rumanians, probably most of them, including the majority of the supporters of the Government if the truth were known, regard the treaty as a comparative failure. It is true that Signor Mussolini has sought to soften the blow by writing to General Averescu a letter in which he promises to ratify the Rumanian reunion with Bessarabia when he can do so conveniently, that is, when the Soviet is looking, so to speak, another way. In the result he has pleased neither the Rumanians, not a few of whom regard his letter as rather impertinent, nor the Reds, who loudly condemn his action as equivocal if not treacherous. As things are, if Rumania has to choose between Italy and Yugoslavia she is not likely to plump for the former.

In addition to the problems or difficulties with which her

foreign policy is beset, Rumania has to solve various questions connected with her domestic policy. These are largely economic, but impinge on the political sphere, as do economic questions in other countries, and for similar reasons. During the Great War Rumania suffered terribly in the actual fighting and afterwards from the Austro-German occupation. The Treaty of Bucarest, which she was compelled to sign, will remain for all time a monument of the tender mercies of Germany towards a conquered people. When the victory of the Allies swiftly brought the occupation to an end, Rumania did not at once enjoy peace, for in 1919 she fought the Hungarian Bolsheviks. The process of reconstruction was necessarily slow, and further was retarded by inflation, the Government having adopted the method fashionable at that time of printing bank notes to make up budget deficits. The inevitable result was a rapidly depreciating currency, which was also depressed from other causes, among them being the acceptance and payment by the Government of bank notes issued by the German military authorities during the occupation, to the amount of upwards of two milliard lei. (The leu is nominally of the same value as the gold franc, but it has been as low as 1,500 to the pound, and ranged around 950 to the pound when this article was being written.) Another cause of the depreciation was that the Government had to convert into lei large amounts of Austro-Hungarian notes circulating in Transylvania and the Bukovina and of Russian roubles in Bessarabia; for political reasons the conversion was made at the high rate of two crowns and two roubles respectively to the leu, and this resulted in adding five and a half milliards to the currency load, already very heavy. In 1913 Rumania, that is, the "old kingdom," had a total note circulation of only some 440 million lei, for which there was gold cover. That gold cover was sent to Moscow for greater security during the war, and the Soviet Government simply stole it; parenthetically it may be noted that the Rumanian crown jewels, also sent to Moscow for the same reason, were gobbled up in the same way by the Bolsheviks. In 1919 Rumania, that is, "Greater Rumania," which

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Alleyn no doubt took a hint, opposed once more; and in due time attended the sumptuous banquet which signalled his own defeat! Letters Patent of Foundation were granted on June 21st, 1619 (a date now kept as Founder's Day); Archbishop Abbott consecrated the college chapel, and the inmates, after a ceremonial opening, began to take up residence under ample endowment. Men of title and affairs extended to Alleyn their marks of friendship, and the critical author of "The Return from Parnassus" was complimentary while intending to be the reverse. How many Allens belonged to the original gathering, beyond the founder and the first warden, is not to be guessed at; but several of the succeeding masters of that name are in portraiture at the Gallery, near Mistress Joan, who is attired in black, with ruffle, gloves and a red-bound volume. In 1618 he leased out the Fortune theatre for thirty-one years, and in 1622 it was burnt to the ground. Meanwhile, Alleyn had lost his father-in-law, who died in late middle-age. The usual family squabble, with lawsuit and settlement, had been gone through, and once again Alleyn found himself in pocket. On June 28th, 1623, his wife Joan died, and was buried within the Gift Chapel, being turned fifty. They appear to have lived on exceptionally affectionate terms; nevertheless, his "good sweet harte and lovinge mouse" had been dead but five months when Master Alleyn betook him a second wife. The lady, nearly forty years his junior, was Constance daughter of Dr. John Donne, the poet-Dean of St. Paul's. He now seems to have sought retirement, though a little anxious to obtain "sum further dignitie," meaning, perhaps, a knighthood. Relinquishing some theatrical interests, he purchased a property in Aysgarth, Yorkshire and set out to inspect it. The journey brought on an illness which, following his return, proved fatal November 25th 1626. His will made provision for the young widow and for the completing of ten almshouses in each of the parishes of Cripplegate, Bishopsgate, and St. Saviour's Southwark, the college receiving further bequest. Edward Alleyn was evidently a warm-hearted, benevolent man, quite capable, even shrewd, in business.

employ tact and common sense on every occasion and thus avoid the breeding of foes. As a public entertainer he stood high, though what his qualifications may have been as an instructor of youth we cannot guess. He possessed a copy of Shakespeare's "Sonnets," that we do know, and the reading of English dramatic verse must surely have been part of his curriculum. Like Burbage, he had artistic leanings, though inclined to acquire his pictures on the merchandise plan. Thus he records buying "fourteen heads (Christ, Our Lady and Twelve Apostles) at a noble a peece." And again, "I chayngd my 12 owld Sybels for 12 newe and gave 40d a peece to boot to Mr. Gibkin, so pd. £2 os. od." (The "old Sibyl" of matrimony "changed" for a "new" one was not so good a bargain!) In this kind of dealing he was followed by later Alleynians, and some amazing figures are quoted: "Master Fields pictur in his shurt on a bord, an Actour. 10/-" (this is the famous Nat Field); "Tom Bonds pictur, an Actour in a band rought with Imbrodery bared neck on a bord, very ould, 2/-"; "Mr. Sly's pictur ye Actour. £1." (Will Sly was ever well esteemed); and "Mr. Burbig his head, a small closet peece. 5/-" (the well-known portrait of Richard Burbage done by himself). Alleyn, of course, is there presiding very fitly over his assembled guests: "whole length in long gown and hat, a ruff round the neck, white waistbands, gloves in left hand; canvas, 6ft. 8in. x 3ft. 8½in." The portrait has been engraved, and, as Sir Edward Cook says, "though by an unknown artist, this is, from its subject, one of the most interesting pictures in the Gallery." It does indeed seem to bring out much of the dignity and presence as well as the inward virtues of this remarkable man. But within the chapel there is a black marble slab on the chancel floor, and its simplicity is eloquent.

BULWARKS AGAINST BOLSHEVISM

BY SIR JOHN MARRIOTT, M.P.

II. EDUCATION IN CITIZENSHIP

THE stability of the English State has, in these latter days, been tested as by fire. For four years we withstood, in common with our Allies, the assault of the greatest military Power which has emerged in the modern world. More lately we have had to confront a domestic enemy who, encouraged and in part sustained by the bitterest of our foreign foes, made a determined attack upon the vitals of our constitution. Had the so-called "General Strike" succeeded, the whole principle of representative or parliamentary democracy would have been damaged, perhaps beyond hope of recovery. Representative government, as gradually evolved in the course of centuries, would have yielded pride of place to a polity based philosophically upon the doctrines of political syndicalism, and modelled in fact upon the Russian Soviet.

It is true that the failure of the "General Strike" was no sooner manifest than those who had lent themselves to the crazy enterprise—including some of the responsible leaders of the Socialist Party in Parliament—hastened to minimise its significance. To describe it as a revolutionary movement was grotesque exaggeration: it was purely industrial in origin and intention. The miners had a quarrel with the mine-owners, and the railwaymen and others came out in sympathy with their oppressed comrades! So they argued—after the event. The bottom was, however, knocked out of this specious contention by the opportune judgment of Mr. Justice Astbury and the masterly speeches addressed to the House of Commons by Sir John Simon. Those eminent lawyers made it clear that the "General Strike" was not a "Trade Dispute" within the meaning of the Act of 1906, and that consequently those who advised and participated in it could not claim the protection afforded by that Act. Their dicta, the one

judicial, the other senatorial, has not, as far as I know, been seriously challenged, even by the trades unions themselves. The "General Strike," then, was at any rate something more and something other than an enlarged trade dispute of the type which has of late become unhappily familiar, and which enjoys the protection of the law of the land.

It is not, however, with the meaning and character of the "General Strike" that this article is concerned. I refer to it simply to enforce my contention that there exists in this country a section, not perhaps numerically large, but not on that account negligible, which is definitely aiming not merely at a reconstruction of the whole industrial system, but at the subversion of the parliamentary constitution of this country.

Is that party really formidable? What are the bulwarks on which we can rely to withstand the revolutionary onset? One stout bulwark I described in the September number of this REVIEW. Nothing is better calculated, in my judgment, to give stability to the existing order of society than a wide diffusion of capital among all sections of the people; and I adduced evidence for the belief that, as a matter of fact, wealth and capital are much more widely distributed than is commonly supposed. It were much to be desired that capitalists, small and large, should be multiplied; but if I am accurate in putting the aggregate of working and lower middle-class investments at £2,500,000,000 (and my figures have not been challenged), it is evident that we possess in this country an unsuspected element of industrial and political stability, comparable to the strongly conservative element contributed to the polity of France by her peasant proprietors.

The bulwark of capital diffusion may, however, be regarded as negative in character. Where are we to look for positive propugnacula? The strongest is, I submit, to be found in sound education in the principles of citizenship.

In one of those stimulating and suggestive addresses lately reproduced in his volume "On England," Mr. Baldwin discusses the objects and methods of Political Educa-

tion.¹ The primary object of such education is, he contends, to "clear the mind of cant." The student of politics should never rest content with having learnt enough to follow the syllogism, knowing perfectly well that the syllogism is a short cut to the bottomless pit unless you are able to detect the fallacies that lie by the wayside. "The whole object of the pupil," proceeds Mr. Baldwin, "should be so to prepare and develop his mind that he may, as occasion arises . . . find himself prepared by will and competent by training to exercise a right judgment in all things." The student must labour to acquire "a trained sense of proportion," and, in particular, must not confuse rhetoric with reason, nor mistake propaganda for education. He must not be coached in the case against that -ism, or in favour of this -ism, but be so trained in judgment as to be able to reject error and choose truth. This, surely, is admirable advice.

What, then, are the appropriate media of education in citizenship, and what are the most effective methods? Keeping always in view the requirements not of the child or adolescent of school age but of the adult citizen, I suggest that the two subjects most obviously appropriate are Political Science and Economics.

Under the head of politics I include history, both political and constitutional; under economics, the history of the evolution of industry, as well as economic theory. Political theory should, indeed, always be treated with constant reference to the facts of political experience and to the actual working of political institutions in this and other countries. My own experience of adult students—an experience neither recent nor restricted—tends to the conclusion that there is no subject more likely to arouse their intellectual curiosity, and none better suited to provide a medium for political education—as understood and defined by Mr. Baldwin—than comparative politics. How, for example, can an Englishman apprehend the real meaning and genius of Parliamentary Government if he knows nothing of that utterly different type of democracy which we distinguish as Congressional, the type which has been

evolved in the United States of America? How can the peculiar position of an English Prime Minister or Cabinet be appreciated by students who have failed to realise the contrasted position of an American President? What can Unitarianism in government mean to those who know nothing of Federalism? Who can appreciate the Rule of Law in England to whom the mysteries of the *Droit Administratif* are a sealed book?

Primarily, then, I would keep in view an exposition of the practical working of English political institutions, elucidated by constant reference to their historical evolution, and enforced by comparison with the institutions of other States of the modern world. Thus should we fulfil the precepts of the wisest of the political philosophers of ancient Greece: "That which most contributes to the stability of constitutions is the adaptation of education to the form of government. . . . The best laws, though sanctioned by every citizen of the State, will be of no avail unless the young are trained by habit and education in the spirit of the polity." So Aristotle wrote in his treatise on Politics; nor can the soundness of his observations be questioned. Democracy is of all forms of government the easiest to establish, the most difficult to maintain in its purity and integrity, the most liable to corruption and degeneration. But if this be true of Democracy in general, it is especially true of that peculiar type of Democracy which Englishmen have gradually evolved for themselves, and which many of the progressive peoples of the modern world have attempted, with varying degrees of success, to imitate. For the English constitution remains unique in its flexibility, in its evasiveness, in its inaccessibility to scientific analysis, above all in the dogmatic foundation on which it fundamentally rests—the doctrine of Parliamentary Sovereignty. Such a constitution depends for its successful working upon the most delicate adjustment of its separate parts, upon the nice equipoise of forces which are not always harmonious in operation, and above all upon an apprehension of its peculiar genius on the part of the human agents who have in practice to work it. In no country and at no time, therefore, was it more imperatively

(1) An inaugural address to the students of the Philip Stott College.

necessary that the citizen rulers of the State should be imbued with the "spirit of the polity."

American citizens have their written *Instrument*, the veritable Ark of the Covenant, and they can rely upon one of the finest tribunals in the world—the Supreme Court of the United States—to interpret the terms of the Covenant with consummate skill and strict impartiality. No such guardians of the constitution exist in this country; the beneficiaries are their own trustees. We have no special machinery for constitutional amendment, for the enactment, repeal, or revision of laws which in nearly all other countries would be distinguished as *organic* or fundamental laws. Hence changes of immense significance can be introduced into the spirit and even the framework of the polity almost without the knowledge of the great body of the people immediately concerned. Flexibility has its advantages; it also has its dangers, and the only way of avoiding the latter is eternal vigilance. But vigilance is of little avail without knowledge. Were it not for the existence of a Press exceptionally untrammelled, exceptionally able, and exceptionally alert, the dangers inherent in a flexible constitution and a sovereign legislature would be much more serious than they are; but even so, it is essential that the electorate should be organised into one vast vigilance association, and should be equipped with a genuine and adequate understanding of the English polity and the spirit by which it is infused. Only by a knowledge—such is my cardinal contention—of the spirit of other polities, the practical working of other and very different types of Democracy, can successive generations of Englishmen discharge the responsibility confided to them.

Not less important than the study of politics is the study of economics, and here also the comparative method should be employed. It is indeed true that while the conclusions of political science are relative, the laws of economic science are absolute. But while the laws are absolute, the practical deductions therefrom vary greatly according to circumstances. Thus, as M. Charles Gide, the greatest of French economists, properly insisted,

economic theory is one thing, applied economics is another. The teaching of economics must, therefore, have constant reference on the one hand to economic history—the history of the evolution of industrial and agricultural systems—and on the other to the facts of contemporary experience. Theory and experience are, then, equally indispensable. Many people, in fact, are content with the latter and condemn the former; some are theoretically erudite but lack knowledge of practical affairs. Either way danger lurks. The pure theorist tends to a barren and irritating dogmatism; the practical business man, untrained in theory, is apt, in pursuit of immediate advantages, to ignore remoter reactions.

How is the comparative method to be applied in the study of industrial economics? Unquestionably the most effective and most convincing method is foreign travel. I cannot conceive of any more remunerative application of educational endowments than the provision of travelling studentships for industrial brainworkers and handworkers. I have in mind two recent experiments in this direction, both of which have yielded exceptionally valuable results. *The Secret of High Wages* contains the conclusions reached by two young English engineers who lately paid a visit, on their own initiative, to certain establishments in the United States with the purpose of wresting from them the secret of their success in solving the problem of low costs of production combined with a high rate of wages. That secret they have for some months been sharing with all who are interested in the future of English industry. The other experiment was initiated by *The Daily Mail*, by whose enlightened generosity eight working trade unionists, drawn from the engineering and kindred industries, were enabled to make an extended tour in the United States and thus to inform themselves, at first hand, as to wages, hours, working conditions, and the use of up-to-date machinery in representative American industrial establishments. The results of their observations, together with an account of the tour, have now been embodied in a pamphlet, "*The Daily Mail Trade Union Mission to United States*," published by *The Daily Mail*.

at the price of 2d. I could wish nothing better for the sake of industrial peace and trade prosperity in England than the formation of groups or circles in every working-man's club throughout the land, in every woman's institute, and, indeed, wherever three or four people are accustomed to forgather, for the reading and critical discussion of this pamphlet.

The members of the mission spent about a month in the States, travelled through the chief industrial centres—a round of some 5,000 miles—and visited 42 establishments of various kinds. They were encouraged to make their own enquiries in their own way, closely investigating the methods and machinery with which they were individually most familiar at home, and ascertaining from workmen in similar positions to their own the conditions under which they were severally employed. Here and there they met men whom they had known in the "shops" of this country, and learnt from them their impressions of the contrasted methods in the old country and the new. The pressure of time doubtless conduced to some over-hasty generalisations, but the cumulative effect of the evidence obtained can hardly be mistaken. Everywhere the mission found high wages, high production, and high consumption. They were greatly impressed by the good "team work," the welcome accorded by the workmen to labour-saving devices, and the readiness of the masters to scrap out-of-date machinery. To put it in technical economic language, machinery in America is regarded not as fixed but as circulating capital. There is no maximum wage; remuneration is almost invariably based on output, and there is a complete absence of that rate-cutting policy which has proved so fatal to piecework in England. A fitter who belongs to the Amalgamated Engineering Union quotes the pithy reply of the general manager of a large motor car factory: "Pay your men and they will make your plant pay you." Several members dwell on the cordial relationship between managers and workmen, the absence of suspicion between the one and the other, the superior equipment of the workshops and the consequent lessening of manual toil, the facilities afforded by some of the larger

firms to their workmen to purchase shares in the concern on terms somewhat more favourable than those available to outsiders, most of all, of course, the high wages earned and the large output secured. It is not my purpose, however, to give a *précis* of this pamphlet, but to urge the co-operative study of it by English workmen and their wives.

Concurrent testimony comes from many other sources, but I forbear to quote it. Enough has been said to illustrate my immediate point that the best way of applying the comparative method in the study of Industrial Economics is personal investigation of the conditions which actually prevail in different countries under different economic systems. But the value of ocular demonstration depends on two pre-suppositions: first, the investigator must be a man of trained intelligence, a craftsman well versed in his job, and preferably possessed of a grasp of economic theory as well as of industrial practice; secondly, he must be permitted to see and to learn the truth and the whole truth, not merely that aspect of it which may suit his own preconceived ideas or those of his cicerone. These conditions are not, of course, easy to fulfil; but, if unfulfilled, ocular investigation may do more harm than good. It is difficult, for instance, to understand how economic convictions, deep-seated though they be, could resist the evidence of the senses open to an honest and fair-minded Socialist in Russia. But, anyway, personal investigation is a method available only for a small minority.

The cinematograph film has sometimes been suggested as a more attainable substitute. No one would presume to set limits to the educational possibilities opened out by the development of the moving picture. But here, again, it is not easy to guarantee that the truth and *the whole truth* shall be presented. For propagandist purposes it is impossible to deny the utility of the invention; but propaganda is a vastly different thing from education, and it is one of the chief anxieties of those who are zealous for genuine political education that the distinction should be observed.

We are brought, then, to the less sensational and more

familiar methods of oral teaching and discussion: the lecture, the class, and the study-circle. The method of the platform, political or academic, calls for no elaborate consideration; but as one who has had prolonged experience of both sorts of platform I may be permitted to express my growing conviction that for education in Economics a more intimate method is preferable.

I take at random a few illustrations of the sort of difficulty which confronts a platform speaker facing a largish audience which contains, as every such audience is sure to contain, a proportion of people unversed in the elements of scientific Politics or Economics. Take the problem of the structure of the legislature: the case for or against a two-chamber legislature. It is easy enough to point to the striking fact that, with rare unanimity, the States of the modern world, monarchical or republican, federal or unitary, parliamentary or congressional, have decided in favour of two chambers; or to the fact that England and France, having made experiments in unicameralism, have discarded that system and reverted to bicameralism. All that is pretty plain sailing. It is a more difficult matter to explain to a mixed audience why the case for bicameralism is even stronger in England, with its uniquely flexible constitution and its Sovereign Parliament, than (for example) in a country which possesses a rigid constitution and a legislative body strictly limited by an organic instrument or by devices such as the *referendum* or the *initiative*. Such points are, however, susceptible of easy demonstration in the comparative intimacy of a small class or study-circle.

Or take a familiar problem in economic theory—the distinction between the cost of labour and the rate of wages. Expatiate on the necessity of reducing the cost of labour, and nine people out of ten will understand you to mean a drastic cut in wages. You will be fortunate, indeed, if you are not howled down as an inhuman monster or a selfish capitalist. Yet anyone who will take the trouble to master the main thesis of Mr. Henry Ford's *My Life and Work* cannot fail to apprehend a distinction which is absolutely vital to the future of English industry. A short time ago

I recommended from a platform the reading of this book, and was promptly taken to task for recommending the sale of American motor cars.

A closely related problem is that of the effect of labour-saving machinery upon employment; but few who have not tried will believe how difficult it is, save in the give-and-take of conversation and discussion, to demonstrate that labour-saving machinery tends not to diminish but to increase employment. Another truth not easy to enforce is the essentially communal character of capital individually owned. In the minds of most people wealth, if not actually identified with money (though even that fallacy persists), is something enjoyed by the individual and spent upon himself. The man who "makes money" makes it at the expense of another individual, and not to the (almost certain) advantage of the community at large. From this standpoint it is almost incredibly difficult to move the uninitiated and sometimes even those who believe themselves to be educated. Nor do they lack excuse in some current philosophy and much contemporary practice. The initiated financier may deplore the necessity for heavy direct taxation and steeply graded death duties; the uninitiated gleefully rejoice in the recourse to a fiscal expedient which redresses the inequalities of wealth and humbles the proud, if it does not exalt the lowly. Level inequalities such expedients undeniably do. Anyone can perceive their immediate effect upon the individual; the more subtle and remote effect upon the prosperity of the community is less easy to discern.

If, however, I refer to such familiar illustrations, I do so only to enforce my plea for intensive political education as the most effective of all bulwarks against the assaults of revolutionary doctrine. There is heard to-day a somewhat strident cry for more effective police measures against the agents and plotters of revolution in this country: in current vernacular, for "clearing out the Reds!" With that demand it is impossible not in large measure to sympathise. Aliens who abuse the hospitality of the most hospitable country in the world deserve no consideration whatsoever. But the most effective of police

regulations and the most active administration of the law are not enough. You cannot permanently cast out Beelzebub unless you are prepared to occupy the vacant site with something inherently superior. It is with "armed doctrine," in Burke's phrase, that we are at war. We can expel the alien agents of Bolshevist propaganda, and it would seem to be the part of prudence and dignity to do so without delay. But not all Bolshevist agents are aliens; and if they were it would not suffice to exclude or expel them. The problem is how to prevent the importation of the insidious and mischievous doctrines they teach. Ideas penetrate where men cannot.

There is only one really effective way of arresting the diffusion of false doctrine: that is by instilling the true. Propaganda must be countered by education. The process may be a tedious one; but it is the only one on whose effectiveness we can in the long run rely; though its adoption need not exclude other expedients which, even if temporary in character and not radically curative, may afford relief from painful symptoms and give moral sustenance and encouragement to nervous patients.

It is more than sixty years since Robert Lowe, in characteristically sardonic vein, advised his contemporaries to take some pains to educate their masters. A generation later Sir Richard Jebb commented sadly on the dangers to be apprehended from universal elementary education. "Elementary education," he said, "unless crowned by something higher, may be not only useless but positively mischievous. It is not wise to teach your democracy to read unless you also teach it to think." There is no going back in politics. Two generations of Englishmen have grown to manhood under the educational regime inaugurated by Mr. W. E. Forster in 1870. They have learnt to read and write and speak. If we are not prepared to go further, and teach them to think, we are only courting the danger which is certain to ensue.

AN ELIZABETHAN NOVELIST AND A FRENCH CRITIC

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

Thomas Deloney; Le Roman des Métiers au temps de Shakespeare. Par Abel Chevalley. Lib^o Gallimard, Paris.

MANY English readers must know *Le Roman Anglais* by M. Chevalley, all the more because the Clarendon Press here published this—to my mind the best and the most entertaining book on its far-reaching subject. Also, many Englishmen must have known M. Chevalley himself in the long diplomatic career during which he has acquired such insight into English life as makes his study of our literature doubly interesting. For books of fiction are to this immensely travelled man of affairs not simply works of art, they are social documents; and his criticism of the English novel was also a Frenchman's criticism—sympathetic but often mordant—of England and the English.

That piece of masterly generalisation was published while its author was High Commissioner for the Caucasus, shortly after the conclusion of the war. Since then he has retired from diplomacy, and this new volume is the very curious fruit of his acquired leisure. Who would expect a Frenchman, after having shown the special talent of his country for handling literary matter in the mass, to devote himself to delving in the most obscure details of English literature? What he brings now is a monograph on Thomas Deloney, with three volumes of translations from Deloney's prose to follow. It is wrong to impute one's own deficiencies, so I content myself with saying that at least one professed student of literature had never heard of Deloney till this Frenchman came along to make his name so significant and so interesting that one promptly goes on to study the original after reading the commentary.

On further reflection, M. Chevalley's evolution as a critic explains itself. Before he was a diplomat he was a journalist—of the type that should more properly be called publicists—and the book which he wrote while still engrossed in affairs has the discursive quality of a series of *causeries*. But before he was a publicist he was a teacher, and the teacher underlying the journalist insists upon giving a solid foundation to instruction. France is taking up the study of English literature seriously, and M. Chevalley finds that, although in the last quarter of a century Deloney has received a good deal of attention in England, French criticism has ignored him. Yet the history of the novel covers a great and characteristic department of our literature, and if M. Chevalley does not affirm that it should start with Deloney, this is only because, in his view, the first storyteller was in reality the first "novelist." He tilts vigorously at those who want to make the "novel" an invention of the eighteenth century—or, indeed, of any other period. To him, the capital importance of Deloney is that he was one

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name John Winchcombe, who began as an apprentice, married his master's widow, inherited the business from her, re-married, enlarged his boundaries, and prospered exceedingly. That is the sort of thing he thought the public he wanted would like to hear. It was not a romance: it was a "history." M. Chevalley observes shrewdly that the world had to be far gone in sophistication before anybody would read a book unless he believed it to be true. History and the novel only cut clear of each other when the reader was prepared to say, "I know this is not true, but it amuses me." Readers had not got so far in Deloney's day (he was dead before 1600). But very evidently there was a kind of margin between the solid and the less substantial. Holinshed dramatised freely, and others besides Shakespeare must have understood that he was dramatising. Deloney, setting out to entertain his public, put in long screeds of the traditional jest book stuff, and long screeds of the traditional romantic chivalry; but quite evidently he found his genuine delight in doing transcripts from actual life, as vigorous as Van Ostade's. And the material was admirable, because every big clothier's household was a cross between the family and the factory. All the employed were part of the household. "Jack of Newbury" and his spinners and weavers, male and female, ate up ten fat oxen week by week; and they ate in common, at tables regulated in place and procedure. The master was still a workman, and, though he paid wages, he was of the guild along with those to whom he paid them. It is a sudden step up when Jack the journeyman marries his mistress and becomes the master; but there is no transition from class to class. Class boundaries were uncertain. The widow has her chance to marry according to her station: a shoemaker courts her, a tailor courts her, each of them having his own household: a parson courts her, and he, too, is apparently of the same station; but she prefers to choose in her own establishment, and chooses without losing caste. When she has ended her days, Jack, with the same choice to make, chooses in the same way, and promotes one of the girls who card his wool. It is a fine marriage for the girl, but no more strangely assorted than when a farmer marries a cotter's daughter.

In fact, the industrial organisation which Deloney describes is like nothing in British industry of to-day, for the Elizabethan capitalist was also still the craftsman at his loom. M. Chevalley says that he himself can remember in La Vendée—the most old-world part of France—clothmakers who wove their own cloth among their workmen, yet were, like Jack of Newbury, heads of big establishments, rearing their own sheep, shearing, carding and spinning their own wool. And whether in France or in Ireland, or any other country of peasant proprietors, the farming world is still very much like the industrial world that Deloney describes in its essential relations. Mr. Murray's Irish play *Autumn Fires*, which London admired recently, is comparable for its social structure to one of Deloney's novels, which held the field so long among their own public. I think very few of us knew that there was in Shakespeare's day a writer of prose fiction, describing daily life in the most realistic fashion, whose stories were reprinted in edition after edition till the time when Defoe was beginning to write.

M. Chevalley is justified in claiming originality for his author, because, as he says, all early literature deals in the marvellous: art takes a new stride when a man sees that he can make a good story out of what is happening about him every day. Deloney does not even exploit the universal interest in the romance of malefactors; he is, rather, a moralist who wants to illustrate all the chances that lie open to the decent working man; and he never misses a chance to make it plain that the good master is good to his folk. Jack of Newbury deals roundly with his second wife when one of her gossips has persuaded her to do as all the gentry do, and feed her serving men on *rag-ends* of victual. Jack will not allow anybody to scrimp the rations in his household. The novelist does not emphasise his Jack's admonition on the meanness of nobility; he has been too lately in trouble with the law; but by a side wind he so manoeuvres as to let us see that, in his opinion, generosity was much commoner among the folk who earned their prosperity by hard work.

The second of these works, *The Gentle Craft*, sought a new patronage. It is about shoemaking, not clothiers; but it goes beyond the shoemaker's last. Simon, the master craftsman, gets the chance of a big speculation; one of his workers, a Frenchman ("the same," Deloney tells us, "who first brought in the fashion of low, open shoes and put out the old high boot with toe turned up like a cock's tail"), brings him word of a Greek vessel in London port whose cargo is going cheap; and Simon's wife suggests a stratagem by which the shoemaker can masquerade as a man sufficient to give a bond for three thousand pounds, payable in a month. Before the month is up, Simon has sold a quarter of the cargo for three thousand, and has the balance to launch him on his career as merchant adventurer. So we get the detail of the way in which fortunes were made in the City of London—and a wealth of illustration for the steps up in civic rank. At the same time, all the life of Simon's household passes before us. Deloney scatters his observation, as Hogarth did in one of the London scenes. We gather, for instance, that wine was far more freely used among working men and women in Shakespeare's time than in ours, and that when a working shoemaker stood treat to the lady of his affections, he provided "a noise of musicians" to entertain her. The scale of living, the diffusion of comfort, among English artisans was, M. Chevalley says, the admiration of other nations in Elizabeth's reign; and here we have chapter and verse for believing it.

According to his view, however, the golden age for guild industry had passed before Elizabeth began to reign. The third novel, *Thomas of Reading*, though Deloney sets its scene in the age of Henry I, belongs really to the time of Henry VIII, when the "Six Worthy Yeomen of the West" whose fortunes it describes were actually living and thriving. William of Worcester, Gray of Gloucester, and Cole of Reading, were real persons; and the long caravans on which they brought their goods to London did positively block the roads, even against a King's passing. They were successful business men, but their visit to London was not only business, it was a huge spree for them and for the men they took with them. They were jolly fellows,

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of the first prose storytellers who utilised the possibilities of print. He wrote when, for the first time in history, there was literally a crowd of readers—when books could be, at last, in everybody's hands. It was a momentous innovation. "Out of ten readers," in Deloney's day—which was Shakespeare's—"nine were born of a mother who had never read." M. Chevalley goes on to suggest the violence of the reactions produced when "the Book, a ferment, not yet an opiate, was thrown into this caldron."

Everybody was reading passionately, and all sorts of people were writing. M. Chevalley justly points out that in spite of all our Board Schools there was perhaps less distinction then than now between the working classes and the rest in point of education. Ben Jonson, the most learned writer of his day, became a stone-mason after he had left college. Deloney was a silk weaver, but he translated from Latin and probably knew French. But the superior persons of that day wrote for a coterie and had their eye always on a patron. Deloney, whom they knew and despised, because he hawked his own writings for pence, was more independent, and, in that, more modern.

"Novel" and "crowd" are words that go together," says M. Chevalley. "This way of writing has done more than any other to liberate writers from great men's patronage, and to let them live without Hereditary Protectors, or specially collected audiences, depending neither on bounty nor on a clique, but simply appealing to an anonymous public in the open market of the world. And in that way it was that the writers' trade became, like any other, a trade to live by."

If Deloney cuts no great figure in the Elizabethan pageant, at least he never learnt the lesson "what hell it is in suing long to bide." Those verses of Spenser's are great literature—but is it a dignified emotion that sets itself to the wail of one waiting for a solid draft on the exchequer or for some profitable post? Deloney, peddling his ballads and his pamphlets and his stories, had no concern with the great except to dodge the law's censure: but he was making the precedent by which innumerable persons have earned a good living and been beholden for it to no one in particular.

Indeed, the chief interest of this literary ancestor centres about the fact that he was profoundly unromantic, the plainest of plain men. That gave him the grace to write plainly, at an age when prose was terribly beset with affectation. Here and there he does not escape the infection of Lyly's euphuism; he "hunts the letter" and parades the obvious antithesis on occasion. But the flow of his writing recalls Bunyan, and there are many passages which echo the prose of Shakespeare's dialogue; and he deserves more notice than he has got in the history of English prose style. I do not know where else in the sixteenth century one should find language so open, simple, and lucid, and so free from all contortion.

What is more curious is that prose came to him by necessity. Deloney, according to M. Chevalley and the other authorities, was of foreign extraction—one of the Huguenot immigrants who flooded

England and brought to English industries a finer skill. There were 3,700 of these people in Norwich alone, and in Norwich Deloney—immigrant or son of an immigrant—grew up, a silk weaver. Whether it was the hardship of times in Elizabeth's warlike reign, or simply the result of a temperament that did not dislike the bottle, he became a ballad-maker and ballad-monger, on the roads and in the towns; and in the traditional craft he conformed to the traditions. Here are a few of his verses from one of the hoards on the Armada:

"The chieftest capitaine
Of this Gallion so hie
Don Hugo de Marcaldo he
Within this fight did die.
Who was the General
Of all the Gallions great
But through his braines with powder's force
A bullet strong did beat."

The archaism of this doggerel is manifest and deliberate, for this is how Deloney wrote naturally.

"When the clothiers returned from London Simon's wife, who was always very merry and pleasant with her husband, thus spoke her mind to him: 'Good Lord, husband, will you never be so kind as to let me go to London with you? Must I for ever be pent up in Southampton like a parrot in a cage or a hen in a coop? For all my trouble and care I would ask no more of you than to have a week in which to see that fair city. What is life if it be not mixed with some enjoyment? And what enjoyment is more pleasant than to see the manners and fashions of places unknown? Therefore, good husband, if you love me, deny me not this simple request.'"

Yet Deloney was a ballad-writer for ten years before he took to the prose story, when he was driven out of the first employ. But since the ballad-maker, stringing out into verse all the notorious events of his day—battle, murder, and sudden death—inevitably showed sympathy one way or the other way, it easily happened that his sympathies were not those of the Government. In 1596 a ballad on the Corn Famine set the Lord Mayor of London in pursuit of him, and he had to go into hiding. (Next year Thomas Nashe was in the same case.) But by 1597 Deloney had bethought him of his new idea, and came out with a production addressed, not to the public which gathered at a street corner but to people who would buy a book and read it for themselves. This was his "Jack of Newbury," and the nature of it was marked by its dedication "to the famous clothmakers of England." He put himself under the patronage and protection, not of a noble but of a corporation, the trade whose ways and works he set out to describe. The result is a picture of English domestic life, a precious document which has also the quality of a Dutch picture. It had to be lifelike: Deloney was writing for people who were of the trade, or whose neighbours were of it: and in the preface he is at pains to set out that his Jack of Newbury was no invented personage, but a real clothier, by

each having his own tastes and his own character, and their fortunes varied; but they stuck by each other. Goodfellowship was not rare among rivals. It was merry England.

But already, perhaps, London was becoming too much of a court centre, and Deloney may be writing history when he tells (in the passage from which I have quoted) how the wives of these six worthies insisted that they also should have a jaunt to town, and how, when they came back home, it was no use for their husbands to preach country clothes for country wives; they took to their beds till they got silks and ribbons to match the best in London. Yet it is truer to say with M. Chevalley that Deloney has no such intention, and that his historic value lies precisely in the instinctive fidelity of observation and delight in detail which made him "portray a great economic movement without knowing that he did it." Deloney is not aware that Simon the Shoemaker, who earned good money by labour in which he took his working part, and which went on under his eye in his own household, turned into another kind of employer when he made a big fortune by speculation in labour carried on far off and known to him only by its results and profit. This was the Simon for whom the Ceylon diver would hold his breath and go all naked to the hungry shark. In his own household Simon the Shoemaker could never turn such an easy wheel, so ignorantly, to set sharp racks pinching and peeling. A shoemaker might have even forty workmen employed—and some of the clothiers had hundreds—but they were in his family and of his guild. The merchant adventurer was capitalist pure and simple, and very soon he would become not the single man, but part of the collective company-capitalist.

Deloney has no guess of this. What he depicts, with genuine admiration, is the interpenetration of work, when the workshop and the family mingle, and the factory has not yet become a thing apart from family life. M. Chevalley notes that Deloney's interest in realism was probably in advance of the public taste; for the first of his novels, *Jack of Newbury*, never leaves solid ground, and only varies sketches of daily life by extracts from the jest book; whereas in its successors, *The Gentle Craft* and *Thomas of Reading*, we have the miraculous and the romance of chivalry wrought into the web. The story of Saint Hugues and the story of St. Crispin glorify his picture of the shoemaker's life; and among the clothiers of the West comes the figure of Duke Robert, romantically attached to the lovely Margaret. Yet even here there is a trace of realism; for Margaret is the unfortunate and virtuous noblewoman adrift in the world, and she seeks employ at a hiring fair; and one learns exactly from the description of her engagement what a hiring fair was like in Deloney's day. It is strange, indeed, as M. Chevalley notes, that Jusserand missed this source for his picture of Elizabethan life; but stranger still that Walter Scott never came on this obscure forerunner, in whom after more than three centuries there is still so much sap left.

CHILDREN OF THE MORNING

BY W. L. GEORGE

CHAPTER VIII

THE REIGN OF THE TSAR

FOR four days after his triumph the Tsar conducted his army. It was a sporadic orgy, varied at night by the dancing of the captives and deep drinking of fermented juice, while during the day there were times of hunting, not only hunting the peccari, but also searches in the hills for men who might have escaped. Thus was Fred slain in his hiding place; Marion and Sybil, too, were speared, because they dared to throw stones at the advancing soldiers. It was a time of feeding and massacre, for the slain beasts were promptly roasted, and heavy meals were eaten—meals that brought out in the conquerors the savage mood which goes with a disordered digestion. They killed, they ate, they killed again. Indeed, by the end of the war the old generation, the fifty-nine who had landed upon the island, were reduced to twenty-three. The Tsar had lost heavily in the battle, about a third of his force, but the men of the plains had been practically wiped out. In fact, except for the fugitives on the western plains only Carl, Fatty and Arry had been spared. Both the former had been left for dead, and recovered so slowly that the victors had no time to develop new anger, and allowed them to survive in the camp. But Arry, followed by Loo, his only wife, since big Ida had died in battle; had not only survived, but acquired the favour of the Tsar.

On the second day he came with Loo out of hiding. Both were ceremoniously attired, their heads laden with flowers, their waists bound with dark girdles. They walked into the camp smiling, carrying the symbolic branches of the guava tree. At the moment the Tsar was stupefied with drink and food, and sat upon a boulder, inclined to be amiable and rather listless. So he did not interrupt or raise a weapon when these two, wise in their need to survive, came close, crawling.

"Oh, Tsar," said Arry, as he laid at the feet of the chief the branch of guava, "we are your slaves. Oh, great Tsar, son of Ankel, let us bask in the radiance of your eyes, which are brighter than the single eye of Ankel as it rises from the eastern sea. Let us love you, let us be yours, O son of Ankel, O Tsar, greater than Ankel, greater than all kings, loftier than all gods."

The Tsar smiled. There was no morsel too large for his gullet when he desired flattery.

"It is well," he said.

But Arry wanted to be sure of his safety, so he raised himself to his knees, took Loo by the hand, and brought her close:

"Oh, Tsar," he said, "this woman I lay at your feet. She has long been my companion; do me the honour to make her yours. Let

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it be said of me that she I love was also loved of the Tsarl, so that a little of your radiance may descend about my dismal brow."

The Tsarl considered with attention Loo, who was now twenty-nine, and inclined to be rather stout. She kept of her girlish beauty only dark eyes and long black hair. He was rather embarrassed, hampered by his own tradition: he was the master of all women, and so ought to become the master of this one. In fact, the prospect was not at all inflaming. He would much rather have given her back to Arry and wished him well, but royalty has its burdens. So, with a sigh, he said:

"So be it, Arry; it is well. Now go in peace." He called Arold, who stood near him, leaning upon his spear: "Take this woman to the women's house." Then, in a lower voice: "And if she goes unwilling and would escape, slay her not."

The exiles of the western plains were forgotten—that is to say, a vague search was made for Dzon and particularly for Elnor, for whom the Tsarl harboured a desire, not so much because she attracted him, as because she was the beloved of his chief enemy. But after the fighting, and especially after the orgies of victory, the soldiers were tired; they did not look forward to dull marches over half-known country; they wanted to go on with their normal life of hunting, feeding and love-making. They felt no special animosity against them, since they had taken from them all that they could enjoy. So the two expeditions, headed by Bloo and Feodor, made a vague search on the eastern and western parts of the island, pausing, however, near the waterless prairies. Like children these savages were distracted by a fruit, running water, by some animal which they might pursue. By degrees the exiles were forgotten, and it came to be assumed that they had mysteriously perished in the battle, or been snatched up by an angry Ankel.

So time passed. The Tsarl found in Home City a comfort he had not known in the hills. He still frequently visited his late camp, staying there when he went hunting; but he spent more time in Home City, leaving to Feodor and to Bloo the training of the boys in the art of hunting. There were a large number of boys in the camp, since all save two had fallen into his hands. And the boys were happy. Perhaps Ovmord, Nigoun, and the others had never quite accorded with the steady and calm life of the plains; life had been too regular for them, too uneventful, too much composed of maize-crushing and net-making. They had found life dull, and many had enjoyed the battle in which they had taken part. Having no national feeling, they had no national pride, and so did not feel that they were captives. In fact they were not, for the surviving soldiers of the Tsarl were either recent deserters to his standard, or kindly enough. So the boys and girls were allowed to live in the huts of the victors, to play with their children, to marry their daughters; within six months they amalgamated into the hill nation, and soon one could see a man such as Arold walking on the beach with his arm round the shoulders of two captive children, or racing them, teaching them to jump, as he might have with his own.

In fact, a certain softening appeared in the manners of the hill-men. Never before had they grown maize, but they were amused by a new occupation, and though at first they left this elementary agriculture to the women and the captives, by degrees they interested themselves in these operations. In fact, Arold and Feodor developed fine patches, in which they took a childish pride. Likewise, fishing was new to them, they enjoyed an occasional contest with a trapped aguja. By degrees the hills were deserted, except for hunting, and new huts were built, since Fatty and the others knew the secret of the seaweed brick. There was no fighting, and as time passed, as the youths grew up, as children were born, a new nation, comprising about a hundred people, formed about Home City, and began to live much as its predecessor had done.

But there was a difference. Though the Tsarl was not essentially ferocious, though in fact he had the rather sleepy good nature of a large dog, his appetite for flattery was so intense that he instinctively resented any popular manifestations. Thus, some weeks after the conquest a town meeting vaguely formed in front of the huts. It comprised mainly Fatty, Carl, Bertha, Gracie, and two or three more, about whom wandered some of the boys and girls. They had come together because they were accustomed to do so, and not because they had a question to discuss. Now that peace prevailed and that no longer they feared for their lives, now that the ordinary current flowed, they returned to the old practice. There was chattering.

"Gracie," said Bertha, "after eating much maize I have strange pains within."

"So have I sometimes," said Gracie. "It is a good thing to rub oneself well above the girdle."

"Is that so?" said Gracie. "I have heard said that a good charm against such pains is to bind three hairs of a peccari about one's brow as one lies down to sleep."

"Indeed?" replied her friend. "I must try this."

"Fatty," remarked Carl, "how is it we see you no more with Arold? Does she love another better?"

Fatty flushed: "What concerns me, Carl, does not concern you. Shut your mouth, and no flies will make a nest there."

"Ah, ha!" laughed Carl, "she loves you not." He called to Jna: "Hear, Una, Mord loves Fatty no more. Indeed, behold him! Only see the legs like barkless branches with knots for knees."

The islanders laughed, their ideas of humour being simple, but Fatty, to show himself a man, put an arm about the waist of Winnie, who without hesitation struck him on the cheek, so that he staggered.

"Ha!" shrieked Una, "even a woman can beat him; no wonder that Mord loves him not."

Meanwhile Phoebe was talking to a little girl.

"Child," she said, "soon I hear you will be joined to Nigoun. Be wise and you will be happy. If Nigoun says to you, Do this, and you like it, then do it. And he will praise you for your obedience. But if he says to you, Do this, and you like it not, then

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say: 'Oh, Nigoun, your will is my law.' But do it not that day. Then Nigoun will forget." Her voice took on a tone of matronly prosing: "Child, be not wasteful with the maize, even if more grows than you need. Maize cometh as a blessing and is not to be cast away. For if you cast it away and then come to want it, your tears will flow, and none shall say that you did right. But be not avaricious, and if one have no maize, and seek to borrow from you, then lend." Her voice became absolutely sanctimonious: "but do not forget that she who borrows from you must have wasted. Make her aware of her wastefulness with good and pointed words. And then shall you be exalted in your virtue. Then . . ."

"Winnie," said the child, "will you bend a branch for me until it is round? I have seen the boys causing such a branch to race upon the sands, striking it with another."

"Then," Winnie went on, "you must also have care, when you are joined with Nigoun . . ."

"And," said the child, "I am hungry. Will you pick some bananas for me? They sit too high."

So the meeting concerned itself with all that matters to humanity, the unease of the day, the pangs of despised love, while Winnie imitated Polonius. The Tsarl had from a distance watched the meeting, and after a while, made curious, descended to the open space. As he approached they grew silent, not so much because they feared him, as because the red-haired giant impressed them, because he was an event.

"Of what speak you?" he asked Winnie.

"Oh, Tsarl, I am telling this child how she shall conduct herself when she is joined with Nigoun."

"She shall conduct herself as Nigoun wishes," replied the Tsarl, "and it needs not many words to say that. And you, Fatty, why are you looking so red?"

"Oh, Tsarl, they mock me. They say that Mord loves me not."

"Then," said the Tsarl, "you should have grown red many moons ago, for I doubt she loved you ever."

There was a rumble of respectful laughter. In fact, Gracie ventured to confide to the chief the remedy for internal pains. But he lost patience:

"Words, words!" he said. "Too many words rise from this shore like the lazy flows of the sea. Go to your business, go sharpen your flints, go grow your maize and capture fish. Leave words to me, words and deeds also."

Half good-humouredly he raised his axe and, smiting with the handle, dispersed them. He stood alone, he met himself; the Tsarl was the public meeting of the island. In fact, the instinctive aversion which the Tsarl felt for the forms of democracy was to define the politics of the island, and to mould its history. Though one year and then another passed, though in the kingdom of the Tsarl peace was complete, there was an undercurrent of agitation. The people of the hills had been disciplined, and looked upon the Tsarl, Bloo, and

Feodor as creatures of another kind, creatures who knew the will of Ankel, and before whom enemies fell as does the grass before the sickle. The people of the plains—of whom more survived than of the hillmen—had never held any superstitious worship of Dzon or Sandy; even Geoff, the fighter, had seemed to them only a fighter. Their minds being simple, they found it difficult to conceive change; what was must ever be. Therefore, though they were not particularly oppressed, they chafed. The old institutions had gone; meetings were now forbidden, and so the social life of the island was impoverished. But they soon substituted the formation of close sets. Likewise, marriage by declaration, when for the first time it was attempted in presence of the Tsarl, produced from him hoots of laughter. The idea that a man and a woman should be joined to each other for life, and that none other should come between them, struck him as burlesque. When, however, he understood that this was serious, and that not even the Tsarl should enjoy his rights, he became furious, killed the boy with a blow of his axe, and took the weeping bride into his harem.

The people of the plains did not precisely resent this, because marriage had for them been only a custom. It bore no special meaning. But all the same, unknown to the Tsarl, many couples were privately joined, and though they tended to dissolve and form again, though often a bride was taken away by the Tsarl, or one of his lieutenants, a reluctant, secretive assent was all that was given.

Thus it came about, after two years, that now and then a growing boy fled with a girl beyond the hunting region into the far hills of the south. The couples fled in fear, and therefore lived isolated lives, seeking one another not. They had an instinct that any organised group would be destroyed, while a couple, with perhaps a child or two, could live peacefully on the southern shores, lost and counted as dead. Thus there came to be about the south a certain number of outlaws, not more than a dozen altogether, people fearing each other as much as they feared the Tsarl, but, all the same, a focus, a centre towards which discontent could look.

It was this, no doubt, prevented the softening of the hillmen. After the third desertion anxiety came to Bloo, for his vision of the world was one where in the name of the Tsarl he controlled a vast number of people. He brooded for a long time, and when again there was a desertion, he went to the Tsarl.

"Oh, Tsarl," he said, "the boy Eric has fled, and no doubt he has taken with him a maiden."

"Let him flee," said the Tsarl good-humouredly, for he had eaten a heavy meal. "There are many more men, and many maidens."

"Yes, O Tsarl, but others may flee, and one by one your slaves will vanish. It is not well."

"Oh," said the Tsarl, "if too many flee I will go into the hills, and they shall return, whipped with prickly branches. They shall lay at my feet the gnava branch."

"Oh, Tsarl, you speak well," said Bloo. "Your wisdom is like that of Ankel."

"Indeed it is so," said the giant, patting Bloo's shoulder. "Trouble yourself not."

"I will not, O Tsarl, I will submit myself to your strength and your wisdom. One day this expedition into the hills, of which you speak, will indeed be necessary. How wise you are. You know the thing which will happen to-morrow, and to-morrow it happens. But may I help you? May I take from your noble shoulders the burden which should not rest there? May I prepare things, so that when in your majesty you give the word you will promptly be obeyed?"

"Do what you will, Bloo," said the Tsarl. "I have said that you stand next to me, and I will not alter what I have said. I cannot, for what I have said is fixed like the stars."

Then Bloo, sufficiently authorised, organised a militia of twenty men and boys, whom he armed, whom he drilled several times a week, in whom he preserved the military tradition of unity and obedience. He could have collected more men, but he had the instinct of great military leaders, and realised that if he took into his force all who were available, his men would look upon drill as a task, while if he chose among them he would form a body to which all others would desire admission, because it was a separate body. His subtlety was rewarded, and soon his militia had a special pride. It was made complete when Bloo forbade the carrying of spears by any except members of his force. The spear became a sign of power, a sign of picking out. He gave to his men privileges such as the prior right to a cut of meat, the right to call any boy to carry their burdens. Thus, after a few weeks, the soldiers ceased to know whether they had privileges because they were soldiers, or because they were a special kind of man.

It was well for the reigning power that this small army existed, for a brooding discontent showed itself in a peculiar way. Though the Tsarl disposed of all the women, yet he had his favourites. These were generally very young, but in the course of the conquest he came across Lisa, who, apart from being rather fat, still had the lovely white and red skin, the golden hair, and the blue eyes which, many years before, had failed to conquer the dead Geoff. The Tsarl casually took her into his harem, and soon she became his favourite wife. She was not afraid of him. She had the security which some women possess in the presence of very big and terrifying men, a security rather akin to that which a keeper feels when he cleans out the den of the tiger. She flattered him, she made him drink until he was good-humoured, and then she played tricks upon him. She rumbled his red hair, plaited it into odd shapes, decorated it with ruby matrix, made him look into still water, making faces into it, so that he slapped his great thighs and laughed. He was not in love with her, but she excited and amused him as did no other woman in the camp.

Through Lisa came disturbance, for she fell ill. Fever was scarce upon the island, and, indeed, the people seldom suffered from anything except over-eating. But occasionally the night air bred in its victim a sort of malaria. For three days Lisa lay on her bed of

grass, pale, shaken by occasional fits of ague, sometimes delirious, while the Tsarl, distracted, hung about her bedside, offering her fruit, and even, pathetically, trying to persuade her to eat large pieces of roast meat. Still she did not recover, and on the third day, as if he were drawn by disarray, Zulien came into the camp.

The Tsarl did not know Zulien well, but he had heard that about him hung a special quality. He was the chosen servant of Ankel. So he called to him and said:

"See, Zulien, Lisa is sick, and I am full of grief. Oh, why is she sick?"

Zulien was not afraid of the Tsarl. He feared only Ankel, and knew that between the wrath of the Tsarl and himself the shield of Ankel would always interpose. So he said:

"O Tsarl, Ankel is angry with you, so he has sent sickness to Lisa to punish you."

"But what have I done?" wailed the Tsarl, forgetting in his distraction that Ankel could do nothing against him.

"I do not know," said Zulien. "Perhaps you do not worship enough."

"I have not, I have not," cried the Tsarl, beating his breast like a forlorn gorilla. "Many times at dawn I have failed to lie before him. I have thought that this was only for the people of the plains. We in the hills, we do not worship Ankel, and it is only since we came down to these shores that I have come to know him."

"You have sinned," said Zulien harshly, "and perhaps Lisa will be taken from you."

"Zulien, no! Is there nothing I can do to take the anger out of Ankel's heart?"

Zulien was thoughtful. Then he was tempted by the ecclesiastical nature of his soul. Fearing women, hating all that did not depend upon Ankel, he said:

"Since you have sinned against Ankel you must suffer. Let it be known among all your people that for a day and a night all must fast. Not even a drop of water must pass their lips. And all that day they must worship Ankel, beg for his mercy, atone for their indifference to him. Then perhaps the anger of Ankel will fall, and his mercy descend upon you. I have spoken."

"Yes, yes," cried the Tsarl, madly snatching any chance to save Lisa. He himself went among the people, ordering that the fast should begin at sunset.

There was no disturbance until later in the afternoon. From dawn until that time the people had collected, lying upon their faces, crying out, by the command of the Tsarl, a perpetual plaint to Ankel, confessing that they were less than the beasts of the forest, begging the mercy of Ankel, promising reform, and asking as a boon and a sign that Lisa should be spared. However, they wearied, and in the afternoon many slept upon the sand. A little later, from the fringe of the crowd, a few boys detached themselves. One or two more people joined them. In fact, Bloo discovered an hour later that these had

slunk away to the banana-patches. The fast was broken, and it horrified him that such an insult should be put upon the Tsarl. When he told the chief what had happened, half-mad the Tsarl leapt to his feet:

"Up! Up!" he shouted, "come to me, ye soldiers, come and smite those who have disobeyed." The spearmen were collected, and, the Tsarl leading them, rushed towards the ceiba trees, hunting out a few fugitives, who were killed upon the spot, while the others, by a circuitous route, rejoined the faithful in the twilight, and lay with them, shivering with fear.

Though the Tsarl was maniacal with fear that Lisa would not be spared she recovered, and after a while he forgot the insult which had been put upon his authority. However, a certain discontent sprang from the incident. In the course of the next few months a few people dared to confide that they did not see why they should have been abased, and why they should have fasted to expiate the sins of the Tsarl. Hence a few more became outlaws. Though the might of the Tsarl was still very great, he was no longer the unquestioned master of the world. He was by far the strongest power, but yet in the south and in the west a few people existed who did not recognise his sway.

A certain reinforcement, however, came to the Tsarl, without his knowing it, through the medium of Zulien, who, though dedicated to Ankel, had by degrees come out of his solitude. Though he still lived in one of the western caves, he no longer, as he had done in the past, worshipped alone at dawn. Now he mingled with the people and he led them. Though the hillmen had never been formally religious, as were the people of the plains, yet they had known Ankel, they had feared him, they had seen his monstrous shape in the moving shadow of a tree, heard his voice in the rushing of the mountain torrents. They worshipped him in their fashion, by fearing him, by crawling with whitened cheeks away from the noisy silence of the glades. In fact they were so near the beast that, like children, they always felt safer in a hole, under a close shelter of boughs, in darkness and in warmth, buried in the grass like dormice in winter. Therefore they suffered upon the beaches from the agoraphobia which had operated during their childhood. They were more afraid of the emptiness than of the woods populous with animal life. Hence they almost at once adopted the rites which the people of the plains performed at dawn.

Thus Zulien, who was now nearly thirty, thinner than he had been in youth, darker, more spiritualised, laid upon them the acquisitive eye of the man who seeks disciples. Now it was among the hillmen he stalked, denouncing things to which he could give no name, voicing a wrath that could not be appeased, foretelling an inevitable woe. And they listened. They took from the surviving people of the plains a vague haunting. They adopted, as children do when adults speak, Zulien's view of the cosmogony. In those dark brains formed an anthropomorphic Ankel. They saw him as a man, taller and greater than the Tsarl, capable of mightier blows, a man incredibly shaggy,

with jutting teeth as those of a peccari hog. They had a vision of a hairy breast, where the red hair curled, of a being who laughed like a hero of Homer, and thus made thunder; who breathed through the wind upon a banyan tree, and laid it upon the ground, a being which hung above the island like a pelican. Ankel could do all things, could know all things, and they in the silence were like the puling baby that hangs at its mother's breast.

Indeed, the power of Zulien was now greater than it had been, because the barbarians were less occupied with material things, such as the growing of maize, the making of bricks and nets; indeed, civilisation was much reduced, and the bridges had long fallen into the rivers. The hillmen preferred meat, though they enjoyed a contest with the big fishes. Indeed, little remained except the dug-out canoes, of which a dozen were moored opposite Home City. Thus their minds, released from the immediate material, turned towards the distant spiritual, and they became among the most faithful, lying upon the sand, beating their breasts, and uttering groans of pain and ecstasy as they were smitten by the converting light. From this spread an aura of reverence and anxiety, which settled about the brow of Zulien, picking him out from his fellows. They watched him walk the sands, or disappear into his cave, where none dared penetrate, staggering under the weight of his halo.

Zulien, however, had risen far above this savage conception. His vision was of a divinity of power rather than of a divinity of force. He could not attain the nobility of the peaceful gesture of Buddha, nor the half-abandoned attitude of peace of Demeter; he could not conceive a Brahma, holding in his bosom a Nirvana of peace and love, into which all human passions might dissolve. Nor could he attain to the Christian conception of mercy; his vision of Ankel was more Semitic. Ankel was the master of plagues, but he was appeasable; though he gave not love, he was capable of accepting it. Obedient to some unconscious refinement, he made no idol, but if he had, it would have been a Hindu idol with many arms and legs, the first conveying infinite power, the second infinite speed; perhaps a figure of many eyes conveying infinite knowledge. In fact, he was too lofty to need symbolism.

Naturally, the Tsarl had paid little attention to Zulien. In spite of his dislike of public meetings, he did not interfere with the worship, for one of the simple reasons which govern empires: he did not like to get up early. Since he had a habit of drinking every night, he was a heavy sleeper. He liked to lie an hour after dawn upon his bed of guinea grass, while a woman with a coconut shell of water and another of guava juice awaited the vagary of his waking thirst. Thus he was never present at the worship, for it took place too early to trouble him: such causes may well govern the religious direction of a people. However, he knew of the apostolic activities of Zulien, and did not trouble himself with him, since Zulien did not at first strive to bring him to the worship of Ankel. However, he was interested, because he was barbarous enough to feel fear.

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Sometimes he listened for a moment while Zulien spoke to a woman, and walked away, telling himself vaguely that this was strange. He was uncomfortable; there was a stirring in his soul; on the one hand, by refusing to worship Ankel he had made himself different from other men, and this troubled him; on the other hand, because he was the Tsarl, he was different from other men, and this, too, troubled him. Thus his frame of mind was well arranged for the reception of a new idea, when Zulien spoke. One day the Tsarl, who had listened to Zulien denouncing Winnie because she had declared herself sick and failed to worship, said:

"Oh, Zulien, come to me, and, Winnie, go. Zulien, you speak of Ankel. Who is he?"

"Oh, Tsarl, he is greater than all men. He is all that is great."

The Tsarl looked at him rather angrily: "Zulien, do you say that Ankel is greater than I?"

Zulien was subtle. For a long time he had lowered his vision of Ankel, proclaiming his terrors so as to hold the people. He told himself swiftly that even if the Tsarl could not understand, still it was something that he should believe. So he said:

"Oh, Tsarl, you are the son of Ankel."

"But," said the chief, "do you not say that we are all children of Ankel?"

"Yes," said Zulien, "we are. But you are his favourite son, and that is why you have power over us."

"It is well," said the Tsarl, pleased, "but how do you know that?"

"Because," said Zulien, "since Ankel has power over us all, and since we are too little for him to trouble himself with our control, then if you have power it is because he has laid his hand upon your head. Oh, Tsarl, Ankel lives in the eternal blue above your head, and you are Ankel upon earth."

"It is well," said the giant, his vanity unfolding. "Tell me more."

So Zulien began and continued for many days the special education of the Tsarl. He was akin to one of the early bishops, dealing with a Gothic conqueror, for the Tsarl was easily irritated, easily made suspicious by the suggestion that there was power greater than his. Constantly he had to be flattered. In fact, Zulien soon found it easier to enthrall him by asking him to express the will of Ankel, than by laying it down. By degrees the Tsarl was brought to worship with his people, except that he lay a little in advance of them, as Zulien put it, nearer to Ankel, because he was nearer to him.

The conversion of the Tsarl had certain political effects. Until then he had ignored the religious ceremonies, but as he took part in them interest grew in him. He could not help observing that Zulien had a peculiar power over the people. He, too, disposed of a fear, and while the Tsarl could rely upon the fear of his right arm, he was disquieted by the more immaterial fear which Zulien could exercise. He spoke about this to Bloo once.

"Oh, Bloo," said he, "the people think that Zulien is great, what say you?"

"He is great," replied Bloo, "but he is less than the Tsarl."

"Are you sure?" said the Tsarl. "Yes, they bow their heads to me, but they do not lie in the dust. Why is this?"

"Master, I do not know," replied Bloo.

"I think," said the Tsarl, with cold ferocity, "that Zulien is too great among the people. I do not like it. I think I will slay him, and I, the son of Ankel, shall lead his worship."

Bloo was thoughtful for a moment. Until then he had not faced this question. And now he knew that he was uneasy. He realised that the people loved, or at least feared, Zulien, that he had power over them. He wondered whether, if the Tsarl slew Zulien, the people would not rise against him. Here was not a case of attacking outlaws, for the soldiers were as much under the influence of Zulien as any dwellers upon the isle. Still, he, the soldier-politician, was as subtle as the theological Zulien. He, too, knew how to manage the Tsarl.

"Oh, Tsarl," said he, "do not that, for you will lose one of the highest among your servants."

"I do not need him," said the Tsarl, "and he is too high."

"Yet slay him not," said Bloo, "for think, O Tsarl; you need Zulien, because he is picked out from among the people, and yet he is less than you. The greater he is, the greater you are, because you have one who is great under you."

"You are right," said the Tsarl, after a while. Still he was uneasy.

So time passed in the still, hot peace of the tropics, a peace without history. The outlaws of the south seldom troubled the new nation, except that sometimes, coming upon lonely hunters, they took from them their quarry and their arms. The exiles of the west were half-forgotten, since Winnie and Phoebe, long parted from their husbands, had formed new links, new families and firesides. Dzon and Sandy still lived as legends here, but the contours of their faces and personalities were being effaced by time. But there occurred an incident different from any that had occurred before. On the several occasions of the flight of an outlaw a woman had invariably gone with him. These disappearances were regular in their form. Only, one night there was a disturbance in the camp, for a hut was entered; the man and woman who occupied it were clubbed into unconsciousness, and their two young daughters stolen in the night. Pursuit was organised too late, though footprints upon the sand took it towards the River of the Hills, and beyond in the direction of the burnt prairies. But what disquieted Bloo was his conversation next day with the owner of the hut:

"Bloo," said he, "I am not sure, but for a while before the axe fell upon my head I saw above my eyes the face of Tony."

"Tony?" cried Bloo. "You jest. He died long ago."

"No," said the man, shaking his head, "I think he was among those who fled. Yes, I know that a stick struck him upon the fore-

head, but an axe last night struck me upon the forehead, and see, I live. Bloo, I do not know, but Arka and Seli, I feel it, have not gone to the people of the south. Upon this island are other men, and those we thought dead perchance do live."

Bloo did not confide this fact to the Tsarl. He knew that he could not tell the truth to one so tempestuous. For a long time he had not thought of Dzon, but his body had never been found, and Elnor, too, was missing. That accorded with the vision of the smitten man. Perhaps in the west, beyond the burnt prairies, lived another nation; perhaps another power existed there. It disquieted him, for he feared any power which he did not know. Indeed, on the plea of discovering new hunting grounds, he led an expedition of his militia into the burnt prairies. After a three days' march he pushed as far as the western sea, but he missed the settlement of Dzon by some two miles, and his men, exasperated by barefoot marching upon ash and fragments of wood, refused to follow him any farther:

"You said you would go until you saw the sea. Now look at it. And now we will go home, where our wives call us, where beds are soft, and there is that which makes the world pleasant."

If Bloo's expedition had reached the settlement of Dzon he would have easily exterminated it. The people of the west had in those years lived a life of constant privation. Not only did they lack maize, but fruit was scarce and poor, the crops devastated by the western winds. Also the creek was so open to the sea that fishing was impossible in the lower reaches. Thus the exiles could net only the upper part of the creek, where few fishes penetrated. They did not dare to range very far into the southern hills, knowing that men lived there, and not aware that these were not followers of the Tsarl. Only hunger took them into the hills, on a hurried expedition of a few hours, when perhaps they killed a peccari. Also, for a long time the small settlement had been afflicted by Tony, whom the blow of the throwing-stick had left physically unharmed, but mentally affected. He was not mad, but he was given to long fits of weeping, followed by outbursts of rage, when he ran amok, shouting, and striking at trees as if they were enemies. Sandy, too, for many months remained dull and absorbed in a sort of stupefied meditation. He, also, was mentally not what he had been. Indeed, one can gauge the quality of Sandy from a scene with Elnor.

Elnor was no longer the laughing girl whom maternity had failed to age, who, until the disaster, had sported with Dzon and her children like another child. Physically, she had gained in beauty, for the hard life led against fat, that plague of the tropics, a campaign so harsh that she was more slender than she had been. She was now so slight, so fleet, burnt a pale yellow so delightful, that Dzon for a while turned from his broodings and fell in love with her as he had never done before. Now, more than ever, as the lover rather than the comforter, did he seek the shelter of her arms. And he was not alone in this, for one day she found upon the shore, looking dumbly towards the east, Sandy his face cupped upon his hands, and his cheeks running with tears.

"Oh, Sandy," she said, laying her hand upon his shoulder, "what is it? Why do you weep?" There was no answer, and the thin hand gripped the big, hard shoulder, shaking it, as if she would restore sanity. "Sandy, why do you look that way, always that way?"

After a long time Sandy replied: "Donal, Donal, *illadia*."

The large brown eyes of Elnor filled with tears, as she realised that this man was imprisoned within eternal regret, his body in the west, and his spirit in the eastern forest, where the bones of his brother had long blanched.

"Oh, Sandy," she murmured, "Sandy, it is all so long ago. And you are not *izeneer*."

"I would I were," said Sandy

"No, no," she cried passionately. She flung herself upon her knees, winding an arm about Sandy's shoulders, and bending over him so that the great mane of her golden hair fell over his brow. "Oh, Sandy," she murmured, "do not weep. Dear Sandy, do you not remember who you are, you the man who made axes, the man who made boats, the man who built houses? Sandy, remember."

"Donal, *illadia*!" murmured Sandy again.

Elnor realised with horror that nothing, not ambition, not even pride, moved in this broken man. She held him close, and it was as if she grasped a statue. Sandy had been to her as a brother, nearest of all save Dzon. In her savage breast rose a desire to sacrifice herself in some way she could not discover, so that Sandy might live again. Now to this passionate pity came the phrase which was to restore the brightest intellect the island had known.

"Sandy," she whispered, trembling under the mental effort as she would not have done when carrying a tree trunk. "Sandy, listen. Donal is *izeneer*, and one day you will be *izeneer*. Perhaps when you are both *izeneer* you will be in another place and you will see Donal again."

Now her words penetrated into the darkened mind. The tears ceased to flow, and Sandy, uttering a shout, leapt to his feet: "Yes," he cried, "yes, I see. Donal, you have gone to Ankel. Ankel has taken you. Ankel will take me. We shall be together . . . together."

With terrified eyes Elnor watched him running, as if crazed, towards the scorched prairies. She watched him recede into the distance, a maddened point. When a few minutes later she found Dzon and told him what had happened, he was distracted.

"Sandy will make himself *izeneer*. Oh, what have you done?"

Then, since savages are human, Elnor reproached him. She said that all she did he thought wrong, that there was no pleasing him, that he thought he knew better than anyone else. Dzon said she took too much upon herself, and that if she listened more and talked less damage would not follow. Elnor wept, vowing that he would not have spoken so to her years ago, before she was joined to him. She said that he thought he was Ankel himself, and she would like him to know that if she had chosen she might have joined herself to one

more mighty, to a man indeed. Dzon said that the longer he lived with her the more he wished she had. Finally, they sulked for the rest of the day, having in the most desert spot in the world conducted a domestic quarrel paralleled that day in scores of thousands of civilised homes. They had used identical terms. And the quarrel ended with a still greater identity: two days later Sandy, his limbs torn by brambles, half-starved, and bitten by insects, returned sane.

"All is well," he said to Dzon. "Now I know that when Ankel takes me I shall be with Donal. All is well. Dzon, I have been thinking: there is no seaweed here, but there is much grass. Why should a stone not be laid upon another, with a packing of grass in between?"

"You see," said Elnor triumphantly, "Sandy is what he was, and now he knows the thing which will be to-morrow. Confess that I did not so foolishly."

Dzon said the last word on the domestic quarrel, using the speech of a man: "If you had spoken to me first," said he, "and not interfered, I should have thought of it myself long ago."

However, the settlement remained small, though children were born to Ovelna and Ovtrude, and though the two girls, Arka and Seli, who had been stolen from the Tsarl by Bob and Stoie, were duly joined, Arka to Stoie, and Seli to Bob, Tony having been used in the attack only for the sake of his strength, and not seeming to desire the companionship of women. It was not until a little later that strength and opportunity were to come to the people of the west.

These reinforcements came quite accidentally, and through the preoccupations of Bloo. Disquieted by the desertions to the south, and still more disquieted by the stealing of Arka and Seli, presumably by the lost people of the west, he spoke to Zulien:

"Oh, Zulien," said he, "you are wise, and Ankel speaks into your ears. Where is Arka? Where is Seli? Who has stolen them?"

"There are many in this land, and they have gone to them."

"I know," said Bloo, "but what should we do? Should we wait until more are stolen? Should we wait until many more fail to bend their heads before the Tsarl? Oh, Zulien, I know, I know. If we do not act many and many will go, and we shall be left alone in the midst of enemies."

Zulien was thoughtful for some time. Then he raised his thin face towards the sky, and said:

"Oh, Bloo, what does it matter if many escape the Tsarl, so long as they do not escape Ankel?"

"Zulien, you dare not say that the Tsarl is less than Ankel!"

"What does it matter?" cried Zulien, transfigured, and fearless even of the name of the Tsarl. "What does matter in what you tell me is that they have escaped Ankel by escaping the Tsarl. Bloo, my mind is made up. I will go into the south. I will speak to them. I will make them bow before Ankel. I, of Ankel, will make them slaves."

"But," Bloo began. Then he paused. He was acute enough a

politician to realise suddenly that Zulien, in his apostolic fervour, might do safely and simply the work of the Tsarl. He might draw the people of the south through the worship of Ankel into the common worship headed by the Tsarl. Though Zulien might think that he brought these people to Ankel, if he did so, he would actually bring them to the Tsarl.

"Oh, Zulien," he said, "you are wise. The hand of Ankel has indeed been laid upon your brow. Go into the south, and Ankel goes with you. I bow before you, O child of Ankel!"

So the next day, at dawn, after worshipping, Zulien, refusing to carry arms, since Ankel would shield him, refusing to carry food, since Ankel would feed him, bade farewell to the worshippers, and marched into the south. As he disappeared along the beaten path that led to the old hunting camp, Bloo thought:

"Perhaps he will succeed, enthrall them to Ankel, and thus enthrall them to the Tsarl. Perhaps he will be slain. Thus I may be rid of a friend who is perhaps more dangerous than an enemy. All good things come to him who knows what will be to-morrow."

But though Bloo was astute, there are reactions in the human mind which escape savage leaders, and also diplomats. The mission of Zulien was immensely successful. It lasted nearly a fortnight, not because he had to traverse much ground, but because the outlawed settlements were separate and difficult of access. Still, when he returned to Bloo, he was captured by excitement.

"They worship," he said hoarsely. "They worship. At first they threw sticks and stones at us, but Ankel turned them away, and seeing this they lay upon their faces and worshipped me. I said: 'Do not worship Zulien, who is less before Ankel than the beasts of the forest. Worship rather him whose message Zulien brings.'"

It appeared that he had brought back to Ankel, by holding before the outlaws the fear of Ankel, the outlaws of the south. He had taught them to worship, he had instituted among them the ceremony at dawn, and now he returned in triumph, like a head-hunter, heads swinging at his belt.

"But," asked Bloo at last, "where are your faithful? Why have they not come with you?"

"They fear the wrath of the Tsarl," said Zulien. "They worship, but they say that they have long lived alone, and see not why they should live with us. What matter, Bloo? Since they worship Ankel, it matters not that they do not serve the Tsarl."

Then Bloo perceived what many politicians have perceived, namely, the tendency of ecclesiastical power to take its own line, and to recognise too little the importance of the earth. From his point of view, all that Zulien produced from the visitation was the disquieting fact that in the south he had numbered not less than eighteen men and youths, all armed, and all disinclined to range themselves once more under the Tsarl. Very soon more serious results were to follow from Zulien's mission.

The outlaws in the south had always believed in Ankel, and now,

having been drawn together by the restored ceremonies, they swiftly set aside the suspicion which until then had maintained them in a state of separation. The eloquent word of Zulien having established a community of opinion and of practice, within a few weeks the people who now collected to worship at dawn tended to separate less. Having discovered that they had nothing to fear from one another, the social spirit caused them to draw closer and closer. Thus, when in a few days Zulien came to them, he found them united. He did not realise what he was doing, but, like many a great religious leader, he was building a nation on the lines of theocracy, just as the Tsarl had built as a feudal lord, and Dzon as a leader of democrats.

In spite of the anxieties of Bloo, this state of things might have continued for a long time, because he might have hesitated to tell the Tsarl what was happening in the south until he had an opportunity to increase his army, but events were hurried by a simple fact: the road into the south was over ten miles long, and its latter half very hard, lying over trackless country. Zulien had at first delighted in the privations and fatigues entailed upon him by the congregations of the south. Passionately, when he stopped to wipe his brow or to staunch blood from a scratch, he offered up thanks to Ankel. But by degrees, as he came to know the road, as he grew accustomed to this form of sacrifice, he found more weariness and less ecstasy. It came to him that Bloo was right, that there was no reason why this people should live apart. Indeed, this separate worship of Ankel was an insult to Ankel. The outlaws should come in, join their voices to those of the city dwellers, and from their united throats at last a hymn of praise should rise. Also, in the course of his journeys, he had discovered what Home City only suspected: Dzon and Sandy were alive. Some of the outlaws had come close enough to the western settlements to perceive the glow of the fires and the movements of men and women. Zulien at first thought that these might be outlaws, but a close description was given him of a certain woman. The outlaw had lain behind a cactus bush, and seen the brown eyes, the golden hair. "By Ankel!" cried Zulien, "it is Elnor." Out of these broodings and discoveries came first an appeal to the people of the south.

"O people," said Zulien, when worship was finished that day, "now that Ankel has received your praise, and now that he loves you well, you are children of Ankel. So I say to you, take with you what is yours, your wives, your children, and your arms, and follow us."

"Where, Zulien?" asked Nigoun.

"Follow me, and join those who are also children of Ankel, those from whom I come. You shall sit with me upon those shores, and your voices shall rise with those of your brethren."

There was a pause, after which a man said: "Why should we do this? It is well with us here."

"You shall do so," replied Zulien hoarsely, "because that is my command."

The outlaws were not democrats, but they were free as wild beasts, so several laughed, and Nigoun said:

"Oh, Zulien, you ask too much. Why should we lay our heads in the dust to please the Tsarl?"

"Because it is my command," said Zulien again, "and in the name of Ankel I tell you to obey and follow me."

But they did not follow him. In fact, they refused to discuss with him anything so absurd as the abandonment of the free life and the resumption of the Tsarlian yoke. So rage rose in Zulien. He denounced them, he called down upon their heads the wrath of Ankel, he threatened them with plagues, and, at last, met by a hard obstinacy, he left them, turning as he went to utter a cry of woe, which was actually a cry of outraged vanity.

Zulien went furiously along the track which his feet had made, striking with his staff at branches, as if he smote the enemies of Ankel. And he thought:

"These things shall not be. They have blasphemed against Ankel because they have disobeyed the one upon whose head Ankel has laid his hand. But they shall be punished; the light that destroys and the axe that cleaves shall be laid upon them. Woe to them! For Ankel has taken the spear from his shoulder, and he shall place it in the hands of the Tsarl."

Still Bloo hesitated, though Zulien now sought to inflame him. He had increased the militia by ten, but these new men were untrained, bad throwers of the stick, and some time must elapse before they could be turned into soldiers. He agreed with Zulien, though for different reasons, that as soon as possible an expedition must be conducted against the south, but he wanted to win the second war as he had won the first, by making plans, by being sure, by knowing exactly what he did, and what he wanted to bring about. In other words, he sought a position where he would be attacked and could convert defence into an offensive. He had the instinct of war, and doubted whether he could hold his force if he took it into unknown country to attack people who knew every hole and every fold of the ground.

"Coward!" cried Zulien, "Coward! Is it nothing to you that these slander Ankel? Is it nothing to you that they spit upon the name of the Tsarl? Bloo, you think yourself a great soldier, and yet on the southern shore some do not know your name, and some deride it. Soldier? Are you not rather one of those figures of dry grass, with a stick upon his shoulder, that the children build upon the beach and throw stones at? A dry grass soldier! Let me touch you with a burning brand and see you vanish into smoke!"

Bloo flushed, but he was calm: "Zulien," he said, harshly, "content yourself with Ankel, whom you know well, but leave soldiering to me. I will strike when the time is ripe?"

But Zulien found that in his vanity festered a new wound, made by the refusal of the south. Now he could think of nothing else. He felt that he had not been terrible enough, eloquent enough, that if indeed he were worthy to carry the word of Ankel he would have prevailed. And he could not bear to think that in the south they thought him small, a man . . . well, like Bloo, made of dry grass for the children to throw stones at. Since Bloo would not avenge him at once, then

he would go to the Tsarl. Yes, he would go to the Tsarl, the son of Ankel, and he would enflame him, though he had not enflamed the outlaws.

He found the Tsarl after the hour of worship upon a bed of guinea grass, sheltered from the sun by a reef of boughs, while four girls, seated about him, stirred the hot air with palm leaves, and two others, kneeling on either side of the sleeping giant, held in their hands the filled coconut shells. Against the blackness of the forest the white figures were outlined like statuary, and a hot, dank smell of earth, water, and heaped rotting vegetation rose like an aphrodisiac. In the distance some youths, trained in the use of the rude lyre, played a mournful tune of two notes, to invest with peace the dreams of the master.

"O Tsarl," said Zulien, kneeling by the couch, "may your servant speak?"

"No," said the Tsarl, sleepily. "I am weary."

"O Tsarl, I must speak. There are things which you should know, things which touch upon your power."

"Then tell them later," grumbled the Tsarl. "My power will wait until I am less weary."

There was a pause, and Zulien looked about him, at the white, silent girls, monotonously swinging the palm leaves. He could not bear this comfort and this peace, which contrasted with his own disquiet.

"Tsarl," he said, hoarsely, "I have been among the people of the south. They are many. They live there with many wives whom they have stolen from you. Yesterday I was among them, and they said: 'Talk not to us about the Tsarl. We know him not. Or if we do, we care not whether he lives or dies, for to us the Tsarl is less than the rat.'"

"Did they say all this?" murmured the Tsarl. "I must chastise them."

"Yes, O Tsarl, yes," cried Zulien. "To arms! and chastise them now!"

"If they said this yesterday," said the Tsarl, sinking towards sleep, "and have stayed unpunished until now, then can they stay unpunished till sunset."

He was going to sleep, ignobly to sleep, while Zulien vainly sought to bind a spell. Had he been Bloo, he would patiently have sat by the master's bedside, waiting for a politic moment, but Zulien was not a materialistic general. He was acting for Ankel as much as for himself. So he told himself to remain worthy of Ankel; he could not allow the Tsarl to rest. But how excite him? What magic word find to destroy his sloth? Then an idea came to him, one of those profound ideas which men such as Zulien have always known, ideas which can stir men:

"O Tsarl," he murmured, near the giant's ear, "Elnor lives."

"What do you say?" said the Tsarl. "Elnor?"

"Yes, O Tsarl. Elnor lives among the people of the south."

He knew that Elnor was not one of the outlaws. She was perhaps

only a legend, but Zulien had no reason to tell the truth. What was the truth? All that mattered in that exalted minute was that the Tsarl should take arms against the infidel, and bring him within the fold. Thus Zulien would have done his duty to Ankel, lie at his feet, abased, meek, less than the beasts of the forest. He, Zulien, would crawl upon his belly like a snake, be little more than the mud-laden rivulets that flow after the storm. But he would have served Ankel, he would walk under a halo of radiance, his shoulders mantled with stars. At that moment he trod a cloud, exquisitely humble and madly arrogant.

"Elnor?" said the Tsarl, opening his eyes. "I thought she was *iseneer*."

"No, Tsarl. She is not *iseneer*, and she mocks you."

"Mocks me?" said the Tsarl ferociously. "Does she, indeed? I knew that maiden once. She has lain in my arms, and she denied me. Well, I am weary."

"Tsarl! Tsarl!" cried Zulien, gripping his shoulder, as the giant escaped him, "do not sleep, but think of Elnor, think of Elnor, who denied you; you carried her in your arms once, and she fought with you. O Tsarl! she struck you in the face, and clawed the mouth that would kiss hers. Have you forgotten? You, the Tsarl, master of all men and master of all women, were defied by one weak girl. Do you remember?" he asked in an ironical, snarling tone.

"Yes, I remember," said the Tsarl, in a deepening voice.

"Yes, she escaped you," said Zulien. "Perhaps you had not the strength of the brute to hold her. Perhaps her people were too many and you were too weak. Are you going all through your life, O Tsarl, knowing that there is one woman upon this island who has not fallen under your sway? Are you going to be a thing so poor as to be resisted by one weak woman? Shame! O Tsarl, shame! For when you draw near a woman again she will say to you: 'How come you near me, O Tsarl, who have allowed Elnor to stay unconquered so many moons and so many moons more?' And the red will come to your cheeks, O Tsarl! when she laughs at you—laughs as Elnor laughs among the people of the south, while you are too lazy, or too fearful, to teach her your power."

The Tsarl did not reply, but looked up towards him with sleepy ferocity. Vanity always worked upon him, but Zulien felt that something more precise than wounded pride would alone bring him to action. The words came naturally to his mind: "Tsarl, think of Elnor, and let her haunt your dreams, because she is fair, fairest among the daughters of men, and think how good it would be if she were yours. Think of Elnor, O Tsarl! as she walks upon the bright hot sand, upon feet small and touched with rose as the sky at sunrise. She walks upon the bright hot sand, straight as a spear, and the sand is not whiter than she. See her move, as upon running water the negligent bough moves, delicate as the flying fish over the wave, graceful as the paloma in its flight. Think of Elnor, O Tsarl! She might laugh for you. See her limbs that are like white young saplings before the hard bark has grown. She is fair, she is fair, and upon her head a mantle,

radiant as that which Ankel throws across the sky when his eye sinks into the waters, lies, and might blind your eyes. What shall become of her, O Tsarl? Shall her radiance go to waste in the arms of Dzon? in the arms of your enemy? Ah, think of her, Tsarl! Would it not be good to enclose within one arm that fair, bending shape? Oh, would it not be good to press kisses upon lips red as the red stone of which she makes her belt? Ah, would it not be good if those deep brown eyes, where laughter plays with tears, were to close under your kiss? Think of Elnor, O Tsarl! think of her in the arms of Dzon and remote from yours."

"By Ankel!" shouted the Tsarl, leaping to his feet and seizing his axe. "This shall not be. Elnor, I had forgotten her. By Ankel, she shall be mine! Bloo. Where is Bloo? Here, you maidens, find Bloo, and bring him to me, and if you tarry you shall be scourged with prickly branches!"

Zulien bent his head, his eyes half-closed: "O Tsarl," said he "in the name of Ankel I tell you that you are doing right."

(To be continued.)

AN EXPLANATION.

My attention has been drawn to the fact that Mr. Harvey's article in the August number of the *Review* has been misunderstood by some of our readers, particularly the reference (page 216) to Stainer Hutchins and others. What he meant to convey was—because the Government have not given financial help to Stainer Hutchins and others, years of progress have been lost.—EDITOR, "F.R."

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THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

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THE GREAT POWERS IN EUROPE

By "AUGUR"

A NATION which stands up for itself is a Power. As long as a nation has strength and moral authority sufficient to exercise a lasting influence over international affairs it is a Great Power. The existence and allotment of the permanent seats on the Council of the League of Nations prove the predominant share of the Great Powers in the direction of the affairs of the world. This predominance is particularly evident in Europe, where States are tightly pressed into one agglomerated mass.

Russia stands sundered by the Bolshevik upheaval from the Europe we knew before the war. Wherever the line of demarcation between the geographical continents may be, the limit of Europe as a political entity marches now with the Western border of the Union of Soviet Republics. Political Europe includes States which, though at times they treat each other as enemies, yet are united by a sense of geographical nearness, of racial identity, and of the need of an united front against the rest of the world. The list of the holders of permanent seats on the Council of the League supplies the names of the States; which are the Great Powers in Europe. They are: Great Britain, France, Germany, and Italy. The interplay of interests between these four States decides the fate of the continent. Other States may have to say a word in the matter, too. One day it may be Czechoslovakia with her friends of the Little Entente; another time it may be Spain or one of the Balkan States. But in the definition we gave of a Great Power we included deliberately the word "lasting" to describe authority in international relations. The fact that for a temporary reason a State acquires passing importance does not make it a candidate for the higher dignity. Strictly speaking, States should be given marks

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there was only a useful conversation on current political issues. Nevertheless, the work of pacification is proceeding. How far it has gone can be seen from the following incident: About the end of September the French Government became aware that officers of the Reichswehr were being supplied with a manual which contained the following offensive clause: officers were reminded that, as heirs to the glory of the old Imperial Army, they were to consider their principal duty to work for the return of the provinces lost by the Treaty of Versailles. Among these provinces Alsace-Lorraine was especially mentioned. The manual was not a secret one: it was openly sold by the booksellers. We remember the time when such a publication would have unchained a fearful scandal. In the years after the war French reinforcements have been hurried to the Rhine for less. Naturally, M. Poincaré and his colleagues could not let the incident pass quite unchallenged. All the more because it was discovered that the manual had been published in 1926, *i.e.*, after the signature of the Locarno Treaties. M. Briand was obliged to take steps in Berlin. But, instead of an ultimatum, a demand couched in courteous language was transmitted to Herr Stresemann, who hastened to reply in the name of his Government—here again we see a sign of the times—that the manual had been published without official consent, that it would be withdrawn, and that in future no such publication would be tolerated. The French Government took notice of this conciliatory statement and declared itself satisfied. That there has been resistance in Reichswehr circles to the recall of the manual proves only that the German Republic has many difficulties to overcome, but does not change the patent fact of a welcome improvement in Franco-German relations. In a previous article (*THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*, November, 1926: "Franco-German Settlement") we explained succinctly the reasons of the favourable attitude of Great Britain towards this rapprochement. Nothing can happen to make these reasons invalid in the near future.

The elementary crystals of the Franco-British, Franco-

German and German-British combinations are showing a tendency to form a Franco-German-British cluster. This augurs well for the stabilisation of affairs on the Eastern border of Europe. We recollect that in 1921, when discussing in Berlin with the then Permanent Secretary of State, Baron von Maltzahn, the political situation, we expressed the view that the key to the final settlement of Europe to the North of the Alps would be found to lie in the solution of the problem of the Eastern borders of Germany. Rarely has a question occasioned more bitterness than this problem. Yet if anything can facilitate the healing of the festering sore it is agreement between the three Great Powers to avoid forceful solutions. So logical is this arrangement that people who came to curse it go away blessing it. Witness the Imperial Conference, the members of which, or at least some of them, came to London without any love for the Locarno Treaties. When the position had been explained they gave their approval to the foreign policy of the Mother Country.

The position of Italy in Europe has been described already (*FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*, August, 1926: "Germany and Italy at Geneva"). We see its difficulties caused not only by the problem of the excess of population, but also by the exuberance of the national temperament, which leads to the distortion and the exaggeration of any policy. British statesmanship is trying to bring about an improvement in Franco-Italian relations. To say this now, when these relations are stormy, may make people smile. When high Italian police officials are caught in France fomenting plots and counterplots, when mobs attack French Consulates in Italy, the moment seems hardly propitious to speak of a rapprochement. But Mussolini was right when at his last meeting with Sir Austen Chamberlain at Leghorn he explained that at bottom his attitude towards France was friendly. Characteristically, he complained of the attitude of the officials on both sides, who in their traditional phobia paralyse the best intentions of the political chiefs. People are accustomed to repeat parrot-like the "great" truth that France and Italy, the sister nations, can never agree. This is another example

according to their power and achievements in all branches of social relations and work. Those with the best aggregate of marks would be the Great Powers. In this sense a beginning has been made at Geneva in the organisation of the International Labour Bureau (*THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*, May, 1926: "After Geneva"). Meanwhile we must be content with the application of the rule of thumb, which does not work out so badly, assisted as it is by the curious capacity of the masses of distinguishing by instinct between real and fictitious greatness.

Each national State in Europe has its foreign policy. To understand the position it is necessary to speak first of the policy of Europe as a whole. That such a policy exists we do not doubt. It is largely subconscious, we agree; nevertheless, it is a real thing. It can be summed up in the following sentence: the tendency of Europe is towards political co-operation and economic unity. The League of Nations by its existence as a chiefly European enterprise proves the desire for political co-operation. The irresistible trend towards trusts in the principal branches of production is an indication of the truth of the second part of the formula. To the initiative we owe also to the considerable success which has accompanied the steps taken towards the co-ordination of monetary systems. Britain with France, Britain with Germany, Britain with Italy, and now France with Germany are elementary combinations which are destined to accomplish multiple unity in Europe. The object is evidently to create an united front: united politically—to withstand the attack of foreign elements from outside, united in the economic plane—to protect Europe from being enslaved by foreign capital. This policy of Europe in its application is retarded by the lack of unity of command, as well as by the weakness of constructive statesmanship among the leaders. Leadership in Europe belongs to the four Great Powers we have named, but they dally by the way and neglect their task, whilst they play with petty jealousies and antiquated notions. Yet among the peoples of Europe the sense of racial and economic solidarity is stronger now than it was between Englishmen and Scotchmen in the time of the Stuart kings.

The share of the British nation in the work of European consolidation is important. Officially we went into the war because Germany had infringed the neutrality of Belgium, but below the surface lay the deeper motive: the conviction of the need to hit at Germany because she was not playing the game of continental unity, because she was destroying the harmony of the concert of Europe. In the columns of this *REVIEW* we have explained the reasons which govern British policy. But practical reasons do not exclude the presence of a motive of a higher moral order. Since the war British statesmen and diplomats have worked unceasingly for the protection of what they considered to be the vital interests of their country. It was fortunate for Europe that these interests coincided in a singular fashion with the principles of the policy of European unity. That British policy has been lifted above national interests is proved by the fact that our Secretaries of State for Foreign Affairs have repeatedly laid themselves open to attacks at home for not pursuing a purely British policy. There have been blunders. Progress has been impeded and compromised by the love for secrecy which neither statesmen nor diplomats seem able to escape. Nevertheless, British efforts have been crowned with marvellous success. Witness the Treaties of Locarno, which are a great step towards peaceful settlement in Europe. If British diplomacy succeeds in establishing in the Mediterranean the same premises of solid peace which it has helped to create on the Rhine a historical work will have been achieved.

We are now assisting at the growth of the seed of improved relations between France and Germany, which British diplomacy has helped to plant and is now protecting against dangers which still menace it. The spirit of Locarno marches on in spite of whisperings, insinuations, and also in spite, let us say it, of the clumsiness of the principal partners. M. Briand and Herr Stresemann are guilty of gross mishandling of public opinion after their meeting at Thoiry. They never should have allowed the blowing of trumpets and beating of drums by the Press, which led people to believe in a miracle, whilst

of the preconceived notions which clog the progress of political thought. The answer is that if before the war French diplomacy was able to wean Italy away from the alliance with Germany and Austro-Hungary—with the assistance of pressure from the British Fleet, we must confess—it should be possible to accomplish a similar rapprochement now, all the more because this time it is not directed against any other Power.

It is a good thing that Europe is moving toward unity, for there is a danger in its path. We mean the active hate of the rulers of the Union of Soviet Republics. These men have had to surrender their original plan of overrunning Europe with a Red army, and of destroying the hated capitalist system by the methods of the Tche-Ka. Themselves they have capitulated before capital, and tolerated its return under the shadow of the Scythe and Hammer. But the fact of their being forced to ape the Europeans has not diminished their hatred. The attack upon Europe continues, only with subtler means. As Great Britain is the leader among the Great Powers of Europe the attack is directed against her. This year brought us the general and the coal strikes, and the men in Moscow have engineered and assisted both movements. The attack against British trade in China has gone on unabated, if under different forms than the original boycott. When Sir Austen Chamberlain received M. Krassin, the Soviet Chargé d'Affaires, he told him that there was not a single British agent in the East who did not report facts about the anti-British activities of the Soviet Government. The millions of pounds which this country has lost through the coal strike and through the Chinese boycott the men in Moscow are writing on the credit side of their campaign against Great Britain. They say that through Great Britain they are striking at the roots of capitalism in Europe. The united front of the latter is the answer to such menaces.

THE NEW ALIGNMENT OF PARTIES

By "CURIO"

IN a sense nothing seems to have happened politically since the general strike in May. The country and Parliament have been almost exclusively occupied with the coal strike, which would appear to be a matter not of politics, but of industrial economics. Yet, in fact, this opinion would be quite erroneous. Very significant and subtle changes have gradually come over the positions of all parties, until a definite new alignment which will be seen to be quite different from that which existed in April of this year has taken place. And this fact will remain true whether the coal strike has been settled by agreement or whether it is still petering out at the time these words are read.

Let us take the case of the Conservative Party and test its attitude first of all by the coal strike. It will be seen that in spite of some spasmodic efforts of Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Churchill in the opposite sense Toryism has been steadily moving towards the Right and become stiffer every week in the support it has given the owners.

The Government's original position was that of offering to accept and enforce the Report of the Coal Commission *in toto*. This would have entailed on the men (in all human probability) no sacrifice except a temporary lowering of wages settled on a national basis of negotiation. Shortly after this the Government excepted the clauses in the Report providing for the extinction of royalties. This was, of course, the death-blow to the Report—since, if even the Government was going to begin to pick and choose among its recommendations, it would be hopeless to expect the other two parties to agree not to do the same. The miners would throw over the Report on wages, and the owners on hours. And this is exactly what happened. Does anyone doubt that the royalties decision was taken under the influence of the reactionary elements in Toryism?

The offer to enforce the Report (minus royalties) was then withdrawn in its turn by Ministers. What might be described as the "Cabinet's next step" was the introduction of the Eight Hours Bill—a potent aid in strike-breaking to the owners and a dire menace to the Miners' Federation. After this Bill had acted pretty effectively in beginning to get the miners in the Midlands back to work, Ministers made the next move in September. This was the Churchill offer. It consisted in a compromise between the idea of district agreements and of a national agreement sufficiently important to have kept the Miners' Federation alive, nominally at least, as a negotiating body. The mineowners replied by simply breaking up their Association and refusing to negotiate at all except by districts. Mr. Churchill used very high language to them, in the absence of the Prime Minister at Aix, suggesting that when the Eight Hours Act was passed there was no hint given the Cabinet of a subsequent refusal to negotiate on a national basis, and threatening to use Government measures to bring them into line. Then came another sign (1) of the confusing lack of central direction which marks this Ministry, and (2) of the strength of the reactionary forces in it.

For when the Prime Minister came back from his holiday it appeared that the Cabinet had never been really prepared to proceed on Churchillian lines. All that was now offered the miners was a national arbitration tribunal, apparently with compulsory powers to review district settlements whenever a longer working day was part of the new terms of settlement—or, alternatively (for no one seemed quite to know which), in all district settlements. The principle of compulsory arbitration was equally offensive both to the masters and the men. Under the new proposals the utility of the Miners' Federation practically vanished. No one would look at the offer, and it was promptly withdrawn, leaving the two parties to fight it out *à outrance*—but with the owners armed by the Ministry with the Eight Hours Act. The amazing folly of Mr. Cook and Mr. Herbert Smith in not grasping hastily at each successive and diminishing offer, instead of watching

Ministers burning the Sibylline books one by one, is too obvious for comment. But I am not attempting to discuss the rights and wrongs of the industrial case. All I am concerned to point out is that the Government have from the very outset moved away, not steadily but in a series of wild backward and forward jerks, from the conception of forcing the owners to accept anything except ordeal by battle. As a consequence every offer to the miners was less advantageous than its predecessor. The Tories who wanted a fight to a finish which would break the Federation kept continually gaining more control over the Cabinet at the expense of those Ministers who wished to see the strike settled by consent. Among these I number the Premier, Mr. Churchill—simultaneously coquetting, by one of those freaks of judgment which make him unique, with the die-hards—and Sir A. D. Steel-Maitland. At the end of the first week of November the mediating Ministers made another great effort to secure control—helped by the T.U.C., which seemed at last to have persuaded the miners of the obvious fact that they were hopelessly beaten. Instantly Lord Birkenhead rushed out on Saturday, November 6th, with a public speech to the effect that Government interference was out of the question. He could fortify himself with the fact that the Premier had said almost exactly the same thing two days before in a letter to a Tory candidate. Yet immediately after the letter, and well before the speech, Mr. Churchill was busily engaged in "interfering" in the strike in the hope of bringing the two parties together—and as I write the issue still hangs in the balance. But what a direction of policy! There is in the Cabinet no semblance of discipline and no trace of unity of purpose.

The last offer of Mr. Churchill and Mr. Baldwin, who seem once more to have recovered command of the Cabinet, reduces the powers of the Tribunal to next to nothing—and the owners are saying quite openly that they can side-step its authority. The miners, in despair, seem inclined to accept any protection for a national standard. Whichever way they decide it will make little difference now. The strike is broken. While it is impossible

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to say that there has been any vital dissension in the Cabinet on the coal strike issue, it is none the less true that the extreme Right of Toryism has always been able to defeat the other side in the long run, and may be regarded as in effective charge of the whole party. Mr. Baldwin, as a Tory-Democrat, is really a prisoner in his own camp. If he seeks to liberate himself by substituting his old secretary, Mr. J. C. C. Davidson, for Colonel F. S. Jackson he will find the change makes little difference. Mr. Davidson is essentially a die-hard, and he will, of course, be the slave of the machine, as anyone else in his position must be. The new alignment of Toryism is definitely on die-hard lines.

The view that the Extreme Right of Toryism is in command is reinforced by the movements of Tory mentality in the political as distinct from the industrial sphere. In April last "Peace in our time" was still the Conservative watchword—and Mr. Baldwin was holding out stoutly in his Tory-Democratic fortalice against those who would amend the Trades Disputes Act (1906) and abolish the Political Levy Act (1913). He was able at that time to enforce his will on his followers and prevent Toryism from being committed to a war to the knife against Trade Unionism. And in this he was almost certainly wise. But the general strike weakened the Premier's position in this matter well nigh fatally. The episode had awakened passions which could not be controlled. Heavy as were the financial penalties laid on the Trade Unions who had taken part in this foolish and discreditable adventure, the Conservatives are not satisfied that the punishment has been sufficient. The majority in the Commons has been savaged by the general strike, and is anxious to use its existing powers to prevent the repetition of another attempt and to hamstring the finance of the Socialist Party. Mr. Baldwin has side-stepped this demand several times, and did so again at Scarborough. But he cannot continue this policy of evasion much longer. For the majority of his own Cabinet are undoubtedly in favour of drastic legislation. The Premier stands almost alone in his perception that the future of Conservatism depends on the assistance

of liberally minded men who do not want the class war, and who detest the die-hards because their unchecked folly must in time present the country with a rabid and dangerous Socialist Ministry.

But what can Mr. Baldwin do? The public speeches of the Home Secretary, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Secretary of State for India are nothing but a series of appeals to the Right against the Premier. In intellect Mr. Baldwin is outclassed by too many of his colleagues to be able to keep control of the helm. But it is certainly a queer sight to find such a trio competing for the smiles of the die-hards. Here "Jix" is no doubt in his natural element. As to the other two, the most violent language in the polite politics of the last eight years has been directed by die-hards and the die-hard Press against Mr. Churchill and Lord Birkenhead. Is the Irish Settlement Treaty to be buried in the pits? And then, Mr. Churchill is not a die-hard on the coal strike. Really it is all very confusing, and the irony of the situation is enhanced by the fact that Mr. Baldwin was a die-hard in 1922 and the die-hard nominee for the leadership on Mr. Bonar Law's retirement in 1923. In the interval he has become a statesman, and it is lucky for him that the chief die-hard organ is for some reason or another temporarily silenced in dealing with the Conservative leadership.

Mr. Baldwin has been weakened in his dealings with the situation by the fact that he has had an unexpectedly bad Conservative Press. The folly of the general strikers in savaging Fleet Street as the opening move in their campaign is now coming home to roost. The working journalist of every type who would think himself lucky with a seven-hour or eight-hour day intensely resented the kind of treatment he was exposed to last May. The journalists, in face of violence and abuse, are turning anti-Labour in a body. We see, in consequence, moderate and independent Conservative organs urging the necessity of drastic anti-Trade Union legislation.

As to the political wisdom of an extreme policy in this matter let the Conservative politicians decide. My own

instinctive belief is that they are running the risk of the kind of reaction produced by the Taff Vale decision at the General Election of 1906. On the other hand, it may be argued that Toryism has already shown its hand, and has nothing further to lose. Better advance boldly rather than make a half-hearted retreat. And as far as the Political Levy Act is concerned there is a good deal to be said for this policy. The Act is in itself inequitable, and to repeal it would be an attack not on Trade Unionism, but on Socialist Trade Unionism—a very different thing.

The Liberal Party has also found a new orientation with the events which led to the retirement of Lord Oxford and Mr. Lloyd George's recovery of a practically complete control of the Liberals in the Commons and the country. After the general strike in May the Whigs made one desperate kick to rid the party of the Radical leader. They made the profound error of supposing that because Mr. Lloyd George was wrong in his facts by imagining that the strike would have some form of success, he was also mistaken in interpreting Radical sentiment on the matter. Lord Oxford and his associates did not realise that the average Radical agreed with the Archbishop of Canterbury and other timorous or zealous souls who thought the general strike should be settled by concession and agreement and not by a clear demonstration that Trade Unionism had not the power to bully the community. Fully wrapped in this mantle of misconception they thought it an excellent opportunity, when the strike was over, to sand-bag Mr. Lloyd George and throw him and his campaign fund together out of the Liberal fold. Alas, the Liberal Shadow Cabinet might well exclaim: "What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue!" For the end of the whole miserable business is that Lord Oxford has gone instead of Mr. Lloyd George.

Sir Godfrey Collins has disappeared and a Lloyd Georgite chief whip reigns in his stead, and the Shadow Cabinet is in effect dissolved.

Lord Oxford may congratulate himself on his retirement that he has not done so badly out of political life. He has had thirteen years of office since 1892. For

eight of these he was Prime Minister. He has been the leader of his party for eighteen years. Few of his contemporaries could boast such a record. Bonar Law held office in the aggregate for only a little over six years—and led his party for less than twelve. Lloyd George, though he held continuous office for sixteen years, was Prime Minister for only six and never really led a party at all. Lord Balfour, when he went out of politics, apparently for ever, in 1911, had only nine years of leadership and ten years of office to his credit. It is true that he has amassed a few extra runs in his second war and post-war innings—but he has never been leader since. Lord Oxford owes most of his honours to the generosity of his Tory opponents, whom he treated roughly in his days of power. Apparently some people like being kicked. The author of the Parliament Act and the Political Levy Act has been presented by the Tories (1) with a safe seat in Paisley until a local Conservative revolt turned him out; (2) with the Garter; and (3) with the ancient Earldom of Oxford. The retiring leader owes all his later benefits not to his friends but to his opponents.

Mr. Lloyd George, at any rate, is now free from an incubus. He is seeking, and most of his party with him, a new alignment with the Socialists. And Mr. Lloyd George, in spite of furious denials from the Labour benches, is making pretty good progress in this direction.

As the Tory Party has moved to the Right, so Liberalism has moved to the Left, in an expectation of forming a junction with the Socialists when the crisis comes. The few surviving Whigs are left suspended in mid air, save when one or another falls with a heavy thud into the Conservative camp.

As to the Labour Party, or Socialists, time has answered some of the questions I asked in my article of last June. The general strike has *not* involved the Socialists in any general unpopularity with the bulk of the electorate, who obviously regard it as a freak move which will not be repeated. This is proved by the rise in the Labour vote, both at by-elections and at the municipal elections. On the other hand, the extremists in the party, political and

industrial, have received a severe set-back, and the moderates in both spheres are regaining charge. The end of the coal strike will witness the retirement of Mr. H. Smith, and should put a term to Mr. Cook's mischievous activities. The two last of the extremists would thus vanish.

Such a development is inevitable, because "direct action," as advocated by the Left Wing group of Labour, has failed dismally. A few wild men still argue that the general strike was a success, only it was called off—you cannot explain exactly why, but probably owing to treachery. So quite reasonable Germans used to tell me in 1919 that they had an undefeated army which had been ruined by civilian defection, though German generals had been shooting that army in batches for desertion long before the Armistice.

But the terrific loss of funds has brought home the folly of the general strike to trade unionists, and made them pay a reluctant respect to men like Mr. J. H. Thomas. All the great unions in the country will require years of industrial peace to build up again their depleted reserves. In fact, the crisis is over, and society has won the industrial battle.

The Conservatives will have to fight all the harder not to lose the political war, for, as I predicted in the summer, the Socialists, checked on one front, are throwing all their energy into the other. They look to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Snowden to make good the folly of the Cooks and the other gentry whom the jealous resolution of 1923-4 not to allow members of the Socialist Government to remain trade union officials thrust into a brief and disastrous power in the unions. If Mr. MacDonald is ever Premier again he will be well advised to get this precedent reversed, otherwise he will be engaged in a prompt conflict between his Cabinet and the T.U.C.

Mr. MacDonald was fortunate in not being allowed to have much to do with the conduct of the general strike, for he can free himself of blame. The moderate voter, hopeless of Liberalism and tired of the rule of the Tory extremists, may yet turn in his direction. If such a voter

thought the Socialist leader strong enough to resist "Socialism in our time" he might even put him in office in 1928. The extremist, too, must be realising that he could do nothing with "direct action" unless a Socialist Government weak enough to betray the State was in power. And it may be noticed that Mr. Wheatley has stopped flouting Mr. MacDonald openly and putting himself up as a potential rival for the leadership.

All these factors, and the usual decline in the vote cast for a Ministry which has been two years in office, would make a Socialist victory at the polls not unlikely in 1928 if they were the only ones to be considered. Of course they are not. The record of the last Socialist Government left a bad taste in the mouth. Ministers behaved with propriety and judgment in the conduct of their offices. But behind them, threatening and pushing them, there appeared the shadow of a sort of Jacobin club in the House of Commons, a body deflecting policy without assuming responsibility. Hence the attempt to stretch the law in the Campbell case, which brought down the Ministry and made an end of Sir Patrick Hastings' political career. If the Conservatives can rouse any such suspicion of Mr. MacDonald's independence at the next General Election, any wave comparable to that aroused by the Zinovieff letter, they could expect to remain in office, even though with a reduced majority. It all depends on whether Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Snowden can persuade the electorate that they have their wild men beaten and are masters in their own house. The nation would probably be quite ready in two years for a Radical policy of reform, but not for an outbreak of Socialist spoliation.

How are the Moderate Socialist leaders to give the country any such guarantee? They can do it in one way at least. They can enter into a pre-election compact with the new Radical party led by Mr. Lloyd George. If the Liberal ex-Premier were to become Chancellor of the Exchequer or Minister of Health designate in the potential Socialist Government the country would have a substantial pledge that there would be no Socialism in our time. Furthermore, such an alliance, if it made a reason-

able provision for straight fights against the Tories, might just make the difference between a minority and a working majority. This is the obvious course for the two oppositions to pursue. Whether they will take it or not is another matter. I cannot contemplate another Socialist Premier taking office in a minority and carrying on with Mr. Lloyd George waiting on his flank, ready to destroy him at any moment.

Anyhow, the electoral position is clear enough. The alancing power is in the hands of the classes who have small private investments. They will only vote for a socialist party which has some very strong steadying influence in its ranks. A purely wage-earning industrial class majority cannot be attained in this country; and the Socialists will stay out of office until they realise this. The big men in the Labour Party know this well enough. The issue will depend on whether they have the moral strength to enforce the policy and its consequences on the small men. Cromwell realised that England could be governed only under the forms of monarchy, but he could not persuade a republican army of this truth: hence the Restoration. But Mr. MacDonald must at least make a desperate effort to teach his followers sense if the Premiership is to come again in his time.

In the meantime the Whigs are rapidly deserting their sinking ship and coming over to Toryism by units. They bring money, some brains, but few votes. Joseph Chamberlain, the Radical, brought in Birmingham and a great caucus in 1886. Sir Alfred Mond cannot even bring along a division of Swansea. He comes as a suppliant rather than as an ally. The worst of it is that whenever the Whigs desert to Toryism—as they did between 1868 and 1886—Toryism hardens in its anti-social and anti-democratic tendencies. It does so because the Whigs are far more theoretical and less human than the Tories. The Whigs believe in Free Trade because it can be demonstrated as logically correct over two-thirds of the field of discussion. They ignore the other third, which is probably more important from the point of view of the State than the bulk of the argument which belongs to the Free

Trader. They look on things coldly and change sides when their interest is threatened. The Tory, on the other hand, will run a great estate even if he makes 1 per cent. profit on it, or no profit and a bare subsistence. He does so because he loves the people on the estate as intimate acquaintances and is prepared to make great personal sacrifices for them. Mr. Baldwin belongs to this fine type of Toryism. But he is being overborne in the struggle by the "hard-faced" men who are his associates. He does not possess a sufficient intellectual dominance to overawe those who have keener intellects and harder hearts.

It is in this fact that the real danger of Toryism at the next General Election lies. The party management has slipped out of any central control. Ministers make speeches in the country according to the whim or interest of the moment, and the Prime Minister and the Cabinet are ignored. A Liberal-Toryism would collect a vast number of votes which are withheld from Liberalism in sheer despair. A hard-grained Toryism might at least break its opponents by abolishing the Political Levy, by re-entrenching the House of Lords behind the Prerogative which the Parliament Act destroyed both in the realm of finance and legislation. Such a policy would require a certain amount of cold courage; but it would be respectable because it was intelligible and logical. As it is, the Tory management is slipping down to destruction between two stools. It does not know whether it wants a hard war—or peace in our time.

THE AMERICAN POLITICAL COMPLEX

BY J. D. WHELPLEY

ON November 2nd an unusually small percentage of the qualified voters of the United States went to the polls and registered a more or less apathetic opinion as to the merits of the various candidates for office. The entire membership of the House of Representatives, one-third of the members of the Senate, and many State and local officials were to be elected. The result of this election was that the Republican Party, now in power, retained a practical though reduced working majority in the House, and retained, by the narrowest possible margin, the power to organise the Senate again on lines favourable to the continued domination of the party in Senate affairs. Owing to the narrowness of this margin of power retained by the Republicans, however, they will be unable to drive any legislative programme through the next or so-called Seventieth Congress regardless of the wishes of the Opposition.

The last session of the present or Sixty-ninth Congress begins on December 1st and ends at midnight on March 3rd. The newly elected Congress enters into its duties on December 1st, 1927, unless called into special session by the President before that time. This gives President Coolidge the coming three months in which he may take advantage of the present Republican majority in Congress to press forward along any legislative lines he may favour. If, however, precedent counts for much there will be no undue haste on the part of the Administration to stress this present advantage. In fact, it may be assumed that little more than routine business will come up for consideration this winter.

As is usual, both political parties have tried to show that the results of this election are in their favour. The truth of the matter is that no one is really wiser as to how the country as a whole would vote on a national issue because of the outcome of this election. In districts where pro-

hibition was more or less of an issue the results were confusing. In some places where the voters registered in favour of modifying the restrictive liquor laws the men elected to office were notoriously of the extreme prohibition type. In some cases, as with Governor Smith, of New York, personal popularity and efficient administration overcame dislike of sentiments with which many of the voters disagreed.

The most impartial judges as to political conditions in the United States agree in effect that so far as national affairs and foreign policies are concerned this election gives no indication of any probable change in the coming two years, or of any widespread or important reversal of public opinion on any of the great controversial questions. No one, for instance, believes because of the information given in this election there is any chance in the near future of a marked downward revision of import duties; of any serious attempt to repeal or even to modify the prohibition laws; or of any marked change in the attitude of the people towards the war debts or foreign affairs in any particular; or, in brief, of any real change in the American outlook of to-day as expressed in the attitude of the Washington Government during the past few months.

There are, however, some interesting and more or less important deductions to be made from a study of these November election returns. To the politicians the most vital speculation is as to any meaning the election may have as a forerunner to the Presidential contest of 1928. Much can happen in the next two years, but, assuming affairs take their normal course until the clans gather in the summer of 1928 to choose their candidates for the Presidency, it may be assumed that either Mr. Coolidge will be a candidate for re-election or that he will have a great deal to say as to who shall be the nominee of his party.

It was announced not long ago upon apparently very good authority that Mr. Coolidge would not be a candidate for re-election in 1928. More recently, however, the public appears to have reached the conclusion that he would be, hence the many estimates as to his comparative political strength. The assumption that he will be a candidate has

is a slight reaction against this attitude of expectancy, and an uneasy feeling that perhaps after all nothing is coming from a source which by its dignified reticence and obvious morality led the nation to expect so much. That he is "safe and sound" from a business point of view is widely believed and acknowledged, and this will carry him far with the support thus implied. Whether this is all that can be said for him has yet to be shown.

The United States is a great country with a vast population, and occupies to-day a position of commanding importance in the affairs of the world. To be President of such a country at such a time is an enormous responsibility, for opportunities come to him such as have never presented themselves to any other man in history, with the possible exception of President Wilson, and he broke under the strain. The American people, and the people of other nations, expect great things of the President of the United States, in the hands of whom lies such power for good or for evil. They expect more than mere conservatism and conventional morality. They would perhaps be willing to overlook a slight waywardness in conduct if it was balanced by inspiration in constructive purpose and a passionate, courageous energy in accomplishment. There is so far too much a suggestion of the "robot" to bring about more than the endorsement of complacency.

It must be borne in mind, however, in thinking of American politics and in judging public men that the United States, by virtue of its size, population, wealth, varied interests and widely scattered centres, has almost outgrown the stage of a personal Government. It would be much more difficult to-day than it was twenty years ago for a President to be a crusader at the same time as he was Chief Executive of the country. Theodore Roosevelt was probably the last President of the United States to be able to originate and conduct to a more or less successful issue a great campaign against specified abuses in official and corporate life. The President of the United States is becoming more and more the Chief Engineer of a great "works," dependent upon his board of directors

for permission to do this or that, and having always in mind the necessity of keeping the annual dividends at par, or above if possible. To do this he does not dare to be otherwise than "safe and sound," meaning ultra conservative from a financial and industrial point of view.

One result of the recent election is the advancement into greater national prominence of the figure of Governor "Al" Smith, of New York, Democrat, anti-prohibitionist and Roman Catholic. The Democratic Party is short of Presidential timber. It has few leaders who are really national figures. In the last Presidential election the Democratic candidate, Mr. John W. Davis, erstwhile American Ambassador to the Court of St. James, was handicapped by the fact that he was unknown to ninety per cent. of the voters. They had never heard of him, or, at least, if they were aware of his existence it was in a most remote and impersonal way.

Governor Smith, of New York, has now become a national figure, but while his democracy, his religion, and his anti-prohibition sentiments bring him no harm in New York—in fact, there they might well be rated as assets—what they will do if subjected to the test of a nationwide election is another matter. The managers of the Democratic Party will hesitate before they select him as a standard bearer for the Presidential campaign in 1928. The great body of support for the Democratic ticket has always come from the Southern States. The voters of those States are just as exigent, however, as are the voters of other States, and the people of the South are strong for prohibition, owing to the good effect it has had upon the negro population.

They are also of the Protestant religion in greater proportion than in the North. Unless the candidacy of Governor Smith would ensure the turnover of some of the Northern States from the Republican to the Democratic column, President Coolidge, or any other acceptable Republican, would find his path to the White House one of roses with the present Governor of New York as his opponent. A great many people do not seem to understand that prohibition came to the United States, perhaps

not been countered from any authoritative source. In the recent election he made no effort to assist any of the candidates of his party, with one exception. His personal friend and political manager, Mr. Butler, was a candidate for re-election to the United States Senate. To assist Mr. Butler the President wrote an open letter urging that he be supported. Mr. Butler was defeated, however. He was personally unpopular in his State, Massachusetts, and the voters of New England are not easily influenced by sentimentalities. They are not given to hero worship; the President was an erstwhile neighbour and acquaintance, and his appeal fell upon an unresponsive voting community, no reaction being noted.

The Democrats have hailed this episode as proof positive that the political strength of Mr. Coolidge has declined appreciably since he was elected. There is no question but that Mr. Coolidge has lost some of his hold over the voters in certain sections of the country, but this loss of strength is only appreciable in the middle west among the farmers, who are disgruntled at lack of legislation designed to benefit their industry. It is also true that the off year elections have always shown an apparent loss of strength for the Administration at Washington. No President, however great the majority by which he came into office, has failed two years later to meet with a marked decline in party strength. In some cases there has been a complete turnover in Congress, resulting in a body completely at odds with the policies of the man in the White House.

This feature of the election, as it might be used to measure the political strength of the President, cannot be taken seriously, for it may mean absolutely nothing. If it be true, however, that Mr. Coolidge intends to seek a renomination in 1928 the most serious objection he will have to overcome is the fact that he is asking for a third term. There is a very strong sentiment, almost amounting to a tradition, that no man should aspire or be permitted to aspire to a third term in the White House. It was this sentiment which prevented General Grant from being renominated. It was this sentiment largely which

prevented the renomination of President Roosevelt and brought about indirectly the subsequent disastrous split in the Republican Party which resulted in the election of the Democratic candidate, Woodrow Wilson.

Strictly speaking, President Roosevelt had been elected only once to the Presidency, as he fell heir to his first term through the death of President McKinley. Mr. Coolidge is in the same position. He became President through the death of President Harding and was elected to his second term. The anti-third-term tradition, notwithstanding the fact that it did not apply technically to the case of President Roosevelt, played a large part in the defeat of his ambitions. The opposition to a third term arises from a fear that a too long extension of the tenure of a single man in the office of President might result in possible subversion of the principles of government outlined in the Constitution of the United States. It suggests a possible dictatorship: an idea abhorrent to a vast majority of the voters of the United States.

It is because of this third-term complex that other Republicans now have the assurance to aspire to the nomination in 1928. Chief among them is ex-Governor Lowden, of Illinois. He specialises in matters affecting the agricultural interests of the country, a useful hobby in this particular era in American politics. Mr. Lowden made an excellent Governor, an able Senator, and is a man of wealth who occupies an enviable position in the opinion of all who know him. There are many practical reasons why he would be a stronger candidate than Mr. Coolidge, but the man who is already in the White House has an immense advantage in the race, difficult for an outsider to overcome unless the tenure of the occupant is to be terminated by agreement for one reason or another, such as, for instance, deference to the third-term tradition.

Up to the present time the political virtues of President Coolidge have been largely of a negative character. He has yet to stand sponsor personally for any notable measure indicating constructive statesmanship. The country has been on tip-toe ever since he was elected, expecting something to happen. At the moment there

prematurely or even perhaps in a form difficult of enforcement, but even so because of the earnest conviction of a great majority of the people that it would be beneficial to the nation in every possible way. Many do not seem to realise the passionate fervour of those who believe in it and do not grasp the fact that with all the fervour of its advocates it could not have come about without a two-thirds majority in every State legislature whose vote was necessary to make prohibition a part of the Constitution of the United States. The man who is a candidate for the Presidency and who declares himself to be against prohibition will find on election day that he is in attendance at his own political funeral.

From a religious point of view there is no country in the world where there is greater freedom of religious belief and practice than in the United States. This is even more true of America than it is of Great Britain, for in America no Church or Church dignitary touches upon or shares in the slightest degree in the conduct of Government affairs. There are more Catholics in America than in any other country. There are more Episcopalians, a sect which corresponds to the Church of England, than there are in Great Britain, and so on down the list, and yet there is no country where the use of the State to further the interests of any one sect above those of another sect would be more quickly and violently resented.

The Roman Catholic Church has shown its wisdom, as it generally does, in accommodating itself to these conditions in the United States. Once in a while an over-zealous priest has sought to further the interests of a Catholic candidate for office, generally with disastrous effect upon the chances of his protégé. It is the only church organisation in America which has ever been under suspicion of desiring to secure political power. This is due to its very large membership, the unquestioning loyalty of its communicants to the organisation, and the history of the Church itself for the past hundreds of years. In other words, it is rated as the only religious organisation which needs watching from a political point of view.

For this reason it has always been difficult for a Roman Catholic to be elected to high office, and no President of the United States has ever been a member of that Church. It has been urged that Governor Smith, of New York, should be nominated for the office of President by the Democrats to get rid of this religious complex in politics. He might possibly be nominated without much trouble. It is extremely doubtful, however, if he could be elected, notwithstanding his admirable character and ability and his long training in the public service. His "wetness" and his Catholicism would probably bring him to overwhelming defeat, and the consequences of such a campaign would be regrettable. For the first time in American history religion would be brought into an election as an issue, and in the bitter controversies which would arise over this matter all really important questions of national and international policy would be driven into the background. Antagonisms thus aroused would remain and bring about intolerance where now there is indifference. These ideas will occur at once to any practical politician, and the possible reactions are so obvious and of such grave character that it appears to be a conservative prediction that the Democrats will endeavour to find some standard bearer for the Presidential campaign of 1928 other than the present popular Governor of the State of New York.

Leaving the election of 1928 to take care of itself later on, it is interesting to note that the results of the recent election will not in any way contribute to the peace and comfort of President Coolidge in the last two years of his present term of office. Congress will be a difficult problem, for, while in the House there will be a small working majority, in the Senate the President and what he stands for will have no majority at all. The Republicans will organise the new Senate, for in such matters as these there is no insurgency. It may be necessary to utilise the vote of the Vice-President occasionally to put an end to a deadlock, for in such cases the Vice-President, who is the presiding officer of the Senate, has a vote, but, so far as can be seen at this time, the chairmanships of the prin-

cial committees will be retained by the party in power, as in the present Congress.

Senator Borah will remain as Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, and continue to bring steady pressure to bear upon the President in the effort to persuade him to travel in directions in which he is loth to go, either through timidity or differences of opinion. The so-called insurgent group of Senators will hold the balance of power, and the final passage of any measure of importance outside of the supply Bills will necessarily be made a matter of compromise. This is not a healthy state of political affairs, for it has been found that it is better for one or the other of the great political parties to have complete control, and thus incur complete responsibility. Very little progress has ever been made when all measures were those of compromise or a coalition vote and the blame for sins of commission and omission could be spread over the shoulders of more than one man or a single party. In the end everyone evades direct responsibility, and the voters are completely at sea as to who are the real culprits when errors are made in the administration of public affairs.

American foreign policy during the past two or three years has been largely negative in its principal features, and will apparently continue to be of this character for some time to come. The rehabilitation of Germany was accomplished through American participation in the negotiations and the constant tide of American money which set in towards Germany as soon as a basis of agreement was reached. A very extensive movement of American money into foreign countries became noticeable in 1924, and is still in progress at an average rate of twenty million sterling every thirty days. This includes loans to Governments as well as to private firms and individuals. The larger part of this money is going to Europe regardless of the unfriendly attitude of many of the European nations towards America and Americans.

The Washington Government has given cautious approval to some of these loans, and has looked askance at others. The two most noticeable and most positive steps in foreign policy taken by the Washington Govern-

ment in the past three years have been the approval of the Dawes Plan for Germany and a steady pressure upon all the debtor nations for a regularisation of their indebtedness to the United States. This last-named policy has alienated public sentiment from the United States in Great Britain, Belgium, France and Italy. If this alienation had not come about over the question of debt settlements some other cause would have arisen to bring the same result, but it would be difficult to conjure up any controversial matter which would prove as effective in achieving a complete American isolation as this question of war debts. This question will probably remain for generations to come as the principal irritant in American European contacts. It can never be finally disposed of, and is probably the most disastrous and evil of all our heritages from the Great War.

During the next two years the principal political interest within the United States will centre about the farmer and the important industry for which he stands sponsor. Whether anything can be done to alleviate his troubles, real or fancied, is another question, but he will be courted by the politicians, and many plans will be suggested for his economic salvation, in view of the importance of his vote in 1928 and the real importance of his prosperity in relation to the general welfare of the country.

A great many important matters will come up in Washington during the next two years in connection with the foreign relations of the United States. The matter of the debts will continue to arouse more or less controversy. The recognition of Russia will probably come about, though in just what form it is difficult to say at the present time. The years pass quickly, however, and, barring unexpected and epoch-marking events, comparatively little of real importance may come to pass in such a short time as remains to the present Government of the United States before it again goes into the melting-pot of a General Election.

EGYPT AT THE CROSSROADS

BY OWEN TWEEDY

WHEN a child is born into the world, it enters upon an elaborate routine, solely designed for its benefit, along lines laid down by experience. It has to be nourished and doctored, clothed and washed, and the indication that the prescribed *régime* suits its individuality is that feature of all well-equipped nurseries, the weight chart. It is the household index of the progress of the child for all who are interested in its welfare.

The Egyptian Parliamentary *régime* is still in its early childhood—it was only founded in 1924—and we in this country, which is proud to be known as the Mother of Parliaments, are greatly interested in Egypt and in the development of the Egyptian individuality in its new surroundings. The Egyptian weight chart provides illuminating food for reflection. After the first Ministry of Zaghlul Pasha, that of 1924, it recorded a serious loss of weight in the child. The year 1925, with its ephemeral Parliament, was no criterion of progress, as the child was throughout so dangerously ill that the gravest doubts were entertained of its ultimate recovery. But it did recover, and since the opening of the third Parliament, in June this year, it has, under the joint care of Zaghlul Pasha himself and Adly Pasha Yeghen, the present Prime Minister, not only thrown off most of the traces of its earlier ill-health, but has actually put on weight in a manner entirely consonant with the development of a healthy and promising specimen of the *genus* parliamentary. The reason is not far to seek. During the last four months its guardians have devoted themselves to its internal well-being, instead of concentrating, as had hitherto been done, on matters of secondary importance, such as the colour of its dresses and endless gossip as to the personal character of its nurses. There is no need to pursue the parallel further.

Zaghlul Pasha was wise when he refrained from his first intention to become Prime Minister and ceded that posi-

tion to Adly Pasha Yeghen. To many, this coalition of political elements, so recently in bitter opposition one to the other, appeared so incongruous that its early disintegration—especially in the atmosphere of chronic intrigue, endemic in Egypt—was freely foretold. These fears have so far not been realised, and that this should be so is almost entirely due to Zaghlul Pasha himself. He did not remain, as he might have done, an Achilles sulking in his tent, a powerful and possibly mischievous wire-puller behind the scenes. Instead he accepted the Presidency of the Lower House, and, for all that he is a man of well over seventy, applied himself through the great heats of an Egyptian summer to the difficult task of piloting an inexperienced and often unruly body of legislators through a long and tiring session. He was loyal to the Ministry, and with good-humoured patience contrived to preserve remarkable relevancy of debate; and as a result Egypt has registered definite domestic progress. Before, and notably in 1924, domestic politics on practical lines had been relegated to the second or third grade of importance to make way for the debate of such more attractive subjects as international recriminations and the ventilation of personal spleen. But the past session recorded the growth of a saner attitude and, incidentally, one which will influence international relations far more effectively than the tactics of the past.

It will provide an insight into local Egyptian conditions to survey briefly the labours of the past Parliamentary session in the various fields of domestic administration. In general it may be said that the principle of the Budget, lately passed, has been economy. The Government staffs are to be deflated from their post-war grossness to a size justified by the volume of work to be done. Posts are to be suppressed and their suppression fortified by law against the future importunacy of the important party man who must find a place for his nephew. It will not be a popular measure in a country where every father sends his son to school with the intention of "placing" him later in Government service. It will probably create unemployment until commerce expands adequately to

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absorb the surplus of disappointed clerks. But in the interests of national economy it was long overdue, and if the problem of unemployment does arise it will be for Egyptian enterprise and statesmanship to solve it.

The declaration of Egyptian independence in March, 1922, was at once recognised by the foreign Powers, and started in successive Egyptian Governments a positive mania for the establishment of Legations and Consulates throughout the world. They were necessary in certain places; they were extremely convenient in others, either as rewards for services rendered or as depositories for the unwanted; but the expansion was carried to ludicrous lengths at wild expense. The debate on the Budget of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs gave Parliament an opportunity to air its views on the subject. No Egyptian envoy will in future tend the odd few of his fellow countrymen in Brazil. Hassan Nashat Pasha, the fallen Palace dictator, will return from Madrid, where he had been "placed." These are instances in a general reduction which will mean an economy of some £100,000 a year to the Egyptian taxpayer.

In Oriental countries public health has not always the respect it merits. Families prefer seclusion, dirt and neglect to the visitations of medical and sanitary inspectors. The latter, from the war-time regimental sanitary squad, hounded to its distasteful duties by fervent medical officers, to the immortal "Dan" of Underground London, have ever been the subject of jest. Egyptian wit on their functions is also pretty. Two *fellakin* farmers were extolling the virtues of artificial manure. The first had treated a field with a certain brand and in three weeks his beans were higher than his head. The second favoured a different compound. In a month it had so brought on a sowing of maize round his house that he had had to cut it down to get the light into his lower rooms. A bystander butted into their conversation. He was a townsman and did not believe in chemicals. He, he boasted, had planted a dead goat in his yard and three days after up came a sanitary inspector as tall as Saadi Pasha himself. But the present Egyptian Government is in no jesting mood about hygiene and sanitation. Five new hospitals are to be

built; bilharzia and ophthalmia, which have for centuries ravaged Egyptian life, are to be systematically and scientifically attacked, and more child welfare centres are to be established gradually throughout the country. These measures will be predominantly Egyptian effort, and, to reinforce and modernise the medical faculty in the country, the great new medical school conceived by the late British director of the antiquated Kasr el Aini Hospital, and the building of which has been delayed for four years by Egyptian political jealousies, is to be put in hand at once. Egyptians will acclimatise themselves to organised health measures. Europeans will welcome them, especially if they succeed in rescuing the hoards of blind beggars and derelict children who now make Egyptian streets so repulsive to the foreigner.

The majority of the Egyptian deputies are farmers, and the majority of those who elected them think in terms of cotton and grain. For agriculture has an interest for Egypt so intense, that the parallel of Kettering and boots is weak. The Minister, Fathalla Pasha Barakat, like Zaghlul Pasha himself, is a true Egyptian *fellah*. He talks no language but Arabic, but he has learned much since 1924, when he was in Zaghlul Pasha's disastrous Ministry. The debate on his Budget was conducted with close reasoning. He spoke of his economies, and was criticised by fellow farmers because he had economised in the technical services. The Egyptian farmer knows that his cotton has a special market, and does not welcome a saving which may imperil the standard and quality which Lancashire demands. Barakat Pasha is equally alive to this aspect of Egypt's staple industry, and is tightening the control of the supply of the best cotton seed to the cultivators, so as to maintain the quality of the crop in this respect. He is also proceeding with a new scheme of irrigation drainage which, probably because it was drawn up by British experts, had been shelved for three years for political reasons. These are evidences of an ability to think other than parochially, and they will be appreciated by the foreign delegates to the cotton conference which is to assemble in Cairo during the winter.

Such are some of the main features of the domestic

policy of the new Ministry. Outside Egypt they may seem trivial matters of routine and unworthy of any special note; but to those who live in the country—be they of the country or foreign residents—they have a double significance. They are illustrative of a new spirit which will (if the word is not inappropriate) condescend to practical politics; and they are evidence of the tardy growth of a national sense, which has awoken to the realities of primary Egyptian needs, and placed them before illusory dreams. In other words, the house of Zaghlul Pasha's second Parliament is not being founded on the sand.

An article which appeared in the May issue of this journal spoke of the growth of the party spirit in Egyptian politics. As the present Parliament is dominated by a large Zaghlulist majority, it might have been expected, on the analogy of the past, that partisanship would have resulted in normal Oriental persecution of the previous holders of political power who had failed to retain their position at the polls. There was, however, during the late Parliamentary session only one gross, though in the outcome very serious, instance of such tactics. It concerned a distinguished Arabic man of letters of independent and original views whose investigations in the realms of Arabic poetry had brought him into conflict with the rigid orthodoxy of Islam. A similar clash with another Moslem advanced thinker had produced a first-class Ministerial crisis in 1925, but the Zaghlulist majority, whose way of thinking the poet had criticised in the past, blindly clamoured for the reopening of his case, in spite of the fact that a former Ministry had already dealt with and closed it. Adly Pasha opposed the manoeuvre boldly; but the hostility of the Zaghlulists to the poet, fortified by the full weight of Moslem religious influence in Cairo, forced him in the end to compromise. Zaghlul Pasha, for reasons best known to himself, associated himself with the agitation, and has thereby rendered Adly Pasha's position doubly difficult and imperilled the cohesion of the coalition. The matter has now developed into a trial of strength, which can benefit no one nor be productive of

other than negative results. It is a reflection unflattering to the Egyptian mentality, that on so minor an issue men of weight are ready to risk serious political upheaval.

The Zaghlul-Adly combination has had a curious effect on Egyptian politics. Adly Pasha has two members of his own party, Sarwat Pasha and Mohammed Mahmud Pasha, in his Coalition Ministry. The former was the original sponsor of the new independent *régime* in Egypt, and is now Minister for Foreign Affairs. The latter, who had a distinguished career at Oxford, was a fellow exile at Malta in 1919 with Zaghlul Pasha. Later he lost sympathy with the growing *intransigence* of Zaghlulist policy and joined the Liberal Constitutional Party, and in 1922 stood firmly by Sarwat Pasha during the negotiations with the British Government, which led to the declaration of Egyptian independence. These three men are in a lesser and greater degree associated with the policy which gave Egypt that independence; but their Ministerial colleagues are not. They with the rest of the Zaghlulist Party have in the past openly condemned Sarwat Pasha's "surrender" of 1922. And in the background stands Zaghlul Pasha. One can only deduce what working arrangement reconciles elements so different politically. In the result, however, Anglo-Egyptian relations have not been unduly strained during the past session, and the debates have been surprisingly free from anti-British outbursts. Zaghlul Pasha has handled his party skilfully, and Adly Pasha has been suave and unflurried; the Coalition has held together and is not unpopular in Egypt. But it is noticeable that the question of resumption of Anglo-Egyptian negotiations was not raised in the House, and it may be that its omission was intentional.

The unsatisfactory features of the murder trial which ended in the acquittal of prominent members of the Zaghlulist Party, and the voluntary retirement of Judge Kershaw, have not, however, improved the immediate prospects of a satisfactory accord. The British Note to Adly Pasha Yeghen on the subject is hitherto unanswered, and has not been debated in the House. But the election

of two of the more important ex-prisoners as deputies has provocatively, and perhaps tactlessly, prejudiced the situation. It is a pity that Zaghlul Pasha should have marred what was otherwise a remarkable exhibition of delicate statesmanship by lending his approval to such a pointless manœuvre.

But sooner or later there will be further negotiations. The chances of their success depend on Egypt and the extent to which she can mould herself towards a development which would justify a greater confidence in her stability and judgment than exists at the present. Her weight chart has registered an advance in the right direction, which is much to her personal credit. The test, however, of the degree of her progress will only be known when she meets British negotiators round a conference table and shows a recognition of the fact that there are two sides to every question.

A remarkable feature of the growth of political sense in Egypt is the realisation, especially among the younger groups in the House, of the importance to the country of the benefits conferred on the nation by the Constitution. The Egypt of the last century was a mixture of mediæval and patriarchal feudalism. Occasionally it was a benevolent *régime*, but usually it was the reverse. The forty years of British reorganisation awoke the country to the conception of government of the people by the people—a popular state, a popular monarchy and a popular religion. In England a like evolution was accomplished by the Magna Charta, the Act of Habeas Corpus and the Bill of Rights. They were the fruits of conflict between reactionary elements and the desire of the individual for emancipation. Egypt now possesses a Constitution, and she is slowly coming to realise what it means.

Geographically, racially and religiously Egypt is very close to Turkey, and she has naturally been affected and influenced by the Turkish renaissance. Young Egyptian political circles have come to look up to Mustapha Pasha Kemal as the pioneer of modern Islam, and have hailed his innovations as patterns on which the true Moslem independent State should be built. Mustapha Pasha had

given the country a Constitution, but the Turkish State was impoverished, and he had to produce money if he was to carry out his modernising reforms. He economised according to his lights. He swept away the reigning house and took into Government charge the administration of the vast religious funds hitherto in the sole control of the religious hierarchy in Constantinople. His deposition of the Caliph-Sultan shocked Egyptians, who can understand and appreciate the value of a constitutional monarchy, but his investigations of possible sources of economy in the interests of the taxpayer moved them profoundly.

The Civil List of the King of Egypt is undoubtedly high, compared with standards obtaining in other limited monarchies. When its sanction was debated during the late Parliamentary session, the extreme left wing of the Zaghlulist Party went so far as to advocate that it should be returned to the Palace for revision downwards. The suggestion did not meet with general approval, but there was a sufficient strength of opinion in the House to qualify its sanction of the Royal Budget by a rider, recommending the adoption of the same policy of economy in the King's expenditure as was being applied in other items of national administration. There is no desire to over-emphasise the importance of the gesture, which has many precedents in British history, but it records an outward sign in Egyptian constitutional development.

The same section of the Zaghlulist Party has opened the whole question of the administration by the two heads of the Mohammedan hierarchy in Egypt of the religious Wakfs (Pious Foundations). Hitherto this branch of finance has been outside the scope of Government supervision, as, indeed, were the large national Wakfs before they were taken in hand in 1913 and placed under a specially created Ministry. Lord Kitchener's reforms could not extend into religious spheres, but the passage of control from British to Egyptian hands has now made it possible to investigate these quarters. Although extreme suggestions, such as the abolition of the post of Grand Mufti, were vetoed as being unconstitutional, financial reform, both in the University of El Azhar and in the water-

tight administration of the religious Wakfs, was warmly recommended and will undoubtedly be prosecuted by Egyptian legislation.

Both these episodes testify to the strength of young Egyptian opinion, but neither of them is either revolutionary or fundamentally disquieting. They are normal developments in the history of a newly enfranchised people, and, thanks to Zaghlul Pasha, they have been hitherto circumscribed by moderation and the spirit of *festina lente*.

The Egyptian Parliament has just reassembled for its winter session, and, the Budget being passed, will have time and opportunity for the discussion of other and possibly controversial subjects. Such debates can be either profitable or the reverse, according to the spirit in which they are conducted. The tribute which has been paid to Zaghlul Pasha's leadership of the Lower House, and of his party generally, is sincere. Foreign opinion has been impressed by his statesmanlike handling of a difficult phase. It is, however, notoriously rash on the part of a British journal to venture to praise moderation in an Egyptian public figure. Past experience has taught us that such praise is rarely accepted at its face value by Egyptian public opinion. Either it is interpreted as flattery with an ulterior motive or as evidence that the object of commendation has been playing into British hands. But it is a British characteristic to give credit where credit is due; and, having said so much, it is enough to add that this country will be watching with interest and sympathy the developments of the coming Egyptian Parliamentary session.

LABOUR DISPUTES

BY HIS HONOUR JUDGE L. A. ATHERLEY-JONES, K.C.

"STRIKES, desperate, costly and exhausting as the remedy is, may be necessary sometimes. Of two evils they may be the least. But the time, money, organisation, energy and talent that have been expended in useless strikes would, if directed wholly to that object, have gained the charter, and thus have rendered strikes no longer necessary by giving us the political power to remove the social causes of which strikes are but the effect and not the remedy."

These words, written by a leader of the Chartists in 1847, when Chartism was a formidable political force, constitute an accurate declaration of what the Chartists conceived to be the only means by which the economic and social conditions of the working class could be effectively ameliorated.

Strikes were regarded by the Chartists as a vain expedient for the redress of the wrongs of labour; even a "general strike" would ensue in but one of two things—"civil war, or the ruin and submission of the working classes beneath a slavery more hopeless than ever."

Trade unions, acting as isolated units, promoting disastrous strikes and merely local in their operations, were regarded with no favour by the Chartists; they did not "pull together"; they must become a "national body" and thus become an irresistible force for the attainment of the "People's Charter."

In 1847 Labour was in its most debated condition; the lot of the coal miner was deplorable; in South Wales, then our most important coalfield, he would work six days in the week, ten and even twelve hours daily, at a weekly wage of ten shillings; but the trade unions failed to respond to the appeal of the Chartists; they resolutely abstained from political action and national combination. A long era of industrial discontent followed, marked by sporadic strikes and lock-outs, which for the most part

officials of the union, who investigate the facts, confer with the employers, and if it be not thereby amicably settled remit it in numerous cases to a conciliation board to abide its decision. I can without hesitation affirm that the majority of employers in our great industries fully appreciate the advantages they enjoy from being able to negotiate with the responsible officials of trade unions.

It is true that workmen occasionally get out of hand and heed the counsels of hot-headed young men who dream dreams rather than those of their experienced leaders. A notable instance was the great Cambrian strike of 1910, which, arising from a comparatively trivial dispute at one colliery, involved a general strike, disfigured by acts of extreme violence, of the miners of South Wales, despite the strenuous opposition of their chief officials—their president, the late Mr. Abraham, M.P. ("Mabon"), and Mr. Richards, M.P., the secretary and treasurer of the South Wales Miners' Federation. All that can be said in extenuation of the promoters of that strike for the dire calamities it involved is that it resulted in the concession to coal miners of a minimum wage.

As I have observed, it appears to be the intention of the Government to introduce legislation the purpose of which will be to prevent trade unions from combining in a general strike, to re-establish their liability for wrongful acts perpetrated by their authority, and to prohibit, or to restrict within narrow limits, the practice of "picketing." In these directions it is essential that Parliament should proceed warily, for should such legislation be subversive to the power of trade unions to protect the interests of their members by resort to strikes, which, be it observed, are the only effective means by which Labour can hope to prevail against obdurate employers, there arises the instant and intense hostility of some six or seven million trade unionists, which would result possibly in civil commotion, certainly the prolonged exclusion from political power of its authors, and the restoration of that power by their successors. No Government, however arbitrary, can prevent a general strike of labour at will; its only preventive is to remove those causes reasonably provocative of its

invocation, and trust in the good sense of the nation to discountenance a method no less abortive than cruel for redressing trade grievances.

It is true that in the case of the general strike the trade unions were guilty of an abuse of their power; it is also true that their individual members have on occasion been guilty of wrongful and criminal acts, and that they have from time to time prevented, by coercive means, freedom of contract between employers and workmen, but it cannot be questioned that this latter action has been generally resorted to by all corporations, guilds, and societies formed for the protection of the trade or profession to which they pertain.

The history of Trade Unionism is that of prolonged and arduous struggle against intolerable labour conditions and unjust and oppressive penal laws: that struggle has eventuated in the abrogation of those laws and the more humane and considerate treatment by employers of their workpeople. I purpose now, in a form comprehensible to laymen, to review the development and present state of the laws regulating the relations of workmen and their unions to their employers and the State so far as pertains to trade disputes.

The Combination Acts of 1799 and 1800 were the first legislative enactments against the right of working men to combine for the increase of wages or reduction of working hours. They were the outcome of complaints by employers that their workmen met together and agreed to ask their employers for an increase of wages or a reduction of working hours, and when their requests were refused would on many occasions leave their employment. The Acts accordingly provided that if any workman combined with any other workman in order to get an increase of wages or decrease of hours he might be sent to gaol for three months; a similar punishment attached if he should persuade any workman to leave his work, if he refused to work with any other person or attended any meeting for the purpose of increasing wages or reducing hours or contributed or collected money at such meeting.

That this monstrous act of injustice should be per-
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terminated in the submission of the workers to the terms dictated by their employers.

The partial enfranchisement of the working class in 1869 necessitated the attention of both political parties to the demands of Labour, and laws were enacted, to which I shall hereafter refer, removing, to a large extent, those embarrassing and oppressive restrictions upon the right of combination for the furtherance of the trade interests of workmen which survived the repeal of the early combination laws.

To Mr. Keir Hardie is due the credit of reverting to the policy of the Chartists by removing the interests of labour from the narrow sectional control of trade unions and vesting them under the care and direction of the Parliamentary Party of which he was the chief.

Whatever the future may have in store, so far the ideal of Keir Hardie has not been realised; there is no subordination to nor co-ordination with the Parliamentary Labour Party on the part of the trade unions; their Council summoned organised labour to a general strike; it was a declaration of war against the State; it involved the menace of very imminent civil war, averted only by the sudden capitulation of its promoters; they had made no reference before instituting the strike for sanction or advice to the National Labour Party, H.M.'s Opposition, which a few months previous was the Government of the Empire and might within a brief space resume that position. Labour's late Prime Minister stood aloof with averted head. Thus again trade unionism asserted its dominion over Labour, and the men whom Labour had chosen to govern the nation were cowed into silence and impotence.

But although the Parliamentary Labour Party was not responsible for the strike, its purpose had a far wider range than that which has hitherto pertained to a "sympathetic" strike, viz., to constrain employers to concede the demands of their workmen; its purpose was the coercion of the Legislature to nationalise the coal industry—a substantial step in the direction of State Socialism. Mr. Maxton, M.P., an able and courageous man, has in the *New Leader* of October 29th, the organ of the Labour

Party, very candidly set forth the purpose of the coal strike as follows: "What has amazed me more than anything else is how Government spokesmen and Labour leaders alike have seemed to regard the coal dispute as an isolated problem unconnected with the general, social and economic problems of the nation"; and again: "It is sound policy to carry the war into the enemy's country by demanding that the mines be taken over as a national service." The speedy recurrence of a general strike is improbable, but industrial discontent is widespread, and in their highly organised trade unions lies a force which no Government other than their own can control or coerce. It may be that a general strike is illegal—that is to say, it constitutes sedition or seditious conspiracy, the only possible crimes within our criminal jurisprudence. A high authority, Sir John Simon, has so stated; but the great authority of Erskine is against that view. In *Rex v. Cooper*, the Chartist, he ruled "that honestly and peaceably to advise the working classes to desist from working for the purpose of obtaining the Charter was not in itself criminal"; but "if it were proved that the defendants intended to produce discontent, tumult, and outrage as pressure for the adoption by the Government of the Charter, that would be criminal." Be this as it may, it is obvious that no Government, however arbitrary, could compel some six or seven million trade unionists to work if not so disposed.

It is a common but grave error to regard trade unions as the provocative agents of labour discontents and strikes; they have, on the contrary, been a beneficent agency in the prevention and settlement of trade disputes. Before the era of trade unions, even while the harsh and oppressive Combination laws were in force, in mine, factory, and workshop, the workers, excited and sensitive under some real or imaginary grievance, would precipitately abandon their work and not infrequently resort to acts of violence. Now they are restrained from hasty action by the knowledge that to strike without the sanction of the governing body of their union will forfeit their right to financial support. Accordingly, when a dispute with their employers arises it is referred to the head

petrated by our House of Commons seems to us inconceivable; and yet it remained the law of the land for a quarter of a century. Over that period workmen were at the mercy of their employers: if an employer reduced wages and the workmen refused to accept the reduction they were sent to gaol; so, also, if they met together to discuss their grievances. In 1824 these Acts were repealed and combination became lawful; but the value of this emancipation was impaired by an amending Act which rendered the workman liable to criminal proceedings under the vague terms "molesting" or "obstructing." Trade unions remained unlawful associations, enjoyed neither the right to sue or be sued, and their members were exposed to the peril of prosecution for conspiracy.

In the Trade Union Act of 1871, the Conspiracy Act and the Employers and Workmen Act of 1875, the working man secured his charter of emancipation and trade unions their recognition as lawful organisations.

Prior to the Trade Disputes Act of 1906 the law governing the rights and obligations, civil and criminal, of workmen and trade unions were, so far as is material to the purposes of this article, as follows:

1. A workman could not be prosecuted for conspiracy to do acts in furtherance of a trade dispute, unless such acts if done by one person only would be criminal; for instance, it would no longer be a criminal offence for two or more persons to combine for the purpose of inducing by peaceful persuasion another to break his contract of service; but although no longer a crime, yet to induce a person to break a contract of service entitled the aggrieved party to maintain a civil action against the person who induced the breach.

2. Breach of contract of service gave the aggrieved employer a right of action for damages unless there was a lawful cause.

3. Picketing—that is, attending at or near an employer's house or place of business—if merely to obtain or communicate information, became lawful.

In 1901 a judgment of the House of Lords in what is known as the Taff Vale Case caused great alarm to trade

unionists: it held that trade unions were liable to action for damages for wrongful acts done by them in their collective capacity or by their agents. Up to then it was the general belief, as indeed the Court of Appeal in this case decided, that save in a limited class of cases touching their property they could not be sued for torts; but this decision would result in trade unions being amerced perhaps in ruinous damages for a wrongful act committed by a subordinate agent without any authorisation by the union or its executive officers.

Shortly after this judgment I introduced a Bill, supported by Mr. Burt, M.P., and other Labour members, limiting the liability of trade unions for tort only to those cases where the wrongful acts were expressly authorised or ratified by the general body of members or by their central executive council.

The Government took up the question and introduced a measure on the lines of my Bill; but the Labour Party insisted upon absolute immunity, the Government gave way, the Conservative Opposition acquiesced, and an Act was passed which renders trade unions immune from liability for torts whatever may be their character or their gravity. I believe I was the only Liberal who strenuously opposed its enactment in that form.

A further concession to trade unions and their members not extended to other persons is that in contradistinction to the general law a person, which includes a trade union, may in contemplation or furtherance of a trade dispute with impunity induce workmen to break their contracts of employment.

It is hardly necessary to point out that if these privileges had not been conceded every trade union which induced its own members or other workmen to break their contracts of employment, as in the case of a "lightning strike," would have been responsible in damages to aggrieved parties.

It is, however, satisfactory to note that, so far as I am aware, they have not availed themselves, save in the case of the recent "general strike," of these extraordinary privileges.

The task of a "picket" is beset with pitfalls, as has been evidenced by numerous prosecutions and some conflicts with the police arising from the coal strike. The law permits one or more persons on their own behalf or that of a trade union to attend at or near a person, residence or works merely for the purpose of peaceably obtaining or communicating information or of peaceably persuading any person to work or abstain from working. The right to persuade was a further concession conceded by the Trade Disputes Act. A picket may not intimidate nor use violence, nor persistently follow any person to prevent him from doing any act he is entitled to do, nor beset a house or place of business, nor persistently follow other persons in a disorderly manner. It is obvious under such conditions it is an easy matter for a zealous constable to find occasion for the prosecution of an inoffensive picket; on the other hand, it would require a large measure of self-restraint upon the part of a picket not to go beyond the limits of peaceably persuading men who are displacing him in employment, to whom he applies the contemptuous epithet "blacklegs."

It must be admitted it is almost uniformly the only effective means by which strikers can have access to intending workmen, inform them of the existence of a strike, and persuade them not to supersede the strikers; nor is there anything unreasonable or improper in so doing, provided there is no resort to threats or violence, and with that conduct the law is strong enough to deal and has on occasions drastically dealt. "Mass picketing," that is to say a picket consisting of a large number of men, partakes of the nature of intimidation, and therefore can be dealt with under the existing law, and trade unions would be well advised to discountenance any resort thereto.

I have before me a report of a Committee appointed by the British Chambers of Commerce on industrial unrest; it may be taken as a statement from the employers' point of view of the restrictive measures they regard as desirable on the actions of trade unions and workmen in trade disputes. They are as follow:—

(1) The absolute immunity granted to trade unions by

the Trade Disputes Act from liability to actions of tort should be abolished and the general law should be applicable.

(2) That they should be liable in all their funds for torts committed by them or "on their behalf" save that benefit funds (sick, burial, etc.) should be immune if they registered them as such with the Registrar of Friendly Societies, in which case it would be unlawful to apply them to trade disputes.

(3) That peaceful picketing should be exercised by only a limited number of persons identifiable, and at no other place than the entrance to the premises where the labour dispute existed.

(1) It must be noted that this Act was no mere Party measure; it passed unopposed; but it may be that it would have been practicable to withhold the privilege. I do not, however, envy the task of the Government which seeks to withdraw it.

(2) To dictate to any organisation the allocation of their funds to lawful purposes in their discretion would be as great a violation of juristic principles as that which afforded to unions absolute immunity from actions of tort; moreover, as the primary object of trade unions is to protect their members in the event of trade disputes, such an enactment would deprive them of that power, for the benefit fund is that upon which they fall back in case of need.

(3) The law to prevent abuse in picketing is sufficiently strong, but to confine it to the entrance to the premises of the employees would tend to promote disorder and render picketing futile. The suggestion that pickets should consist of a limited number of identifiable persons is reasonable.

Legislation, indeed, cannot bring to bear any positive sanction to curb the obdurate of organised labour consistently with the maintenance of the public peace. We must look in other directions.

The coal strike is urgent warning that industrial unrest is not founded upon the exigencies of individual industries; but, whatever initiatory momentum it received there.

from, it is founded upon a desire to compass a far-reaching change in our industrial and commercial economy. The leaders of Labour preach the gospel of Socialism. What Mr. Baldwin describes as "new and undigested ideas" have excited the coal miners to demand the nationalisation of the mines; nor have the actions of present and past Governments failed to strengthen the movement. The State control of their industry during the war, necessary though it may have been, the grant of subsidies, which had its origin in Mr. Lloyd George's administration, and the recent practice, also attributable to him, of Government intervention in trade disputes, encouraged the belief that nationalisation would be a propitious deliverance from what the miners regarded as the thralldom of private ownership. So it was that in 1921 at the Miners' Federation conference it was declared: "We cannot discuss wages. We must foist interest upon a national pool and a national system of regulating wages." Much can be said in favour of a national pool, and I advocated it some years ago in *The Times*; but, if effected by legislation, it means nothing short of nationalisation; if by agreement between employers and employed, it means the sacrifice of profits by the employers and of wages by the miners in the more productive mines.

It would serve no good purpose to criticise the errors which have been committed in relation to the coal strike by all the parties, including the Government, concerned therein, but undoubtedly the strike has been prolonged and aggravated by the miners in insisting upon nationalisation as its solution; by the employers in rejecting, against the prudent counsels of the Government, the miners' contention that the principles which govern the conditions of labour should be settled by the two federations of employers and workmen, a practice which in 1921 and earlier had been observed; by the Government, actuated, it may be conceded, by the best intention, in promoting legislation to extend the hours of labour and this in direct conflict with the strong recommendation of the Samuel Commission that the assent of the miners should be a condition precedent to any legislation for that purpose.

It is probable that before these pages are in print the miners will have resumed their work, but their strike is only a phase or incident in the war which Labour has declared against capital. Governments can avail little to restore prosperity to an afflicted world. Great organic changes in our industrial system will not satisfy present needs; it is for workmen and employers to approach each other in the spirit of mutual forbearance and in the pursuit of a policy of compromise. Employers must take their workers into full confidence by admitting them to a fuller share and a larger responsibility in the fortunes of their industries by that system of co-partnership which has in many cases secured the happiest results and in none been unsuccessful.

THE TRIPLE BLOCKADE OF BRITISH TRADE

By ARCHIBALD HURD

THIS country sold overseas in 1913 goods of an estimated weight of 93,800,000 tons; last year the corresponding figure was only 69,000,000 tons; and when the accounts for 1926 are complete they will unquestionably show a further and very large decline. It may appear somewhat surprising that we have done any considerable trade overseas in the year which is now closing. For this country has been the object of something in the nature of a triple blockade which has, in the first place, checked the recovery of industrial efficiency in our mines, factories, and workshops, 143,500,000 working days having been lost since January owing to industrial disputes; in the second place, interfered with the sale in overseas markets of such surplus goods as we have had available; and has, furthermore, handicapped our great transport organisation—shipping.

Early in the year labour unrest became pronounced, especially in the mining industry, and culminated in the general strike. The miners, under blind leadership, continued alone a hopeless fight for a senseless slogan. Normally, we export from 1,000,000 tons to 1,500,000 tons of coal every week; every important industry in this country requires coal. We have been compelled, for the first time in our history, to import, in large quantities, coal, which has had to be paid for, the bill having risen to nearly £30,000,000 since the beginning of May. Simultaneously, British manufacturers and merchants, embarrassed by higher wages, in association, in many cases, with shorter hours than obtain in any other country on this side of the Atlantic, and burdened, moreover, by national and local taxation amounting to upwards of £950,000,000, have stood defeated in many markets by high tariffs and other obstacles; and even the Dominions have increased the trade barriers against them. As though these two factors were not in themselves sufficient to produce well nigh hopeless con-

ditions of trade, British shipowners, who have in the past served efficiently this community of islanders as well as the traders of the world, have been confronted with acts of discrimination and other troubles, which have not only prevented them from obtaining an adequate return on the capital invested in the ships they operate, but have made it impossible for them to place orders for new ships which otherwise they would have placed. The result is that, not only has shipping been passing through a period of unexampled depression with abnormally low freights,¹ but every industry which depends upon our world-wide ocean carrying trade has been crippled—shipbuilding, marine engineering, and all the trades which are concerned with the equipment of ships. Whereas seven years ago new merchant ships of nearly 3,000,000 tons were building in this country, the tonnage now under construction amounts to only 775,000 tons, and from that total a deduction of upwards of 100,000 tons must be made on account of vessels on which work has been suspended.

It is our habit of mind to be optimistic and to assume with confidence that we shall surmount all the difficulties in our path. But the figures of the Board of Trade for the past ten months' overseas trade—January to October—may well cause us to examine the situation, lest, owing to want of such action as lies within our power, it becomes worse instead of better. The official figures of our overseas trade during these ten months, as compared with the corresponding period of 1925, are as follow:—

	Total.	Decrease.	Percentage.
Imports	£1,016,350,156	-£57,898,893	- 5.4%
Exports	£549,121,463	-£97,218,929	- 15.0%
Re-exports	£103,063,219	-£23,165,016	- 18.3%
Total exports	£652,184,682	-£120,383,945	- 15.6%

The gravity of those figures is only to be appreciated in knowledge of the delicate character of the economic machinery which enables 46,000,000 people to live in so small a country, completely surrounded by water. In the

(1) The importation of coal has caused a rise in freights, but that is obviously, as Sir Frederick Lewis has pointed out, a temporary, as well as an uneconomic, movement, arising from the embarrassment of the country.

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traceable to the coal stoppage is estimated at £300,000,000—a sum, as Mr. Walter Runciman has remarked, at least twice the value of the coal mines.

It is no exaggeration to state that since the Armistice was signed the people of this country have been living in a state of war, the operations against them being in large measure directed and financed from a foreign country with which we have concluded a commercial treaty specifically forbidding either party interfering in the domestic affairs of the other. Not only has production in our mines, factories, and workshops fallen off, but all costs have been so greatly increased that in the most favourable circumstances manufacturers and merchants would have found it difficult to conduct their normal trading operations overseas.

* * * * *

The other form of blockade from which we have been, and are still, suffering has been beyond our control. Under the Peace Treaty large areas in Europe which were formerly economic units were split up into new countries, which, as Mr. Hartley Withers has pointed out, put high duties upon goods which they hoped to manufacture themselves. States, large and small, have been endeavouring by high Customs tariffs to make themselves self-sufficient. Mr. Withers has reminded us that the multiplication of formalities at the frontiers and the number of documents that now have to be produced and signed, often in duplicate or triplicate, explain why a great part of the attention and energy of producers has nowadays to be diverted to studying methods by which goods can be got across frontiers, instead of concentrated on production of goods. Another obstruction to trade, he has declared, is the fact that in many countries Customs duties can now be varied by a mere Decree of Government, and consequently frequent changes are made both in duties and in classification. The exporting producer and merchant can consequently never be sure, at the time when he exports goods, under what conditions they will be received in the country of destination by the time that they get there. "Such changes are often carried through without notice given, and the

official announcement on the subject only published weeks after the alteration has been made."

Will the rest of the world never learn the lesson which the remarkable economic progress of the United States suggests? Here is a population of 113,000,000 persons of very mixed nationality inhabiting nearly 3,000,000 square miles of territory, trading with each other freely, although living in forty-eight States, each of which has its own legislature of two houses, its own judicial system, and a large measure of freedom in local affairs. In contrast with the fortunate state of the Americans, we have the populations of the Continent of Europe, occupying an area little larger, divided up into a great number of States, far more numerous than before, and each engaged, by means of tariffs and other expedients, in a game of beggary-neighbour. Europe, as a result of the Peace Treaty, with its new frontiers, is still at war—an economic war. As the business men recently remarked in their manifesto, "to mark and defend these new frontiers in Europe, licences, tariffs and prohibitions were imposed, with results which experience shows to have been unfortunate for all concerned. One State lost its supplies of cheap food, another its supplies of cheap manufactures. Industries suffered for want of coal; factories for want of raw materials. Behind the Customs barriers new local industries were started with no real economic foundation, which could only be kept alive in face of competition by raising the barriers higher still. Railway rates dictated by political considerations have made transit and freights difficult and costly. Prices have risen; artificial dearness has been created. Production as a whole has been diminished. Credit has contracted and currencies have depreciated. Too many States, in pursuit of false ideals of national interest, have imperilled their own welfare and lost sight of the common interests of the world by basing their commercial relations on the economic folly which treats all trading as a form of war."

The economic blockade which is being carried out in Europe finds its reflection in almost every other country, and even the British Dominions have fallen

most favourable years, as has been explained in *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*, all the manufactures, coal and other things which we manage to sell overseas fail to pay for our imports, in which food and raw materials bulk most largely. Last year there was a large adverse balance on our visible trade—that is, the exchange of goods. The Board of Trade, by various statistical manipulations, which may or may not have been justified, made it appear that our invisible exports—such as the interest on foreign investments, the earnings of shipping, and the banking, insurance, and other business done abroad by British firms—wiped out the adverse balance and left us with an inconsiderable sum on the right side. If that was the best which the official statistician could do for us last year, what is the outlook in the light of the figures which are now available? In the past ten months, while the value of our imports decreased by 5.4 per cent., the value of the exports, British and foreign, fell off by no less than 15.6 per cent. We are confronted with a heavier adverse balance on our visible trading overseas than in any time in our history, apart, of course, from the period of the Great War. If re-exports, amounting to £103,063,219, are deducted from imports, the adverse visible trade balance in these ten months amounts to £364,165,000. That is an increase of more than £62,485,000 on the figure for the corresponding period of last year, and an advance of £108,158,000 on the record of 1925. It would be preposterous to suggest that the dividends on foreign investments, the earnings of shipping, and the overseas profits made by bankers, insurance companies and brokers this year have expanded in the unfavourable conditions which have existed, and still exist, to such an extent as to offer the consoling reflection that we are paying our way. Is it not apparent that we are in a state of emergency, with our national finances embarrassed, with our local authorities bowed down by the burden of relief which they have been compelled to give, and with upwards of 1,500,000 able-bodied workers, apart from the miners, existing in idleness. The extremists among the Labour Socialists have done their best completely to undermine our economic stability.

When it first became apparent, after the revolution in Russia, that the the Bolshevists were organising a campaign in our midst with the intention of fomenting a revolution here, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and his colleagues pooh-poohed the idea that a conspiracy was afoot, and a good many Liberals joined in the sneers and jeers which were directed against those who warned us. The subversive movement was allowed to continue without let or hindrance, though it was known that Moscow was pouring out money which was being used to create unrest in this country, as well as to encourage rebellions in India, Egypt, the Middle East, and even in the Dominions. We are specially concerned at the moment with the course of events in this country. The campaign conducted by Mr. A. J. Cook, Mr. Herbert Smith, and the other members of the Executive of the Miners' Federation was confessedly financed from Moscow, which has from first to last provided this organisation with upwards of £1,100,000. The extremists, after months of activity in every industrial district, at last succeeded in imposing their will on the General Council of the Trade Union Congress. Throughout the post-war period these sedulously pursued machinations on the part of the Left Wing Socialists have checked production and produced strikes. According to Mr. William Graham, M.P., who was Financial Secretary to the Treasury in the MacDonald Government, in the years which have elapsed since the close of the war the average loss of working days each year has been three times greater than the average annual loss during the period of twenty-one years before the outbreak of the war, while in the first seven months of this year more than 83,000,000 working days were lost owing to industrial disputes. Writing in *The Banker*, he has pointed out that, apart from the loss of wages in the mining and other industries, affecting possibly as many as 6,000,000 persons, there has been a ruinous loss of profits, the source from which the necessary additions to capital are normally drawn, from which industrial debt is paid off, and to which the Government looks for the maintenance of the national revenue. The loss directly or indirectly

under the same influences, with the result that all the self governing Dominions have their tariff walls, which are somewhat lowered for the benefit of the Mother Country. The consequence of this policy is that trade is hampered on every hand. It is represented as almost a crime to buy anything which is not of native production if, by any possibility and at almost any price, a native article can be obtained. The old and well-tried principle that "you cannot sell unless you buy" is being denied throughout the world, and the evils flowing from this policy are apparent in Europe to-day. The subject was dealt with by the Committee on Industry and Trade, over which Sir Arthur Balfour is presiding, in a report which was issued about a year ago, and recently Sir Clive Morrison Bell constructed a model showing the wall which has been erected round each country in Europe in proportion to the *ad valorem* height of the various tariffs. He has thus provided a most instructive and striking demonstration of the obstructions to trade which now exist in Europe. Thus Great Britain and the Netherlands are the lowest with an index number of 6; that for Denmark is 7 and for Belgium and Portugal 8; France, Germany and Scandinavia fall in a group with index numbers varying from 12 to 15; the Central European countries, beginning with Austria at 16, Roumania 18, and Bulgaria 19, rise to 23 for Poland, 25 for Jugoslavia, and 27 for Hungary, while extreme cases are represented by Spain with an index of 35, and Russia with one of 43. The model shows most effectively the extent to which the new small States which came into existence as a result of the war have copied, in disregard of their own interests, the policy pursued by the older States. The result is that never before were there such formidable barriers to trade in Europe as exist at this moment.

Mr. Walter Leaf, the President of the International Chamber of Commerce, referred to this subject of trade barriers in his address last spring to the Council of the International Chamber of Commerce:—

Everywhere, with hardly an exception, there are the same complaints of the difficulty of finding markets for manufactures. The capacity for production is there, and is generally much larger than in pre-war times;

but the products are stagnating because they are refused, or at least hampered, by foreign tariffs and trade barriers. Hence unemployment, stagnation of industry, and a lamentable waste of potential human energy. The whole standard of living is lowered by artificial restrictions on human efficacy.

A European Trade League would have open markets on at least the same scale as those of the United States, and would thus be able to compete in production on equal terms with that vast area of free trade intercourse. National jealousies force us here to employ in suicidal trade struggles the efforts which should be concentrated on the general advancement of human well-being. It is for the International Chamber to do its best to educate the world through this wider outlook. That is the task which we are setting before ourselves for this year.

Sir Alan Anderson has since dealt with the same subject, pointing to the superior advantages enjoyed by the United States, owing to that country being a collection of States, occupying an immense area, highly protected indeed by an external tariff wall, but possessing absolute freedom of trade within the area.

Europe is pretending that trade is a species of war, whereas it is a peaceful process of civilisation. "We claim," Sir Alan has stated, "for the trade between nations that it is the sovereign agent to improve the lot of mankind and that it does not deserve to be barred out as it is to-day."

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In addition to the difficulties which we have experienced, and are still experiencing, in making goods and selling them overseas, obstacles of the most injurious and irritating character have been placed on the free movement of shipping, and in this respect again the Dominions, as well as foreign countries, are concerned. This is a matter which specially concerns us in this country, because before the war we carried over one-half of the world's trade in our ships, including nine-tenths of the inter-Imperial trade, over three-fifths of the trade between the Empire and foreign countries, and nearly one-third of the trade between foreign countries in which we were not concerned as producers. Shipping provides employment for hundreds of thousands of our population. It is a basic industry here; we live on an island, and we have a peculiar aptitude for the conduct of sea affairs. The Booth Committee, which was

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appointed by Mr. Walter Runciman in 1916, when he was President of the Board of Trade, recorded that "although the volume of trade carried in British ships was increasing the proportion of the world's trade carried in British ships (when the war broke out) tended to decline." That summed up the position on the eve of the war. What is the situation to-day? The Balfour Committee, in its "Survey of Overseas Markets," gives particulars of the difficulties with which British shipping is confronted in various parts of the world, and more recently the Chamber of Shipping of the United Kingdom prepared a memorandum for the information of the Imperial Conference which goes into the matter more fully, directing attention to the evils which flow from State-ownership of shipping, the extent to which acts of flag discrimination are still being persisted in, specifically by Italy, Spain, Turkey and Russia, in spite of the provisions of the Maritime Ports Convention, and other troubles which afflict the industry. The memorandum emphasises that "the British Empire is maintained by the efficiency of her shipping, and the safety and prosperity of every unit depend upon our being able to keep open the arteries of Imperial communication."

At the last Imperial Conference a resolution was passed setting forth that it was the established practice of the British peoples to make no discrimination between the flags of the shipping using their ports, and stating that they had no intention of departing from this practice "as regards countries which treat ocean-going shipping under the British flag on a footing of equality with their own national shipping." But the resolution added that "In the event of danger arising in future to the overseas shipping of the Empire through an attempt of a foreign country to discriminate against the British flag, the Governments of the Empire will consult together as to the best means of meeting the situation." The Chamber of Shipping has reminded the Ministers of the Empire and others once more that the British policy of "equal opportunity for the vessels of all flags in all ports of the world" kept the peace on the high seas for seventy years, that the Empire has reaped the

benefit, and that British loyalty to that policy, which has become a tradition of the Empire, has been and now is the strongest influence in the world for preserving for the ships of the Empire the conditions of freedom which they need. That the memorandum of this organisation does not reflect the purely selfish outlook of British shipowners is proved by the conclusions which have been reached by the Balfour Committee. It admits that "a most important branch of British industry, which has been affected by the grant of special privileges by foreign governments to national enterprise, is shipping," and it sets out in what respects British shipping is now penalised, whether by disregard of the principles of fair play, the reservation of coasting trade (a theory which has been given wide extensions), the regulation of emigration business, or other acts of discrimination.

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The gravity of the triple blockade under which this country is suffering so grievously threatens its existence. During the past three years British trade has been handicapped as it has never been handicapped before, with the result that we have had for some time past upwards of 4,000,000 people of all ages existing on the working population, while at the same time foreign agents have been in our midst discouraging efficient production, fomenting labour unrest, and generally putting sand into the industrial machine. Manufacturers and merchants have stood defeated before tariff walls; they have been reminded day by day of the fact "that the political settlement following the war nearly doubled the number of independent Customs administrations in Central and Eastern Europe," while farther afield tariffs have been raised higher and higher.

It is a good omen for the future of this country that at last the responsible leaders of the trade unions in this country realise the character of the conspiracy which has been on foot to ruin its industries. It is significant that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald himself, and Mr. Robert Williams, this year's chairman of the Labour Party Congress at Margate, and others such as Mr. J. H. Thomas, Mr. Ben Tillett, Mr. J. R. Clynes, and Mr.

Frank Hodges, are at last convinced of the peril which threatens us. These Socialists have not forsworn their adherence to the theories of Socialism, in many cases self-destructive, but they confess in so many words that the internal blockade of our industrial life must be raised, and that peace must be sought by means of conciliation as between masters and men. Whether they are prepared to practise what they now preach remains to be seen. For they still profess to be at war with capitalism, but at the same time claim to be anxious to make our present system work satisfactorily. There is no reconciling the inconsistencies of the moderate men among the Socialists, who are a continuing source of danger (as were the Kerensky's in Russia in 1917) because they will not face facts, but bemuse themselves with impracticable and, therefore, perilous theories.

For the rest, we must not only think but trade Imperially. The dream of a European trade league is at present, unfortunately, no more than a dream. But the Empire exists as an association of nations with vast and largely undeveloped natural resources and highly developed commercial instincts. There has been a tendency on the part of the Dominions to over-emphasise our obligation to provide a market for the goods which they have to sell, and to underestimate our need for markets for our manufactures, which is at least as great. Concerted action, based on goodwill and the recognition of mutual needs, is necessary, and a more fruitful basis of co-operation in Empire settlement and development must be found. As the Balfour Committee in its "Survey of Overseas Markets" has remarked: "The Board of Trade calculation brings out clearly the remarkable fact that the main increases of tariff rates on British exports have been within the British Empire, where the average *ad valorem* incidence has risen by nearly two-thirds, while in foreign countries, despite the great increase in the United States tariff, the average *ad valorem* incidence has decreased by one-fifth." The comment of the Chamber of Shipping on this statement is apposite:—

The Survey shows that the disadvantage to British trade of the increased tariffs in oversea parts of the Empire has, in several cases, but not in all,

been offset by a concurrent increase in the preference accorded to British goods. But the tariffs imposed, and the extent to which the preference is allowed, are deliberately calculated to promote in every way possible production within Canada, Australia, and South Africa; and as this policy is realised our ability to purchase from them our supplies of food and raw material must decrease. There may be, as is pointed out, partial compensations in increased demands from the self-governing Dominions for special qualities and for luxury goods, but in the main, as they are able to dispense with the manufactures of our staple industries, we must be forced to look for our supplies of food and raw materials to countries prepared to buy from us our standard productions.

The peoples of the British Empire have still to recognise the force of the maxim that "you cannot sell unless you buy, since trade is a matter of exchange." How is this principle of the balance of purchases and sales to be applied so as to benefit to the greatest extent the inhabitants, on the one hand, of Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Canada and Newfoundland, as well as India, and, on the other, the population of the highly industrialised Mother Country? We in this country can buy only from those who are prepared to buy from us, and the things which we have to sell are mainly manufactures. There is another point. Though every man and woman in this country worked at the highest pressure sufficient goods could not be produced to pay for the food and other things, costing upwards of £1,150,000,000 each year, which we import. That constitutes an enormous bill, and the figure gives point to the claim that this country offers the best and biggest market for other countries, and especially for those which produce food and raw materials. The countries with which we trade must be prepared not only to buy our goods, but to assist in maintaining the invisible exports without which we cannot balance our trading account. We must have fair play or these invisible exports, amounting approximately to £400,000,000 annually, will decline, and to that extent our purchasing power will be reduced.

We may not hope to convince foreign countries of the mistake which they are making in endeavouring to hamper international trade by tariff walls and other obstacles, and interfering with carriage by sea by acts of discrimination and other expedients which dislocate the international

and for international trade in goods and ideas, between its unrestrained idiomatic use and a controlled, sterilised, cut-and-dried form which has been lightened as far as possible of all the complexities, subtleties and distortions which might confuse a fool or a foreigner. A few languages only, of which French and Italian, as spoken by the educated classes, are the readiest examples, pass almost unchanged into international currency, and show no obvious cleavage between their official and literary phrasing. English is not one of these. Foreigners are often unaware that the English which they have studied in schools or privately with the help of grammars and dictionaries—let us call it “fixed English”—though at first sight similar, is a very different language from the more fluid form—let us call it English proper—which they meet in imaginative literature, and in which the more English of the English make jokes, poems, and sometimes love. It is a frequent cause of exasperation: for where the Englishman claims intricacy, concord and beauty, the foreigner who is not admitted to the secret finds only muddle, contradiction and madness.

French, Italian, and, to a lesser extent, modern German, are what are known as logical languages: they are reasonable codifications of as much of human experience as can be translated into speech. They give each separate object, process or quality a permanent label duly docketed, and ever afterwards recognise this object, process or quality by its label rather than by itself, forbidding it to appear unless with the label correctly attached. These languages are therefore also the rhetorical languages, rhetoric being the poetry of labels and not the poetry of the things themselves. English proper has always been very much a language of “conceits,” that is, except for the purely grammatic parts of speech, which are in general colourless enough, the vocabulary is not fully dissociated from the imagery from which it developed: words still tend to be pictorial and not typographic. The word “conceit” originally meant an image or pictorial idea contained in a word or juxtaposition of words, but the neo-Classical influence in criticism eventually gave it the sense of

“unnecessary and exhibitory ornament,” and so “vanity”; at best now, the same critical influence surviving, it will mean “imaginative concepts beautifying but not essential to logical thought on the label system.” Fortunately, in English one is permitted to restore a word to its original sense, if notice is given; and so, resisting the alien critical standards since imposed, let us firmly agree that English proper is a language not of labels but rather of “conceits” or “pictorial images.”

Matthew Arnold, who as a critic did not do sufficient justice to the peculiarly English habit of thought, points out in his essay on the “Influence of Literary Academies” that: “The power of French literature is in its prose writers, the power of English literature in its poets. While the fame of many celebrated poets of France depends on the qualities of intelligence they exhibit, qualities which are the distinctive support of prose, many of the celebrated prose-writers of England depend wholly for their fame on the imaginative qualities they exhibit, which are the distinctive support of poetry.” The truth is that for French prose writers and many celebrated French verse-writers the conceits of the words they use are dulled and show no rebellious tendency to form illicit assemblies that might affect the argument. For English writers of prose or verse, so soon as a gust of natural feeling snatches away the typographical disguise in which their words are dressed, the conceits appear in all freedom: at first they enliven and enforce the argument, but after a while, if the author is not wary, they desert it and begin a digressive dance of their own. It is a commonplace that the English have no feeling for purity of literary form in the classical sense: it is their strength and weakness that native imaginative exuberance breaks down all literary restraint. Serious critical writing is frequently punctuated—as this very paper may prove to be—by mild jokes and sometimes effective, sometimes strained analogy; the broadest farce may develop sudden periods of poetic beauty, and so also may the most formal theology; philosophy in England often hesitates between satire, practical psychology, ejaculatory descriptive passages and

freight markets. But the peoples of the British Empire belong to one family of nations, sharing not only the same language but possessing common political and economic traditions. Free trade within the Empire may be a Utopian dream beyond our grasp at present, but there are, short of that ideal, methods by which inter-Imperial trade can be promoted, and as a result Empire development and settlement encouraged.

In this country we stand at the parting of the ways. Which road are we to travel? It is significant of the tendency of opinion in this country that Sir Alfred Mond, one of the outstanding industrial leaders in our midst, should have declared that "it is folly for us—an island Power—to want to stand in the middle of Europe to be shot at, mixing ourselves up in their intrigues and endeavouring to combat as honest gentlemen the manner in which they conduct their affairs. Are we politically and economically to be tied to the Continent of Europe, or are we to be politically and economically tied to the Empire?" His view is that the Mother Country must unhesitatingly range itself on the side of the Empire. It is for the peoples of the Empire, with the most efficient, as well as the cheapest, highways, the seas and oceans, at their command, to render that development practicable by concerted action based on goodwill. That policy does not necessarily involve any sacrifice of our trade with foreign countries. We can continue to trade with other States, while recognising the partner nations, our Colonies and Dependencies, as belonging to the family circle. An American officer declared, many years ago, when he had decided to range himself on the side of a British man-of-war, that "blood is thicker than water," and the British peoples throughout the world, who are yoked in a common loyalty and are working for common ideals, might well make that slogan their own.

IMPENETRABILITY OR THE PROPER HABIT OF ENGLISH

BY ROBERT GRAVES

PART I

THE original occasion of this paper—a course of public lectures at the Egyptian University at Cairo—is plainly recalled by the home-thoughts-from-abroad sentiment that pervades it. The audience was largely Oriental, but contained many energetic Francophiles whose assumptions about the English language were known to be both uncritical and unflattering. This atmosphere prompted a review of those classroom commonplaces on the peculiar nature of English, which, mostly in the form of comparisons with French and German, have for years been copied from one blackboard to another without due enquiry into their truth. It is usually accepted, for example, that French is a more exact, more philosophic language than English, but that English is an easier language to learn than French; both of these views can be questioned except in a very limited sense. And that "French is the language for love but English for science; but on the other hand French is the prosaic, English the poetic language" is a paradox in need of very careful defence. At the same time such unfriendly charges occur as "English is chaotic and utterly unsuited for clear thought," and have to be met by showing that this chaos is only the apparent disorder of a workshop in which a great deal of repair and other work is in progress: the benches are crowded, the corners piled with lumber, but the old hand knows just where to find any spare part or accessory needed, or at any rate can lay his hand on the tools and materials needed for making whatever is wanting.

In considering any language a careful distinction must be made and kept between its popular native form and the form to which it is adapted for official and educative routine.

philosophy proper. Tragi-comedy is the clearest instance of this peculiarity in English literature; it is a form almost unknown on the Continent; at its worst it is an absurd episodic carnival, but at its best, where a constructive intelligence is present to reconcile the apparently incompatible elements, a greater integrity and clarity results than is possible within the limitations of pure classical form. Tragi-comedy is the hit-or-miss dramatic form, and English proper is the hit-or-miss language.

Fixed English, which dates perhaps from Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, completed in 1755, fulfils the need of a safer, less ambitious language arranged on the same system and dedicated to the same uses as French: it is a language of agreed preconceptions. Fixed English makes possible a French-English, English-French or a German-English, English-German dictionary. Each foreign label can find its English fellow. For example, "Glory" is matched with "La Gloire," and "matelot" with "sailor." Fixed English compares very well with other languages, but is often more mechanically and therefore more properly employed by foreigners than by Englishmen, who are always inclined to slip back into English proper. Fixed English is an easy language to learn, like colloquial Arabic; but of English proper, as of Arabic proper, no wise man will ever claim final mastery; there is no discovered end to either language.

English, whether fixed or free, has certain unusual advantages in structure. In the first place it is almost uninflected and has no genders. The Romance languages and German—but let us treat more particularly of French, because the French are nearer the English in geography and farther removed in mental habit than any other European nation: France is historically the sweet enemy of England—these languages, then, though in other respects more logical, have not had occasion to simplify themselves similarly, have clung without question to their genders and inflections.

Now, in any logical sense there is no justification for genders. They are a survival from a mythological time when the supposed sex of any object—trees, diseases,

cooking implements—had to be considered for the sake of religious convention or taboo. The religious sense disappeared in prehistoric times: the genders remain as a decoration or frill without which the languages that keep them would feel undressed. Even new words have to decide on their hypothetical sex so soon as coined, concretes and abstractions alike. This sense of lingual modesty must, of course, be reckoned with: the Romance languages and German have what amounts to an æsthetic objection to an English sentence like: "The boy, the man and the woman had the same feelings." They prefer the decorative variety of "*Le garçon, l'homme et la femme avaient les mêmes sentiments.*" But when a language is used for international exchange the practical disadvantages of gender are generally admitted to outweigh its decorative qualities. Gender is illogical, in being partly used to express actual sex, e.g., *le garçon, la femme*, and partly used without thought of sex, e.g., *la masculinité, le féminisme, le festin, la fête*, so that if one does wish to give sex-characteristics to concrete objects or abstractions, as, for example, masculinity to Sword and Pen and femininity to Parliament, the fixed gender is an actual hindrance to any such renewal of mythology. An inflected tense also has a beauty from which these languages rightly refuse to be parted. But for merely practical uses an inflected tense such as *je serai, tu seras, il sera, nous serons, vous serez, ils seront* seems unnecessary to an Englishman, content with *I will be, you will be, he will be, we will be, they will be*, particularly since the French have dropped noun and adjective inflections almost as completely as English. The only possible variation in English of the future tense is the alteration of "shall" and "will" as auxiliaries; but this is an alteration that shows varying attitudes to the future (intention, compulsion and direction): it is not merely decorative. English is a language of later development than other European languages: it is more copious and less inflected. The gradual tendency of language since the beginning of modern civilisation has been continuously towards the simplification of grammar. The most ancient languages of which we have record,

such as Sanscrit and Eskimo, are not, as one would expect, rude in structure, but, on the contrary, so elaborate in tense, case, mood, and gender that to learn the elements of any such language will take as long a time as to become fluent in any four unrelated civilised languages. The present tendency to simplify grammar is due to the enormous number of new ideas, objects and aspects of things which the speeding up of civilisation brings. Breadth of vocabulary is given in exchange for depth of grammar: so all recent inventors of new languages such as Ido, Volapuk, and Esperanto have agreed in reducing grammar to its bare bones. English began after the Norman Conquest as a *lingua franca* between the French-speaking invaders, who assumed the entire government and religious control of the country, and the mixed Anglo-Saxon-Danish population on whom they depended for labour and supplies. It was natural for the minority to make the language of the majority the base of the *lingua franca* rather than the other way about; and the dignity of French-speaking could be thus maintained. French was the language of the court and the law for a century or two after English had established itself for all ordinary purposes and become the accepted literary language, but the eventual disappearance of French was never in doubt once the grammar of Saxon, already weakened by the Danish invasions, was further simplified by the requirements of the French-speaking invaders. The *lingua franca* was at first deficient in words to fit the new methods of trade and government, and these had to be supplied from the French, which was culturally in advance of Anglo-Saxon because of its closer connection with Rome, the source of all contemporary culture. So passing the stage of Broken Saxon, English developed a free and easy grammar and syntax—a modification of Anglo-Saxon, but with French turns wherever a legal or literary subtlety was needed: the vocabulary remaining Anglo-Saxon in foundation was enormously enriched with Norman-French and Latin words of advanced cultural history. So it is that while there are at least twice as many Romance words in English as native ones, these native words are used five times as often as the Romance words.

One of the happiest features of this development of English was that the parts of speech ceased to be strictly used: adjectives were made to do service for nouns and nouns were turned into verbs, until it could be said that all parts of speech in English can be interchanged. We can use a pronoun for a noun: "That not impossible she." Or a conjunction for a verb, or for a noun: "But me no buts." Or a verb for a noun: "To go on strike." Or a noun for a verb: "Foot it neatly on the green." In the sentence, "A briar pipe has no equal," "briar," a noun, does duty for an adjective; "equal," an adjective, does duty for a noun. This interchange is a great help to meaning where the adjective formed in the usual way from a noun or the verb formed from the noun has divagated slightly from its original sense. For instance, if one wished to write of the inflections of a verb and did not wish to write "verbal inflections" because "verbal" means "of a word" rather than "of a verb," one would be free to speak of "verb-inflections," using a noun for an adjective.

Further gains to English at this early period were the wide choice of prefixes and suffixes which the pooling of the wealth of both languages gave, the use of auxiliary words to help out the verb-tenses, and new freedoms won by prepositions. There is a greater richness of prepositions in English than in most other civilised languages: for instance, in French *de* has to bear the whole burden of the English prepositions "of," "from," "out," and *à* of "at," "to," "till," and German has no separation between "of" and "from": "into" and "out of" are double prepositions with no equivalent in either French or German. But it is not merely the greater choice of prepositions that gives English a greater subtlety in their use. For example, James Clarence Mangan in his humorous essay, "My Bugle and How I Blow It," published in the early 1830's, makes a good point about one use of the preposition "in." He writes:—

"I am the Man in the Cloak." In other words, I am by no manner of means the Man *of* the Cloak or the Man *under* the Cloak. The Germans call me "*Der Mensch mit dem Mantel*"—the Man *with* the Cloak. This is a deplorable error in the nomenclature of that otherwise intelligent people: because my cloak is not part and parcel of myself. The cloak is

outside and the man is inside, but each is a distinct entity. I admit you may say "the Man with the Greasy Countenance," thus also Slawkenbergius (*vide Tristram Shandy*) calls his hero "the Stranger with the Nose," for, however long, the nose was an integral part of the individual. With me the case is a horse of another colour. I do not put my cloak on and off, I grant, but I can do so when I please: and therefore it is obvious to the meanest capacity that I am the Man in the Cloak and no mistake.

Mangan's objection to the German idiom could have been strengthened by an opposite objection to the French "L'homme à la redingote," where the greater emphasis is laid on the cloak than on the man: Mangan, as he says, is not "the man of the Cloak"; yet "L'homme dans la redingote" is no more French than "Der Mensch in dem Mantel" is German.

It is of this flexibility of English that Sir Philip Sidney writes in his *Apologie for Poetry*.

English giveth us great occasion to the right use of matter and manner, being indeed capable of any excellent exercising of it. I know some will say that it is a mingled language. And why not so much the better, taking the best of both the other? Another will say it wanteth Grammar. Nay truly it hath that praise, that it wanteth not Grammar, for Grammar it might have, but it needs it not being so easy of itself and so void of those cumbersome differences of Cases, Genders, Moods and Tenses, which I think was a piece of the Tower of Babylon's curse, that a man should be put to school to learn his mother tongue. But for the uttering sweetly and properly the conceits of the mind, which is the end of speech, that it hath it equally with any other tongue in the world: and is particularly happy in compositions of two or three words together, near the Greek, far beyond the Latin: which is one of the greatest beauties can be in a language.

The admirable growth of English as a common language of conqueror and conquered had one great disadvantage, the slowness with which it arrived at a common convention for the pronunciation and spelling of words. Neither the French nor the Anglo-Saxons could form their mouths properly for the management of the other's language, particularly of the vowels, yet the French scribes had to write Saxon words in their legal records, and the Saxon scribes in submitting accounts in writing had to adopt a convention of spelling which their masters would understand. English spelling, therefore, hardened before a common vowel-pronunciation had been arrived at: or it would be truer to say that a local convention hardened in

each district according to the dialect spoken. East Midland was the English dialect that finally triumphed, but words were introduced from other dialects where a slightly different spelling had been in vogue; and when at last a general convention of spelling and pronunciation was reached it was, and remains, a tissue of inconsistencies: the one serious handicap to English as an official or international language.

The termination *-ough*, for instance, occurs in words as differently sounded as "rough," "bough," "cough," "thorough," "though," "through," and "hiccough," the *gh* representing what was once an Anglo-Saxon guttural which corresponds with the Greek χ . This guttural the Norman-French either could not or would not pronounce: either they made an *f* sound of it or they sounded the vowel and left out the consonant altogether. It is probable that this habit became fashionable among those natives who wished to pass as members of the ruling caste, and except in the North, where it lasted much later and still survives in many dialect words, the *gh* passed out of the spoken language, and remains in the written merely as a historic note.

To the different pronunciation of vowels in different parts of the country these *-ough* words are sufficient witnesses, and to the inconsistency of the spelling convention, the "ch" in "church," "Christian," "chivalry" and "pibroch." The trouble is that in English there are only twenty-three letters (three others, *x*, *k* and *q* being redundant) to express forty-three sounds; and this was always too much for the scribes. They tried various methods, such as the doubling of the consonant to show that the vowel which comes before is short, *e.g.*, *batter*, and the final *e* after a consonant to show that the vowel is long, *e.g.*, *bone*. But none of these methods could be used consistently while the pronunciation was still so various; and the scribes did as well as could be expected short of making a new alphabet.

The spelling of a word is often, however, valuable in suggesting the date and origin of its appearance in the language. The case of Romance words, in "*-on*" is

typical. "Mutton" is an early borrowing, and therefore kept its original terminal spelling. Three centuries or so later, when the French *ou* sound had been Englished as "-on," new -on words imported such as *balon*, *marron*, *musqueton*, *salon*, were spelt "balloon," "marroon," "musquatoon," "saloon." This "oo," which also represented the narrow vowel in the word "good," later got confused with the broader sound as in "food" and "moon." But "mutton" was still pronounced as before. In more recent times the English have either spelt and pronounced the newly borrowed words in -on in the proper French way, if they are educated words, such as *soupçon* and *raison d'être*, or, if they are words capable of popular use, they have Englished them much as they did the words first borrowed. So *bâton* as in "conductor's baton" is made to rhyme with *fatten*, and on the barrack-square *échelon* has come to rhyme with *stretch along*. On the whole, educated people are more willing now to pronounce and spell foreign words as they are spelt and pronounced in their country of origin. And this new respect for accuracy of pronunciation which, as has been noticed, does not extend to the masses, has made things rather worse than before. For instance, the Irish word "Lough" not long borrowed has added one more pitfall to the pronunciation of words in "-ough." Conscientious travellers to Ireland try to compass the sound, but the dictionaries compromise by directing that it shall be pronounced "lok"; holding that "k" is at any rate a guttural and nearer to the sound than "f."

Yet we have sucked certain advantages even from our most indefensible confusions. Where there has been more than one pronunciation of a word it has very often been split into two words, each devoted to a different sense and usually spelt differently. "Through" and "thorough" provide an instance of differentiation both of spelling and pronunciation; "flower" and "flour," "gest" and "jest" of differentiation in spelling only. And it sometimes happens that the same word is borrowed more than once from the same language, the first borrowing having already changed in sense. So that the second

borrowing becomes a new word in English and, the spelling convention having meanwhile also changed, is easily distinguished from the early borrowing. The word "saloon" was a Tudor borrowing from the French, and, manners and appetites being what they then were, now usually means a "public-eating room." *Salon*, the later borrowing, is a room where wits and men and women of distinction assemble for mutual admiration and where refreshments are of the lightest. In a "saloon" one may eat beefsteak-and-onions; in a *salon* hardly more than a caviare sandwich. "Antick," with its more modern "antic," and "antique" enshrine very different views of things antiquated.

In accepting English one must accept the inconsistent spelling cheerfully, not only for the practical services it has rendered in the differentiation of meaning, but on its own account as one learns to accept and even admire the trifling irregularities of a friend's face. There is to the English eye something distasteful in the idea of phonetic spelling. Attempts to force it upon the language though supported by all the logic in the world are unavailing; "because of the ugly look the words have," the popular reason will be, but there is something stronger behind even than an æsthetic objection. Though the use of phonetic spelling can be defended so far as fixed English is concerned because one merely typographic convention is as good as another in the label system, it is an act of hostility to English proper. If conceits are to take their usual prominent part, the use of a simplified spelling convention stands in the way of their natural emergence. This is clearest in the case of poetry. Poetry in phonetic spelling is not only grotesque in appearance because of its over-use of k's, z's, and ay's: it is actually meaningless, as poetry, because the images get entangled in the net of the spelling. One would have less objection to phonetic or "simplified" spelling if it could be introduced retrospectively in our grandfather's days: but we do not intend to make sacrifices for the sake of our grandchildren. We will only change our spelling, be sure when the Frenchman drops his "le, la, les" and agree

to a conjugation like "je serai, il serai, nous serai, vous serai, ils serais"—and that will not be to-morrow or next year even. In any case simplified spelling is useless without an unsimplification of pronunciation. Homophones such as "pier" and "peer," "pear," "pare," and "pair" owe a great deal to their various spelling, and if spelling is made phonetic they must decide each on a new pronunciation, "peer" may remain "peer," but "pier" must rhyme with "higher." If "pair" is to remain "pair," "pear" must be "pee-ar," and "pare" must be "parë"? And the rights of "pyre," "par" and "pa" must not be infringed upon. As the regularising of our spelling and pronunciation on a rational basis has never succeeded, partly because there is no cultural centre in England, and never has been, of such commanding influence as, for example, Paris, and partly because an Englishman's choice of words is as much his own peculiar dialect as his home is his castle—so for the same reasons the permanent dedication of particular words to particular senses, the fixing of English, has never, we have already seen, come to much. There have been occasional literary panjandrums who have undertaken the reformation of the language from a professorial or editorial chair: and have been supported by others of the same missionary spirit. There have even been short periods usually after a time of civil disturbance when the cultured classes have had what may be called "fits of tidiness," and, always under direct Continental influence, have begun putting the dictionary into better order. The "Society for Pure English" recently formed by the Poet Laureate is getting a great deal of support at this moment and is the literary equivalent of political fascism. But at no period have the cultured classes been able to force the habit of tidiness on the nation as a whole. Ben Jonsons, John Drydens, Alexander Popes, Joseph Addisons, Samuel Johnsons, and Matthew Arnolds have only succeeded in civilising the outer crust of the national hasty-pudding. The imaginative genius of the uneducated and half-educated masses will not be denied expression.

(To be continued.)

BY THE HON. ELEANOR BROUGHAM

IT is impossible to exaggerate the importance of Alchemy in the Middle Ages. It was patronised in every country by princes and prelates, by lettered and unlettered, all of them haunted by its illimitable possibilities, and all of them hoping for miraculous results. Gold was needed. No other substance under Heaven could compare with it. It was the well-spring of the treasures and riches of the world. And so they erected their stoves and alembics, made singular experiments in transcendental chemistry, and dreamt of "changing imperfect metal into that which is perfect." Marvellous tales were recorded of this power which the Greeks had attributed to Medea. It was even said that God had commanded Noah to hang up the "true and genuine philosopher's stone which some have called the priceless glory, and others the Quintessence," in the Ark, to give light to every living creature there.

Although Alchemy as practised in Europe came to the west from China, where it was associated with Tâoism (Lâo-tze himself believing that the "herb of immortality" was to be found in the fairy islands of the Pacific), there seems to be no doubt that the Arabians were the first adepts who reduced it to regular form and order. They derived their knowledge, it is thought, from a Moslem mission which was sent to Peking as early as 628, and from the eleventh century onwards their works poured into Europe. The subtle-witted Abu Musa Jafar al Sufi, familiarly known as Geber, was destined to be the oracle of all mediæval alchemists. They were—incalculably—his debtors, for his treatise on furnaces which they read and studied with avidity was indispensable to them. Yet conjectures about him are futile. The life of this remarkable man of science remains unrecorded, and despite his outstanding discoveries both in medicine and in chemistry he is like a figure in a dream. We are even uncertain of his date.

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Alchemists may be divided into three classes. Certain of them were visionaries and theosophists who despised physical secrets and crushed the visible world, with all its brilliant imperfections, out of existence, only wishing to gain some high spiritual grace of illumination. They were absorbed by the enthralling miracle of the soul. It was overwhelming. "She hath an absolute power in miraculous and more than natural transmutations," wrote old Philalethes. Impatient to receive revelations, they groped and speculated and contradicted each other. They forsook orthodoxy—that "*miseria di speranza piena*"—and applied themselves to philosophy. They brooded. They became introspective. Man must be converted from a lower to a higher and more perfect order of existence. Heaven itself, they suspected, was transmutation. And at moments the divine secret, "which, like a rose, had been guarded by thorns," seemed about to be revealed to them. . . . So we find this little band of inspired adventurers travelling all over Europe, consorting with kings and emperors—Prague was the metropolis of Alchemy and the headquarters of the adepts—picking up what esoteric knowledge they might. Needless to say, they met with ceaseless vicissitudes. The Church was hostile to these plotters of evil things who intended to "subvert and overthrow all good religion," and their labours were constantly impeded by fear of ecclesiastical authorities. It is always a misfortune to have a sharper angle of vision than that of your neighbour, but in the Middle Ages this was paid for by the pillory, the gallows and the stake. Occult sciences were a dangerous pastime in those days which brought men into trouble. It was best, therefore, to tread the narrow path of scholasticism, and avoid magical pursuits, best not to be curious or complicated. . . . Possibly. "*Mais c'est estre mais ce n'est pas vivre.*"

Then there were the practical adepts, who, professing the art of transmuting metals, gained considerable merit as chemical experimenters, and it cannot be doubted that the laborious investigations of these patient workers contributed in some degree to the creation and progress of modern sciences. It was in searching for the philosopher's

stone that Geber discovered the properties of acids; Roger Bacon the composition of gunpowder; Val Helmont the nature of gas; and, in 1709, Bottger the formula for making true or hard paste porcelain at Dresden. In the fifteenth century Basil Valentine, an able Benedictine monk of Erfurt, published a treatise containing the first accurate mention of nitric, muriatic and sulphuric acids, with intelligible directions for preparing them. The art of metallurgy was brought to a high state of perfection in Germany at this time. Paracelsus himself studied at the mines in Tyrol in 1494, there amassing a vast store of facts about minerals and metals. Of the latter seven were recognised: lead (*Saturn*), tin (*Jupiter*), iron (*Mars*), gold (*the sun*), copper (*Venus*), quicksilver (*Mercury*) and silver (*the moon*), all of which were thought to be compounded of sulphur and mercury. Analogy in those days was pushed very far. Terrestrial objects all had their counterparts in the heavens. Of course, fine stories about the "multiplication" of gold were used as traps for the innocent and unwary. Needy rogues, usually makers of base coins, traded upon the credulity of their neighbours. Sober citizens, it seems, dreamed of untold wealth, and wished to dazzle the world. So grandiloquent promises were showered upon them, like those of Subtle, which prompted that credulous knight Sir Epicure Mammon to say:

I'll change
All that is in my house to gold,
And early in the morning will I send
To all the plumbers and the pewterers
And buy their tin and lead up
For all the copper—
Yes, and I'll purchase Devonshire and Cornwall,
And make them perfect Indies.

A pleasant enough prospect. What wonder, then, that simple folk in their blindness were ensnared again and again? Let us imagine the kind of chamber in which the charlatan's secret demonstration took place. As we push into the long room crammed with alembics, aludels, crucibles and curious utensils, we find ourselves at once in a world of suggestion. A bleary-eyed drudge attends to

the furnace and pounds up ingredients in a mortar. Large bunches of *alchemilla*—so called because its leaves possessed potent powers—hang above a table heaped up with ingots of silver, cabalistic signs, elephants' tusks, and all sorts of queer, unfamiliar rubbish. A magic mirror, or devil's looking-glass, "that causeth the images of all things to appear," reflects misty, opalescent colours. Meanwhile the crafty alchemist, employing an elaborate jargon of dark words and mystical phrases to confuse the poor dupe, takes a few nails and dips them into a bubbling liquid, from which they emerge instantly converted into gold. He praises his own work. Undoubtedly he possesses the famous red powder, "heavy and shining like pounded glass," which transmutes everything. . . . But this, alas! was only a trick. For the nails were half iron, neatly soldered with gold, covered with something to conceal the colour, which was easily removed.

The great age of Alchemy in England was during the Wars of the Roses, but in Elizabeth's reign it still met with a good deal of encouragement. And with the great Queen it was a passion. In 1590 she gave a licence in Alchemy to her "favourite conjuror," Dr. Dee, who, slightly older than she was, had been consulted some thirty-two years earlier as to the most propitious season for her coronation. In the interval they had remained close and faithful friends. The question is, whether he was something more than an investigator of hermetical learning, and whether, with singular felicity, he had not been appointed "secret intelligencer" to the Queen, than whom nobody ever carried curiosity farther. For she desired to hear all voices. Thus his wanderings on the Continent at irregular intervals were not, presumably, entirely prompted by astrological interests. . . . We are told of a journey to Holland, then the residence of many erudite scholars—where astronomical instruments were purchased. We know that he lectured most ably on the elements of Euclid at Rheims, that he refused to visit the Emperor of Russia, and that his occult dealings with Maximilian I caused him to be created Marshal of Bohemia. His fame as an alchemist went always before him, and alloyed suspicion.

Finally, weary of travelling, he settled quietly at Mortlake, where he speculated on the comets and devoted himself to spiritualism and "scrying," having in his possession "a crystal as big as an egg; bryght, clere and glorious." The neighbours protested. They accused him of raising the dead. Their cattle might suffer, or their children be bewitched. Who could blame them for burning his manuscripts and making his life a burden? But to the general amazement the Queen visited him again and again, "riding down from Richmond in her great coach," to attain knowledge of future chances. For, as Faustus says, "a sound magician is a mighty god." She was at that time about fifty-seven. The most important events of her reign were over. (*O vita stulto longa sapienti brevis!*) She had enjoyed her stately progresses and the "triumphs, fireworks, feasts, and all the ridiculous tumults of a popular prodigious pride" with tragic intensity. Life mattered to her more than anything. What wonder that she set her heart upon possessing the famous *Elixir Vitæ* which would prolong it *ad perpetuum*.

It were a most delightful thing
To live in a perpetual spring. . . .

After years of patient effort it seemed to be within her reach. Cornelius Lanoy, a Dutch impostor, promised faithfully to produce a quantity. She would, he averred, be ageless and immortal, and new lovers would testify to her perennial fascination. The Queen, ensnared by this delectable idea, interviewed him daily at Somerset House, where he had hastily been established. But persistent failures, one regrets to record, caused him to be thrown into the Tower. His words had been "like vapour in a plain which the thirsty dreameth to be water." And now, although her arrogant head was held as high as ever, she was intolerably tired, and her winding-sheet, as she expressed it, would soon be pinned up before her eyes. How pitiless is death! Deep down in her heart was the haunting fear that when crown and sceptre perforce were laid aside, her soul—the thought was unendurable—might be a timorous, wispy thing, floating she knew not whither.

even as the souls of those unredeemed people who were neither Queens nor Tudors. . . . So, doubting all things, she passes into the house of Dr. Dee, to question the crystal and to hold familiar discourse with the spirits of "ancient alchumists." Nor must we intrude upon their privacy. The last person in this country professing to convert mercury into silver and gold was Dr. Price, of Guildford, an unfortunate man full of ramshackle theories, who, in order to prevent detection and exposure, destroyed himself with laurel water in 1782. And now, lest you and I be tempted to "withdraw ourselves from the common and the most recommended employments of the world" and meddle overmuch with matters which are beyond our ken, let us take down our well-thumbed Gibbon from its shelf and rejoice in that great man's common sense:—

The darkness of the Middle Ages ensured a favourable reception to every tale of wonder; and the revival of learning gave new vigour to hope, and suggested more specious arts of deception. Philosophy, with the aid of experience, has at length banished the study of alchymy; and the present age, however, desirous of riches, is content to seek them by the humbler means of commerce and industry.

MADEIRA

By J. HALL RICHARDSON

Forty years ago I tasted a bottle of old Madeira. It was of the 1815 vintage, and was from a reserve kept for the Fishmongers' Company, which City Guild never failed, on special occasions, to offer this rarity to its guests. There was no older wine obtainable.

Last summer I brought back from Madeira a bottle of the vintage of 1826—a century-old wine. Probably both these Madeira wines had been matured by sending them round the world in the hold of a sailing vessel. In those good old times the East and West Indiamen outward bound called at the island. Fully thirty English firms were engaged in the trade, each of which had its own flag. To-day Madeira is matured by steam heat, and the English shippers have to compete with the Portuguese. The leading growers have formed a "combine" of both nationalities. Not that that concerns the British consumer greatly, for Madeira finds its chief patrons to-day in Scandinavia. It is too heady for the French, and even the English, since the taste for lighter wines became general.

Madeira—the island, not the wine—has suffered another change in popular esteem. It is no longer the custom for medical men, because of its equable climate, to send consumptives there. You do not find the hotels full of these distressing cases. The Germans, before they bombarded Funchal and earned the undying hatred of its inhabitants, did erect, some two thousand feet above sea-level, a so-called sanatorium, now falling into ruins. But it is fast becoming a tradition that the Teutons built on a concrete foundation a structure which hid a gun platform, precisely as they had put up a tunny fish factory in order to get haulage gear on the coast for heavy guns.

One does not meet many Germans to-day, but they are creeping back, and if the Portuguese are not more tolerant of British enterprise they will regain their former hold.

The Germans foresaw the coal strike, and weeks before

May last a four-masted collier was riding off Funchal with fuel for German boats.

For the moment English capital and supervision are responsible for not merely wine but much of the embroidery, although the Americans have tried to wrest this from them, and have largely altered its design. They supply, too, clean milk, wholesome bread, biscuits, and home-grown sugar. Britishers run, too, the electric light, and I am not sure whether they leave wholly to the Portuguese the levadas, or running streams of water for irrigation, which make the roads musical—those picturesque pebbled highways with the retaining walls showering cataracts of flowers, ivy geraniums, roses, the blue plum-bago, wistaria, so characteristic of Madeira.

A visit to Madeira in a month—April—when the rush from the Cape had created a panic to secure berths on homeward-bound boats and closed the season prematurely—one month before the end was due—has convinced me that one might do far worse than spend a holiday there in the spring. Indeed, it is suitable at any time of the year, save, perhaps, during June, which is apt to be cloudy, or October, if it should be wet. It is an ideal spot for wintering or as a place at which to break the journey from a warmer climate at a time of the year when the English May is apt to be treacherous. No one need be afraid of the heat, even in July or August, for the mean annual temperature is sixty-four degrees Fahrenheit, and, as in winter it is not lower than sixty-one degrees Fahrenheit, obviously the variation between the seasons is not great. Besides, if Funchal is too sunny, one always has the mountains, which have much of the charm of Norway, Switzerland, and the Tyrol, with the bracing air of high altitudes all the world over.

I write of Madeira, therefore, as an all-the-year-round resort for the leisured, and, above all, for the man or woman needing a rest cure after a nervous or physical breakdown, occur when it may.

Of course, the winter season, from November to May, is the gayest, the four casinos then providing entertainment to supplement the gambling which, although the authorities turn a blind eye to its illegality, is very popular with visitors, and particularly the English. There are the

usual attractions beside—bathing, tennis, croquet, riding, motoring, sailing, during the day; dances, whist drives, theatrical performances, concerts, etc., at night.

And summer and winter alike there is the joy of the gardens, teeming with blossom, roses in bloom from January to December, with the lower slopes of the mountains presenting a great variety of foliage, much of it tropical because of the palms, mixed with the Australian blue gums, the golden-tipped camphor trees, the stiff, almost repellant, dragon trees, the pawpaws, slender and graceful, and, at a higher altitude, the oaks and firs in profusion, with many more trees almost English and home-like in verdure.

Madeira is, I should say, one of the best-known and the least-known civilised islands of the two hemispheres. It is a marine Clapham Junction.

To most people it is a place of call for ocean-going steamers coming from and going to the ends of the earth. To a few only its real attractions have been revealed.

Passengers by the Cape steamers proceeding as far as Durban, or by the liners sailing to South America, or arriving from Portugal direct, or the Mediterranean ports, or, it may be, hailing from Liverpool, a six days' voyage, are usually allowed a few hours ashore. They carry away with them impressions of a busy roadstead, sheltered in a bay with sea of the deepest blue, with a chain of volcanic peaks rising some six thousand feet in a magnificent amphitheatre, and, almost without break, a wealth of unrivalled sunshine.

These travel folk have an invariable programme. They watch from the boat deck of their towering vessel the little boys dive or plunge into the sea, which is of great depth, to catch, before it reaches the bottom, a glittering sixpence. They haggle with the itinerant vendors of embroideries, wickerwork, fruit, monkeys and parrots who are permitted to turn the main deck into a market; or they hasten by launch to the little quay, thence to the mountain railway, making acquaintance with a sled drawn by bullocks, and journey in it through Funchal by the side of a ravine in which rusty overhead haulage gear recalls a day when the sugar boom was at its height.

perience to sit beside a driver whose engine is of the aeroplane model, a less powerful not being of much use, and who indulges in speed which one would think impossible in such confined thoroughfares.

It is said that the motor car men do not expect tips, but that the curtained carros, nominally cheaper, are not so because of the insistent demands of the driver and his boy. That is not my experience. One should bargain first with both classes, to save unpleasantness or even an appearance before the local tribunal to enforce one's rights.

It is not necessary to exchange sterling into Portuguese currency; indeed, there is sometimes a slight advantage in passing English silver or Treasury notes. The rate of exchange is closely studied by the shopkeepers and others, and in April of the present year, when the Portuguese escuda, or dollar, the par value of which is 4s. 5½d., was worth only 2½d. in London, the Madeira folk accepted a shilling as the equivalent of five escudas. The Portuguese Government, however, adopted a singular view. For instance, when the exchange had fallen to a deplorably low figure the postal authorities ignored the fact that a letter incoming from England still bore a stamp for 2½d., and charged for an outgoing letter 4½d., and 3d. for a postcard in English money. When the rate of exchange went more in favour of Portugal the foreign postage remained unaltered; the temptation to raise revenue in this way at the cost of the Britisher was irresistible. It defeated its own object, because every mail steamer to Southampton carried private letters surreptitiously, passengers undertaking to post them at the English rate of three halfpence inland rate upon landing.

The Portuguese themselves were, when I was in Madeira, the first to condemn this extortion. It was to be met with everywhere. On the mountain railway, for example, a Portuguese resident would pay five dollars, or one shilling, for the ride from the terminus in the town to the first stopping place at the Monte, whereas a Britisher would be charged four shillings. Perhaps there was justification in the latter case, because the railway principally runs for tourists landing from the steamers, and these, unknown

to themselves, are bled at every turn from the moment that they step into the launch, the journey to the shore and back to the ship costing them four shillings, the Portuguese themselves paying but one shilling.

Madeira adapts itself to most of the currencies of the world, presumably treating them all alike. I am told that huge sums have been made by the local bankers in exchange operations. Considerable quantities of gold from Brazil and sovereigns minted at the Cape are left behind by purchasers of embroideries and wicker chairs, and this gold, standing at a premium, finds its way to Lisbon. To handle handfuls of coin in gold, bearing the effigy of King George and dated 1926, is in itself an experience.

All the hotels catering for the British make their charges in sterling. In one group the tips given to hotel servants are commuted to a five per cent. addition to the bill, a system which is said to work well, although not to the content of the waiters. At other hotels, where one gives according to service rendered, a comparatively small gratuity meets with complete satisfaction. Apparently the explanation is that the working class has a price list of its own in the market, and as the country people have simple wants and are very industrious their wages are small. Labour, in fact, is cheap, and the climate is so genial that meat is seldom eaten (save bacon), and yams, sweet potatoes, and pumpkins, with fish, chiefly the espada, or swordfish, and tunny, provide the staple diet. The espada is not an attractive fish. It is black and is carried curled up with its tail in its mouth. Unfortunately, with the exception of a flat fish of better quality, it is seldom absent from the menus of the hotels, disguised as it may be by the Portuguese cooks from day to day, but never described as other than "fish."

Perhaps here I might add that one hotel is no better or worse than another in the matter of provender. If you live English fashion, in spite of the climate, which does not demand it, you start with an English breakfast: porridge, bacon and eggs, marmalade, etc. At one o'clock you partake of a very full course luncheon, with soup, fish, and two more meat dishes, and in the evening

On the cogwheel car they ascend, Rigi style, to the Monte, where, at an altitude of two thousand feet, in the church of which Carl of Austria, interned in Madeira and dying there, lies in his coffin before a gorgeous altar in a side chapel; or they climb, amongst the mountains, a further one thousand feet to the eminence where the obelisk to the ill-fated monarch is still being built. Around it are the highest peaks of the chain. And having breakfasted or lunched at either stopping-place luxuriously, they descend by toboggan in a basket sled rushed down the sloping road over the polished pebbles, but held in check at dangerous turns by a couple of men with ropes. Its transit provides in a quarter of an hour or so a series of thrills not to be equalled anywhere. Or as a variant the visitors may motor to the Monte, along a road with many a hairpin bend, offering a sequence of lovely views, until they reach an ingenious waterwork display in a corner of a sub-tropical garden commanding a wide view seaward.

The majority of folk arriving and departing the same day do not see more of Madeira than what I have mentioned. Fortunate are they if their stay extends to night-fall, for it is then that Funchal, from a point of view close to the old Peak fort, which is now a military wireless station, presents a panorama of electric avenues extending from the water's edge far up the slopes of the hills, picking out roads which lead to the villas, or quintas, dotted everywhere for a distance of a couple of miles each way, east and west, and to the north. Once seen, that fairyland spectacle of illumination cannot be forgotten.

And the scene is equally impressive viewed from above, from a height which gives an aspect to the landscape and seascape such as one might obtain from an aeroplane.

It needs, however, a much longer sojourn than a few hours or a few days to become acquainted with Madeira, or rather Funchal, for to most people Madeira itself must remain an undiscovered country, notwithstanding that it is scarcely more than thirty miles in length and less than half as much in breadth. The interior beyond the charming summer garden suburb of Camacha and the picturesque village of Choupana (which means thatched) is accessible

only to those who can bear the fatigue of mountain travel, broken by such comfort as can be obtained *en route* at the so-called "rest" houses. These are provided by the Portuguese authorities chiefly for the use of the hardy Northerners, who, in their goatskin boots and with burdens balanced on their heads, plod up and down the valleys and passes from the other side of the mountain chain carrying eggs, live poultry and other produce to Funchal and the smaller towns of Santa Cruz and Machicho, to the east of it, and to Camara de Lobos and Cap Girão, to the west. There are means of reaching these regions by organised excursions by tourist motor car, but it is to be feared that the Corniche road to Ste Anna on the verge of its cliffs one thousand feet high has been allowed to fall into a deplorable condition.

One may use public motor lorries, which ply from the cathedral to Camara de Lobos packed with perspiring humanity, or one can hire the bullock sled. This conveyance is drawn by a pair of oxen in the charge of a driver who runs beside the cumbrous vehicle and never rides, assisted by a boy who trots along in front with a fly whisk and keeps up a continuous musical howl by way of encouragement to the patient animals. Sometimes for the cattle one has mules, which since the war are gradually taking their place, although the country people will not have them, but the motor car is driving out the primitive conveyance, and wheels with rubber tyres have asserted themselves.

By the way, the traffic problem in Funchal has been tackled, if not solved, upon the directional route system. Arrows point the turning to be taken, but as these are frequently changed overnight motorists are at a loss to know their whereabouts, and are confronted with a policeman armed with revolver and drawn sword, who disputes their right of way. As motors in the island exceed seven hundred in number, of which about six hundred are in the town, police control is very necessary, although such was not instituted until a few people had been killed. The highways and byways are enclosed within lines of houses, or high walls, with many awkward turns, and it is an ex-

you are offered a second edition of the mid-day meal, following upon an English tea. Should you be stopping at a Portuguese hotel you will probably find the beef and veal of better quality, the mutton (is it goatflesh?) infrequent, the poultry and egg dishes quite good, the vegetables, particularly the potatoes, excellent when home-grown, and the sweets attractively varied. Fruit, too, is offered. It may differ according to the season. But apples are procurable from the north of the island only when the trees are yielding; oranges, native grown, are not worthy of the name, and those from the Azores are scarcely better; lemons are not equal to those on a New Cut coster's barrow at two a penny. There remain the custard apple, a luxury; the pawpaw, well deserving its reputation as a stomachic; the strawberry, and the loquat. But beware of the strawberry grown under conditions which are insanitary, and the loquat, which is a kind of anæmic plum with a thick, yellow skin and four stones, and a modicum of edible flesh. The loquat is largely responsible for that troublesome complaint in spring, not uncommon in semi-tropical climates, which is known as Madeira fever, and to which most newcomers are subject. For them the only safe fruit is the banana.

The untidy, ragged, disreputable banana, in plantations presenting various stages of growth, is seen at its best in those quintas owned by the well-to-do, who are not above surrounding their delightful bungalows with bananas, or sugar cane, or, more commonly, with the vineyards which produce the grapes for the far-famed wine of the country bearing its name—Madeira!

In conclusion I would suggest that Madeira needs (1) Its own rapid steam service to make it independent of South Africa and Brazil; (2) the carrying out of prospected harbour works, to facilitate safe landing of passengers; (3) the restoration of its roads and its gardens belonging to the municipality, notably the lovely Quinta Vigia, crowning the precipice overlooking the Loo Rock, once the residence of the ill-fated Empress of Austria.

AN IMPRESSION OF LAPLAND

BY DUDLEY HEATHCOTE

PSYCHOLOGISTS tell us that man is naturally of a jealous and envious temperament, and that in spite of centuries of civilisation the cave man or woman propensity that is manifested whenever a *crime passionnel* takes place is to be found in practically every race and at every period of history. This popular conception is, however, only a half truth, for while jealousy may be said to be found generally among mankind, there is one race in which it is never met with, and probably several others (ethnologically related to it) who rarely manifest any sign of it. Scattered over Russia, Finland, Sweden and Norway, north of the sixth degree of latitude, and therefore well within the Arctic circle, are a nomadic people belonging to the Mongolian race, the Laplanders, who, like the Red Indians of North America, have been in close contact with civilisation for centuries, without being more than superficially affected by it. Indeed, the Lapps are among the most primitive nations in the world, and, living their lives in the uncultured ways of their remote ancestors, have remained so fundamentally averse to the ways of civilisation that untimely death has almost invariably been the portion of any member of their race who has made essay of them. A less cave-like or jealous nation does not, however, exist than the Laplanders, and, unperturbed by the vicissitudes of life, good fortune, or weather, they appear to lead serenely happy and contented lives, which prove how little happiness has to do with material comfort or wealth.

The popular conception of Lapland is that of a vast desolate waste in the extreme north, perpetually snow-bound, and of the Lapps as a kind of Eskimo whose lot is as hard and cold as the bleak mountains where they tend their herds of reindeer. But this is hardly the case. Lapland is doubtless one of the parts of the world where the winter is the longest and the most trying. The

temperature during the greater part of the year usually averages thirty or more degrees of frost, and for over three months the fleeting gleams of the Aurora Borealis and the light of the moon and the stars are the only substitute for sunlight; yet the Lapps are not without a summer, and for a period of six weeks the sun never sets, while emerald green meadows and leafy woodlands, radiant lakes and wild flowers that are as profuse as they are short lived, bring a little pleasure and respite to a race whose existence would otherwise be terribly grey and barren.

A visit to these timid and peace-loving people is a comparatively easy matter in this season of the year, as during this time they momentarily abandon their nomadic life and erect their huts on the slopes of the mountains or the shores of lakes. Here they can be observed living in conditions that are almost identical to those under which they were existing in the beginning of civilisation.

Short but sturdily built, the Lapps, like all Mongolian races, have high cheekbones, oblique eyes, black hair and dark complexions. When they arrived in Europe is uncertain; probably before the dawn of modern history. Their life, which is spent in contact with nature, gives them great endurance and hardihood, but they are not hard workers, and once they have made provision for the day or the morrow they spend most of their time sitting in their huts smoking plug tobacco. Before their conversion to Christianity they were believed to be wizards and to hold dealings with the devil, to whom, and other gods, they were wont to sacrifice reindeer.

The huts that I visited were of the simplest construction, and were made of curved birch trunks kept into place by cross beams and leaning to the centre. There was a large hole in the roof to allow of the smoke escaping, and a smaller one on the floor level near the door for the dogs to pass in and out. Round the wooden walls were reindeer skins and chests of birch wood that had been painted by hand. In the centre of the huts were open fires over which the food was cooked, and which also kept the occupants warm. Layers of stones ran round the bottom of the walls, and access was made to the huts by

means of a door that was set in the sloping sides and opened outwards on hinges. One hut which I visited contained cooking and other implements which were a blend of the civilised and improvised, for I noticed a kettle, a saucepan, a tea-pot and china cups, as well as the customary birch wood bowls and platters. Unlike most nomads, moreover, my host, whose name was P. N—— observed civilised time, and I noticed a large, cheap alarum clock which hung from a nail. As I entered his hut N—— courteously waved me to a log on the right near the hearth, the place of honour, and I sat down while he continued serenely to puff away at his pipe. Facing him on the left as I came in were a woman and a young girl who sat cross-legged against the side of the hut and several youths of various ages, all smoking contemplatively, one of these spitting in a very deft manner on the floor of the hut, while a Lapp baby, wrapped in mummy-like swaddling clothes, was lying in a quaint reindeer skin cradle shaped like a miniature sleigh and slung from the roof. Here and there were black-and-white Lapp dogs, one of which was intently watching the young girl as she chewed chunks of smoked reindeer, which she sliced off a reindeer bone with a long claspknife. Evidently my host was used to having guests, for speaking to my guide he asked if I would take coffee, and on my acquiescing, he asked the woman to prepare some.

As the Lapps are not noted for their cleanliness, I did not, however, particularly relish the very unsavoury compound of inferior Moka and reindeer milk that was served to me, though I must confess that Madame N—— made a praiseworthy effort to serve it in a clean receptacle. Taking a cup which had evidently been used by one of the company, she poured some water into it and began scraping the inside of it with two rather grubby fingers. Then, throwing out the water, she wiped and polished the cup with a dirty towel, poured in the coffee and milk, and handed it to me.

Among the primitive people in the world there are few who wear a more fantastic costume than the Laplanders. In summer the women wear blue cloth dresses which are

trimmed with gold braid, tight breeches of the same material or of skin, a broad leather belt, a coloured kerchief fastened with a large silver brooch and a blue and red lace-trimmed cap. The men wear a blue cloth tunic gathered in at the waist by a leather belt and bordered with red, skin-tight blue cloth breeches, mocassins turned up at the toes, and a coloured kerchief round the neck. Their hat is a masterpiece. Cut full and provided with a kind of patent leather peak, it is decorated with a huge flaming red tassel, is worn at a rakish angle, and gives the wearer the appearance of a harlequin or court fool. The little boys and girls are exact replicas of their elders.

I found N—— quite ready to answer any questions, though some of these appeared to cause him vast amusement. On being told that the Laplanders were never known to quarrel, I inquired what would happen if two Lapps fell in love with the same woman. This question had to be repeated several times before N—— realised what I was asking, but when once he and his friends understood the drift of my query they began to laugh so uproariously that no answer was forthcoming for at least three or four minutes. At last my guide informed me that my question had caused the greatest merriment among the natives, as they were totally unable to conceive of such a possibility ever arising. Here, then, is a community of men and women who in spite of their comparatively recent conversion to Christianity and the attainment by them of a thoroughly organised social life, in which the rights of property and marriage ties are scrupulously respected, have, emotionally speaking, never evolved beyond the state where sex has neither the aureole nor even the suspected halo of romance. I say in spite of their conversion to Christianity and their organised life—as it cannot be denied that, while the primitive man's possession of woman depends ultimately on his power to hold her against any other man, his appreciation and love of woman as such and his capacity for romance invariably grow with every effort made by religion or law to control or check his amatory or possessive instincts. Contrary to the general tendency of mankind, the Laplanders have, how-

ever, little changed from what they were in the dawn of civilisation, and they continue to afford the spectacle of a race in which, in spite of restrictions, sex-attraction is no more discriminating than the universal craving for food. I rather fancy that when a Lapp takes a wife he uses hardly more judgment than that which is shown by the average man or woman who is sampling a piece of bread, and that consequently, if only the woman is a fair example of the race, such trifles as good looks or complexion, charm or fine physique are absolutely of no consequence.

As I talked to my guide and endeavoured to obtain further information with regard to this very strange people, my hosts were proceeding unconcernedly with their work. N—— was carving a knife handle out of the horn of a reindeer, while his wife was busy fashioning thread for sewing the family winter garments out of reindeer sinews, and was pulling the strands through her teeth in order to soften them and make them more pliable.

The welfare of the Laplanders is inseparably bound up with that of their herds, and any dwindling in the number of these cattle is invariably attended by a corresponding decrease in their own numbers. In the last two decades many Lapps have died owing to the loss of their reindeer, which have perished in thousands for want of a suitable pasturage. As the last few years have, however, been less arduous, the number of reindeer has shown an appreciable increase, and consequently the extinction of the Lapp race, which a few years ago appeared to be only a question of a few years, has momentarily been arrested, the total number of Lapps inhabiting Sweden being 10 per cent. greater than what it was five years ago (the Lapps have increased from 6,200 to about 7,000), this increase in population being occasioned by a corresponding increase of 30 per cent. among the reindeer. (There are over 300,000 reindeer at present in Lapland.)

For the subsistence of a Lapp family a large herd of deer is, however, required, and many Laplanders own from 500 to 1,000 or more of these cattle. The meat and milk constitute their principal food, while the hide is tanned for skin and clothes, and many of the smaller

household requisites are fashioned out of the bones and antlers.

Last year over 60,000 reindeer were sold in North Lapland, with prices varying from 45 to 60 crowns, mostly to Southern Sweden, Germany, and Hungary, where their meat is highly appreciated. In exchange for these animals and their products the Lapps purchase such necessities as salt, cloth, coffee, tobacco, and flour, their requirements being extraordinarily simple. Their meals consist principally of reindeer meat, which they eat sometimes uncooked, but more usually stewed, fried or smoked, coffee which they sprinkle with salt, unfermented bread or cake, and brandy, to which some are often immoderately addicted.

No race lives as strenuous or hard an existence for the greater part of the year as this unfortunate people, over which hangs interminably the tragic suggestion of the inevitableness of the grind of life. And except for certain months when they have abundant leisure for making their articles of reindeer horn and clothing, or for taking a well-earned rest basking in the July sunshine, they are almost continually on the move, breaking up camp almost daily in order to find a suitable grazing ground for their reindeer and the moss without which they could not possibly live through the winter. Throughout this period and the spring and autumn months they are exposed almost unceasingly to the most rigorous of climates and to a cold that is almost lethal, their patience and good humour being as exemplary as their fortitude.

Like most nomads, they are treated as a privileged race by the Swedish Government, which fully realises the value of their wholly distinctive industry in the utilisation of enormous territories that are absolutely unsuitable for any other purpose. They consequently pay no taxes or rent, are excused military service and political or civil obligations, and are allowed to roam or to camp at will within the very extensive areas that have been allotted to them, while the most ample protection is afforded to their lives and their industry. They have, however, often proved a bone of contention among the several northern nations in which they are to be found, and regulations have often had

to be formulated governing the inter-State migrations of their herds, the latter resolutely refusing to confine their wanderings to any particular country, while their owners on their side have proved equally powerless to prevent their incursions in foreign territory. Attempts have, moreover, been made to provide the Laplanders with a groundwork of education, and the Swedish State has appointed teachers, frequently of Lapp birth, who, moving about among the nomads and residing with them at their various winter and summer encampments, have diligently sought to render them more amenable to modern ways. For over six years, in fact, every Lapp child is now compelled to receive instruction in Lapp and Swedish, and is taught the scientific raising and management of reindeer and the rudiments of natural history, nature study and hygiene. The Lapps make good and exemplary pupils and frequently reach a higher level of education than Swedish children of the same age; but on reaching the age of thirteen their mental development suddenly ceases, and they become incapable of progressing any further. Their thirst for acquiring knowledge then rapidly transforms itself into a tendency to revert to the prejudices and customs of their race and a corresponding inability to appreciate the benefits of civilisation so complete that no amount of persuasion ever succeeds in inducing them to modify their natural aversion to water or to cleanliness. The Lapps, in short, live like animals, and neither wash nor take off their clothes even at night. After their evening meal, and with about as much formality as is displayed by a dog which is weary of eating and sinks into sleep, they quickly remove their rawhide moccasins, drop down on the soft deerskins that are spread on the ground, and are asleep almost in the very act of falling. As their mode of eating is usually characterised, moreover, by an equal disdain of refinement and a way of attacking the meat or bone that is very reminiscent of a savage devouring his food, it is abundantly clear that the great majority of the Laplanders have little progressed beyond the first stage of civilisation, and, consequently, that it is waste of time trying to induce them to modify their traditional way of living. Highly significant, more-

over, is the fact that the medical authorities of the hospital which has been built at Kiruna for those Lapps who are unable to find a cure for their ailments retain their patients only for a period of two months. They tell me that if a Lapp does not mend in that space of time it is useless keeping him any longer, as he invariably succumbs after two to three months' experience of civilisation, or becomes a victim to consumption. There is, however, one danger to the race which the Swedish authorities are determined to stamp out, and that is the heavy child mortality which is prevalent in all Lapp settlements, and every effort is being made to induce the Lapp mother to adopt a less spartan and antiquated method of dealing with her progeny. The problem offers almost insurmountable difficulties, however, as the Lapp mother refuses to countenance modern methods of rearing children, and consequently only the hardiest infant continues to survive. The only apparent good, therefore, which has so far resulted from the Lapps' contact with civilisation has been their conversion to Christianity. They are now a deeply religious nation, and hold Sunday in such respect that they absolutely refuse to have any money transaction on that day, while their standard of morality stands higher than that of far more civilised communities. They belong to the Laestadian sect, and their Lutheran aversion to graven images is such that they are inclined to regard any image wrought by the magic of the camera as an insult to the Deity. It is only, however, when they worship their God that they cast off all reserve and display any marked exuberance, and they should be seen when possible after their services, as they sing their folk songs and talk animatedly together. Laestadianism, if a somewhat repellent and sombre creed, would appear, therefore, to concord with the prevailing temper of the Laplanders, which probably accounts for the fact that it has spread throughout the entire race and is the dominating influence in their lives. Such are the principal characteristics of the curious people which I have endeavoured to describe, and of all the races which I have come across none has proved of more engrossing interest.

THE NEW DELHI

By S. T. SHEPPARD

It is just fifteen years since King George V provided his loyal subjects with one of the greatest surprises recorded in the history of the Empire. The war and much that has followed it have tended to dim the popular recollection of the early years of the present reign, and have, too, established new standards of what is dramatic; but those who were present in the great Durbar arena at Delhi on December 12th, 1911, can scarcely have forgotten the intensity of the thrill, the dramatic completeness of the surprise, caused by His Majesty's announcement that the capital of India was to be transferred from Calcutta to Delhi. The announcement came at the end of a long and splendid ceremonial, and the Durbar, which had started with the greatest solemnity that perfectly rehearsed pageantry can give, ended amid a babble of talk, for, to quote a historian of the event, curiosity and interest got the better of good manners. As the talk excitedly continued among those who occupied the most privileged places round the arena, other spectators poured in thousands from the outskirts of this memorable scene to prostrate themselves before the thrones on which their Emperor and Queen Mary had sat. It was hard to say which was the more remarkable—the revelation of this perfectly kept secret or the sudden devotional enthusiasm of the masses for their ruler. The sustained drama left one wondering, and still the wonder grew in the days that followed, as one recalled how difficult it is to keep any secret in India, and as one listened to strange tales of how secrecy had been maintained, and of the Viceroy, Lord Hardinge, entrusting to his children's governess the typing of the despatches which preceded this decision to move the capital.

A few days later the King laid the foundation stones of the new capital, and said: "It is my desire that the planning and designing of the public buildings to be

erected will be considered with the greatest deliberation and care worthy of this ancient and beautiful city." How far that wish has been met can now be judged by those who visit the new capital, and not least of all by the members of the two legislative bodies, the Council of State and the Assembly, which early in 1927 will for the first time occupy the Parliament House that has been built for them. The coming session of those two bodies, one of them but recently elected, will, in fact, mark the formal occupation of the new capital of India.

There were, possibly there still are, some people who professed themselves unable to see why the capital of India should be moved. Theirs is a hopeless case, for if their inability to understand quite simple reasoning was not based on unflinching loyalty to Calcutta it was due either to ignorance or to lack of curiosity. But since there were others who on various grounds opposed the transfer, and since there must be many more now who have forgotten or who have grown up since the controversy was carried on, the reasons for the transfer may briefly be recalled. It had long been thought necessary in the interest of the whole of India to de-provincialise the Government of India, and equally necessary to free the Government of Bengal from its proximity to the Government of India, maintained for several months in every year, which had been to the constant disadvantage of that province. The only way to effect that double reform was to move the capital, and since 1868, when Sir Henry Maine had advocated that course, the subject had from time to time been discussed. In 1911, when the Viceroy and the Secretary of State renewed the discussion, the opportunity for taking this bold step was rendered all the more obvious by the fact that it was then proposed to make other great administrative changes, of which the reconstitution of the Bengal Presidency under a Governor in Council was the most important.

Having determined, then, to free the Government of India from provincial ties and to liberate the Government of the new Bengal from being smothered by the Central Government, the choice of a site for a new capital remained

for decision. Various places, such as Nasik in Western India, had in the past been suggested as possible. But Delhi was generally agreed to be the best of them all, and in the discussions which followed the Royal announcement the claims of Delhi were never very seriously disputed, though one member of the Legislative Assembly has more than once tried to persuade India that its Central Government would most advantageously be situated in the jungles of the Central Provinces. Delhi cannot for many years to come have anything like the urban amenities of Calcutta; but, on the other hand, it has a central position, which, in a land of vast distances, is a most important consideration to elected legislators, and it is easily reached by rail from most parts of India. It has, moreover, historical associations, which count for more in India than in a Western country. As Lord Crewe said in a despatch on the subject: "To the races of India, for whom the legends and records of the past are charged with so intense a meaning, this resumption by the paramount Power of the seat of venerable Empire should at once enforce the continuity and promise the permanency of British sovereign rule over the length and breadth of the country." It is easy to overestimate the importance of the historical associations of Delhi, and equally easy to minimise it, as prophets of evil found when, in opposing the transfer, they suggested that the new Delhi would in its turn be deserted like the ruins which encompass it. As Sir Herbert Baker, one of the architects of the new city, lately pointed out in a lecture before the Royal Society of Arts, too much significance may be given to the deserted cities of Delhi. "London," he added, "thrives happily enough on the ruins of British, Roman, Saxon, Norman, Gothic, and, alas, to an increasing extent, on Renaissance Londons."

But it was one thing to determine that Delhi should be the site of the new capital and quite another to determine more precisely upon what part of Delhi or its environs to build, and it was not until more than a year after the Durbar that the question was finally settled. The Town-Planning Committee, consisting of Captain G. S. C.

Juma Musjid of modern Delhi. To make that plan required no small degree of faith, and Sir Edwin Lutyens, when he conceived it, must have had almost prophetic vision. Sir Herbert Baker has confessed that great faith was needed as he looked in the early days of his work there over the great broken waste from which the capital now rises. "I remember," he told the Royal Society of Arts in an outburst of confidence, "when the site had been settled, sitting on this rock (where Government House now stands) with Mr. Herbert Fisher and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and looking down over what was destined to be the great central avenue. We were engaged in speculating how a beautiful city could arise amidst what Lord Curzon had described, if I remember right, as 'the deserted cities of dreary and disconsolate tombs,' when the sun setting beneath the rainclouds formed a perfect rainbow arch over the centre of the vista that was to be, just where the great arch of the Indian War Memorial is to-day rising. This good omen then acclaimed by us has been triumphantly fulfilled, as the building of the city has proceeded without a break throughout all the dark days of the war, when there was more than the usual talk about the unluckiness of Delhi and evil prophecies that the war would last as long as the new city was a-building; and since the war ended it has weathered all the post-war difficulties, delays, and, most dangerous of all, the Economy Commissions."

It is to the splendid, but still incomplete, Government House, by Sir Edwin Lutyens, and to the two great blocks of the Secretariat that the eye is naturally directed on first visiting the new capital. Standing as they do, raised above the rest of the city and viewed from the wide central *maidan*, they seem convincingly to typify the solidity and the grandeur of what England has accomplished in India. It was some such aim at giving expression to the facts and ideals of governance that the architects had in view when, placing the Secretariat with Government House together above the city, they symbolically emphasised the instrument of government as a united whole. The noticeable, but no less important, is the adjacent Legislative building which is to be taken into use next month.

This building is one of the first fruits of the constitutional reforms introduced seven years or so after the conception of the new capital. It contains three chambers—for the Council of Princes, the Council of State, and the Legislative Assembly—spaced round a great central dome in a way which has led the profane to call it the "roundabout." In this building Sir Herbert Baker has most skilfully provided for every parliamentary need, and in it the Indian patriot will be able, in great comfort and doubtless undaunted by the splendour of his surroundings, to carry on his customary war against the Government as he goes on his slow but sure way towards the attainment of self-government.

The capital, of course, is not finished, and if it is to be a living city, fulfilling the high purpose for which it has been brought into existence, it never will be finished, but will always be changing and growing. But it is already large enough quite clearly to display its very attractive character. Countless houses—for officials, clerks and menials—shops, schools, hostels for legislators, have been built and taken into use for some years past. Some of the ruling Princes have built houses for themselves, or have acquired sites for houses, and others will probably find it well worth their while to follow that example. And as the city grows in size it gains in beauty. The gardener has been one of its most important architects. Much of the land on which it has been built was arable, and has been turned to good use in the making of pleasant gardens and grass lawns, and trees have been plentifully planted. This is by no means the least part of the work, and the gardener who has had to watch his young trees contend not only with a difficult climate but with such enemies as deer, porcupines and hares, deserves more than the usual meed of sympathy. Upon the success of that tree planting, and of the afforestation of the Ridge in order to temper the hot summer winds, the comfort of the inhabitants must largely depend, though it has already been proved that the construction of the buildings with thick walls and roofs, and the provision of electric punkahs, have materially diminished the rigours of the hot weather.

It has been the lot of the new capital to be, from its

conception onwards to the present time, the focus of heated controversy, or rather of a series of controversies. As has already been shown, there was first the controversy as to whether a new capital was really needed, and, if it was, whether it should be at Delhi or elsewhere. Then, when Delhi had been chosen, there was the controversy about the best site. That was followed by an even more acute controversy as to the style of architecture which should be adopted, Indian sentiment finding expression through the mouths of protagonists who, appealing to the history of Indian art, maintained that the building of the city should be entrusted to mysterious but unspecified Indian master builders; while English critics replied with equal force that British rule in India could be typified only by a Western style of architecture. In the end Sir Edwin Lutyens and Sir Herbert Baker aimed, to use their own words, "to express, within the limit of the medium and of the powers of its users, the ideal and the fact of British rule in India, of which the new Delhi must ever be the monument." But the Western inspiration of the main buildings has been modified, for some of the designs include not a few distinctive Indian features, such as the eave-like stone cornice, or *chajja*, and pierced stone screens, or *jaali*. Now that the buildings are finished, or nearing that stage, controversy (apart from spasmodic but not infrequent criticism of the cost) has acquired a new phase, and the plea of the Indian painter and sculptor to be allowed to decorate the buildings is being loudly and variously expressed. The art of mural decoration has been lately revived in the Bombay School of Art, and it is from Bombay rather than from Bengal, with its distinctive school of Indian painting, that the cry is most insistent that the Indian artist should be given his chance at Delhi. That there is sympathy with this demand is amply shown by the indirect remarks about it made by Sir Herbert Baker in the lecture already quoted. To some of the industrial arts of India, such as silk weaving and carpet-making, Delhi has offered a great opportunity. And it is particularly noteworthy that the only British employed on the building of the city under the rank of Executive

Engineer and the resident architects have been some dozen super-foremen. The contractors, workmen and craftsmen have been Indian. That their methods have not all been Indian will be to the general good if only the example set were to be imitated. The Indian builder in a city, for example, like Bombay is an unmitigated nuisance. He brings rocks from the quarries and his men hew them into shape on the pavement or roadway adjoining the site of the building; logs from the forest are similarly sawn by hand into planks on any convenient spot; and finally stones and timber are hoisted by rope and pulley (with the singing of unmelodious chanties by the men pulling at the rope) into their position behind the craziest looking scaffolding that the wit of man can contrive. The mortar is carried slowly up rickety inclined ways on the heads of women, whose loud-tongued disputes often help to add to the general chaos and pandemonium which, while the building slowly rises, drive residents in the neighbourhood into a state of frenzy. At Delhi the tall cranes, which for years dominated the landscape, and the mechanical cutting of stone in the quarries have shown the better and more up-to-date method of building. If it cannot be said of the new capital that "like some tall palm the mystic fabric grew," if the silence which marked the building of Solomon's temple has not been conspicuously noticeable, at least it may be averred that a wonderful example has been set to Indian contractors and builders all over the country. It is sad to reflect that the example is not likely to be generally followed.

kick it and stamp and jump on it with a rhythmic grunting. The designs are laid out in coloured wool by small boys and worked into the felt by a gang of men who kneel and thump it with their forearms. Upstairs in the *balakhana* the women prepare the coloured wool for the designs.

Money is scarce in the bazaar now, and some Americans who have just passed through did a big carpet deal, getting the rugs at their own prices by bargaining which an Englishman would have "eaten shame" to perpetrate. There has been a certain shortness of wheat here, and an old Persian friend of a friend read out extracts from a proclamation as to the garnering of a part of the wheat by the authorities against a future famine, just as in the time of Joseph. Meanwhile, owing to some misunderstanding, wheat which was forbidden to leave cities had also been prevented from entering them, but now that has been cleared up and the mules on which I had hoped to have started four days ago for Ahwaz are carrying wheat into Isfahan from the neighbouring villages.

The early missionary Englishwomen were compelled to veil themselves and travel in *kajavehs*, a sort of glorified dog-kennel on the mule's back, now the Armenian hospital probationers bicycle alone to and from their work. The marriage age is gradually rising except amongst the mullah's brides—on the Prophet's example—these are still children of nine and ten; and many little girls of ten were brought to Yezd Hospital suffering from their temporary marriages to Bakhtiari soldiers who came there. But girls are often not married till about sixteen now, and among teachers and hospital probationers some insist on remaining single considerably longer, but their good name suffers as the Persian mind cannot grasp that a woman can be independent.

Old residents say the city has changed vastly in the last few years. Wheeled traffic was as rare before as motor now. The city gates are gradually being pulled down to widen the roads, there being no good cause to retain them. The Dawazeh Doulet at the bottom of the Chaher Bagh Shah Abbas' long avenue, has just gone. It is sad, perhaps from an artistic point of view, but it must betoken security

The gates of Julfa, the Armenian quarter on the south of the river, are still intact.

The paintings in the Chehil-Satoon still bear evidence to Shah Abbas' zeal in bringing craftsmen from Italy and China, just as he imported the Armenians from Julfa in Armenia to found a new Julfa by Isfahan, where they have built a fine cathedral and keep some exquisite illuminated manuscripts brought from their old home. The priest told me that there is now a theory that the Armenians were squeezed out of South-east Europe at the time of one of the Mongul invasions, and that their language is therefore of European extraction.

The 'Ala Gapi, from the balcony of which the Shah used to review his troops or watch polo in the immense square below, is developing big holes. I saw a delightful house of Shah Abbas' time, the home of a carpet merchant. The wall and ceiling were completely covered with painted and gilded niches and stalactites in good condition.

From all accounts the roads in Persia are safer than they have ever been. There are little lonely blockhouses along the main routes with a couple of soldiers in each—and the army is paid before everything else now. To-morrow I hope to say good-bye to "Isfahan Nush-i-Jahan" and set out down the old caravan road through the Bakhtiari country towards the world's other half.

ISFAHAN OF TO-DAY

BY BERYL CARSON

THE inn of Hajji Baba is now used as a store by a Russian oil company, and motors connect Isfahan with Persia's other cities, but for all that there is still much left from the days of that popular liar. The Eastern version of "The Abbot on his ambling pad," the well-kept mule with a gay horjeen—the flat carpet saddle-bag beloved of collectors—and his well-fed master perched on his quarters and managing, nevertheless, to preserve a dignified appearance, these are still with us. The humbler donkey is ubiquitous, carrying loads, earth, fodder, or villagers who seem to be in a continual state of flux. The women come in on foot in bands from the neighbouring villages to buy and sell.

The handicrafts still continue, and silversmiths and brass-workers, the carpet weavers, the namad makers, the printers on cheet, and many others. Isfahanis are proverbial for opening their mouths wide, so the prices are not low, but their designs are more artistic than many elsewhere, notably in their brasswork, as compared with that of Damascus.

The women weave in their own homes. I visited one on the outskirts of the city. Leading out of a graveyard was a courtyard, and round it a dozen or so rooms with a wooden door and a chimney, and inside nothing but women and the loom—no furniture or possessions of any sort except a mat or two for us to sit upon. These poor townswomen seem low in the scale of humanity, their dress is the ugliest and least decent imaginable. Their black trousers with a short hip frill worn very low and a thoroughly inefficient shirt make their chuddah seem an absolute necessity, but they only huddle in it when a man appears. The village women do not veil severely. In one house there was a big group of women, and sitting amongst them a solitary man whose prospective bride, a strapping girl of strong negroid type, was making him a shirt, with her face uncovered.

Several of the women and children were making

givehs, the crocheted shoe worn by all classes from muleteer to merchant. Some of the women do exquisite needlework, and during the famine of 1917-18 an English-woman saved many from starvation by gathering them round her, taking their work, and feeding the babies at her house. (At that time bread rose to a kran a flap, the children were killed and eaten, the men went off to the oilfields and left the enclosed women utterly helpless.) This needlework originated in the embroidered eyeholes of the women's veils. With a little capital it could be placed on a commercial footing, and would provide Persian women of various classes with some insurance against famine, desertion, and other ills.

Carpet weaving is, of course, an important industry, but somehow the newer carpets lack the charm of the old. The Persian Government has put a heavy tax on exported carpets containing aniline dye, but a carpet manufacturer who uses vegetable dyes said that there was now excellent non-vegetable dye obtainable.

The making of kalemkars, hand-printed cotton curtains, is a big industry. The wooden blocks are cut by hand, dipped in bowls of vegetable dye, and stamped on the material. Unfortunately, the old small designs are giving way to enormous patterns, appreciated only by modern Persian taste, which also likes crude copies of the portraits of celebrities, ancient and modern. I saw a kalemkar on which was printed a wonderful map of Persia camouflaged as a reclining lady with a death-like face, dressed in emerald green—Irán—with Riza Khan as the physician standing at her head, while leaning over from a balcony—apparently in heaven—were Nushirvan and other national heroes relating their services to their country and asking the Sirdar-Sipah, as he was then, what he was prescribing for the lady.

Namad making is an interesting industry, and the namads here are sometimes beautiful, but it is declining in proportion to the settling of the tribes. It is the carpet for the tents of the tribes and for the poor man. The wool is first teased with an instrument like a fret-saw, then mixed with soap and stamped down into felt by men who

LATIN AND CELT

BY THE HON. R. ERSKINE OF MARR

I READ somewhere the other day that Mr. George Moore has completed a study of Latin and Celtic racial characteristics, which he has cast in form of a novel of Irish mediæval life, and intends to publish shortly.¹ The news will stir many besides the habitual novel-reader. It will stir all who are interested in the psychology of races and peoples and more particularly doubtless in that of the various nations which inhabit Western Europe, but whose civil and religious history is largely that of Europe in general. Time was when the Celt played an important part on the stage of European affairs. The conquest of Gaul by Cæsar destroyed the Celtic Carthage and divided and depressed the tribes which were used to look to that country as to a common political, mercantile and cultural centre. But notwithstanding the so early destruction of the Celtic by the Roman power, European interest in the Celt of history abides, and the light of the race still burns, though with diminished power and within a narrowed compass.

A capital difficulty among several such with regard to the history of the Celts is to determine the particular coign or angle from which the nature of the race may be judged with some tolerable degree of certainty. Like most, if not all, the peoples of historic Europe, the Celts are a compound of many, and where blood is mixed, instead of being pure, it is obvious that the angles from which to judge the effects of it in character and conduct must be almost, if not quite, as numerous as the strains that have gone to the formation of that particular national or racial compound. To feel curiosity touching the psychological coign or angle from which Mr. Moore has approached his subject, so far as the Celt is concerned, were therefore as well pardonable as natural. To draw the various psychological elements of which that character is compounded to

(1) Since these remarks were in type the book in question has been published.

a head, so as to present a general conspectus of them, were perhaps more practicable, and at the same time more sure, than to trust to any one of them to serve us as guide and philosopher in respect of any so complex and difficult enquiry, for, as Dr. Rice Holmes justly observes somewhere or another, the Celtic temperament, though everywhere different, yet is everywhere the same.

To essay in this place even the briefest sketch in outline of the history of the Celtic peoples were absurd, most evidently. The theme is too large and the matter of it far too abundant and complex; and half-measures in history can but encourage, if they do not generate, those short views and that half-knowledge which are little, if anything, better than ignorance. The most, therefore, that can here be adventured on this head is this, namely, that, judged as a whole, Celtic history is history compounded of elements that take their rise from two capital and distinct natures, each of which passes for Celtic, and each of which must be accepted as Celtic, though neither one nor the other can be proved positively so to be.

The same history acquaints us with two different physical types of Celts, and to take these and assign to each its own proper mental and spiritual nature according as history discovers these to us were for present purposes a method of classification as convenient, simple, and trustworthy, perhaps, as any that can be had. The Celts, then, who sacked Rome in the year 390 B.C., who formed the flower of the armies raised by Vercingetorix against Cæsar and settled Britain and Ireland in historic times, were for the most part men of lofty stature and fair complexion. According to the accounts of them that have come down to us from those times, these Celts were men large of limb, white-skinned, blue-eyed, and had hair which some observers describe as fair, others red, and yet more golden. There can be no doubt, however, that, so far as this particular physical type of Celt is concerned, the preference among themselves was for the latter colour.

The other and less masterful, though doubtless far more numerous, race of Celts was composed of a sort of men whose distinguishing physical characteristics were low

eventually defeated by Cæsar, who despoiled Gaul and took away the liberties of it, but the rapid decay of the Gaulish language consequent on the Latin conquest and settlement of that country, conjoined with the assimilation—hardly less rapid in its progress than it was profound in its effects—of the manners and customs of the Celtic natives of it with those of Rome, tend to prove that here was at work a predisposing cause of union between the two peoples whose foundations may well have been laid in times long antecedent to the rise of authentic history, that is to say, whilst Celt and Latin yet spoke a common tongue.

The principal quality of the Latin nature consists in a certain masculinity of mind, which is expressed in a certain gravity and solidity in respect of conduct and achievement. The genius of the race is admirably reflected in the great public buildings which the Romans set up, as well as in the schemes they laid for the enslavement of mankind upon the pretence of a device which they styled (seriously enough, no doubt) the *pax Romana*. With regard to the first, Professor Lethaby observes somewhere that whilst Greek architecture expresses mind, that of Rome, on the other hand, gives a voice to matter; and this singular hardness of hand and severity of vision which the true Latins had as builders the second shows that they possessed in no less eminent a degree as politicians and law-givers. Moreover, the same hardness of conception, and severity, conjoined with brilliance, of execution, characterised the results of the various activities to which the Roman genius was bent, and in which its power was displayed and its influence felt. Thus the more considerable and elaborately wrought of the Roman monuments of literature are of a strength and solidity which make them of a piece with Roman architecture and Roman law, and, indeed, with Roman conceptions in general, so far as these relate to the objective phenomena of the social system and its divers forms and orders. In matters of idealism and pure speculation the Latins were admittedly borrowers from the Greeks, whose genius indeed they much admired, but whose thought, neverthe-

less, in its highest flights as in deepest soundings, they were incapable of following; otherwise the inferiority of Latin to Greek philosophy were not as great as it is.

Written on the margin of a page of a Gaelic version of the *Thebais* of Statius are the following words in that language: "What fools these Greeks must have been!"; but this note of super-normal sophistication, or no less extreme presumption, was hardly usual with the Celts, who at one period of their career were more the friends of Athens than they were those of Rome, and who admired the Greeks greatly, to and with whom, indeed, their literary men were fond of comparing themselves and the race in general. Greek motives much influenced the evolution of early Celtic art-forms, and when letters first came to be practised in Gaul the habit arose for the native authors to use the Greek characters in their writings. But the subject of Greeks and Celts and the relations of those two peoples with one another is too large and complex a theme to embark on in this place. The Gaelic gloss referred to above the present writer here intends merely to pave the way for this general reflection, namely, that if Greek thought and the Greek way of doing things were apt to strike a Celtic mind as extravagant, the attitude of the same mind towards Latin action and the Roman way of doing things was little likely to be more sympathetic and more understanding; since the early Celts never complimented themselves on their general resemblance to the Romans, whilst, on the other hand, their praise of the Greeks was as warm and constant as was the language they used to record their belief that themselves and that people were not unlike one another in genius and much of a muchness with regard to temperament.

Both Latins and Greeks, however, shared alike so far as Celtic treatment of the tales which that people derived from classic sources are concerned. These the Celts took indifferently and made their own by means of the simple device of working the themes of them into a purely native framework. They did not essay to give translations of the epics they borrowed of Greeks and Romans, but, as I have already said, redactions of them, dressed up in Celtic

stature and swarthy complexion. These Celts appear in early Celtic literature as hewers of wood and drawers of water to the others, by whom, indeed, they were apt to be despised, because they had not the lofty stature, white skin, "royal" (blue) eyes, and fair hair which the Celts of the dominating class or type esteemed. As regards the first of these two physical divisions, I apprehend that the title most proper for it is that of Celto-Germanic; while with regard to the second, they who composed it are perhaps best classified as belonging to the Celto-Iberian branch of the great Celtic race.

But if the physical distinctions between the two principal sorts or races of Celts were strong and marked, not less so were those of a different kind that distinguished one group from the other and which consisted not in physical but mental and spiritual characteristics. Cæsar in his *De Bello Gallico* has sketched for all time the leading features of the Celto-Germanic nature. As far as it goes, the summary he there gives is perfect, and what is perhaps a little singular is that his characterisations are abundantly borne out by early Gaelic literature, which would appear to have been largely the creation of that branch of the Celts whose virtues and vices, good qualities and failings, form the theme of some of Cæsar's most penetrating remarks. In these Celts the psychological effects of the blending of Celtic with Teutonic blood were manifested in a thousand ways: in fine, their minds were Celto-Germanic even as were their persons.

Unfortunately, there has descended to us from the "classic" past no voice which speaks to us touching the Celto-Iberian character and temperament with that certainty, detail, and authority which mark all Cæsar's discourses regarding the nature of the Celts who composed the Germanic branch of the Celtic race. It is true that if we are industrious above the common, and curious to the extent of being learned in such matters, we may collect from divers hints thrown out in early Irish literature that the Celto-Iberian nature was in many respects the opposite of that which history has assigned, and truly assigned, to the other. The nature of the Germanic Celts inclined them to be free, frank, and open in their actions and

conversation, but their character and their actions had in them a deal of the braggart and coxcomb. They were fine examples of muscular Paganism, but they lacked the subtlety of mind, the spirituality, the relative refinement of manners and delicacy of perception which marked the best natures among the Celto-Iberians, whose positive contributions to the formation of the many-sided Celtic temperament seem, indeed, to have excelled in number and surpassed in weight those of the others, notwithstanding that the dominant race or caste among the Celts held in little esteem those of their kind whom they took to be their inferiors. In fine, it was the Iberian rather than the Germanic element in the mixed population of the Celts that supplied the most character to the entire race, that produced the leading motives in respect of arts and letters, and which has fixed for all time the genius of both. As fighting men, or "war lords," the Celts of the Germanic type were respectable in no common degree, but their leadership seems to have been almost entirely confined to the theatres of war and politics. In matters of art and letters they were, generally speaking, Philistines, and in many respects the social manners and customs of this particular branch of the Celtic race were rude in the extreme.

In a grammatical point of view no two European languages are more closely related to one another than Celtic and Latin, and this grammatical resemblance between them becomes otherways and yet more significant when it is seen that the vocabularies of both languages contain a great number of words in common. The probability is, therefore, that there was an epoch in the history of both peoples when Celt and Latin were allied far more nearly than they were when, in historic times, they joined with one another politically in order to crush their common enemy the Etruscans. The ultimate fate of that alliance is not a subject which need here detain us long. The two peoples quarrelled, and it was in pursuit of the quarrel that broke out between them that the Celts overwhelmed the Romans at the Battle of the Allia, that they took and sacked Rome, and for a number of years thereafter threatened the safety of all Latium. They were

fashion, which means that in the writings I intend the subjective parts of them were omitted, or at all events thrust into the background, and the general interest of the tales sought to be heightened by means of florid and lengthy detailed accounts of heroes, duels, battles, games, and so forth. The same tendency to direct statement, to untrammelled observation, and to portraiture void of all apparent psychological purpose and content is observable in early Celtic poetry, of which the late Professor Kuno Meyer published some beautiful examples, done into English, not many years ago. Virgil, a Latin with a Celtic name, is the one Roman poet of antiquity whose mind, manner, and method discover that general resemblance to those of the more lyrically minded of the Celtic bards which it were but reasonable to presume, having regard to the Roman poet's name and place of birth. For the rest, however, Celtic poetry is the product of the Greek rather than the Latin Muse, which is to say that whilst Latinism and Celticism were poetically unallied, on the other hand Greek and Celtic forms, themes and methods, so far as these relate to poetic mentality and execution, are very much the reverse.

So far as letters and the particular mentality which is the spring of them are concerned, we must descend far in history before we reach a true point of common contact in respect of the Latin and the Celtic temperaments and the effects of them in that province; and when at long last we do reach the point I intend we find it hypothetical rather than positive by nature; because by this time the Roman world had ceased to exist, and that of the Celts was so far shrunk as to be hardly comparable to its former self. I refer here more particularly to what took place in Italy consequent on the Renaissance, when that powerful movement took shape which resulted in the divorce of the people from art, and when the revival of letters became the sport of experts and connoisseurs in those fields of intellectual endeavour. On one ground as much as on the other Professor Lethaby condemns the Italian conduct of the Renaissance; but though I agree with him in respect of some of the strictures heplies in his learned and very interesting account of that

movement, yet I venture to differ from him in thinking, as he does, that whilst the Renaissance itself was inevitable the conduct of it by those who had the principal charge of it was largely avoidable. For my part I think that both were bound to occur; and my opinion is that had the classic revival of those times extended to the remnants of Celtia the Celts also had conducted themselves towards it precisely as the Latins did. They, too, would have kept it divorced from the art of the common people and rendered it in their own countries what, indeed, it became in effect in Italy, that is to say, the concern and province of a comparatively few cultured persons, acting in conjunction with the strictly professional classes. In Celtia the tendency I speak of would have been strong to a point beyond which successful resistance to it would have been vain had the bardic orders in that part of the world survived the shock of the various social and political disturbances to which Celtia in general was subjected in consequence of the Roman conquest of Gaul. It is true that the professional bards yet existed in Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and Brittany; but it is no less true that by now they were greatly decayed, that their numbers were everywhere enormously reduced, that their influence was broken, and, finally, that their art was fallen into neglect, if not positive contempt. Had Celtia survived, however, in a form and measure comparable in some sort to the figure she cut on the European stage before these misfortunes occurred to her, in that event the bardic order had doubtless made of the Renaissance, when it reached them, as close a preserve for themselves and their patrons as the Latins made of it, in the same or a similar interest, not long after that great movement first arose among them. He who having the history of the bardic order before him yet should judge differently on this head would lay himself open to the charge that by so doing he must prove himself unmindful, first, of the intensity of the contempt with which, as a privileged class or caste, the professional bards of the Celts were used to regard the culture of the folk and its principal exponents, the popular poets, and, secondly, of the great social and political authority and influence which

CHILDREN OF THE MORNING

By W. L. GEORGE

CHAPTER IX

THE LAST WOMEN'S WAR

ZULIEN was subtle, but he had no political genius. If he had had the instinct of Bloo in the management of human beings, he would have concealed the anger which he felt when the people of the south refused to follow him and to range themselves under the standard of the Tsarl. Bloo would have flattered their leading people; indeed, he would have brought presents from the Tsarl to the new power, and, thus maintaining the people of the south in a state of security, he would by a sudden attack have broken their power. Instead, the sight of Zulien raising his arms, prophesying woe, threatening destruction, the picture of this man consecrated to the darkest of powers, frightened them. They could not tell what evil would swoop down upon them, but they were disquieted, and the consequences were felt almost at once.

The outlaws knew of the existence of the small settlement of the west. Occasionally, some of their hunters had met Tony and Stoie, as they sought food by the edges of the forest; though they were not actively hostile, because they had no tribal feeling, the outlaws were inclined to suspect the westerners, merely because, living as they did in small groups, like lonely families of beasts, they feared all men. Having fled the despotism of the Tsarl, they saw despotism in any group of human beings. It was this, when a fuller encounter came, made them desire to impose their own despotism.

The outlaws had been greatly modified by the apostolic mission of Zulien. Any human beings who occupy a certain space tend to fly together by a sort of centripetal force—if there is a centre. While in the north the Tsarl, and especially Bloo, provided a central force, the outlaws found their cement in the worship which Zulien had instituted. Knowing one another well, and having against one another no grievances, the common religion, within a few days, converted into a tribe the fragments which had wandered the forest. They were not yet a people, but still they were persons with a common faith.

Thus, a day after the angry departure of Zulien, a large party of outlaws, headed by Nigoun, pushed well beyond their usual hunting ground in pursuit of a flock of goats. The going was rough, and there were no tracks; their progress was slow, since the animals must be headed off. Finally the hunters reached a spot about a mile distant from the western settlement, where at last they drove part of their quarry into a ravine and slaughtered it with axes and spears, settling down afterwards to a meal of fruit, since they had no means of lighting a fire. It was in the course of this meal that, to their surprise and disquiet, they found that human beings were approaching from the east.

Full of animal fear, they hid in the ravine, listening to the breaking of the branches, but one looked out, and after a moment called the rest of the company, since only three men were approaching.

Thus the two tribes met, for these three were Dzon, Stoie, and Ovdonal, who had penetrated some way into the outlaw country, and now returned, carrying a peccari. For some moments the two parties considered each other, both doubtful, both apprehensive without knowing why. They were like dogs, inclined to fight and not yet sure that they could find a reason for animosity. But between human beings animosity gathers faster, and it occurred to Nigoun that it outraged his feelings that these strangers should have slain a beast of the forest.

"You," he said, stepping forward and addressing Dzon, "what do you with this beast?"

"We have slain it, because we need it to eat," replied Dzon.

"The beasts are ours," said Nigoun, harshly.

"Have you not enough?" replied Dzon, pointing towards the goats.

"We have enough," said Nigoun, "but that does not concern you.

What is ours is ours."

"And what is ours is ours," replied Dzon.

There was a movement among the outlaws, who secured their grasp upon their axes.

"You think you are Ankel himself," said Nigoun. "You think you have come to rule over us. Soon shall we teach you. You would rule over us, would you? Friends, let us make these people *iseneer*."

Death was very near, and yet in the calm mind of Dzon formed an idea immensely in advance of the savage. "Rule?" he thought, "what is rule?" Aloud he said:

"Wait. I know you. You are Nigoun."

"Yes," said the savage, staring, "but how do you know that?"

"Because," said Dzon, "when you were small, a child upon the beaches, often I made with clay balls with which you played. We were friends in those days."

"No matter," replied Nigoun. "You want to rule over us."

"No," said Dzon, and the idea became vast in his mind. "I do not want to rule over you, nor do my people. I say to you, rule over us."

There was a long interval, during which the outlaws stared at each other, pierced by a political arrow, wondering if here were a trap. They wanted to fight, they knew that they ought to fight, and yet why fight? Since Dzon did not want to rule over them, but, in fact, invited their rule, why fight? And Dzon, seeing his advantage, pursued it. He invited the outlaws to follow him to the settlement, which, very doubtfully, they did. He proclaimed before all of them that the people of the west now gave their allegiance to the south. The outlaws looked upon him, stupefied, and yet had to consent to their elevation. They were like a rough Roman legion entangled in the meshes of some polished Greeks. They had power, and yet somehow it eluded them. As they marched away later, Nigoun phrased it to himself: "Still, there ought to have been some broken heads."

the bardic order acquired in Celtia, and which it exerted to the full throughout the whole course of its career as one of the recognised orders of the State.

The subject of the extreme curiosity of the Celts respecting the manners and customs of other races, their avidity to profit by that which they learned about them from strangers, and the address they showed in adapting the innovations they received from abroad to their own circumstances and themselves to new circumstances has been touched by Cæsar and other early observers of the Celtic peoples. It has been observed of the Celts that their genius was rather imitative than original, and superficial as regards the movements and the effects of it than profound. There is reason for this criticism, as there is for any similar observation that might be passed touching any of the other races of antiquity, or indeed, for that matter, any of those that at the present day exist; since the borrowings of hemisphere from hemisphere, of continent from continent, of race from race, and of peoples from peoples are as many and varied (and as hard to determine) as the wandering and migrations of races and peoples have been ever since the world began, and which continue, and will remain, a pregnant cause of those inter-racial changes and borrowings I speak of. But, be that matter as it may, this is certain, namely, that the Celtic genius was more given to change for the mere sake of change, and quicker to profit by the inventions and improvements of others, and showed more talent and application in both those cases than did the Romans, whose temper, indeed, made them slow rather than quick to unbend and take advantage of the superior address or greater inventiveness (where these particular principles of superiority existed) of other peoples. No doubt the Romans borrowed from the Greeks and other foreign nations; but so long as Rome remained truly Latin they did so not very gracefully or to much purpose, as their arts and letters in general prove, which are respectable in proportion as they are truly Latin in genius and form and the reverse in proportion as they incline to too frequent and too extensive borrowings from foreign races. The Celts, on the other hand, thrived on the extensive

borrowings which they made from other nations. They lacked, it is true, the strength of mind and general gravity of character which the true Latins had: their nature was elastic, and their genius, which bent as readily as the swords they used against the Romans, impressionable; but, in so far as they loved innovation and applied themselves successfully to adapt themselves and their institutions to circumstances not of their own making, they differed much from the Romans, and were, perhaps, superior to them.

Subtlety of mind and extraordinary address in respect of conduct are not qualities which we are apt to associate with the true Latin nature, how much soever both may have concurred to distinguish the statesmen and politicians who flourished in Italy about the period of the revival of learning and letters. This subtlety and this address, however, the Celto-Iberians had in large measure, though their co-racials and masters, the Germanic-Celts, had nothing of either, most evidently. Indeed, in the literature which the tall, blond Celts obliged those of dark complexion and low stature to compose (largely in their own honour) the "Iberian" section of the Celtic race is traduced and vilified on this very pretence, namely, that it was commonly too subtle of mind and too dexterous of address. The qualities I speak of were perhaps best exemplified, so far as the race I intend is concerned, by the mind and writings of Duns Scotus, the *Doctor Subtilis* of the Catholic Church, and one of the greatest and most justly celebrated of the mediæval school men. The delicacy of the reasoning used by that marvellous mind, the subtlety of his conceptions, and the extreme address he employed in order to commend and enforce the arguments he used are little true Latin though characteristically Celto-Iberian. On the other hand, Celtic address and subtlety of mind have ever entailed on the race in general the defects which experience justifies us in associating with those qualities; and though political and social circumstances have long been adverse to the Celts yet, be their portion sunshine or be it shade, they were, and are, always the same.

Within that quarter of an hour seven, or one-third, of Dzon's forces were killed, and Dzon, rallying the remainder about him, withdrew across the rolling country to the River of the Hills. There, perhaps, was safety, and as evening fell the remaining outlaws organised a rough defence in the thin woods overhanging the River of the Hills, near the caves where Zulien had so long brooded in solitude.

Meanwhile the Tsarl, who was conscious of failure, had called to him Bloo.

"Bloo," he said, "I have not done as I would do. The enemy escaped me three days ago, and now they escape me again. Bloo, I should listen to you, and I am sorry that I spoke harshly to you, and said that I would make you *iscneer*."

Bloo caught the great hand and kissed it. "O son of Ankel," he said, "to hear such words from you is like feeling upon my forehead the balm of rain on a parched day."

"Enough!" said the Tsarl. "You stand next to me. From now on lead you my people, and lead them until they destroy this people who will not bring to me the guava branch. Lead, until Elnor is in my arms."

Again Bloo kissed the hand of his master. Then, throughout the night, he feverishly prepared the attack. He had lost many killed and wounded, for the outlaws had fought with the despair of trapped animals. Still, he collected thirty-two soldiers, and in the course of the night sent out scouts, who by the light of the moon could see well enough what happened on the shores of the River of the Hills. Their report disquieted him, for a new weapon had appeared upon the island: fortification. It seemed that the outlaws were cutting small trees, making with brambles obstacles all along the river. He would have to assault this, and he wondered whether his troops would find in their hearts enough animosity to confront the power of fear. Still, victory was to be his, and it arose in shining armour out of the broodings of this night. For a whole day he did nothing; in his new power over the Tsarl he was able to soothe him and to persuade him to wait until the evening. It was not that he had complicated arrangements to make, but it occurred to Bloo that his enemy would expect an immediate attack, and he felt that a whole day of anxious waiting would have moral effect on their small force. Also, they were watched on all sides, and escape was impossible. If they retreated into the west, they could easily be followed. Thus, just after the swift twilight of the tropics fell, about a half of the Tsarl's forces advanced along the rolling country towards the now fortified River of the Hills. Curiously, Bloo's instructions were not that they should take cover. They were to advance boldly, as if they despised their enemy. Surprise worked in the camp of the westerners.

"It is strange," said Dzon to Sandy. "They would attack us here. Yet we have made walls of trees and shrubs which they cannot surmount."

"It is good," said Sandy, "for as they climb we shall slay them. Besides, they must swim the river, and many will die there."

However, the battle was not to go as Dzon expected. When the troops of the Tsarl reached the banks of the river they spent some two hours in casting throwing-sticks towards the entanglement, most of them falling short and none doing harm. In the middle of the night an attempt was made to build a bridge with tree trunks, an attempt apparently so half-hearted that a sortie, headed by Nigoun, resulted in a brief fight, half in the water and half on the trunk, where the Tsarlites retired after a few minutes, having lost only one man. Surprise grew among the westerners. They could not understand why so weak an attack was being delivered on them, and yet they had to be watchful, being so few and pressed by so many. It was not until morning that they realised that Bloo had amused and held them by a sham attack. They realised it only when upon the hills that overhung the river, somewhat in their rear, they heard the breaking of branches and the sounds of men's voices. Simultaneously with this a change came over the forces which lay across the river. Now came a true shower of throwing-sticks and spears; now a prepared tree trunk was brought into position, and across it the men of the Tsarl came swarming towards the doomed camp. What had happened was that during the night of sham fighting Bloo had understood sea power. The dug-out canoes had been laden with men, who landed about a mile farther west, taking some hours over this, owing to the shoals and reefs. Now the two points of the clawing hand were closing about the outlaws.

In a moment there was disarray. Dzon shouted that all must stay with him and die, but with the frantic cry of a frightened beast Nigoun shouted: "Save yourselves," and flung down his arms.

It was too late. As the contagion spread—the contagion of fear—the defenders deserted their position, and while the men who had landed from the canoes came racing to meet those who were passing over the bridge, the outlaws fled.

Pursuit, the horrors of the pursuit again, a shouting mob of men running across the beaches to the forest, some smiting, others fleeing, their strangled throats striving to cry out. When daylight came one half of the outlaws had been killed; the others, among whom Dzon and Sandy still lived, were retiring across the scorched prairies. It was a terrible march that occupied four days. Only nine survived; Stoie, last child of Dzon, was dead, and so was bold Nigoun, the leader of the outlaws. The march was terrible, because this was summer, and now they must confront the fires which the sun was lighting about them. Sometimes they found themselves between the curtain of fire and the advancing enemy; for nearly eight hours the fire drove them down to the sea, where they had to lie protected by the cold waters. Of food there was hardly any, save a few bananas which grew near the shore. And there was the torture of thirst, since the prairie fires seemed to sap the rivulets at their source.

Twenty miles in four days, twenty miles of the most hideous marching, on hot ash, in a land where the soil burnt, and where the sun above combined to strike with shafts of molten fire towards the burning

The consequences of this Tolstoyan episode were not perceived for some days. It was understood that the people of the west were subordinate to the south, and for that reason they became appreciated. In the main, however, no notice was taken of them, since power, in a community so scattered, was of a very thin nature. But during the time the plots of Zulien had taken their effect, and the Tsarl, after a violent scene with Bloo, during which he threatened to kill him, had taken command of the militia, and was marching towards the south where he thought to find Elnor, merely because Bloo forecasted that she would be in the west, and because the giant was determined to show that he knew better.

The expedition was hurried, and the arms were hardly examined. Food was carried in small quantities; all that Bloo could do to preserve his force from unknown dangers was to leave ten men and youth with Feodor, while he himself accompanied the Tsarl, hoping to save him from the worst follies. In fact, all was arranged for disaster, and if the outlaws had reached cohesion, the power of the Tsarl would have been broken in the southern hills.

But he had on his side not only the loose system of the southern tribe, but also surprise. After a march of a day and part of a night the troops of the Tsarl, after wasting some hours on the far east, crossed the forest towards the west, and came upon a small camp composed of a man, two women, and some children. They fell upon the outlaws with a speed and a ferocity such that all were slain, except one boy, who fled screaming through the forest, pursued by the soldiers. But they did not know this part of the island as did the boy, and he fled before them, escaping them at last, his cries and their shout arousing the outlaws in their lonely dens.

For a whole day the troops of the Tsarl searched the forest, capturing and slaying, however, only one man and two more women, for they were foolish, and sometimes marched towards the north, then back again, the Tsarl too self-willed and angry to listen to Bloo, who would have made a long line and slowly swept the rebel people into the far west. In fact, owing to the new allegiance, most of the outlaw settlements, within twelve hours, grouped themselves about the western settlement. They fled to their vassals, and had time to organise some sort of resistance, for the troops of the Tsarl, tired, began to sulk and to disperse, avoiding the Tsarl, so that he could not smite them quietly, alone or in couples, they returned to the lazy country of the north, to wives, guava juice, and maize. Thus Bloo managed at last to convince the Tsarl that his desire for Elnor must be served by organisation. It took him several hours to soothe his master's fury, and only flattery, which he always used, only promises, as to a child, persuaded the Tsarl at last to return to Home City, where Bloo vowed he would raise an army, and within a single moon establish his power, and give Elnor as its symbol.

In the west, meanwhile, a nation was being cemented by fear. The bond of a common faith had served to draw the fragments together; now the fear of the Tsarl, the certainty that after this act of war he

could never relent, brought outlaws and westerners into a union where no longer was there talk of inferiors or of rule. In fact, the outlaws, who looked so formidable, were as children, and glad to follow the customs of the unknown west, if only thus they might find reassurance against the peril of the Tsarl. So, holding their spears before them, they sat about a small group of westerners in an assembly which took place at once, and the conquered west conducted the proceedings, as the polished vanquished always have done in the midst of foolish conquerors.

"O, people," said Dzon, when some had spoken, when Bob had declared that every day which passed brought the Tsarl nearer, when Nigoun had offered to challenge the Tsarl in single combat, "it is clear what we have to do. The Tsarl is strong, and the Tsarl is hungry, as Nigoun when he casts his eye over a brood of kids. The Tsarl is master of many, and so he cannot bear to think that he is not master of all. Bob is right and the Tsarl will come again, but this time will he come knowing where he goes. O, people, do not despise the Tsarl, and do not talk folly like Nigoun, for the Tsarl will not come alone. He will come with many soldiers, moving as soldiers do, and he will slay you, all you who bear arms, slay your women, too, and your daughters shall be his."

"Never!" shouted Nigoun. "Sooner would I be *izenecr*."

"You may have your wish," said Dzon, smiling.

Finally it was decided that the rebels must not wait until they were attacked. In fact, as command vaguely fell upon Dzon, he collected about him twenty-two men and boys, and grouped the outlaw women and children at the settlement, leaving command to Elnor. Then he said:

"Follow me. They search for us in the forest, and so we will march across the prairies."

"Dzon," said Sandy, "the light which destroys has passed over the fields not long ago. The ground is hot still."

"So much the better," said Dzon. "They will not follow us here."

He took into his arms Elnor, who wept and clung to him, kissed her, and, followed by troops made obedient by fear, marched away towards the east.

If the troops of the Tsarl had been commanded by Bloo, and had held together for a little longer, victory would have come to Dzon, for he would have had time to destroy the force of Feodor, then to turn against the Tsarl and perhaps destroy him also, having defeated his enemy in detail. His calculation was indeed that, but he had not the instinct of Bloo; he was too much a democratic idealist to think of guarding his flanks or sending out scouts. After an exhausting march of twelve hours, ending at the River of the Hills, where the army rested on the bank, he fell upon Home City, encountering not only the small detachment of militia, but also the returning troops of the Tsarl. Thus the conflict lasted less than a quarter of an hour, for the force of Dzon, engaged by Feodor, was attacked in the flank and rear.

soil. Two died upon the journey, and were left where the fire would find them and reabsorb them into nature.

"Courage," said Dzon, to a boy whom he was helping. "Soon we shall reach the western sea, and there you will find food, water, and women who will be kind."

But when they reached the western sea, they paused, filled with dismay. There was no settlement; only from two huts, half fallen rose trails of smoke, and no human thing could be seen upon the beach. None pursued them, so they ran down the sloping beach towards the place near the creek, where for a while they had lived in peace. Some one had been there before them, someone who in a sort of maniacal rage had obliterated all that they had built. The poor patches of maize were trodden, the huts fired, even the banana shrubs hacked down. Then near the creek they came upon the body of Tony, poor mad Tony, who had been left behind with the women, because they could not trust him in battle. A spear still was fixed in his heart, and he lay, smiling a fixed smile, his axe still in his hand.

"Gone," said Dzon, "gone."

Indeed, the discovery of sea power had meant complete victory for the Tsarl. While the returning outlaws suffered a four days' agony in the burnt prairies the canoes, intended to head them off, had paddled along the coast upon the still sea, and landed their men at arms on the western shore. There had been nobody to slay save Tony, who was slain; and within an hour the women, crying but powerless, were captives, and, bound with thongs of coconut, as prizes of victory were being paddled back to Home City.

"Gone," repeated Dzon. "Elnor! Where's Elnor?"

Ovdonal, saddened by grief, was running in circles about the burnt settlement, seeking Ovtrude, his bride of not long ago, now the captive of the Tsarl.

Thus elapsed two days of intense misery, during which Dzon did not speak, his mind entirely occupied by the thought of Elnor—Elnor, his companion since childhood. Indeed, he would not have eaten if Sandy, experienced in grief, had not forced food into his mouth. About them the outlaws wailed and bellowed, not knowing where to flee, realising only that next would come the legions of the Tsarl to destroy them. No attempts were made to re-erect the huts. They slept upon the scattered guinea grass, needing no shelter on those hot summer nights.

Yet the people of the Tsarl did not come, as one day and two days passed. It seemed to Dzon that they were forgotten; that they were looked upon as dead; that not even the enemy would trouble about them. That, too, was hideous, that sense of being removed from the combat of life. At one moment, in his madness, he turned to rush out of the camp, intending to march across the prairies, and with his own hands to recapture Elnor, or die. But they restrained him, and at last he lay on his couch of guinea grass, weak with weeping, abdicating ambition and command, naught now save a beast. But on the fourth night, as he lay in fitful sleep, he felt upon his shoulder a hand. Before his opened eyes was the face of Elnor.

"Elnor," he said feebly, "you are *iseneer*, and so am I. We are with Ankel, are we not?"

A small brown hand gripped his shoulder tighter.

"Wake, Dzon," she whispered. "It is Elnor, and we are not *iseneer*."

The touch of her hand, her dear nearness, made Dzon understand that by a miracle she had escaped. Uttering an uncouth sound, he rose to his feet and took her into his arms, where for a while she lay weeping. But at last she drew back her warm, tear-stained face, and, looking into his face, said:

"Dzon, I have much to tell you, and see, I have brought something for you as a gift."

She held out to him, with a gesture half of triumph, half of repulsion, a long lock of red hair.

"Elnor," said Dzon, "what is that?"

In a louder voice Elnor replied: "Two days ago it grew upon the head of the Tsarl."

She could not explain, as she would have desired to, the scenes of the last few days. She lacked words, she lacked the ready-made phrases with which emotion is expressed, but yet at intervals she succeeded in phrasing the horror and the obscene splendour of the scene.

After a long day in the bottom of the canoe, during which she was not sheltered from the sun, when none thought to give her food, and when only in response to her tears was a little water poured down her throat, Elnor was landed on the familiar beach opposite Home City, where her captors cut her bonds, and, holding her one by each arm, led her before the Tsarl. There was order in the camp now, for the fighting zone had spread out to the River of the Hills, and while two parties, led respectively by Bloo and by Feodor, were in the forest seeking the last outlaws, the population of Home City had already settled to its ordinary life. Thus, when Elnor marched up the beach in the hour before twilight, the people, mainly women and children, came crowding to see what happened. So she was led among them, while they stared, until at last Winnie cried out:

"Elnor! It's Elnor!"

The guards were impeded by the people, and so slackened. Elnor's eyes met those of Winnie, who had been a friend, who concentrated about her memories of Sandy and Donal, times of peace and of safety.

"Oh, Winnie," said Elnor in a low voice, "yes, it is I." She could say no more, for her throat was thick with tears, and for the first time the anger and the fear which had held her since her capture were increased by shame—shame to be held so, a captive, shame to be no longer the free wife of Dzon, but a slave, less than a beast.

"Oh, Elnor," said Winnie, walking beside her, for the guards had loosed her, "where are they taking you?"

"To the Tsarl," said Elnor in a low voice, her dark brown eyes so blinded with tears that she could not see. But anger was strong still, as well as shame, so between her teeth at last she said: "Yes, to the Tsarl. He has conquered me at last. Many moons and many

moons ago he held me in his arms, and I smote him on the face, and Geoff, Donal, all the *iseneer* saved me. But they cannot save me now."

The islanders had no precise notions of what other races call morality. They had custom, which is a first essay at morality, but custom had not prevailed long enough to harden into a morality fit to die for. Winnie did not regard Elnor's fate as anything shameful; she herself, after the conquest, had accepted the Tsarl as a natural tyrant, as nature itself. But at this moment of reunion sentiment worked in her. She had been fond of Elnor—Elnor brought back to her old, happy days, and so it hurt her to see her friend's tears.

"Elnor," she said, "weep not. Why should you weep? Soon the Tsarl will tire of you, as he tires of all, and then, if you will, you may go free. You may go back to Dzon. Elnor, is Dzon well?"

"I don't know," said Elnor. "But wherever he be, alive or *iseneer*, I will go to him soon. Indeed, soon I shall be *iseneer*, for it shall not be said that I bowed to the Tsarl. If only I had about me some weapon, I should make an end. Soon I shall not be watched, and I shall make an end."

Winnie was thoughtful. She did not at all understand why Elnor suffered, but it came to her simply that if Elnor wished to be dead, then she had a right to be. So, profiting by the carelessness of the guards, and the pressure of the moving people, she slipped into Elnor's hands a hafted knife fitted with a long flint.

"Hide this in your belt," she whispered, "and if you would be *iseneer*, when they do not watch you, throw yourself upon this point."

Elnor silently gripped her hand, hiding the knife. Her voice was no longer thick with tears, but after a while she said:

"Thank you, Winnie, for I do not think that when the sun rises again I shall be *iseneer*."

"What do you mean?" said Winnie. "I do not understand you."

"You will soon," replied Elnor, in a voice so low and cold that Winnie drew back a step, frightened, she knew not by what.

Now they reached the huts, and the guards, suddenly realising that the people impeded them, struck at the nearest with the handles of their axes, and, holding Elnor again by each arm, led her into a great seaweed hut where lay the Tsarl. Though it was twilight, through the open doorway the light of the tall fire illumined every corner. Four girls sat there, monotonously intoning one of the songs of Mord, striking a hollow coconut, while one twanged a lyre. Two more with palm leaves moved the air, while, upon a bed of guinea grass, lay the Tsarl, having not long finished a heavy meal, of which he cast the fragments upon the floor. He lay half-stupefied with drink and food, his great red beard soiled with grease and droppings of meat, his hair matted and unkempt, his long limbs soiled with earth and traces of blood from the recent fight.

He lay, vast and horrible, like an unleashed force of nature; hideous, yet not without magnificence, like a principle of strength; he lay in the midst of his courtiers, assured by the vigour of his arm, and about him the air was thick with heat, with the smell of food, with the

breath of recent slaughter, with the aroma of fire, of earth, and fragrant grass. And upon his brow a garland of flowers shone in the half-light.

For some moments the guards and their captives stood in the doorway of the hut. The men had grounded their spears, and the three figures stood, illumined by the flickering flames, picked out in black. The men, tall and rigid waiting with the patience of beasts, the woman between them a slighter, trembling figure, her hair unbound and lifted like a cloud of gold by the evening breeze. It seemed to last a long time, this waiting, while the melancholy chant rose and fell on its two notes, to the beat of the drums and the long twanging of the strings, a long time, time enough for the mind of the conqueror to change. At last the Tsarl opened his eyes and looked out with half-drunken surprise upon these people. He did not at once recognise the captive, and after a while thickly said:

"What do you want? Who is this?"

"Oh, Tsarl," said one of the guards, "this is Elnor, one of whom you spoke. We have taken her, and we bring her to you."

There was hardly a pause, for joy went through the frame of the Tsarl like a spear. With an agility that was not suggested by his heavy frame and half-drunken state, he leapt to his feet, leapt from the couch, and, rushing towards the doorway, seized Elnor by the wrist, dragging her forward so roughly that she fell upon her knees, uttering a sharp cry as the fall twisted her wrist.

"So," said the Tsarl in a low growl, "here you are, Elnor, you who thought yourself above all men, and even above the Tsarl. Now you lie before me and you are mine, mine to slay or to enjoy." He seized a handful of golden hair. "See, all of you is mine, hair as the eye of Ankel when it sinks into the sea, all of you. Do you remember, moons and many moons ago, when you gainsaid me, when you struck me, when you mocked me? It is my turn to strike, my turn to mock." He bent her head towards the ground. "You," said he to the girls, "fetch me a guava branch."

Since many such branches lay outside the hut, for obeisance had been paid during the triumph, one such branch was at once thrust into the trembling hand of Elnor.

"Now," said the Tsarl, releasing her, "give me the branch, and if you hesitate you shall be scourged with prickly branches."

For one moment Elnor hesitated. There was in her brown eyes a look of loathing, a look of rage, and she felt for the knife. Perhaps there was still time to bury its point in her breast. But her resolution was too strong. Bending her head, she held out the trembling hand with the guava branch, which the Tsarl took.

"Ho!" he laughed. "See how humble you are now! See how glad you are not to be scourged! Well, I will take the branch from you. The Tsarl is not cruel, the Tsarl is the son of Ankel, and the suppliant may lie at his feet. You shall lie at my feet, Elnor. You shall be my love, and I will love you faithfully while I am so disposed. Ho, there! all of you, bring guava wine, and then let all leave the

but and not return. Let none stay near the hut to-night. For the Tsarl has come into his kingdom, and none may stay near. Bring guava wine and go. And if any one return, he shall surely be made *iseneer* by this hand."

They were alone. The Tsarl pointed to the coconuts, which Elnor obediently filled with guava wine. One the Tsarl emptied at once, and, pointing to the other, said:

"Drink. Drink, I tell you, unless you wish to feel the weight of my arm."

Trembling, Elnor drank. Never before had she tasted this wine, and though it repelled her, because it was of the Tsarl, still there ran through her veins a new ardour, a new resolve which hardened.

"Come here," said the Tsarl heavily, as he sat upon the couch.

Elnor hesitated, for never had he looked so frightful to her eyes as under this new expression. His anger she might face, but this side-long, hungry smile made her tremble, made her uncertain in her resolve. Still, she thought, "Now is the time to do what must be done." So she forced a smile and said:

"I come, O Tsarl. Yes, you have vanquished me. For a long time, for moons and many moons I have withstood you, but I have heard of you in a far country. I knew of your glory, and before you I stand abashed."

"That is well," said the Tsarl, pleased. "You will need no scourging. So you heard of me in a far country?"

"Yes, O Tsarl! But your voice is thick. Surely you are thirsty. May not your servant bring you more wine?"

"Surely," said the Tsarl, "I am thirsty, and you may wait upon me."

He took from her hand the cup of wine, drinking slowly, his eyes wandering away from her. But still he wanted praise. "What did they say of me in this far country?"

"They said," replied Elnor, "that you were the strongest of the strong, the tallest of the tall, that Ankel had chosen you to continue him. Some," she whispered, "said you were Ankel himself."

"That may be," replied the Tsarl, expanding his chest and rejoicing in the praise. "And what did you think when you heard these things?"

"Oh," said Elnor, quietly refilling the coconut, "I trembled when I thought of you, O Tsarl! Indeed, though I feared you . . . you do not resent my fearing you, do you? . . . I hoped that some day I might come near you and see your glory. I felt that to come near you would be to come near Ankel himself. Oh, Tsarl, I am glad that this day has dawned, and that I may see you in your greatness."

"It is well spoken," said the Tsarl, in a confused voice. His hand mechanically felt for the cup of wine, which he drained. For a whole hour, as night fell, Elnor, standing as far as she dared, chanted his praise, still refilling the cup with wine. And because so much drink hampered his frame, he failed to perceive her beauty, to realize the possible satisfaction of an old desire. He was so heavy with drink

that all he wanted now was to drink yet more, and to receive, as a dry field receives a shower, the balm of her praise. But he was too well accustomed to drink to lose all consciousness; so at last, when Elnor could think of no new praise, and grew silent, it came into his veiled mind that here was the woman, here was the moment.

"Come here," he said thickly, holding out his hand. "Speak no more, come here." The gesture was vague, but yet was made terrible by the knotted muscles of the arm. "Come here, or must I go to you?"

"Ankel," whispered Elnor to herself, "be with me now."

She strode forward, and the giant laid about her an arm, with which he drew her to him, half-expecting resistance, when two slight but wiry arms enfolded his neck, and, laughing, amused by the roughness, he found himself thrown back upon the couch, laughing helplessly because so drunken, and floundering with arms and legs like a stranded octopus.

"Oho!" he laughed, "Elnor, Elnor, you make me laugh too much! Ah, what are you doing? You tickle my neck, you . . ."

The laughter suddenly changed into a deep groan, mingled with a cough, for the tickling of his neck had been done with the point of the knife, and now, as Elnor held him beneath her, she had with both hands driven the knife into the shaggy throat.

For some moments there was a struggle in the hut; and the leaping flames illumined the legs which kicked, the arms which sought to grip and could not, the shivering and upward heavings of the great body, pinned by the throat. Upon him lay Elnor, gripping with her knees, her feet, fixing her teeth into his beard, and animate with only one effort, to maintain the knife where she had driven it. And the savagery of her nature made her rejoice in the flow of blood which stained her hands and her face.

Soon there was no movement under her. A shuddering breath came to her face, followed by no others. She stayed several minutes upon the body, her hands still fast upon the knife, for she feared that he was not dead, that the Tsarl might rise again. But at last she realised that indeed he was dead, that she was safe, and that something had been done that night which made life different in her world.

She rose to her feet, tottered about the hut, so weak that she nearly fell. At last she looked long upon the Tsarl: his eyes were closed and his breath came not. Yes, he was dead, and an immense gladness caught her up. She was safe, and now she might flee. Finally, she washed the blood from her face and hands in the cup of water which stood by. Again she made sure that the Tsarl moved not, cut from his head a red lock, placed the knife in her belt, and left the hut.

All this she told Dzon, as he held her to him, and in his mind she was enshrined as a slight figure which now issued from the hut in the moonlit night, into silence and safety, for the orders of the Tsarl had been obeyed, and none watched. She went, white and silvered by the moon, towards the friendly trees, and there she disappeared into the night, making for the east, her hand upon the releasing knife, her heart beating a hymn of praise.

CHAPTER X

REVERSION TO THE SOURCE

THE end had come, the end to a long thralldom, and mankind, deprived of its chains, found it necessary to forge new ones, as if it were a cripple enamoured of its crutches, unable to believe that walking is possible. The death of the Tsarl created in the camp an immense agitation. There was a mobbing of the hut by curious women, who filed past the body, at first not daring to touch it, then laying a finger upon brow or breast, reflecting, not very clearly, as animals do, that this still hand had held them, these lips laid upon theirs a kiss not always savage. They mourned him because he had been a fact of Nature, as they would have mourned the sun if it had failed to rise from the waters. The few men who had stayed in the camp made no effort to preserve order: soldiers of the Tsarl, without the Tsarl they had no personality. There was weeping, feasting, rejoicing, for some were glad that the Tsarl had fallen, glad because he had been elevated. As men ostracised Aristides because they were tired of hearing him called "the just," so did now some applaud the murder of the Tsarl because they were tired of hearing him called "the great."

Two days later, when the expedition of Feodor and Bloo returned they found a chaos, which Bloo attempted to control by proclaiming himself inheritor of the Tsarl. But there was a short scene with Feodor, who was not unpopular among his men, ending in a fight between the two parties, in the course of which Bloo and his people were driven to the hills. But Feodor had neither the strength nor the terrible air of the Tsarl, nor the subtlety of Bloo. When he held Home City, at once fissures formed in his body politic. Zulien scoffed at him, challenged him to kill if he dare and wait for the wrath of Ankel. And Olga, who had long dwelt in a subjection hateful to her, fled to the hills, accompanied by nine women and girls, all armed, all sworn never again to fall under the sway of men.

These various parties ranged the island, occasionally encountering each other in skirmish, performing casual murder, because too long had they been by force compelled to be peaceful. They, too, split, and over the whole of the island outlawry reigned, in parties of five or six, or even in couples. Home City was half-deserted; never before had the times been so barbarous, so devoid of any sense of order.

However, in the far west, a vestige of society subsisted about Dzon. Two huts had been rebuilt, and a drifting canoe captured. Fire had been obtained from the prairies. Here was a microcosm fit to serve as a centre to those who wanted peace. But peace can be enforced only by the sword upon people who detest peace. So, after a few weeks, when power slowly came to the west, it came, not through the opening of its arms to all who might desire shelter, but through the

catapult. One day, as Sandy was playing with the young child of Ovdonal, it amused itself by pulling down a thick twig, and letting it spring up again by its elasticity. Finally, it wedged the twig under a small stone and laughed in triumph. But in so doing, its foot touched the twig, so that the uneasily poised stone flew up, striking Sandy on the jaw.

When his annoyance had passed, his cool mind began to work on this odd occurrence. Sandy, too, experimented with larger twigs, heavier stones. Within a week he had mounted upon a tree trunk a branch which could be bent back and would cast a stone six times as far as the human arm. Since the islanders had no wheels, but yet knew the sled, he amused himself by mounting the trunk on runners, and soon he could draw about the camp the first piece of artillery.

It was fortunate that this invention came, for soon after this Bloo and a large party, driven far into the hills by Feodor, appeared at the edge of the wood some half-mile away. They could be seen as doubtful little figures moving among the trees.

"I will go to them," said Dzon. "I will speak to them. I will ask them to rule us, and we may come together again."

"Dzon," said Sandy, "do it not. I do not trust them."

Indeed he was right, for the men, as if assured that the settlement was weak, came running out of the forest.

"See!" shouted Sandy. He ran to the catapult, loaded the branch with one of the stones that were ready, and, without waiting for the near approach of the enemy, let go. The stone failed to hit a man, but it fell among the advancing party, giving them a shock such that they paused. Never before on the island had missile been thrown so far. Thus Sandy had time to reload his catapult, and this time the stone struck one of the men in the head, bringing him to the ground. There was a shriek of dismay, and they fled, pursued by Sandy and a small party of outlaws, while Dzon followed, unhappy that already there should be slaughter.

But he had to follow his friends as the enemy penetrated into the forest, and was with them as they pursued one man who doubled among the tree trunks, at last disappearing in a hole. For a while they searched for him. He seemed, like a snake, to have slipped through the grasses. But at last there was a shout by Sandy, and the others ran towards him as he bent over the deserted lair of a peccari, raising his axe to strike Bloo, who lay there, white, cowering, too frightened to defend himself.

"Hold!" shouted Dzon, as he seized Sandy's arm.

"Let me go," said Sandy. "To him we owe all our miseries."

Two others raised an axe or spear but Dzon held them away: "Kill him not," he said. "Are not enough dead?"

In the breast of Bloo rose an immense hope. Perhaps they would not kill him. In a choked voice he said:

"Oh, Dzon, I call you master. Slay me not, and I will give you power over all that lives in this world."

There was a hesitation, and voices rose saying that he should be

slain, but Dzon held out his hand to Bloo to raise him from the hole, and said:

"Be our friend and we shall be yours. I want no power. I want only friendship among all men."

It was well that Dzon succeeded in repressing the bloodthirsty spirit of his people. For now Bloo, his craven nature reassured, followed him as a dog. He had loved the Tsarl, because the Tsarl could kill him; but now he loved Dzon, because Dzon left him his life. Indeed, later that day when they came upon three of his men, who had been driven into a corner on the southern shore, he went to them and recruited them for the party of Dzon. His military talent at once understood the value of the catapult, and it was he persuaded Dzon to have two more built. The battery was slowly dragged across the burnt plains until it reached the River of the Hills, where Zulien now led the settlement. One man was sent down to the rising village to demand its allegiance, and when this was refused, a broadside of heavy stones, which crashed through the palm roofs and killed a man and a woman, brought the villagers crawling with guava branches towards the new conqueror.

Likewise, the force of Feodor was routed at Home City, likewise compelled to be free. As the months passed, expeditions into the south forced the subjection of Olga and her republic of Amazons. Outlaws were hunted and brought back to the northern beaches. And Arry came of his own free will, holding by the hand black-haired Loo, now growing middle-aged. He came crawling towards Dzon, offering to him what he had offered to the Tsarl, and surprised that Dzon did not accept.

Thus, by degrees, the social life of the island changed. Now none might outlaw himself, for it was forbidden by the daily assemblage to live farther west than the River of the Hills, farther east than two miles from the River of the Plains, and none might sleep more than a hundred paces outside the curtain of ceiba trees. From time to time a rebel arose against this new order, but at once the assembly, which met every day at dawn after worship, sent a force to hunt him, and either kill him or bring him back to freedom.

So came golden years. Little by little outlawry and fighting ceased to be. Great curtains of golden maize rose up the beaches. The older people, learned in hunting or in the making of nets, opened informal schools, where the arts were taught. The assembly controlled no militia, and when forces were required for the finding or control of outlaws, these were chosen by lot. Children were born, and now few died. There was nothing left for the islanders to do except consult on their desires, compromise and agree, grow older, and die in happiness.

However, as the uneventful years passed, as happiness became the rule of life, discontent spread over the isle. Outlawry, which had almost disappeared, began again on a larger scale, and the assembly had to conduct a sanguinary expedition, which lasted some weeks. There was fighting in the camp: Dzon in vain asked Sandy what was

the matter, and why the people refused to be happy. Neither could tell that the islanders missed their old misery, that life, by becoming happy and secure, had become dull. To rise at dawn, to worship, to hunt, to fish, to eat, to till the soil, to lie down to sleep and rise again . . . it was not enough. There were no masters, no slaves, in this perfect democracy, so there were none to enjoy domination, and there were none who could aspire to dominate. There was no hope of anything save happiness, and that was not enough. Hence the fighting, hence the curious secret societies which formed, and as yet had no object which they could define, but only by secrecy and by ill-temper could express their immense disgust for a life without peril, for a life without iniquity, without vileness—a life without salt.

Thus came the end, after a long day of agitation, when private meetings had taken place, when there had been much fighting in the camp. The island was a democracy in dissolution, needing a master, proclamations, war, internal revolutions, executions, heroes and martyrs . . . anything which contrasted with the calm scheme of sanity.

An hour after twilight, as Dzon and Elnor slept, they were aroused by a man in the hut.

"Quick!" said Bloo, for it was he, shaking Dzon by the shoulder, "come with me or you will be *iseneer*. Quick, Dzon, I am your friend. You must fly before it is too late."

As he led them to the river, passing behind the huts, they could hear the murmur of voices in the distance.

"The people will kill you," said Bloo, "and I cannot bear it. Dzon, you saved my life, and now I will repay you."

They had reached the river's edge, where a canoe was already half-loaded by Bloo with a large branch bearing bananas, a great piece of roasted meat, and some coconuts filled with water.

"Quick!" he said, "get into this canoe, and paddle away, for the people will come and they will slay you."

"Why?" said Dzon.

"Because," said Bloo, bitterly, "you have refused to be their master." He gave the boat a push with his feet.

"But where should we go?" said Elnor.

"Go to the west," said Bloo. "You have paddles. Go and hide for some time, and I shall come to you when it is safe."

"And you, what will become of you?" said Dzon, gripping the hand of his old enemy.

"All will be well with me," said Bloo. "Soon the people will have a master, they will find one . . . and when there is a master I shall be his lord. Farewell."

For an hour after passing through the reefs Dzon and Elnor paddled towards the west, but Bloo had not realised that a man and a woman could not pass through the outward current of the River of the Hills, which more than once four men had scarcely succeeded in dominating. Caught by the outflow and by the ebb tide, the canoe drifted away to sea, and when dawn came there was little to be seen save the southern peaks of the island.

"Dzon," said Elnor, ceasing to paddle, "what will become of us?"
 "I fear we shall be *iseneer*, for we dare not go back, and we know not where to go."

She came close to him, and folded her arms about him, saying in this gesture that she would die with him.

A whole day passed, then a night, and another day, while the boat drifted upon the still water, sometimes near the island, sometimes out at sea. They clung close. Soon the waters would wash over them. As the third day came, still they clung close, but they knew that only death awaited them.

On the fourth day, however, Elnor gave a shriek, for there came towards them upon the waters a monstrous beast.

"See!" she shrieked, "see! What is this? It will make us *iseneer*."

The United States light cruiser, *Minigan*, approached them, swan-grey, bristling with turrets and with guns, low upon the water, like an excrescent whale. She had been left behind at Curaçoa, being damaged, and now was rejoining the rest of the fleet at Key West. Upon the bridge were seen two officers.

"Dzon," whispered Elnor, "look. These are men."

Dzon stared. "They cannot be. What men ever had white arms barred with something that shines? What men ever had the front of their heads sticking out over their eyes?"

Meanwhile the boat had been perceived, and through their glasses the officers were staring at this amazing sight.

"Dagoes, sir," said the young officer.

The commander stared for some time, and said: "Dagoes? Well, you may be right, Jameson, but somehow they don't look it. And, anyhow, what are they doing forty miles out? We'd better pick them up. They've been blown out to sea."

Thus Dzon and Elnor, too terrified to speak or move, were, half an hour later, taken from the canoe by one of those naval boats whose men move as if they were white machines, and brought on board, where for a while nothing was said to them, because all were too surprised. They made a queer contrast, these people of two kinds, the one in brilliant white clothing, the others half nude, fancifully decorated with shells, coloured mosses, and feathers. But at last the commander said:

"Jameson, these aren't savages. These people are white."

"Sir," said the young man, who had been considering Elnor with a certain approval, "I think so too. But what are white people doing got up like savages? And ten miles from any land?"

"Forty, you mean," said the commander.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but in between us and the coast there is the island of El Matador. I've just looked up the chart. Supposed to be uninhabited, but I'm wondering if these people did not come from there."

"Here," said the commander, addressing Dzon, "where do you come from?"

Dzon understood the tone, and pointed towards the south.

"Roombah. Aye, roombah," he said. "Yo Elnor takh ulwinis p. iseneer."

"What?" said the officer.

Dzon repeated that there was war upon the island, that he and Elnor had taken "that which floats upon the water" to avoid death.

"Gibberish," said the commander, imagining that this expression was much more literary than islandese. "Anyhow, we ought to see what's happening there now. If that island is supposed to be uninhabited, and these people come from it, there's something going on here which the U.S. ought to know."

Thus, half an hour later, the fast cruiser hove to in the offing of the island. A boat was manned, and Dzon and Elnor were placed in it with eighteen men, well armed. As they approached the island they saw figures running upon the beaches. Home City had been fired, and smoke rose from most of the huts. Some of the figures pursued one another as if determined to slay.

"Looks like a revolution," said the officer, as the boat drew close to the beach. "In these latitudes revolutions occur even on uninhabited islands."

There was a grating upon the sand, and the sailors leapt out, dragging the boat high. Upon the island, illumined by a feudal chief, by a leader of democrats, by a great general and an evangelist, democracy landed again. And Elnor, disquieted by she knew not what, held Dzon's arm as they walked up the beach; she would always be with him. So as the soldiers marched towards Home City, Dzon thought that he led novelty into the midst of his people. He did not know that only the past can penetrate the future, because the past is the future seen in anticipation. A chapter had been written, and a chapter was left to write. It must be written in the same words.

THE END

it not the curious formation of the Opera Comique, for it had entrances in three parallel streets; one entered the Stalls and Dress Circle from the Strand, the Pit from Holywell Street, and the Gallery from Wyck Street. Crowther does not supply this comprehensive view, which could only have been taken from a balloon in his day; but his happy ambit ranges from many points of interest in the Strand district to Chelsea and Westminster, to Spring Gardens and Whitehall, and across the river to the old inns of Southwark, the Marshalsea and Queen's Bench prisons, the Mint, and so by Bermondsey, Lambeth, Vauxhall and Stockwell Park House to Battersea, where Mr. Chancellor ends his Commentatorial Itinerary. Mr. Chancellor often delights me with picturesque little similes, as when he says the two churches of St. Clement's Danes and St. Mary le Strand "seem like a couple of galleons sailing westward through the still relatively narrow 'Straits of the Strand,' as a portion of the street just east of St. Clement's Dane was once actually called." And apropos of the sacred little house at Chelsea whence Turner watched the sunsets, and where he died, a Ruskin said, as "the sun shone upon his face in its setting," Mr. Chancellor is at his best in repicturing the reaches of the river at Chelsea, "where the sun goes down in the mist among the campanils of commerce and the warehouses which the mystic twilight evokes into lordly palaces."

Another book in consonance with the subjects we have been considering is by that sound and well-seasoned topographer, Mr. Charles G. Harper,¹ whose special gift lies in appositely recalling curious and out-of-the-way information—details which illuminate and complete his larger descriptions. And he has a characteristic personal style which lightens any necessary topographical tables of exactitude. He, also, deplores the attack on the City churches and the destruction of the Wyck Street district—a butchery designed to make a holiday—or, more exactly, offices—for "hard-bitten business men": but his pungent comments must be read, and not quoted from. I see Mr. Harper assigns to Holywell Street the distinction of possessing once the house of Wood the carpenter, to whom Jack Sheppard was apprenticed: but to be strictly accurate, Wood's house was situated in a court north of Wyck Street; and at the time Ainsworth was writing his romance, *Jack Sheppard*, nearly ninety years ago, the beam in this house whereon Jack carved his name, in 1715, was carefully preserved by the owner. Ainsworth had the carving reproduced in facsimile for the early editions of his story.

Mr. Harper, in one of his charming little pictorial sketches, gives a view of "The Old Curiosity Shop" in Portsmouth Street, which happily, still defies the Juggernaut of Change all around it. Although this was never *The Old Curiosity Shop* of Dickens, it is one of the most ancient cottages surviving in the heart of London; and even if it is not part of the dairy of the Duchess of Portsmouth, as another legend avouches, it is a structure on which the frail Louise can well have

(1) *A Literary Man's London*, by Charles G. Harper. Illustrated by the Author (Cecil Palmer, 12s. 6d. net).

gazed. The cottage has a later interest, in addition to its quaintness and age, for literary people, as the upper part was for a time, a few years ago, occupied as a London *pied-à-terre* by Lady Alfred Douglas, who, as Olive Custance, has often sung the strange beauty of London's opal skies:—

"Proud London like a painted Queen,
Whose crown is heavy on her head . . .
City of sorrow and desire
Under a sky of opal fire,
Amber and amethyst and red . . .
And how divine the day has been!
For every dawn God builds again
This world of beauty and of pain . . ."

Mr. Harper has a chapter on London as the birthplace of notable literary men, in refutation of the recurrent journalistic canard that the capital is a barren woman in that respect. He mentions Chaucer, Spenser, Ben Jonson, Herrick, Bacon, Milton, Sir Thomas Browne, Pope, Defoe, Gray, Cowley, Lamb, and Keats. Curiously enough, he does not include Byron, though he quotes the poet's picture of London from *Don Juan*. Although the Countess Guiccioli and R. C. Dallas asserted that the poet was born at Dover, the more general belief is that Byron entered the world at No. 16, Holles Street, London.

I can add a few names to this list of literary people born in London. Pepys was born in Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, as Mr. Walter G. Bell fortunately discovered by the entry in the baptismal register of St. Bride's Church, Fleet Street, March, 1632: "Samuell, sonn to John Peapis, wyf Margaret." Mrs. Radcliffe, the mother of all romance writers, was Ann, daughter of William Ward, a bookseller, and she was born on July 9th, 1764, in the parish of St. Andrew, Holborn. Frederick Marryat, the naval novelist, was born on July 10th, 1792, in Catherine Court, Tower Hill, in the parish of All Hallows Barking. G. P. R. James, the historical novelist, was born on August 9th, 1801, at No. 12, George Street, Hanover Square. James can claim the qualification, alluded to by Mr. Harper, that the true Londoner must be of the third generation of a family settled in London.

Very welcome is Mr. Harper's excellent account of that supreme Londoner (though not born one), Captain Charles Morris, who lived from 1745 to 1838. The Laureate of London, he wrote the well-known lines:—

"In London I'd live, then in London I'd die,
For I never can relish the country, not I.
If one must have a villa in London to dwell,
Oh! give me the sweet, shady side of Pell Mell."

Yet Morris died in the country, and was buried at Betchworth, near Dorking. I have always regarded Mr. Harper as the Arch-Registrar of Churchyard Records, The Compleat Sexton. Not a burial place can you enter but he will point, but with no palsied hand, to a notable or curiously inscribed tombstone. And he does not fail us here.

CURRENT LITERATURE

THE ICONOCLASM OF LONDON

- BY S. M. ELLIS

CHANGING London is a subject of painful interest to all who hold dear the history and traditions of the capital. Almost incredible changes have taken place, during the last twenty-five years, in the aspect of London, robbing the town of much of its ancient and peculiar characteristics. At the time of the Great Fire a town of wooden houses mainly, during the next two centuries it gradually merged into the city of red brick and stucco we knew until the close of the nineteenth century. Now everything is rebuilt in sepulchral stone, and the ambitions of architects and municipal authorities alike seem concentrated on the sublime ideal of converting London into the simulacrum of a third-rate American town, as presumably their grandiose dreams fall short of creating a serious rival to New York and Chicago. So it is; the grace and beauty of Regent Street have been destroyed; and in place of Devonshire House and the typical late Stuart mansions of Stratton Street, with all their thronging memories of famous people, we are supplied with a gross Colossus building bestriding almost the last arboreal vestiges of Mayfair—a monster who would not even spare the historic post in Lansdowne Passage, which was a tangible link with the days when highwaymen galloped down Hay Hill: but, of course, a modern thief in Mayfair would be armed with a "gun" and depart in his Hispano automobile. I predict that fifty years hence some big commercial firm will rebuild their premises on the model of "a fine early Georgian mansion," in the spirit of Messrs. Liberty, who have, most successfully, reverted to the architecture of the early seventeenth century for their new buildings. In Devonshire House we had the actual, original thing; and it has been destroyed.

But it is useless to repine at the destruction of bygone domestic buildings when even sacred edifices of older dates are threatened by iconoclasts who should be their natural and jealous protectors. The attack of the Bishop of London and his supporters upon the City churches is the most unpleasant manifestation of the present-day creed of "get rich quickly at somebody else's expense," with its resultant disregard of public and private rights. The City churches were built by means of the piety and self-sacrifice of citizens, who worshipped in them during life, and who were buried in their vaults. If Hendon and other rapidly growing districts want new churches, let them follow the early civic example and provide them by their own exertions and contributions: but new churches are *not* needed in the suburbs to the extent the iconoclasts claim. To look at Acton and Ealing, for example, the new churches have been built, but no adequate congregations attend them. Yet still the Bishop of London proclaims his need to self valu

able also in the City of ancient churches. And the bones of the pious ~~founders~~? Oh! they can be heaved up out of the vaults and dumped into a hole amid the horrific wastes of Manor Park. I would refer the Bishop to *Deut.* 19, 14. The whole campaign is unjust, improper, indecent; and it is lamentable that it should be conducted by one who ought to be foremost in protecting the Church from spoliation by reason of the responsibilities of his high office. But he is a man admittedly indifferent to any sympathy with tradition, romance, sentiment, and the historical sense of the past, for he even had the moat of Fulham Palace filled in. From his point of view a moat in modern Fulham is an anachronism; and so no doubt it is in a district where the tram-car is symbolical of contemporary rush and access to anywhere: so down with seclusion and private rights! Why not sell Fulham Palace and its grounds for the erection of maisonettes, in one of which the Bishop could live, and devote the proceeds to the building fund of the much-needed churches in the outer suburbs?

Still, for the moment we have Fulham Palace and Fulham House, and the church with its almost rural rectory in a quiet lane; and that is about all that remains of Fulham of the past, the Fulham renowned for its "Fields" and distinguished residents. Its changed appearance is typical of nearly every other district of London. Consequently such records of the capital's former aspects and its vanished buildings as that excellent topographer, Mr. Beresford Chancellor, so often provides have both historical value and sentimental interest for those not oblivious to the voices of dead generations, who, after all, were just as wonderful as we think we are ourselves. His latest volume¹ furnishes a descriptive and illustrative commentary upon a series of exquisitely painted water-colours by an artist named J. Crowther, who was also an architect. His work here was executed for the late Sir C. E. H. Chadwyck-Healey, K.C.B., K.C., who was desirous of preserving pictorial evidence of houses and landmarks which he foresaw would disappear before the march of "improvement" and rebuilding schemes. Would that a similar reproduction in book form had been made of the many original drawings of London topography in the great Gardner Collections before they were dispersed by the sale in 1923-1924. Crowther's sketches were made mostly between the years 1881-1883, and consequently in time to limn such picturesque features of old London as the river frontage of the Arundel Hotel; Sir William Congreve's house at the south end of Cecil Street; and Wych Street and Holywell Street—those ancient haunts beloved alike by the antiquary and the bookman, and for which we have in exchange some waste land and the egregious sepulchre called Bush House, casting its appropriate gloom upon Kingsway, our version of Broadway or Wall Street, I presume. Even the three vanished theatres of this district—the Globe, the Olympic, and the Opera Comique—were quaint, if not picturesque. I wish it could be possible to show generations who knew

(1) *Lost London*. Being a description of Landmarks which have disappeared, pictured by J. Crowther circa 1879-1887, and described by E. Beresford Chancellor. Printed at the Chiswick Press for Constable and Company. Three guineas net.)



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RECEIVED
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SAAD ZAGHLUL PASHA

BY OWEN TWEEDY

BEFORE the days of the League of Nations and before the rise to international political power of the United States in the West and of Japan in the Far East, there used to exist a vague and inchoate body known as the Concert of Europe. Its conductors have been of all nationalities—a Castlereagh, a Metternich, a Disraeli—but the orchestra used only to be assembled in times of stress, when it was necessary for the great European Powers to harmonise for a time, often against their wills, in order to drown the discords of one, who possibly had been a colleague in a previous symphony, but who, at the moment, was attempting to play a solo either too loud or out of tune. The Concert of Europe has been merged into the more convenient and more stable League of Nations, but the fact remains that, in the new order of things, independent soloists are as unpopular and as unwanted in the world of international politics as ever they were. With the rise of world democracies and the consequent interdependence of all nations, one on the other, which have led to the movement towards international disarmament, there is now little or no sympathy with restless soloists, who will not pitch their key in a range even approximately akin to that of their colleagues.

Zaghlul Pasha does not yet realise this fact in the minor orchestra, in which he has been elected by the Egyptian people to perform. He persists in playing only to the "gods" in the gallery, which in his theatre is peopled mainly by his own countrymen; and he appears wilfully and almost defiantly to ignore the row of sober-minded European critics, who are keen observers of his performance from the stalls, and flagrantly to disregard the British baton, which at the moment is in the hands of Lord Lloyd. The British High Commissioner has just rapped sharply on his conductor's desk, recalling the obstreperous soloist to his senses as a player. This is the second reminder which Zaghlul Pasha has received in the short space of eighteen

months, and that it should have been necessary after the recent ultimatum, delivered by Lord Allenby in November 1924, indicates a strange state of mind in the great Egyptian leader. For in ways he is great, but he is also very old.

Saad Zaghlul was born about 1850, the son of farmer parents in the Nile Delta. He is thus a pure Egyptian, a *jellah* (peasant), a fact of which he is justly proud in a world of political Egyptians, who are mostly Turks, Circassians or Albanians. But, although a son of the soil, he early left his provincial home and came to Cairo, and as Sheikh Saad-Allah studied theology and Mohamedan law in the great Moslem university, El Azhar. Once he was qualified, he, like many another young man who does not find sufficient outlet for his imagination and energy in the drudgery of the first stages of a profession, turned in his spare time to dabble in journalism, which was then in its infancy in Egypt. He quickly attracted public attention both as an eloquent pleader and as a vivid writer. It is said of him by his own countrymen that he has a tongue of gold, a pen of fire and an eye bright as the stars, and the description, though Oriental in its imagery, is not inaccurate and epitomises the secret of his popularity and success among Egyptians. He has all the attributes necessary to magnetise the politically minded Oriental.

As a speaker he knows the value with fanatic Moslem audiences of the Koranic phrase, of which his early training at El Azhar made him a master; he is witty, as, indeed, are most Egyptians; he is persuasive and inspiring, impulsive and combative. His writings are equally sympathetic, and for similar reasons, to the Moslem reader. To supplement these accomplishments he is in his old age both distinguished and remarkable in personal appearance. He is very tall, carries himself well, though now with a definite stoop, and is spare to the point of asceticism. In feature he is of the Mongol type, with high flat cheek-bones and a slightly receding forehead. His eye is still clear and animates readily either with temper or with amusement—for he is often moody—and he has a sallow, but not in the least swarthy, complexion. His voice is pleasant and

Swinton, Mr. J. A. Brodie and Mr. (now Sir Edwin) Lutyens, which reported in June, 1912, found no suitable site east of the river Jumna. It also found the plain and western slope of the hills to the south of Delhi unsuitable. The northern site, the British suburb of the city, with its memorable associations with the Mutiny and the Durbars, it found in some ways attractive, but not really suitable, chiefly because it is not large enough and much of the land is liable to flooding. But on the eastern slopes of the hills to the south of Delhi, on the fringe of the tract occupied by the Delhis of the past, the Town-Planning Committee found a site which had the advantages of being adequate in size, free from liability to flood, naturally drained, not man-worn, not cumbered with tombs and monuments needing reverent treatment, and at no great distance from the present centre of the town of Delhi. A medical committee then reported on the sanitary and medical aspects of this site, and found them overwhelming compared with those of the northern site. But public opinion was slow to be satisfied, and both in England and in India there was a considerable preference for the northern site on and beyond the historic Ridge. Sir Bradford Leslie had produced a plan for building a new capital on the northern site, and for obtaining a fine water effect by a treatment of the Jumna, and his plan, which seemed to the non-expert to have much in its favour, led to considerable discussion, which was not ended until the original Town-Planning Committee had again reviewed the arguments for and against the northern site, and had clinched its reasoning with the statement that "the result of placing a city on the northern site appears to the committee to be the creation of a bad example in place of a good one."

The southern site was chosen. And, since tourists occasionally protest that the new city is only reached after a long and dusty drive from their hotel, and so cannot properly be termed Delhi, the site may be described in the words of the Town-Planning Committee's report:—

river. Following down from the present city on the foreshore of the riverain, Firoz Shah's Delhi, the site of Indra Prastha, Humayun's fort, Humayun's tomb and Nizamuddin's tomb, take the eye in a continuous progress to the rocky eminence on which Ghiyasuddin Tughlak erected his fortress city. On the right the Lal Kot, the Kutb, the Kila Rai Prithora, Siri and Jahanpanah complete the circle of the monuments of ancient Delhis. The mid-space in the foreground is filled by Safdar Jan's mausoleum and the tombs of the Lodi dynasty, while to the left, towards Delhi, Jey Singh's gnomons and equatorial dials raise their fantastic shapes.

To those who are not acquainted with the site, but who have even a slight knowledge of Indian history, that description cannot fail to bring home something of the historic significance of the surroundings amid which the new capital has been set. That significance was never absent from the thoughts of Sir Edwin Lutyens and his associates on the Town-Planning Committee, and in their final report, in which the lay-out of the city was described, they particularly emphasised how the great roadways "weld into one the Empire of to-day with the Empires of the past, and unite Government with the business and lives of the people." That is an idea which can now easily be grasped by the visitor to this wonderful new capital. Bewildered, perhaps, at first by the magnitude of the buildings and by the vastness of the open spaces—and particularly of that of the main avenue leading amid lawns and graceful waterways to the towering mass of Government House and the Secretariats—the visitor may not immediately grasp the meaning of the lay-out or appreciate either its grandeur or its subtlety. But as the various parts become known, and the scheme comes to be appreciated as a whole, bewilderment gives way to amazement, which is scarcely lessened by the acquisition of familiarity with the scene.

The key to the lay-out is to be found in the placing of Government House and the two detached blocks of the Secretariat on a platform of rock rising some thirty feet in front from the level plain. That platform, made by levelling an outcrop of rock in the Raisina hamlet, has been made the centre of a road system based on two great roads, one leading to the old city of Indrapat and the other, at an angle of 60 degrees, towards the well-known.